

LOVE'S VICTORY.

When I am dead, dear love, if thou should'st feel
Thy loneliness too hard a load to bear,
And that another could thy wound anneal
With gentle tenderness and loving care,
My spirit hovering near thee would not hide,
For should'st thou smile on a beloved bride—
When I am dead!

Lonely ask she be not like to me—
As I was dark, let her be fresh and fair;
Instead of brown locks waving wild and free,
Close to her head coil round the golden hair;
And may she tower stately, grand and tall;
I shall not mind that I was frail and small—
When I am dead!

So that she come not nestling to thy side,
Nor climb up to the level of thy heart,
And lavish kisses without stint or pride,
Or beg sweet pity for some pain or smart,
As I was wont—nor Love's expression crave
To be, as I, Love's gladly fettered slave—
When I am dead!

Nay, love let as thou wilt, and as she will,
With fullest need, and with a conscience clear,
E'en though thy memory hold my memory
In quiet corner garnered, close and dear,
If a true heart should give thee of its best,
As I did once, I shall the happier rest—
When I am dead!

—Anne Patchett Martin in Temple Bar.

Drinking from the Loving Cup.

Every prosperous club has its loving cup, but how many of the guests who see it gracing the banquet know its origin or the graceful ceremonial which should be observed in drinking from it? The cup should have two handles and a cover, and is handed to the principal guest as the toasts begin. The guest takes it by both handles, and standing turns to the person nearest, who also stands, and both bow. Then, while the second guest removes the lid, the first one drinks, and with another bow passes the cup to his neighbor, who replaces the lid and presents it in turn to the next guest, and so the ceremony is repeated.

In the old days of chivalry and of treachery, as a man while drinking from the two handled cup was practically defenseless, his companion was required to remove the cover with his sword hand that he might not take advantage of the other. It is a very pretty ceremony when gracefully performed.—New York Sun.

In Hawarden Castle.

The Rev. Henry Drew was an amiable and congenial guide to the many objects of engrossing interest in Hawarden castle. Before leaving the drawing room I had feasted my eyes on many relics and souvenirs of the life still in such wonderful preservation. The room is a large lighted one, looking on to the grounds. Every nook and corner of it has some token of love or admiration from worshippers of the great man who inhabits this retreat. These were from all quarters—India, Italy, Ireland, America and England.

Here is a huge embossed silver cylinder, containing tapestry from India, and there lying alongside a great book of photographs stamped "Roma," is an immense beautifully bound album containing nothing but the names of Italian students. The bright face of Lord Rosebery looks out on you from a large silver frame surmounted with the letter "R," while the ascetic countenance of John Morley is not absent.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Vampires in Guiana.

When the West Indies were first discovered hogs were put on some of the islands; these in time increased wonderfully, so as to become vast herds, affording a supply of fresh meat to the mariner sick of the scurvy. In Guiana, however, these animals never became common, but on the contrary required the greatest care to preserve them from the vampires. Domestic animals, like man, sleep at night, and here the bats have the advantage of them, while the wild quadrupeds of the forest range and feed at the same time as their sanguinary enemy. Hence it has followed that peculiarities roam securely and are quite free from the vampires, while their domesticated consorts must be housed and caged.—Longman's Magazine.

Shocked Over the Wire.

The Voice from the Telephone—I wish you'd cut off the heads of one Mrs. Helson Hobbs, one Mrs. Sarah Jones, two Alphans Hardys and a Peter Pinkerton, and send them to my house this evening in time for dinner.

The Voice at the Transmitter—Great guns! What?

The Voice from the Telephone—Oh, excuse me. I've got the wrong number. Thought you were Grubby, the chrysanthemum grower.—Chicago News-Record.

Had Heard of Bishop Brooks.

On the afternoon when Bishop Brooks talked to the Young Men's Christian association an usher in the building said to a deputy, "I am glad Mr. Brooks is going to speak to us this afternoon, for I have heard him very well spoken of as a preacher."—New York Tribune.

Sir John Lubbock, who probably knows more about bees than any other man in the world, living or dead, says that there is strong evidence that the queen bee has the power of controlling the sex of the egg.

When argument takes the place of spiritless hazing the victory of right principles will dawn, for epithets may be hurled by any one, but sound argument is possible only on the side of the right.

The consumption of snuff in this country is chiefly by dipping, and the bulk of the tobacco manufactured in this shape is consumed below Mason and Dixon's line.

Telesopic observations show that the planet Venus appears to a distant observer far more nearly like the earth than does Mars.

The guests at a hotel in Ohio presented one of the waitresses with a pair of roller skates in hopes of being waited on more rapidly.

One hundred and two herds of grain, it is said, have been counted in one herd of wheat grown near Chubb, Wash.

The Result of a Dream.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by overindulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel, and there rolled until, by the constant friction, the edges were worn off from the little cubes and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an alehouse, he went home, went to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished, shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it obtruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the church of St. Mary at Radcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watt's fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport.—Boston Commonwealth.

A Sign from Heaven.

"A queer story was related to me many years ago by Rev. William Simpson, then one of the leading lights of the Methodist church in eastern Iowa and western Illinois," said Harvey Goodenough, a Hawkeye pioneer, at the LaCade. "While the Mormons were carrying things with a high hand in western Illinois they converted a young woman, a member of Elder Simpson's flock. A few months spent at Nauvoo sufficed to disenchant her, and she returned home a confirmed skeptic. The church people labored with her long and faithfully, but without overcoming her unbelief. Before her bedroom window stood a large oak tree. She announced that she was going to pray the Lord for a sign—that she would ask him if he really had an existence to manifest it by causing the great oak tree to wither, as Christ is said to have blasted the unfruitful fig tree. She was to prefer her request for a sign upon which to ground her faith at 10 o'clock Sunday morning.

"Her resolution at once became the talk of the town, and many visited the tree and carefully examined it. It was perfectly sound, full of sap and covered with a profusion of bright green leaves. At sunset every leaf was as brown and withered as in the depths of winter. The elder stated that with a party of men he cut the tree down and dug up the stump, and that it was dead from the topmost branch to the smallest root. The young woman's prayer had been answered. She at once re-entered the church and devoted her life to missionary work, spending several years in China and Japan."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Platinum Mines of Russia.

The platinum beds of the Ural mountains are the only ones in the world in which this metal is found in grains. Platinum is found in Brazil and in the Cordilleras in the hard serpentine rocks, but never in the form of grains. The platinum beds of the Ural mountains are found in various districts—in the north at Besserski, in the government of Perm, in the district of Knotourski and in the state properties of Goroblagodatski, where sixty-six mining concessions have been granted. All the beds of the northern region are situated in the basin of the river Tourni, in that of the tributary stream of Taghil and in other tributaries higher up.

On the western declivity of the Ural mountains there is another platinum bed near the river Outka, a tributary of the Tchoussova, and the basins of the higher tributaries of the Outka, near the Ural river. The platinum found in these places is in the form of grains, in sand frequently containing gold. The weight of these grains is from seventeen to twenty-one grams to every 1,639 kilograms of sand.—Exchange.

The Mixed Race of India.

Eurasia has no boundaries. It lies, a varying social fact, all over India, thick in the great cities, thickest in Calcutta, where the conditions of climate and bread winning are most suitable, and where, moreover, Eurasian charities are most numerous. Wherever Europeans have come and gone these people have sprung up in weedy testimony of them—those people who do not go, who have received somewhat in the feeble inheritance of their blood that makes it possible for them to live and die in India. Nothing will ever exterminate Eurasia; it clings to the sun and the soil, and is marvelously propagative within its borders.—Sara J. Duncan in Popular Science Monthly.

It Was Not Slung.

A contentious church member in a western town recently attempted to have his pastor disciplined for using the slang phrase "not in it" in the pulpit, but the bottom dropped out of his charge when the clergyman produced the manuscript of his sermon and read this sentence from it: "In a word, my Christian hearers, the ark was a miniature world; there was no form of life that was not in it."—New York Tribune.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

Judge Duffy—How dare you come into court so? Take your hat off!
Tramp—But, judge, you know I'm not a stranger here.—Texas Siftings.

The Comet's Approach.

MUCH SPECULATION AS TO WHETHER IT WILL BRUSH THE EARTH.

Two men running for a hole in the fence through which only one can pass at a time would illustrate the race now going on between the earth and the approaching comet.

If both are on time next Sunday and if the comet is Biela's comet, as now seems to be generally believed, then the comet will pass across the spot where the courses meet eight hours ahead of the earth. It is not yet known, however, whether or not the comet is on time.

If it is Biela's comet there is every reason to believe that it is not on time, because it never yet has met the expectations of astronomers and is the most eccentric and unreliable wanderer of the heavens, seeming to follow a track which scientists have laid down for it.

It has been shown how this comet came up one time only to explode in the heavens; how another year it smilingly showed its head above the horizon a whole day in advance of the time it was expected; and, then, how it finally disappeared in a mysterious manner, leaving nothing but a shower of meteors and a gaseous odor behind.

If the record of Biela's comet was not such an uncertain one, there would not be the slightest doubt that it is that fiery monster which is now heading this way. Its periodicity has arrived; its time is up. November 27, 1892, is the date when it ought to be nearest the earth. But for several years astronomers had been complacently regarding it as "lost," it now turns up to worry them.

As regards a possible collision, no astronomer has yet been found who will say it is impossible. On the contrary, nearly all those who have been observing the comet during the past week have been making approximate estimates as to the length of time which will divide the two bodies. Time, not distance, is the factor to take in consideration in such a matter, for Biela's comet only a million miles away, would, it is said, cause almost as much or as little damage as if it squarely swept the earth with its tail.

Biela's comet was thought by the eminent astronomer Klinkerfues to have struck the earth in 1872, and he telegraphed to that effect to Professor Pogson at Madras. Much as Professor Klinkerfues was ridiculed for this action when the mistake was subsequently discovered, he showed a very good scientific reason for his belief, pointing to the fact that the comet had been coming closer and closer to the earth for many years.

The extraordinary atmospheric manifestations which occurred in that year are believed by many scientists to have resulted from the bursting of one of the parts of the comet. In every instance, however, when Biela's comet has approached the earth its appearance has been accompanied by immense numbers of falling stars, and there is every reason to believe that many meteors will be seen this week.

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"Yes."

"How does she like you?"

Rev. Sylvanus Lane

Of the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, makes a good point when he says: "We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five, and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but how the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills.

Tanks—Old Soak reminds me of a haunted house.

Banks—How so?

Tanks—Almost every night he is full of spirits.—Brooklyn Life.

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

I feel awfully sorry for Widdikens' widow. They'd only been married three weeks.

Yes, it's sad, but I was more sorry for Widdikens. Why, that woman is worth \$500,000.

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