

SENTIMENTAL BEINGS

MALE ARTISTS ARE MIGHTY QUEER FELLOWS WHEN SINGLE.

The Painter of Figures is Naturally Romantic and Very Easily and Very Readily Falls in Love—His Income, However, Often Serves to Keep Him Single.

Very few of our younger artists are married, but it may be accepted as a fact that they all want to be. Cupid finds no mark so tempting to his shaft as that presented by a painter at his easel. Studio life and sentiment are almost synonymous terms. Why this should be so is easily explained. An artist's life is almost invariably a lonely one. No matter how sociable his temperament may be, his working hours are generally spent in silence and seclusion. Being essentially of a sensitive nature he longs for such sympathy as women alone can give. The failure of a picture or its complete success are matters that require more condolence or congratulation than can be expressed by a brother painter. The kindest of neighbors cannot go further than to say: "Look here, old fellow, I am awful sorry that they sent your picture back from the academy. It's a beastly shame. That's what I call it." Or: "By Jove, old man, you're in luck. I know lots of fellows with a big name who have been working for a year back to catch the Shaw or Evans prize, and you got it away from 'em all. But you always were a lucky dog."

A woman does these things better. That is the reason he wants to marry her. The painter is naturally romantic. In his opinion girlhood is always angelic. He may have individual preference for blonds or brunettes, for little or tall or intellectual or womanly women, but the entire sex is still beautiful to him, not perhaps in its physical features, but in its mental possibilities. Hence he is always in love and restrained from matrimony only by the difficulty of supporting two people on an income that is barely sufficient for one. To be an artist you must be an idealist. Studio life has extraordinary vicissitudes at times, but it is always made up more or less of visionary elements. Occasionally the artist's dreams turn into nightmares, and he has a very bad quarter of an hour. But when events disillusionize him he mopes for a short period and proceeds to fall in love with a new charmer.

Last spring two young men, one a painter, his companion a sculptor, were joint occupants of a studio in New York. These departments of art do not always agree, inasmuch as the dust and dirt of a sculptor's modeling platform interfere considerably with the purity of a portrait maker's paints. But neither of the young fellows was rich, and by clubbing together they managed to pay the rent of a larger studio than they could have had separately. The sculptor made as little dust as possible and kept it well down by frequently using a water sprinkler. Not to be behindhand in courtesy, the painter was patient, and by keeping a sheet of drapery in constant readiness was enabled instantly to cover his canvas when his comrade unavoidably threw out a cloud of powdered plaster of paris. They were comrades in every sense of the word, and had a union of pocketbooks as well as of sympathies. On one occasion the sculptor was so hard up on the final receipt of a commission for a large statue that he was unable to buy the clay necessary for his model, whereupon the painter denied himself cigars, took to a pipe and by this economy got enough money to pay for the necessary materials.

Some time afterward the artist received an important order and had not the wherewithal to purchase the large canvas essential for its execution. The sculptor said nothing, but putting on his street coat went out for a walk. An hour later he came back accompanied by a boy, and between them they carried a canvas twelve feet long by six wide. It was a windy day, and the sculptor was quite exhausted by the effort of getting his unruly burden past gusty corners. But after a few minutes' breathing spell the two friends embraced each other affectionately and went to work in their respective corners. So ideal a friendship as this ought to have lasted throughout a lifetime. But an event happened which changed the current of amiability in the studio and estranged the two young men so that at present they are not even nodding acquaintances.

One day the painter received an order for a sketch of a man in armor. The sculptor readily consented to pose for his friend, and after some effort finally got himself buckled into a suit of mail. By one of those accidents that sometimes occur at the most inopportune times the sculptor's fiancée happened to call at the studio chaperoned by a lively married relative. In order to get into the armor the sculptor, who is of large frame, had to strip to the skin. To get out of the suit of mail was not to be considered. So he had to stand awkwardly listening to the merry laughter of the ladies over his comical appearance. His fiancée, encouraged by the witty comments of her friend, made such fun of the unfortunate sculptor that he became furious and broke off the engagement. That evening he employed a truckman and removed all his things from the studio without vouchsafing as much as good-by to his chum. The experience effected an entire change in his opinion of the ladies. His first innamorata was a tall, distinguished-looking brunette. He is now engaged to a little, round faced blond, who, despite her resemblance to a French doll, is declared by him to be the epitome of all the charms and graces of womanhood.—New York Sun.

Artificial Thunder.

A miniature thunder factory has been constructed for the science and art department at South Kensington, England, with plates seven feet in diameter, which, it is believed, would give sparks thirty inches long, but no Leyden jars have been found to stand its charge, all being pierced by the enormous tension.—New York Telegram.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

There is no pride like that of a beggar grown rich.—Motha.

The man that looks at everything through money never sees far.

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

Be silent where reason is not regarded and truth is distasteful.—T. Fuller.

Some women go to church to study the texts, and some to study the textures.

The great secret of success in life is to be ready when the opportunity comes. Beaconsfield.

Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.

We erected the idol "Self" and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves.

All true work is sacred. In all work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.—Cranmer.

Perhaps all men can not be successful, but every one can make up his mind that he will deserve to be.

Man is never so unhappy as when he hates his brother, and never so happy as when he loves him.

The road to ambition is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty and too dark for science.

Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happy life.—Pythagoras.

As there are no blessings which may not be perverted into evils, so there are no trials which may not be converted into blessings.

Enforced companionship without congeniality is one of the miseries of life, and by no means one of the least common miseries either.

All the precepts of the divine law are linked together. Negligence in one single point may lead to the destruction of all.—St. John Chrysostom.

Duty rounds the whole of life, from our entrance into it until our exit from it—duty to superiors, duty to inferiors, duty to equals—duty to man and duty to God.—Smiles.

To-day's privileges can not be enjoyed nor to-day's duties discharged to-morrow. To-morrow may never come. If it does come it will bring its own privileges and duties—privileges made less and duties made greater by to-day's neglect.

Looking to others for our standard of happiness is a sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own hearts and our own motives. And you can not borrow time. There is no interest accumulating on the days as we pass them by. Every night the account is closed.

SCIENTIFIC BREVITIES.

Professor Pickering reports the discovery of forty small lakes in Mars.

Experience in electrical welding shows that the metal is strengthened at the point of welding.

Some recent investigators claim that the sweetness and fragrance of the very best butter is due to a certain beneficent species of bacteria.

Aluminum sheets will make a much more durable and satisfactory roofing than sheet copper, now generally used in valuable buildings.

It is said that on an average one operation per day is made in New York for the removal of the vermiform appendix, the worm-like termination of the big intestine.

Chlorine gas, decomposed from sea water by means of electrical machines, is employed for disinfecting the hold, store-room, etc., of vessels of the Italian navy.

The zinc-tannin process of preparing wood to resist decay is proving a great success. It hardens the wood and makes it much more useful, especially when used for railroad ties.

The new explosive, ammonite, by the use of electric firing and careful tamping, does away with flames, and, in consequence, being introduced in mines where the gases exist in explosive proportions.

The investigations of English and German experts are such as to lead them to limit the life of iron bridges to seventy-five years, and in many instances a shorter period of use makes them unsafe.

If it were possible to cut sections out of the side of soap bubbles and then by some delicate contrivance handle the pieces, there would be required 50,000,000 films laid one upon another to make a pile one inch in height.

Among the most remarkable inventions at the paper exhibit at Berlin was a set of paper teeth made by a Lubec dentist in 1878. They have been in constant use for more than thirteen years, and show absolutely no wear whatever.

It has been found that bicyclists who ride to excess are afflicted with a catarrhal laryngitis. Mouth breathing and the rapidity and pressure with which large quantities of air are forced into the larynx are said to be the cause.

Prim, a chemical expert, has determined by scientific investigation that the air of London is purest at about thirty or forty feet from the ground, lower than that the dust is encountered, and higher than that the smoke from the chimneys reaches.

Experiments are being tried in Germany in making horseshoes of a material the chief constituent of which is paper. It is said to fit the hoof better than the iron shoe, to be impervious to water, and to grow rough under use, so as to become a safeguard against slipping.

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CALIFORNIA HERMITS.

Men Passing Their Lives in Idle Solitude on the Mountain Tops.

Is man essentially a social animal? The scientists say so. But in the mountains of California there are almost enough men who for years have led a life of utter solitude to disprove the generalization. These mountain hermits can be found scattered through the Sierras and the coast range from one end of the state to the other. They are particularly numerous through the Yosemite valley and extending far back into the high Sierras. Some of them were once guides in the valley, others have been miners, and some again seem to have taken up the life of solitude simply because they like it.

To this class belongs old P. R. Gibson—"Old Gib," as he is generally called—who lives on a mountain ranch. He is seventy-five years old, but is possessed of as much physical strength and endurance as the average man of half his age. He came thirty years ago from Tennessee, where he left a wife and a large family of children. One of his sons came to see him recently and tried to induce him to visit his former home, but "Old Gib" steadfastly refused to leave his little ranch and solitary cabin. He has never seen a railroad, and the stage drivers from the nearest station try their utmost to persuade him to go to town and at least look at a train of cars. But his invariable answer is: "Do you think I'm going down there to be blown up by one of them there blamed engines? Not much!"

Nearly all the men who live this life of solitude very long get a bit queer in the head, and "Old Gib" is no exception to the rule. He has a rigmorale description of himself which declares that he is "the best man in the United States or adjoining territories, either directly or indirectly, financially, commercially, ecclesiastically or unchurchified." The old man is a hard worker, and when he is not busy on his ranch he is working energetically making "shakes"—that is, clapboards split and sawed by hand from big pine trees.

Old man Lambert, who has a cabin in the high Sierras some thirty miles back of the Yosemite, is another of the mountain hermits. He has neither ranch nor mining claim, but lives by what he shoots and by an occasional few dollars earned from camping parties. He has lived alone in that same spot for years and years, and will in all likelihood stay there until he dies. There are months at a time that he does not see another human being. A party of campers one summer found him making a huge stone wall that seemed to have no purpose whatever. In surprise they asked him what he was piling up those stones for. "Why," he said, "a man's got to do something, up here alone, or he'll go wrong, sure."—Cor. Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Schooling at Twenty Dollars a Year.

However moderate the expenses of a student of the present time may be they can hardly reach the extremely modest sum which sufficed for Jean Marmontel, a French poet, during the reign of Louis XV, for a year's schooling. In his "Memoirs" he speaks of his school life as follows:

I was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars at the house of an honest mechanic.

My provisions for a week consisted of a large loaf of rye bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon and two or three pounds of beef. My mother had added to them a dozen apples.

This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholar of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for us, and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her house-room, including even the vegetables of her little garden which she used for our soup, each of us gave her twelve pence halfpenny a month.

Reckoning everything except my clothes, I cost my father between four and five pounds a year. This was much to him and an expense of which I was very anxious to see him relieved.

How It Feels to Be in a Railway Wreck.

"A man who has never been in a wreck wouldn't believe how long it takes for the cars to get through piling up," said another. "After the first crash there is a rebound clear to the back of the train, and then the whole thing takes another lunge, something gives way, and maybe three or four more cars telescope. Then there's another jerk backward and another lunge, and it seems as if the cracking and groaning and tumbling keep on for five minutes. When a man is mixed up with the trucks under the whole stack it seems like an hour."

"Make it an hour and a half," said an ex-brakeman as he scratched his nose with the only clawlike finger remaining at the end of a twisted and shriveled stump of a hand. The crowd knew how he had been dug out with a derrick and laughed at the joke.—Chicago News-Record.

King's Daughters in Turkey.

Smyrna, Turkey, has an active circle of King's Daughters engaged in the practical charitable work for which this order is noted. By sewing, embroidering, scrubbing floors, blackening shoes, or any work for which money would be paid, they have distributed rice and coal among the poor, visited the sick, educated children, provided medicines, paid rents and done other similar acts of charity. On holidays they divide into committees for the purpose of decorating the rooms where poor families live and providing small remembrances for the children.—New York Sun.

Never Reads Criticisms.

Mr. Santley, the eminent baritone, declares that since 1861 he has rarely read a criticism that has been passed upon his singing. In that year he was taken severely to task for a performance at the Birmingham festival, and the remarks of the caustic critic so affected him that he determined to read no more criticisms. If other performers, distinguished and not distinguished, would follow this example, what heartburnings would be saved!—London Tit-Bits.