

IF I WERE FAIR.

If I had little hands and slender feet;
If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word and faded at a frown;

Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold,
Love waits on beauty, though sweet love
Is none.

Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck; would throw away a toy,
And hide its dimples in my shining hair.

Oh, just a little fair, with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no one slummed my presence or my kiss,
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.
So you are to have a country cousin
for a visitor, Seraphina?
Yes; don't you pity me?
Is she so very countrified?

Oh, I presume so. She comes from
the northern part of New Hampshire,
and is the daughter of a farmer.
I have never seen her, for this is her first
visit to Boston, but I have no doubt she
is a complete rustic.

Poor Seraphina, how I pity you!
Will she be at your party?
I am afraid so, unless she gets home-
sick and goes home before. But I've
no doubt she will enjoy her visit to the
city too well, and it's only a week to
my party, you know.

Why were you obliged to invite
her?
Oh, we couldn't get rid of it. Pa
insisted on it, though ma and I did all
we could do to prevent it. Well, I got
out here. Goodby, dear.

Goodby, Seraphina.
Miss Seraphina Flower signalled to the
conductor to stop the car and got out.
The conversation between the two
girls had been listened to with great in-
terest by a young girl in a travelling
dress, sitting near by. She may be ex-
cused for feeling somewhat interested,

for she was the country cousin whose
intended visit excited so much alarm.
She would not have recognized either
of the speakers but for the name Sera-
phina, and the circumstances that
pointed so clearly to her own visit.

I will ride on," she said to herself.
I don't want Seraphina to know that I
have heard her speak of me. I will
ride a mile or two further, and take a
car back. I will take care not to disap-
point her expectations, but appear as
countrified as she expects.

Edith Grant was the daughter of a
well-to-do farmer, and though she had
always lived in the country, had en-
joyed advantages of education, not only
in the solid, but in the ornamental
branches, quite equal to her cousin,
while she had been a diligent student,
and made much better use of them.

An elderly French professor, who had set-
tled in a country town for the sake of
his health, had imparted to her an ex-
cellent knowledge of his language,
while she excelled, not only as a mus-
ical performer, but as a singer. Of this,
however, her city cousin knew nothing.

Half an hour or more after Miss Sera-
phina arrived at home, the bell was
rung by her country cousin.
Is Mrs Fowler or Seraphiny to
hmm? asked Edith, with a broad Yan-
kee accent.

I'll see," answered the astonished
servant. "Who shall I say wishes to see
her?"
Her cousin, Edith Grant, to be sure,
just arrived from New Hampshire.

With a suppressed smile, the servant
showed Edith into the parlor.
Presently Miss Seraphina sailed into
the room and held out her hand in lan-
guid curiosity. But she was almost
paralyzed when Edith made a rush for
her, enveloped her in a boisterous em-
brace, exclaiming:

Why, Cousin Seraphiny, how dew
you dew, and how's your ma? I'm
proper glad to see you?
Just as I expected," said Seraphina
to herself, with an inward groan.
She's fearfully rustic. I'm very well,
thank you," she answered, coldly; "and
so is my mother. How did you come?"
I came by the horse-cars. I've got
a check for my trunk. I guess I can
get an expressman to get it.

I presume so.
What a stylish gown you've got on,
Cousin Seraphiny! I wish I had one
like it.
I may find one or two of my old
dresses for you to wear," said Seraphina,
condescendingly. "I suppose you make
your own dresses in the country?"
We get 'em cut by a dressmaker—
Sophy Sykes; she goes out by the day
—75 cents a day she charges. It's
high, but she makes 'em fashionable."
No doubt," said Seraphina, with a
sneer. "Would you like to go in your
room?"
Yes, Seraphiny, if you please. I'm
awful dusty. Perhaps I'd better go
into the kitchen, and if you've got such
a thing as a wash-basin I'll slick up a
little.
Heavens and earth! she's worse
than I expected. How can I have her
at my party? thought Seraphina.
You will find a wash-basin in your
room," she said, with a curl of the lip.
That's handy," returned Edith.
The servant was called who ushered

Edith into the chamber provided for her.

Edith, left alone in her room, took
down her hair and arranged it in an un-
becoming style, so as to completely
cover her ears, retained her travelling
dress and came down stairs when the
bell rang for supper.

She was received coldly by Mrs. Fow-
ler and Seraphina, who regarded her
with evident disdain. Her uncle looked
at her in astonishment. Even he was
surprised at her evident want of taste
and countrified ways, yet he was kind.
The next day Edith had a private in-
terview with her uncle and let him into
the secret, asking permission for the
present to continue the masquerade.

He laughed heartily, for he enjoyed
a practical joke.
It will be a good lesson to Seraphina
and her aunt," he said. "I'm really
glad, though, to find you're not quite
such a rustic as you looked."
Confess, uncle, you were a little
ashamed of me," she said archly.

Well, I certainly thought that if you
were a diamond, it was a rough one,"
said the uncle.
If I could only keep her away from
my party," thought Seraphina a few
days later. "She will disgrace us all."
Edith, said Seraphina, more gra-
cious than usual, "I am going to have
a party next Wednesday evening."

Oh, won't that be nice! Will you
have ice cream and cake?
I have been thinking," said Sera-
phina rather awkwardly, "that you
wouldn't enjoy it much. You wouldn't
know anybody."
You'll introduce me, won't you,
Seraphiny?

I could, I suppose; but the fact is,
Edith, you will feel out of place. Of
course, you shall have all the ice cream
and cake you want. I will send it up to
your room early in the evening."
But I want to see the fun, Sera-
phiny. I never was to a city party."
That's the very reason you wouldn't
enjoy it, Edith.

Oh, yes I shall! I know I shall! I
wouldn't miss it for 25 cents."
To Seraphina's great disgust, Edith
was obstinately bent on getting to the
party. She called in her mother's as-
sistance, but in vain.

Well, if you are determined to go, I
will give you one of my last season's
dresses to appear in. We are about the
same height."
All right, Seraphiny. You're real
kind."

Kind! I'd like to choke her!" said
Seraphina to herself. "What in the
world made pa invite such a rustic here
at this time. To be sure, she's not had
looking, if she wouldn't wear her hair
so frightfully. I shall die of mortifica-
tion."

When the evening of the party came
Edith refused all assistance and made
her own toilet. She purposely came
down late. As she entered the room
her uncle, with a smile, came forward
and led her in, presenting her with a
bouquet.

When Seraphina caught sight of her
she started in amazement. The grub
had become a butterfly. She had ar-
ranged her hair in the style of the day,
had on a tasteful dress of her own, in-
stead of appearing in her cousin's fin-
ery, and wore an air of complete self-
possession, as if she felt quite at home.

Why, she actually looks respecta-
ble," ejaculated Seraphina to her
mother. "Who could have dressed
her? But her speech will betray her.
Gracious! there is father introducing
her to the Count De Grammont" (a titled
Frenchman, the lion of the evening).
What will he think?

Oh, pa! remonstrated Seraphina,
in great distress, "how could you intro-
duce that country gawk to the Count?
It will disgrace us in his eyes."
Suppose you draw near and listen
to their conversation," said her father,
quietly.

Seraphina did so, and was struck
dumb with amazement to hear the sup-
posed rustic conversing easily with the
Count in his own language.
Why, she knows French!" she eja-
culated, after a pause.

I believe she does," said Mr. Fow-
ler.
There was another surprise.
Later in the evening Edith was led to
the piano by the Count, and her bril-
liant execution excited enthusiasm.

Mais, mademoiselle, but you must
sing," said the Count, after rapturously
applauding her.
Edith bowed, and in a moment her
pure, sweet voice filled the parlors as
she sang an Italian song.
Who is that charming singer, Miss
Seraphina? asked a gentleman.

It is my cousin," answered Sera-
phina, in her bewilderment hardly
knowing whether she was awake or
asleep.
Not the cousin you said was so
countrified, surely?
Oh, that was a joke," said Sera-
phina, confused.
What does it all mean, Edith?
asked Seraphina, when the company
had departed.

Edith smiled.
When you were lamenting in the
horse car that you were to have a visit
from a rustic cousin," she explained,
"I sat near you and heard all. I had
merely assumed the character you
selected for me."
And finely you've taken us all in,"
said her uncle.
All but you, uncle," said Edith,
smiling.
Well, I was taken in at first, I ad-
mit."
Before Edith's visit was over she be-
came engaged to a rich young city gen-
tleman, and she is no longer the country
cousin.—Caroline F. Preston, in New
York Weekly.

Furs and Winter Styles.

With the advent of the winter
season which has begun during
Yuletide, the subject of "Furs" be-
comes, as a matter of fact, of perman-
ent importance to Modistes and their
customers. Furs are in great vogue
this year and fur trimmings are more
used than they have ever been.

They are seen in a very great variety
of combinations; and since they
ornament outside garments as well as
as walking costumes, evening and ball
dresses, and moreover adorn hats and
bonnets of every form, one has need
of a sure guide to understand what
are really the correct combination of
the season. The McDowell Fash-
ion Journals are of invaluable service
in this respect, giving with unerring
good taste, and a profusion of practi-
cal illustrations and all the necessary
information. "La Mode de Paris"
and "Paris Album of Fashions"
which only cost \$3.50 per year, or
35 cents per copy, each, have the
finest Parisian styles, and "La
Couturiere," \$3.00 a year, or 30 cents
per copy, gives the most practical
French Fashions. Yearly subscribers
to either of these Journals are entitled
to a Premium Book on "Dressmaking
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one pound, full weight.

Long-winded Lawless.
HOW THE JUDGE BROUGHT HIS SPEECH
TO AN END.

Henry Watterson tells this story of
Hon. B. Lawless, a former member of
the Louisville bar, and who came
from Glasgow, Ky. He was a "long-
winded" talker, and when he arose to
make an argument he did not know
when to stop. On one occasion he
was making a speech before Judge
Ballard, in the United States Court.
He had spoken several hours, and the
Judge and everybody else were help-
less.

At last Judge Ballard beckoned his
brother, Jack Ballard, to him and im-
plored him to stop Lawless if he could
"Oh, that's easy enough," replied the
brother: "I'll stop him inside of
three minutes." There was a great
deal of curiosity to see how this could
be accomplished, as the orator seem-
ed to be nowhere near the end of his
speech. Jack Ballard took a pencil
and a sheet of paper and wrote:

"My Dear Colonel: As soon as you
finish your magnificent argument I
would like you to join me in the clerk's
office in a bumper of fine old Bourbon."
The note was handed to the orator,
who paused at the end of a soaring
period, drew his glasses from his
pocket and read the note. He put it
in his pocket and said: "And now, if
it please your Honor, and you, gentle-
men of the jury, I leave the case with
you." He picked up his hat and was
in the clerk's office in about a minute.

The Scientific American, or Town
Topics for the coming year can be
obtained cheap at this office. tf.

I have had catarrh for twenty years,
and used all kinds of remedies with-
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Little Falls, recommended Ely's
Cream Balm. The effect of the
first application was magical, it
allayed the inflammation, and the
next morning my head was as clear as
a bell. I am convinced its use will
effect a permanent cure. It is soothing
and pleasant, and I strongly urge
its use by all sufferers.—Geo. Terry,
Little Falls, N. Y.

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The Farmer's GRAIN he buys for CASH,
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One glance at which will serve to show
Their undisputed worth.
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He always tries to please his friends;
He is "THE MAN WHO SMILES."

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