UNFORGOTTEN.

The morning hours were metry, The genial noon is caim. The fragmance of the wild rose is like a healing balm: The birds within the woodland Carol a happy song. But in my heart abuleth still A sorrow deep and strong-My poor lost loval

The glittering strongisted murmurs Over its pelody bed: The fleecy cloud is sailing Solight's overhead: The southern breeze is playing Among the hard brughs: But, ah i remembrance dies not Of hopeful, happy vows-My poor lost love!

The calm, lone hills ascending Toward the clear, blue sky, O'ericsk the smilling valley Where here at rest 1 lie : Those lone hills are the emb'em Of that far, silent land, Where she i love is resting. One of a countless band -My poor lost love!

A vision of a new tree-A marrow, turf.clad grave-The winter of a country Where winds tempestuous rave: A little torrent falling. With moaning, mournful sound. Fills my imagication Far more than all around-

My poor lost love,

Ahl gentle, joyous Nature, Thy wearied, mourning child Delights in thy rejolcing. But may not be beguiled From thinking of that dear one, With dull heart, aching sore:

UP THE FLUME.

It was the fall of the year, and the ripened glory of autumn was over the far southwestern town. The streets were yellow with the golden beams of the sun: beams that crept up as the day lengthened, and mingled with the purple of the mesas.

The morning was so beautiful that Sheriff Gifford, as he stepped into the post-office, whistled a familiar air, with happy enjoyment of life in general and the weather in particular. But his exuberance was checked by the appearance of a man whose dark face wore a sinister look, and who was known as "Pedro, the Mexican teamster."

Sheriff Gifford knew that the fellow bore an evil reputation; that deeds dark and dire had been attributed to him. But heretofore he had been canning and stealthy, and no accusation could be proven. But this morning he appeared possessed of a spirit just the reverse, for when Sheriff Gifford in-quired, "Why do you carry that gun, Pedro?" he replied with bravado, "I am going to kill Hercules, the Ranger, on sight !"

Gifford was startled by an exclamation of such import uttered in so free a manner, and by a man not given to jesting.

"I wouldn't say that, Pedro; put up the weapon; you do not need it. His reply was vindictive and deter-

mined. "I have sworn to kill Hercules, and I am going to do it !"

"Don't talk nonsense, Pedro ! Give me that gun and say you are only jest-ing, or I shall be obliged to arrest you.

Pedro knew that he must yield to Gifford's authority; he passed over the gun, cunningly remarking as he did so: "Pedro is no fool ! When he is in carnest he keeps his own counsel."

Gifford, much relieved, replied: "Take my advice, and do nothing

though seeking a comfortable spot, but went to sleep a picture of perfect contentment on one of the soft rugs in the sitting room, keeping one zealous eye always half-open upon his playmate, Buthie.

The months sped by in spite of all the hardships she had to endure-for life is hard for a woman in a new conntry-on light wings for Ruth. She made the best of all her trials, and was as sweet and contented as if she had been in the fair home they had owned and lost. Though often her limbs ached and her head was weary with the weight of work which fell to her share. she never complained. Not once did she grow fretful or reproach her husband for taking her so far from all that sue loved.

"He is doing the best that he can." she always said to herself, "and what would a palace be without his love? Besides, how much I have to be grate-ful for." And somehow the remembrance of their first evening in the log cabin would always bring tears to her eyes. It was such a real proof of his love and thoughtfulness for her.

When the next Spring lengthened into Summer, and her sweet face began to wear a tired look that he did not like to see, he came to her one evening, saying gravely:

"Ruth, pack your trunk to-night; tomorrow I want to take you with me to Sau Diego. Important business calls me there, and you and Ruthie both need a change.

"But how can you leave the ranch?" Ruth asked, "just now when you are most needed?"

"Oh, Redly will take charge of the place, and the men will work for him as well as for me.

very carefully she might have seen a and in which he cun take care of the twinkle in his eves that would have made her suspicious as to this "business trip" to San Diego, but like a dutiful wife she packed up and asked no foolish questions. When they reached San Diego, much to her sur-prise her husband did not go to a hotel. He gave the coachman some directions, and they were driven to an elegantlooking house in the suburbs.

"Why, I didn't know you had friends here !" exclaimed Ruth, in surprise.

"Oh, yes." said John. "I have a number of them. This is the home of the best friend I have in the world."

"Why!" John nearly took her breath away. She thought of her shabby travelling dress and Ruthie's shabbier cloak with dismay, but she made up her mind to make the best of it for John's sake, anyway. A lady could always be a lady, no matter how she was dressed. A neat servant opened the door and ushered them into a handsomer reception room. The house was beautiful inside, and everything was new and of the latest fashion. Ruth sank into a finely upholstered easy chair with a feeling of momentary content. For a moment she almost wished she might be the possessor of such a home, and then she put aside the envious wi-h

"Make yourself at home, dear," John said, "while I see the master of the house. He is probably in his study. I will return when I have spoken to him privately. I know he will be delighted to know you are here, and will welcome

"How strange John never told me the ministers of all demoninations, of this friend of his," Buth said to her, and its continuance this year will be self, looking at the handsome engrav. especially well received by reason of ings on the table near her. Presently the advantages it carries in connecthe returne I, but not as she expected, on with the World's Fair, with the master of the house, whom she was feeling a little in awe of. "Where is he ?" she askel. "Here." your mind ? There is no one with done for me what other so-called you. You and I are alone. gan to look frightened. What if John had really lost his senses ? He had certainly acted queer about this San Me Diego trip. To her further amazement he burst into a loud laugh, and, taking a stand in the middle of the room, said, with a polite bow "Dear Mrs. Delano, allow me to introduce to you the master of this house, John Delano, esq., your humble ser-vant. I am monarch of all I survey." "John, you are surely going mad, and I with you. For heaven's sake," she entreated, "tell me what you mean ! "I'll tell you what I mean, little wife," he said. "I mean that I came to San Diego last year during the land boom, went into real estate business and cleared a small fortune. This is your home, and all that is in it belongs to Ruth and John Delano. The ranch and the log cabin were simply a trial of your love. I wanted to find out what kind of stuff my wife was made of."

A Bill for Drunkards.

Mr. Riter of Philadelphia has introduced a bill in the House which is likely to command considerable attention from the fact that it increases the opportunity of friends of drinking men to interfere with their personal literty. It is an addition to the legards under the lunacy act, and is entitled an "act for the protection of persons who have fallen into the habits of protracted drunkenness."

The bill provides that when a judge of any Common Pleas Court in the State is satisfied "that any personwithin the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth has become a dipsomaniac or habitual drunkard, and by reason of continued inebriety is neglecting his business or his family or injuring his bodily or mental health, such persoms on the petition of any relative by blood or marriage, or of any next friend, neighbor or officers of the peace, shall be committed by the ludge to any lunatic asylum or hospital within the Commonwealth."

Under the bill such confinement shall not extend over six months, but the patient may be discharged either by the Judge who committed him, or the superintendent of the asylum before the expiration of that time. should either be satisfied that the "habit of continued inebriety and unnatural craving for intoxicants shall be overcome." The bill was referred to the Committee on Judiciary Gen-If Ruth had noticed him just then eral, of which Mr. Riter is a member bill.

> Mr. Jacob B. Gaunt, Medford, Bur lington Co., N. J., thus gives his ex-perience: "From experience I can say that Salvation Oil is a good remedv for rheumatism. I had been almost a cripple for eight or nine months with this malady, but Saiva-tion Oil vanquished it. I can now do as much work as the next person."

> Half-rate Tickets for Clergymen on the Pennsylvania Ratiroad.

Pursuing the policy inaugurated last year, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is supplying regularly or-pained ministers of the Gospel with clerical orders entitling the holders to tickets at half-rates over the entire system. These tickets are purchasable by any clergyman exhibiting a "clerical order," and they may be bought to any station on the Fennsylvania system, both east and west of Pittsburg, at one-half the regular rates. Under this arrangement clergymen may secure half-rates to Chicago during the World's Fair, and there can be no doubt that a great many of them will avail themselves of the opportunity. The inauguration of this liberal privilege by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company last year met with carry appreciation at the hands of

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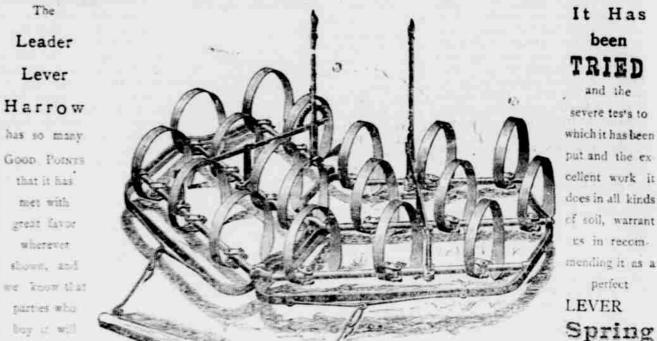
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at will lodge you in my quarters. With a characteristic shrug of his

shoulders, the Mexican went into the street. Sheriff Gifford was troubled even after the assurance given him, and he sought out Hercules, to warn him to be on his guard in case of freachery on Pedro's part. Around a corner came a mau of colossal height and proportions. He was six feet five, with shoulders straight and of great breadth ; graceful, sinewy limbs ; head finely formed and hair closely cropped. A face that could wear a fierce, cruel look or a kind and genial one, just as the heart throbbed to the man's untutored nature or to his spasmodic fits of gentleness and humility. Because of his extraordinary size he was called "Herenles," and because of his roving life, the "Ranger."

He was walking along with a smile on his lips. Like Sheriff Gifford, he felt the exceeding beauty and splendor of the morning, and thoughts generous and noble prompted him to kindly deeds. He had taken a sobbing child up in his strong arms and soothed it to miet. He had restored the fallen bundle of an old woman, taken her to her home, and as he said "good-day." slipped a five dollar bill into her trombling hand. He had taken a satoon keeper to task for selling liquor to a youth whose refined face spoke eloquently of a childhood of Christian raining. The lad told Hercules that he had come "out West" and fallen into svil ways.

"Why not go home again, youngstor f

"Can not do it ; haven't got the money," was the terse, hopeless reply. "Is that all ?" said Horeules, "Here, take this purse and what it contains ; the coach is just leaving.

Before the boy could realize his good fortune he was aboard and off for the East. Hercules sauntered on in a tenler, thoughtful mood until he was seconted by Sheriff Gifford.

"Glad to meet you, Hercules ; I do not know whether this communication. has weight or not : Pedro, the teamster, has said that he will kill you on night, or, at least, before sunset."

Instantly the blood of Hereales was n fire. But his tone was quiet, and the sheriff was deceived by it.

"Pedro said that, did he ? Well, we aball son !" Then he passed on, and in a lonely

by street encountered wake a movement Herenles said

"Hands up, Benor Pedro !"

"And did you find out?" she selend of him, woman-like, not knowing whether to laugh or cry over this great juy.

the balance and not found wanting. I know now that her love for me was strong enough to brave all trials for me. Henceforth she shall be queen of my prosperity."

"It was a very pretty little drama you. chose to make me take the principal part in," she said, "but I forgive guin and I am satisfied if you are. "Completely," he answered, with a

lover's kiss. "Do you know, dear John." she whis-

perod that night as she held Rathie up for her papa's good-night kiss, "that I doubt if I can ever be as happy anywhere as I was in that little log mitin of ours, in spite of all the hard wurk I did. Love never seemed before such a sweet compensation for all of hile's trials

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman." langhed her husband. "Like Lot's wife, forever looking back. Give her heaven, and two to one she'll be sorry also over left earth."

Ruth only smiled and held her peace. She know that he would ever hold their log cabin days in sweet and sacrad romembrance.-Omaka World.

I was troubled with catarrh for Perfect Stillseven years previous to commencing "Here ? Why, John, have you lost the use of Ely's Cream Baim. It has She be- cures have failed to do-cured me. The effect of the Balm seemed magical --- Clarence L. Huff, Elddeford

> After trying many remedies for catarrh during the past twelve years. I tried Ely's Gream Baim with complete success. It is over one year since I atopped using it and have had no return of catarch. I recommend it to all my friends - Million T. Palm, Reading.

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" Aslang Wanda.

" Hear my story and believe. "I was about dead with wroamh trouble when I begree to take Lydia E. Pinkhand's Wagetable Component.

"I did not know what west "Indeed I did. She was weighed in was for mounths. I was so diazy and faint at times I thought I was dying. Oh! how my hack did ache! and I was so cross and imitable!

> * I am no-day a limiting withess of the wonderfall and alunst migraculous effects of that great remedy. Relief came with it at once. My appende retarned. I am now as well as I ever was

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