

UNFORGOTTEN.

The morning hours were merry,
The genial noon is calm,
The fragrance of the wild rose
Is like a healing balm;

UP THE FLUME.

It was the fall of the year, and the
ripened glory of autumn was over the
far southwestern town.

The morning was so beautiful that
Sheriff Gifford, as he stepped into the
post-office, whistled a familiar air,

Sheriff Gifford knew that the fellow
bore an evil reputation; that deeds
dark and dire had been attributed to
him.

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."

"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
earnest he keeps his own counsel."

Gifford, much relieved, replied:
"Take my advice, and do nothing
that 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
treachery on Pedro's part.

Around a corner came a man 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 throbbled to the man's untu-
ored nature or to his spasmodic fits of
gentleness and humility.

Because of his extraordinary size he was called
"Hercules," 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
quiet. 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
trembling hand.

He had taken a saloon keeper to task for selling liquor to
a youth whose refined face spoke elo-
quently of a childhood of Christian
training. The lad told Hercules that
he had come "out West" and fallen into
evil ways.

"Why not go home again, young-
ster?"

"Can not do it; haven't got the
money," was the terse, hopeless reply.

"Is that all?" said Hercules. "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 ten-
der, thoughtful mood until he was
accosted by Sheriff Gifford.

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

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

"Pedro said that, did he? Well, we
shall see!"

Then he passed on, and in a lonely
by street encountered Pedro. Before
the teamster could make a movement
Hercules said:

"Hands up, Senor Pedro!"

Pedro was not a small man, but he
appeared so in contrast to Hercules.

"So you are ready for me, Hercules?"

"Yes, and I will relieve you of that
revolver. Now march in front of me!"

They met no one, and at length Her-
cules and his prisoner entered a cheap
eating-house, and the former asked for
a private room, setting at rest all
doubts of the proprietor by ordering
dinner for two to be served there.

During the meal Hercules interrogated
Pedro as to his reason for the threat he
had uttered against him.

"Because," sullenly replied the man,
"I heard that you had come into town
to peach on me; about that murder
case, you know."

"Yes, I know about it; but you
should have been sure of my going to
inform on you before you said what
you are sorry for now."

Pedro shivered; he understood what
the words implied, and the question
that followed did but increase his fear.

"How many men have you killed in
your time, Pedro?"

Despite his reluctance to commit him-
self, Pedro felt compelled to reply
truthfully:

"Eleven."

"And you thought to make me the
twelfth. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Her-
cules. "You are too small a man for
that. Now that you have had your
dinner take that violin and play for me.
I am fond of music. See that you play
until I bid you cease, or I shall play
you a tune with this six-shooter."

Pedro obeyed with alacrity. For two
hours the strains of music echoed
through that adobe building. Spanish,
French, German and Scotch airs. Then
Hercules said:

"Give me something American; the
national airs, for instance. Don't say
you are tired. It is not sunset yet."

The Star Spangled Banner, Yankee
Doodle and Columbia, the Gem of the
Ocean, with and without variations.

Then the war songs; then songs senti-
mental and pathetic. Finally the Dead
March. Pedro's arms ached and his
fingers refused longer to guide the bow.

The music had rippled on without ces-
sation since one o'clock, and now the sun
was sinking slowly behind the horizon.

Hercules was sitting apparently
asleep. Pedro thought to take advan-
tage of this indifference, and gave an
agile spring toward the revolver rest-
ing close to the hand of Hercules. But
the latter's apathy was only assumed.

The rage, the brutality of his nature
had been aroused by the cowardly
threat of the teamster, and he had re-
solved to kill him from the moment he
heard of Pedro's sinister intention to-
ward himself.

All the afternoon he
had been playing with his victim, and
Pedro was conscious of it. Now the
time for which Hercules had waited,
the moment before sunset, was here.

The conflict was strength against
agility; the armed against the unarmed.
It would be a difficult matter to dis-
criminate as to which of the two men
was the coward. The same spirit would
have been displayed by either
having the advantage.

Next morning Sheriff Gifford said to the crowd
gathered in his office:

"Yes, poor Pedro 'went up the
flume' last night. He was killed by
Hercules the Ranger. It was a shock-
ing affair! But I am confident now
that he would have killed Hercules had
the latter not gotten the drop on him."

Locusts.

Locusts are offered for sale in the
markets of Arabia, Syria and Egypt.
The African bushmen cook them by
making great fires. The locusts fly
into the flame, their wings are burned,
they fall and are roasted; then the
bushman draws them forth, eats, and
is happy. Some Europeans do not
fancy their nutlike flavor, especially at
first, while others find them quite
palatable.

Lady Anne Blunt tells of riding
through a part of Northern Arabia
where a swarm of locusts had lately
passed, leaving their dead and strag-
glers behind them. The camels ate
these as a relishing morsel with their
provender, and her greyhounds picked
them up all day, eating a great many
of them. She says they were regularly
used in camp as a part of the day's
ration, and thought a very fair substi-
tute for vegetables, their flavor being
somewhat like that of wheat still in
the milk.

After trying the many different
modes of cooking, all the Europeans
agreed that they preferred them simply
boiled. When cooked, they took the
creatures daintily by the wings, pulled
off their long legs, dipped them in salt,
and "ate them with much relish." Lady
Anne, when she first tasted them,
thought them "fairly good," but soon
came to consider them "a most excel-
lent article of diet." During her visit
to Arabia many of the tribes were
wholly dependent upon locusts and
camel's milk for their food.

What Happened.

"You told me that you were going to
a spiritualistic seance last week," said
young Hepburn to his chum, M'Cue,
as they were playing a game of billiards
at the club the other evening. "Did
you go?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other, as he
leisurely proceeded to chalk his cue,
"I went."

"Well," said his friend, inquiringly,
"anything out of the way happen?"

"Well, rather," said M'Cue. "We
had spirit-rapping and table moving,
and other things besides, and the whole
affair went off splendidly until the
medium went into a trance, and then
announced that he was the spirit of
a man who had had his umbrella
stolen, and that the thief was in the
room."

"And what happened then?" queried
Hepburn.

"Well," replied his chum, "the whole
party made a dash for the door, and I
was afraid that if I stayed behind I
might be taken for the thief, so I re-
treated with the rest."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The successful manager thanks his
lucky stars for his prosperity.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and
poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter.

We all believe in snowballing until
we get hit in the neck.—Aitchison Globe.

A widow is one who has buried her
husband; a grass widow is one who has
snappily mislaid him.

If you ever feel yourself getting con-
cited, just remember that the best
people are all dead.

Heterodoxy is said to be any doxy
but our own; just as nonsense is sense
that differs from ours.

The most irksome thing on earth is a
fool that is near, but yet so far that a
boot will not reach him.

It is more important to discover a
new source of happiness on earth than
a new planet in the sky.

There was a yachting accident the
other day. An inexperienced passen-
ger sat on one of the tacks.

The idle should not be classed
among the living; they are a sort of
dead men not fit to be buried.

The upright piano may not be
thought so grand or so square as
others, but it does not show its legs.

Soutley used to say that "the mo-
ment anything assumed the shape of
a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable
of doing it."

Ladies, let your hair, teeth and com-
plexion be false if necessary, but let
not your hoods be false; falsehoods
are inexcusable.

Children should, if possible, be
joyous and happy. If childhood does
not blossom, manhood will be likely to
bear no fruit.

The agents of those who pilot the
coarse and common but ambitious folk
through society for cash areas audacious
as they are contemptible.

"A cold night, a hot fire, and taters
in the ashes." This is Uncle Remus
Harris's autobiographical confession of his
"ideal state of happiness."

Oh, cursed love of gold; when for
thy sake the fool throws up his interest
in both worlds, first starved in this,
then damned in that to come.—Blair.

Make the republic pre-eminently a
nation of home owners and taxpayers,
and its future is assured, as well as the
morality of its social life.—Seymour
Dexter.

He (just engaged)—"I don't think
you kiss with the same earnestness and
abandon that other girls do." She—
"Don't you think so? Why, other men
say I do."—Truth.

"Are all the good poets dead?" asked
a Chicago editor. Perhaps not; but,
judging from our magazine verses, all
the bad poets are very much alive,
observe the Norristown Herald.

It is discouraging to a newly mar-
ried man to hear his conscience praising
his blushing little wife's first cake, and
then have her tell him that she got it
at the baker's when she went down
town.

A horse will never stand facing wind
in a pasture, but will always turn his
back. A horse heated by driving can
be foundered in a few minutes by
standing facing; the wind, or in a
draught.

"So your wife begged you to give up
smoking?" "Yes." "Did you com-
ply?" "I said I would give up smok-
ing if she would give up shopping."

"So you still smoke?" "I still smoke."
—New York Press.

Circus man (hunting for a stray ele-
phant)—"Have you seen a strange animal
around here?" Irishman—"Be-
gorra, Oi have that; there was an
injin-rubber bull around here pullin'
carrots wid his tail."—Bangkok Times.

The Wife—"Mercy on me! Johnny's
fallen in the town well, and it's ten
foot deep." Editor (calmly)—"Five
thousand dollars damages, the paper
enlarged and the mortgage lifted. The
Lord will provide!"—Atlanta Constitu-
tion.

"Why don't you go home for your
noon lunch?" inquired the city man.

"Because," answered the suburbanite,
"I don't reach my office soon enough
to be able to return home sufficiently
early to get back again in time to start
home for my dinner."—Chicago Trib-
une.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The chapel of Wesley, the founder of
Methodism in England, has been com-
pletely restored. It cost \$85,000.

A missionary canvass of Vermont
shows that there are 150,000 people in
that State who attend church and 184,000
who do not.

Ram's Horn before its death said: "A
good many preachers try so hard to
feed a few giraffes in their flocks that
they let the sheep and lambs starve to
death."

The Congregationalist asks in regard
to their superannuates: "What becomes
of disabled and aged ministers and
their families? A good many of them
depend on friends for support, but
some on public charity, some suffer in
extreme poverty."

Forty years ago Oberlin admitted
Antoinette Brown and Lettice Smith to
study in its theological department, an
innovation so radical that even liberal
Oberlin, whose charter secured to
women the right to study in all its
departments, was fearful of results.

It has been stated that not an infidel
book is published in the Welsh lan-
guage. One thing is certain, the Bible
is read and preached and loved there;
and while in five counties in the North
of Ireland it has required twelve police-
men to every 10,000 people, mainly to
keep order among those who do not
read the Bible, and in the South of
Ireland, where the Bible has not been
so much read, it has required forty six
policemen to every 10,000 people to
keep them in order; at the same time it
has been stated that in one county in
Wales no policeman was required.—N.
Y. Evangelist.

Strongly Endorsed.

The advertising of Hood's Sars-
apilla appeals to the sober, common
sense of thinking people, because it is
true; and it is always fully substantiated
by endorsements which in the
financial world would be accepted
without a moment's hesitation. They
tell the story—HOOD'S CURES.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice,
biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Man's Organism.

PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED IT IS A
WONDERFUL CREATION.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

In the human body there are about
263 bones. The muscles are about
500 in number. The length of the
alimentary canal is about 32 feet.

The amount of blood in an adult
averages 30 pounds, or fully one fifth
of the entire weight. The heart is 6
inches in length and 4 inches in
diameter, and beats 70 times per
minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800
times per day, 36,792,000 times per
year, 2,565,440,000 in three score
and ten, and at each beat 2 1/2 ounces
of blood are thrown out of it, 175
ounces per minute, 656 pounds per
hour, 7 and three-fourth tones per
day. All the blood in the body
passes through the heart in three
minutes.

This little organ, by its ceaseless
industry, pumps each day what is
equal to lifting 122 tones one foot
high, or one ton 122 feet high.

The lungs will contain about 1 gallon of
air at the usual degree of inflation.

We breathe on an average 1,200 times
per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or
24,000 per day. The aggregate sur-
face of the air cells of the lungs ex-
ceeds 20,000 square inches, an area
nearly equal to the floor of a room 12
feet square. The average weight of
the brain of an adult male is 3
pound; of a female, 2 pound and 4
ounces. The nerves are all connect-
ed with it, directly or by the spinal
marrow. These nerves, together
with their branches and minute
ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000
in number, forming a "body
guard" outnumbering by far the
greatest army ever marshaled.

The skin is composed of three
layers and varies from one fourth to
one eighth of an inch in thickness.

The atmospheric pressure being about
fourteen pounds to the square inch, a
person of medium size is subjected to
a pressure of 40,000 pounds. Each
square inch of skin contains 3,500
sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores,
each of which may be likened to a
little drain pipe one fourth of an inch
long, making an aggregate length of
the entire surface of the body of
201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for drain-
ing the body almost forty miles long.

Man is marvelously made. Who is
eager to investigate the curious and
wonderful works of omnipotent wis-
dom, let him not wonder the wide
world around to seek them, but
examine himself.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharp-
sburg Pa., says he will not be without
Dr. King's New Discovery for Con-
sumption, Coughs and Colds, that it
cured his wife who was threatened
with Pneumonia after an attack of
"La Grippe," when various other re-
medies and several physicians had
done her no good. Robert Barber,
of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's
New Discovery has done him more
good than anything he ever used for
Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try
it. Free Trial Bottles at C. A.
Klein's Drug Store. Large bottles,
50c. and \$1.00.

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

Two Women Speak

For the benefit of others.
Miss Helen Smith,
43 22d Place, Chicago, Ill.,
says:—

"I was troubled with irregu-
larity and leucorrhœa. I fol-
lowed Mrs. Pinkham's advice,
took her Vegetable Compound,
and used her Sanative Wash.
I now feel like a new woman,
and am perfectly healthy."

Mrs. E. Fox,
Woodstown, N. J., writes:—

"I had been sick 10 years
with womb trouble and leucor-
rhœa. I could do no work.
Doctors could not help me.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound did. Now I can do
all my work, and stand nearly
all day, and not
feel tired. I can-
not thank you
enough. I recom-
mend it to every
woman who has
any weakness."

All druggists sell it.
Address in confidence,
LYDIA E. PINKHAM, MED.
CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Liver Pills, 25 cents.

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Jewelry and Silverware.

The time was when the people of this community were
obliged to send away for certain kinds of fine goods. Now
they can obtain at home almost anything they want. Is it a
finger ring you want? LOUIS the XIV RINGS can be
found at our store in great variety. Is it cut glass you want?
We have a large assortment of DORFLINGER'S CUT
GLASS GOODS. Is it imported china you desire? Call
and see our VASES, AFTER-DINNER COFFEE
CUPS, CHOCOLATE CUPS, PLATES, BONBON
BOXES, &c.

Ladies' Gold Watches from \$12 up
Gents' Gold Watches from \$12 up,

Chains, Rings, and all kinds of Jewelry,

In silverware we have the largest and FINEST assortment in the
county. Tea sets, Water sets, Shaving mugs, cups, Cake
baskets, Butter dishes, Carving sets, and much more than we
have space to tell of. In novelties we have Tie clasps, Stamp
boxes, Bon-bon boxes, Pin trays, Cigar sets, Picture frames,
Individual castors, and all the latest goods in this line. Onyx
and Marble clocks, and all other kinds of clocks in great variety.
An inspection respectfully requested before you make your
selections.

J. G. WELLS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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