"FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE."

Beesune you have no golden hoard, Or troad out tertile lands to show. Or wealth in gill toring easiests stored, You fear to thisper-what I know: You think twould be a grievous wrong Me from my smoother paths to take, Nor understand how brave and strong Me from the for the for the strong of the s My heart could be for Love's sweet sake

Because you are a man, you seek To hide the tender pain you feel: And I, a woman, should net speak One word your secret wound to heal: Yet, knowing well that each for each Life's fullest harmonies could wake, I fain would place within your reach That gift of Love for Love's sweet sake.

Because the ways you tread are rough Shall we two always stand apart? Nay, let me own 'twould be enough To share your weal and woe, dear heart? you must bear a daily cross, Why, I will half the burden take: And what you choose to call my loss Count truest gain for Love's sweet sake -E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal

A GHOSTLY EPISODE.

### It Might Have Been Explained by Helen and Her Lover.

They were a very comfortable party of ten or a dozen adults visiting in an old ancestral house, and all nearly or remotely connected or related. And it often happened that the conversation took a turn to include those deceased ancestors whose portraits hung on the walls, and whose possessions were un-der the same roof with themselves.

"It seems like sacrilege," their hostess was saying, as they sat in the twi-light glimmer, between hearthlight and daylight, in the old-fashioned drawing room, "but Helen has about per-suaded me to let her have her greatgrandmother's wardrobe. I could never think myself of disturbing those things which my mother gave me as a sacred bequest. But Helen declares that the time has come when those old gowns can be worn without remodeling. and I fancy she would be rather proud of them as heirlooms."

"I should be afraid the ghost of the owner would look over my shoulder," remarked one of the cousins present, in an awesome tone.

"Oh, if it comes to that, we are all ghosts," said another one; "we carry our ghosts with us. But as the good dames cannot, even as ghosts, wear their old garments, why should we be denied that privilege?"

"I tell Helen she will only have the clothes, not the air of one born to them. My grandmother was a belle and a beauty. She had-well, there she is; you can all see her and judge for yourselves;" and Mrs. King led the way down the long room into the vista of faint darkness to the portrait. A can-delabrum was lighted, and in that pale glimmer they saw the beautiful face of a girl of nineteen, with the shoulders and waist of an ideal figure. Her fair cheeks and rosy lips, her naughty chin with a dimple set in it, her large, lustrous eyes, were framed in a mass of such curls as were worn in that day. They hung over her lovely shoulders down to her small waist.

"There," said Helen, in an eager voice, "look at that peach-colored silk flounce to the waist; see the puffed sleeves and the capes-oh! isn't it delicious, just as they are wearing them now, and it's upstairs in an old mahogany trunk, packed in camphor! Greatgrandmamma wore it as a bride. And those lace mitts and the dear little handkerchief bag on her arm, and the medallion picture of great-grandpa with his hair in a queue-oh! it would be too lovely! And I," she concluded, with pardonable pride, "am said to resemble her."

"Yon do," said her mother; "at least Ir you look yon need not imagine, you presumptu-outs child, that you will ever be half so beanticul."

a fin de sleele matron who was present; his mother dreamed it all, of course. "I should find that as hard to account

for as the ghost," said a cousin, looking over her shoulder. "I should hate to think there were no

ghosts," remarked a Virginia branch of the family; "I'm sure I saw one once in our gallery. It was dressed in white and strode up and down just like real ghosts do on the stage. Our dog howled and the lights all burned blue."

"I sat up with Aunt Polly Williams the night before she died, and heard three cracks of a whip right over the looking-glass. And they broke the glass into three pieces," related an aunt.

This had been told so often that the original number, "one crack of the whip," had been increased to three, but no one noticed that-the ghostly fact remained

"Did you ever account for seeing your father after his death?" asked one of the relatives of her hostess

"No, never! He had been dead a year on that night when I went to the hall clock to see if it had been wound up. You know the clock-one of those high ones? It has been in the family for generations. It's up in the nursery now. As I put my hand on the door to open it I saw father standing close by e with a smile on his face, as if some thing pleased him. I was frightened and ran from the hall, but afterward I looked into the clock and found a deed to some land we were dispossessed of, hidden there. I suppose, really, 1 only imagined seeing him. You know I don't believe it was really father, but it was strange it should lead to finding

that paper." "Another coincidence," said the fin de siecle matron. "When my ghost walks in with its head under one arm I shall look for a rational explanation of the phenomena."

"Talking about ghosts," said an elderly widow relative, speaking in a weird, mysterious voice, "did I ever tell you how my first husband appeared to me when I was thinking about marrying the man who was afterward

my second-did I ever speak of it?" "A hundred times to my certain knowledge," said the fin de sleele ma-

tron under her breath. "If I never did, it was because I don't believe in ghosts myself, but that was just one of the things I couldn't understand. I was sitting in the parlor just as if it might be now, only I was alone. There came three raps-'

"Mercy! goodness! what is that?" No one responded; no one moved, and for that time, at least, the ghost of the widow's first husband was laid unceremoniously-something ghostly was hap-pening under the very face and eyes of he party.

A puff of cold air ran through the room with such startling rapidity that the wax candles flared and went out, leaving only the light of the full moon through the lace-draped windows, mingling with the flickering firelight in a strange, spectral glare, which was focused upon the square of velvet carpet in front of the portrait they had been examining that very evening.

But what was this? Had the picture come to life and stepped out of its frame? 'The startled group at the fireside could see only a shadow there that paled and flickered, but stepped bodily and audaciously into the light. Was it the semblance of the portrait, or was it really the beautiful form and face of that woman of a century past, wearing the same clothes which fluttered noiselessly, diffusing a cold sweet per-fume that affected the senses like the incense of death? Her eyes were fixed as in the picture, but the red was on her hips and cheeks, and her little feet, ceping from the flounces and 1 her wide skirts, wore the clocked stockings and ribbon-crossed slippers of long ago. There she stood before them all, yet never noticing them, and then she began to dance in stately measure a minuet, as if some unseen cavalier were treading the meature with her, and all the time that cold wind was blowing and a strange, quaint melody was being played by invisible hands, aside from which there was not as much noise as if a hummingbird had fluttered its wings. Then somebody screamed or fainted, and in a moment the music ceased; the dancer was gone. Somebody lighted all the gas burners, and there was the portrait just as it had already been, and when the four young people, hear-ing the hubbub in the library, came rushing in they were overwhelmed by what they missed, nor dared they cast discredit on the evidence of their elders. But youth throws off impressions easily, and Helen and Walter and their friends made such chavming jest and gayety out of it that with the help of a warm supper the elders were finally induced to throw off the mystery and solemnity of the astral dance, and looked upon it as a mirage, something quite explainable by certain laws of human occult development. Helen even declared, saucily, that her groat-grandmother must have been a giddy girl to come back for a brief visit to earth just to dance that tiresome old minuet, and then she looked at Walter and blushed vividly.

NARROWLY ESCAPED LYNCHING Murderet Bamburger Has a Close Shave for His Life.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 11.-A Cando, N. D., special to the Journal says: Albert Bamburger, the young murderer

who killed Ben Kreider, his wife and four children on Friday, narrowly escaped lynch-ing here last evening. He had been caught at De Loraine, Manitoba, a few miles from at De Loraine, Manitoba, a few miles from the border, and agreed to come back with Sheriff McCune, of Ramsey County, with-out extradition papers. The sheriff and his prisoner arrived here yesterday. A mob of determined men were wait-ing for him with the fixed plan of hanging the murderer to the nearest telegraph pole. But Shariff McCune had hean amply

But Sheriff McCune had been amply warned of the danger and was equally de-termined to get his prisoner through this (Towne) county, into Ramsey. He chose a circuitous route and suc-

ceeded in cluding the mob. It is a question, though, whether Bam-burger is any safer in Ramsey county than he would have been here, as there is the wildest excitement over his bloody crime.

Dismissed the Bill With Costs.

Boston, July 11.-Judge Colt has dis-missed with costs the bill in Equity brought by Levy Brothers of New York for au injunction to enjoin Waitt & Bond of this city from using the word, "Blackstone," in selling cigars. The court holds that the complainants failed to prove that they originated and first adopted the word "Blackstone" as a trade mark.

Stock Broker Davidson Goes to the Wall. PHILADELPHIA, July 11 .- The failure of

A. Y. Davidson, stock broker, trading as A. Y. Davidson, stock broker, trading as A. Y. Davidson & Co., was announced on the Stock Exchange yesterday afternoon. The announcement had no effect on the market.

## NO SILVER PURCHASED.

The Treasury Department Arrayed Against the Brokers.

Only 71 1.2 Cents Per Ounce Offered by the Government for the White Metal. The Offer Not Accepted.

WASHINGTON, July 11 .- The Treasury department yesterday again arrayed itself firmly against the silver brokers. It was the customary day for making the proportional purchase of silver on the July account, and 488,000 ounces were offered. The prices asked ranged from 71 to 75 centa.

They were regarded as too high by Act-ing Director Preston, who made a counter proposition offering 71 1-2 cents per ounce.

That is one half cent less than the department paid for its silver last week, and apparently the silver men are reluctant to me to these terms, for up to the close of office hours no acceptances were received.

NEW POSTMASTERS APPOINTED Mr. Maxwell Turns Out Another Good Sized Grist.

WASHINGTON, July 11 .- The total number of fourth-class postmasters ap-pointed yesterday was 126, of which 40 were to fill vacancies caused by resignations and deaths. Among the appointments were the fellowing:

New York-B. C. Grennell, Amber; M. A. Perkinson, Black River; James Sweet, Borodino; J. H. Barnes, Central Valley; Mrs. Abby Smith, Danube; T. J. Piester, Delphi; E. S. Hazen, Greenwood Lake; J. W. Kermilyes, Halcottsville; J. H. Patch, Kirkwood; E. E. Woodward, Manlius Sta-tion; H. D. Swift, Mariners Harbor; I. R. Burch, Margueha, Mrs. Kets Hall, Mingaret Burch, Memphis; Mrs. Kate Hall, Minerva; Chas. Ketcham, Mountainville; John Moynehan, Newcomb; M. F. Powell, Plainville; Chas. Radick, Preston Hollow; G. P. Sibley, Triangle; C. E. Van Arsdale, Windsor

Pennsylvania-C. B. Miller, Baker's Summit; Timothy Whelan, Clifton Heights; H. S. Frauenfelter, Mohrsville; G. E. Baer, Schwankville; B. B. Schell, Spring Mount; P. F. Lewis, Summer Hill; M. S. Adam, Temple; J. W. Carroll, Upland; W. F. Welsh, William Pena,



cial to you and your children. Such is Scott's Emulsion of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you

Scott's

Rectt's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anaemic and Wasting Discases. Prevents wasting in children. Al-most as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Now York. Sold by all Druggists.

# ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO.

DEALERS IN

Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts SOLE AGENTS FOR

Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. FLNNY GOODS & SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

F.F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars-

Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Asb Bloomsburg, Pa.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

CARPET. MATTING. or OIL CLOTH. YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S 2nd Door acove Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock. BARGAINS!

In order to close out our stock of summer goods while our customers need them, we have made sweeping reductions in prices.

35c.	Goods	now	25c.
30c.	••	3.5	20c.
15c. and 18c.	- 44	- 0	10e.
10e and 121e.	-14	44	Se.
Sc. Dress Ginghams "		5e.	
7c. and 8c. Prime soon as these l	ints and 2	ephyrs	50

# "It fits like the paper

### on the wall,"

Of course it does if its the right kind, and it adds everything to the cheerfulness of the room.

## Wall Paper

gives your walls any effect and a touch of luxury that money could not otherwise supply.

To get the best, that is the question; but that is neither difficult or expensive if you go to the right place to buy it. Ours is the place, the variety is here. the prices are right.

If you want, we put it on your walls and guarantee the work. Workmen sent anywhere.

Window Curtains too, are here, prices right.

## W. H. Brooke & Co.

## THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WREELY. RETAIL PRICES.

Sector and and a sector and	68.
Butter per 1b 8	.18
Eggs per dozen	.18
Lard per lb	.16
Ham per pound.	.18
Pork, whole, per pound	to .08
Beel, quarter, per pound, ch	to .08
Wheat per bushel	.80
Oats " "	.50
Rye " "	.80
Buckwheat flour per 100.	2.40
Wheat flour per bbl	4.25
Hay per ton.	12.00
Polatoes per pushel	1.00
Turmps " "	.25
Turnips " " Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	to .35
tranberries per of	.12
Tallow per 1b	.08
Shoulder """	.15
Tallow per 1b Shoulder " " Side meat " "	.14
vinegar, per qt	.08
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.18
Raspberries	.18
Cow Hides per lb	.03
Steer	.05
Calf Skin 40	to .50
Sneep pelts	.90
Shelled corn per bus	.65
Corn meal, cwt	2.00
Bran, " Chop " Middlings "	1.25
Chop "	1.25
Middlings "	1.25
	.12
Turkeys " "	514
Turkeys "	.10
Ducks " "	.10
- COAL.	

No. 6, delivered..... 2.50 " 4 and 5 " ..... 3 50 " 6 at yard..... 2.25 " 4 and 5 at yard ..... 3.25

'Not even in that dress?" queried Hiten, with an alluring smile.

'I have not fully decided that you shall wear that dress. I have often thought that there may be something in the suggestion that people do return-'

"Not as entities?" suggested Helen's aunt

"I do not know. All my traditions teach me to respect that which 1 cannot understand. I have often been shocked by the unkind haste with which the living appropriate the pos-sessions of the dead, as if they were eager to obtain the spoils."

"We brought nothing into this world -" began the sunt.

"Don't," interrupted Helen; "I take quite another view of it. As my greatgrandmother had her day, why should she object to me having mine? She does not need these gowns of hers in her present condition, and should be pleased to know that after lying in state for so many years they are to be brought out by one of her descendants. I am quite willing to run the risk of incurring her wrath, if you will let me have the gowns," added Helen, turning to her mother.

Mrs. King shook her head, and the subject was dropped.

But another one was evolved from it later in the evening, when Helen and her lover, Walter Harter, and a visiting young couple disappeared to the library, leaving their elders basking in the firelight, so grateful on the spring evening. and telling to each other a collection of ghost stories, such as people who don't believe in ghosts can always tell better than those who are more credulous. There was Aunt Lavinda, from La Porte, Ind., who told a story current in the family ever since the first part of the century, concerning her great-aunt, whose son came home at night from a journey, entered her room, took off his coat, which was wet, hung it over a shair, wrung the water out of his hair, looked at her steadily and intently, but did not speak, leaving the room finally without breaking the silence. The next morning the mother sent to his room to waken him, but he was not there, nor had his bed been slept in. An hour later came the news that he was drowned at the very time that his mother had seen him, while crossing a ford on his way home.

"That was merely a coincidence, "said

"You see, you dear old stupids, you had talked ghosts until you were quite ready to see one in every corner. If great-grandmamma did appear, then, it was to signify that she was quite willing that I should step into her shoes.

"I assure you that no power on earth would persuade me to ever allow her clothes to be disturbed in my life-time." said Mrs. King with emphasis.

Helen looked at Walter, and her pretty mouth made a distinct shaping of the letters "P-h-e-w!"

Walter looked at Helen and telegraphed the word back again. But none of those worldly-wise people ever ame near suspecting what might have been the real truth, not even when they saw Walter's auto-harp, the most dreary musical instrument that was ever conceived, lying on the hall sofa the next day, or when they alluded, as they often did, to Helen's wonderful resemblance to her great-grandmother's por-trait.-Detroit Free Press.

New Jersey-H. C. Van Arsdale, Bar negat; Chas. Allen, Cassville; J. B. Fuller, Hainesville; Jacob Braddeck, Medford; S. H. Chatton, Pennington; J. S. Eldridge, Wenona.

Connecticut-Wm. Adam, East Canaan; W. H. Allen, Hotchkissville; A. A. Hall, Long Hill; James Mahr, Mianus; M. E. Gibbons, Rowayton; C. F. Wagner, Salis-bury; G. W. St. John, South Wilton; A. W. Dean, West Hartland.

#### The Gold Beserve Growing.

WASHINGTON, July 11. — The gold reserve fund has gained \$300,000 since Saturds y and has reached a total of \$97,283,101. The currency on hand aggregates \$27,192,-817 making the balance \$124,482,418.

### The Report Is Unfounded.

TROY, N. Y., July 11. -Sensational re-ports to the effect that the Troy Steel and Iron Company has suspended operations at the large plant in Troy, are untrue.

### A Suspended Bank Reopens.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 11.-The Elmira Savings Bank has reopened for business, paying its old depositors a dividend of 25 per cent.

### The Strike Declared Off.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 11.-The Leavenworth coal miners' strike has been declared off.

### NEWS OF THE DAY

George M. Moulton has been appointed receiver for the Produce Goldstorage Ex-change, at Chicago.

Augustus Hemenway, of Canton, Mass., has invited the public school teachers, 26 in number, to a ten day trip to the World's Fair at his expense.

The Western Passenger Association has unanimously adopted a resolution provid-ing for a special one fare rate from all towns on their lines west of the Missouri river to Chicago.

Telegrams to Chandler & Ritchie, of Boston, from the European Union of As-tronomers, and others, announce that Ror-dame's comet was observed at many places on Sunday night.

Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross has received a telegram from Pome-roy. Iowa, the town demolished by Fri-day's tornado, asking that ten nurses be sent on at once for service there.

John Thomas Burke, a colored waiter at the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga, N. Y., dropped dead last evening while playing ball with a number of his associates on the South Broadway grounds.

Morton & Chesly, builders, of Boston, have assigned to A. M. Gardner. F. F. Morton has been sole proprietor of the business for the last two years. He states that his liabilities are about \$60,000 and assets \$100,000.

