#### POOR BEELZEBUB.

Sir Randal had a scolding wife, A regular Xantippe. Who led bim such un awfol life, No wonder be was hippy. But as he did not wish to be The butt of all the city. He hid bis feelings skilfully In this dissembling ditty: "Oh, what were man without a wife?"

Beelz-bub was passing near, O'erheard his fond hundation. Quoth he, "A wife so sweet and dear Would be a consolution!" And so he stole Sir Randal's wife By temptings sharp and shady. As Mother Eve he did deceive, For he deceived My Lady! For women still (ay, there's the rub!) Will listen to Beelzebub.

When she was gone, of course, you know, It made a dreadful scandal; The neighbors said, "We told you so!" And pltied "poor Sir Randal" Sir Randal only winked his eye (Appropriate solution) "My friends," quoth he, "I shall not try The courts for 'restitution," The courts for 'restitution," For though I have to cook and scrub, I plty poor Beelzebub!" —F. E. Weatherly.

#### "IS IT TERMORRER."

"Is it ter-morrer? If it ain't, what "Is it ter-morrer? If it and t what am I in bed for, in the sunshine, an' a family ter support? It's a white bed, too, an' here's a white shirt on me." There was a frightened and bewild-ered look in the heavy eyes of the boy who lay on a cot in one of the wards of the size heavita!

of the city hospital. The surgeon and doctors standing by exchanged glances, and smilled at the young hero, who had risked his life

to save the darling child of a stranger. The great surgeon caught the hand that was raised feebly to the bandaged head, where the cruel fron shoe of a truck horse had cut a great gash, and the boy had lain there insensible al-

the boy had fain there insclusion are most two weeks. "Where are the children, an' my papers? Help me out o' this, can't you, mister? 'Ere's yer World, 'Erald, Times, Tribune an' Sun," he shouted faintly, while he struggled to raise himself to his feet, to go on his accus-tomed rounds. tomed rounds.

Strong hands gently held him back, while tender and soothing words were spoken to quiet the startled brain, and give assurance that he would soon be all right and as well as ever.

"What's the matter, anyway? This is a hospital, ain't it? What am I here for? Children gone, papers gone! Mother said we must never come to public charity."

"It is not public charity, you brave little hero," said the surgeon, while the doctor looked on with a heart that was running over full with the tears it held.

running over full with the tears it held. "You must be very quiet, so as to get well fast. You have pulled through nobly, so far. We must not lose ground now. It wouldn't do. "It is not only to-morrow, but there have been almost two weeks of to-morrows, so you will be that much nearer recovery, if you are still brave and quiet. Your arm is broken, but it is doing finely." The brown eves closed, and in a few

The brown eyes closed, and in a few moments the patient slept, to the great relief of the two men, who had been relief of the two men, who had been more successful than they had dared to hope, in quieting the young hero in whom they felt a deep interest from the time the newspapers heralded the glory of his brave deed of saving a child whose nurse had abandoned it to its fate, when it playfully ran into danger, till it was a matter of life and death to make the effort to save it.

denth to make the effort to save it. The little patient railled with great courage under the oft-repeated assur-ances that he should have the children all to himself. The surgeon and the floctor congratulated themselves on their success in saving to the world their success in saving to the world the noble young life, which had been almost crushed out of the bruised and battered little body, with its hopes, aims and plans so suddenly dashed out of the busy brain.

"I want you to see a true friend of yours this morning," said the surgeon a few days later. "He is a capitalist, He has been waiting to pay you a visit ever since you have been lying here." "No, sir." The emphasis was heavy on the last word. The brown eyes brightened like stars, and the wan little face took on the color of life in a moment, and was glorified with smiles of joy. "If he is an English capitalist I don't want to see him," was the prompt

try with mother, before father diet. He was an engineer in a printin' office. Mother was left with most nothin', an' had to sew herself to death, an' died." There was a drooping of the corners of the mouth, with the thought of the early sorrow and bereavement which was a bitter memory that thue had

was a bitter memory that thue had not yet healed. "We didn't trouble nobody. Dick took care of baby, an' picked coal out of the ash barrels, while she played around, when I was sellin' papers. I've got \$20 hid away to'ards buyin' the farm, if they ain't stole it, while they took the children. 'It most kills me about them, and I'm dreadfully wor-ried about the money while I've had to hay here." to lay here."

"You must not be troubled. You shall not be the loser if it is gone; but are you sure that you would rather have the farm than anything else?" "Nothin' can be surer! I live on that thought, an' thinkin' what I am goin' to do for the children. Sis an' Dick talks of it all the time, too."

"What do you say, surgeon? Can he bear good news?" "The more the better."

"Well, my hero of fourteen years, I will make you a present of the farm, and place the money aside for you, in your name, for that purpose, in case mything should happen to me. The surgeon and doctor are witnesses to the agreement. You can save money to buy your horses and stock, and if you fall short of enough to buy farm tools I will make you a present of them, also, for saving the life of my, little daughter."

"Glory to God!" should the boy. "'Bre's your World, 'Erald, Tribune, Times and Sun," and the surgeon had to lightly place his hand over the boy's mouth, and when it was removed in a lower tone he cried: "'Ere's yer extra! Latest news from the heart of Africa." Another thought quieted his excite-ment almost in a moment, and somewhat subdued his wild tumult of joy, and there was a corresponding overshadowing of the countenance, as he

said: "I did not do it for pay. I saw th' baby would be killed, and I gave a spring for her, an' tossed her aside when I saw the horses was goin' ter trample me ter death."

"No, my boy, it is not pay. I scorn the word in connection with a deed so brave and holy," said the man of wealth, almost as much excited as was the boy of a few moments before, but who now lay pale, limp and languid as he thought that his honor was at stake. He turned from the subject by saying in a depressed tone of volce:

"That's a mean, helpless-lookin' hand to earn a livin' with," and he turned it over to look at it, as it was tenderly held in the grasp of his new friend. "It looks like a milk-sop's hand. I can't stand that."

"Outdoor air and work will remedy the look of weakness," said the surgeon, his face as happy as the face on the pillow had been a few moments before.

"I will make you a present of a farm, as I would do it for my own son," and there was moisture in the eyes of the capitalist as he looked into the wan, troubled face which had been as chaided but a meant before

so glorified but a moment before. "The present isn't charity, either. Is it?

"No! Nor nothing like it! my prec-ious boy," was the reply of the man who had never been so happy at the thought of parting with a like sum of money. And yet, like many of earth's noble ones, he had been constantly stretching forth his hand to the sor-mark and model in some mark.

rowing and needy in some way. "The capitalist had a present of a Jersey cow last spring, when he moved to his place in the country. You would not call that charity, would you?" asked the smiling surgeon. "No. sir."

glorified with smiles of joy. "I don't know how to thank you, never, as you ought to be. I wonder if it's a sign I'm a fool. I want to cry. I'm full clear up to here," and the boy put his well hand up to his throat, while tears rolled silently down his pale cheek. pane cheek. Other eyes looked as though they wanted to cry too, till the surgeon said: "You have some good friends, my boy. A capitalist, a doctor and a sur-geon. We will stand by you through life, only let us see that you are noble, good and true in all things."

charity, and nothing like it. We will see to that."

see to that." "Not by any means," added the capi-talist. "Your living will be all your own. A present from us, your friend". I would knock any one down myse, who would call it charity. Think of my present, my Jersey cow. And it have had many other presents in my life, and why should not you?" "Then it is all right, if that's how it is;" and the long sigh that came from the doeths of his troubled soul seemed

it is," and the long sigh that came from the depths of his troubled soul seemed to carry with it a load of depression and sorrow, and left the joyful spirit free and buoyant as air. With a glad smile he added: "I hope I can soon carn our living." ,"So you can. I'm sure of it," said the man of medical science. "Keep up courage, and remember that you are to have the children to-morrow," and then the boy was left to think over his happiness alone. Never had the great surgeon of B— Hospital looked so noble as when he came in with the motherless baby in his arms and a trembling boy clinging

came in with the motheriess bady in his arms and a trembling boy clinging to the hand at his side. In the blue cyces of the baby he saw his own little one, that all his skill could not save when diphtheria stalked through the land. He wanted to adopt the chil-deen but Sedem mas down in his overdren, but Sydney was firm in his over-mastering desire for a farm, so it rested at that.

When the surgeon went himself for the children there was some holding back about giving them up. Excuses were made, and it was said that the committee would have to meet and decide the matter, but the surgeon was

The children were left by the dying mother in the boy's care, so he argued, and the patient had need of them to make sure his recovery, and so the point was gained, though with no very good grace.

good grace. The man of wealth and position was by the side of the boy when the chil-dren were brought in. The cry from his lips once heard could never be for-gotten. With emotion, he saw the eager clasp of the thin arms around the baby's chubby form, and the pas-sionate kisses, while little Dick laid his head on his brother's shoulder and sobbed convulsively. Suddenly the head of the young here

Suddenly the head of the young hero was drawn back with the cry, "They have cut off her beautiful curls!" And

he looked ruefully at the pretty head lying on his bosom. "Never mind," said the surgeon sooth-ingly. "They will soon grow out again. See the little rings clustering around her forehead." "She had a red dress on and didn't

"She had a red dress on, and didn't look like this," was the grieved rejoinder.

"She shall have a red dress this very day," replied the capitalist. "My wife is going to make her a number of presents, and will look after her clothing and all such matters if you will ing and an such matters if you will permit her to do so. A woman who lives on the same floor where your home is to be will see to her baths, and will do what you cannot so well do as a woman can. But you can live in your own little rooms as before, if you like that best, and no one shall trouble you?

you." "We do! Oh, we do!" said both boys engerly, and again the children were hugged and kissed with hungry long-ing. "I used to cook and do the housework to give mother more time to sew, so it comes handy ever since," Sydney hastened to add, as if fearing they would doubt his ability to keep house and provide for the children.

Tears came into older eyes as the little convalescent gave way at last and sobbed as if his heart would break. This glad joy overpowered him, to think that the children were all his own again, and no one would ever come looking after them to take them away. He had been assured of that, so his heart was at peace, and he de-clared himself the happiest boy in all the great city of New York. Sydney Sterling's \$20 were found and were put in the savings bank,

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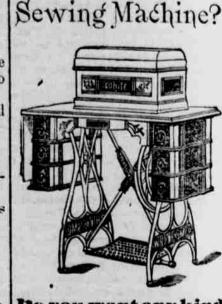
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reply. "What do you know about English capitalists?" asked the surgeon, with a broad smile, while the doctor laughed as loud as it would do among the sick. "I know enough of them kind o' fel-

"I know enough of them kind o' fel-lers. I read the papers when I have time. Not flash papers, but the sound, sensible ones. If I was gover'ment I would see that them fellers stayed at home, instid of buyin' up our indus-tries, an' puttin' up prices ter grind money out of other folks' pockets ter put inter theirs, when they are rich already. It's swindlin', an' nothin' else!"

"Well said. You are sound on that doctrine, too. But this gentleman is not of that class. He is an American expitalist, honorable and true to the best interests of the country." The surgeon backened with his fincer

The surgeon beckoned with his finger to a stranger a little in the background. who came forward, and was presented to the boy with courteous formality. "He isn't a bloated capitalist, is he?"

sald Sydney Sterling, as he surveyed the gentleman with a searching look,

followed by a smile. "Not much bloated," and there was an answering smile struggling with other feelings for mastery. It was his own little daughter that

the boy had saved from a terrible death by his heroic bravery, and he had watched that little cot in the unconsciousness of the young hero, longing to bear the pain, or to ease the suffer-

His beautiful wife had been there also, and had dropped her silent tears on the swollen face, flushed with life-consuming fears, and had heard the moans, and the pitiful cry for mother, baby and Dick.

After talking with Sydney awhile, and holding the little white hand, the stranger asked: "Would you like to have an education, and be a great lawyer:

"What do they have to study?" was the cautious and far-seeing reply. "Coke and Blackstone, and other

"Coke and Blackstone, and other things." "Fearful names! Guess I don't want ter travel that way. I go ter night school an' study like a house affre. Mrs. Erady looks after baby, when she is asleep, an' her boys go with me too. Dick is eleven, an' baby is five. I'm goin' ter have both of 'em go ter pub-lic school when baby is old enough ter be admitted. Mrs. Brady sees ter her bathin', an' gits her clothes made an' fitted jist splendid."

"What do you intend to do when you grow up?"

"Just what I told the doctor an' the surgeon I was goin' ter do. Be a far-mer, with horses, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens an' ducks. I was in the coun-

good and true in all things." "I'll be all that. I gave the promise to mother before she died, and I can't break it, never!" When the surgeon again visited his patient he found the boy much better. He smiled when Sydney asked for a pencil and paper, that he might make pictures of the cattle and sheep he was going to have on his farm, but the one going to have on his farm, but the one hand could not do much, so it was abandoned, and he would lie and think of the good which was to come to him in the near future.

"Can I have the children ter-mor-rer?" was the almost daily cry of the loving heart of the boy whenever he got sight of the surgeon in the morning.

At last both he and the doctor saw that hope deferred began to tell on the constitution of the lad, with the the constitution of the lad, with the heart-hunger which accompanied it, and recovery seemed at a standstill, while the prayers of one woman, at least, went up for the occupant of that little cot in the city hospital. The sunken look of the eyes, and the hacking cough, boded no good, un-less the heart of the boy could be sat-isfied in its affection for the children. The change had been too great from active outdoor life, so the capitalist

The change had been too great from active outdoor life, so the capitalist took him in his elegant carriage, with his wife and child, for short drives, and then it was not long before he could hobble on crutches, but the cry was even more plitful, if possible: "May I have the children ter-morrer?" "Yes," said the surgeon at last, as he came in one morning with the capi-

"Yes," said the surgeon at last, as he came in one morning with the capi-talist, while the doctor was at the bed-side, trying to keep up the courage of the anxious little patient. "Your home is ready for you, all furnished. It is in a better locality, where you can sell papers without going so far, when you are able to take up your old business, if you like that better than any other. But it will be two or three weeks yet before your strength is sufficient for the undertaking. It will not do to be-gin too soon and put you back."

"How will we live then?" and the face so radiant with joy fell sadly. "We can't live on charity." "Poor child!" The surgeon's hand was on the white brow in an instant, with a touch as tender as that of a mother. "No! You shall not live on

and were put in the savings bank, where more was added every week, after strength came to run around and cry his papers. They would have reached mighty sales had the public known of the hero who carried them. The busy years bore the boy on to-wards manhood, while he studied and worked, happier than a king on his throne, refusing all offers of a higher or better position, thinking only of the farm, till he reached his twentieth year. He was fine looking, tall and muscular, with a brave, noble heart, full of all good impulses, looking fear-lessly out in the world, ready to take his place among men as a farmer and a worker, and with a ready hand to help where help was needed. The capitalist and the surgeon went with him to select his farm, at no great distance from the city, where they assured him they could come to see him often and watch his prosper ity. where more was added every week,

ity

The peaceful and comfortable home and the fertile acres were all that they could wish, with fine horses, cattle, pigs, fowls, and tools in abundance to work with, so the little family settled work with, so the little family settled down in glad content, while the birds in the trees around them were not happler than they in their new home. They worked and capered gleefully, as if it were not possible to ever feel fatigue or weariness for want of rest. Little Grace, now eleven years old, played housekeeping in a practical way, while the hows worked on the played housekeeping in a practical way, while the boys worked on the farm, with an experienced man as helper and instructor, and Grace was

to attend school every winter, "Did Sydney Sterling prosper?" you asi

Yes, and his brave brother Dick with him. Their hearts were in this work, him. Their hearts were in this work, and though they made some mistakes they learned even from them; so that their happy expectations were fully realized in the years that passed. They were often visited by the doc-tor, the capitalist and the surgeon, who, with the lawyer, were fast, firm friends to the little family ever after-wards.—Anna Catherine Whiting.

#### Tarantulas as Shipmates.

The schooner Maggie Abbott, Capt. McIntosh, laden with logwood, arrived here recently from Port de Paix. She had not only the elements to fight, but the members of her crew were driven from their bunks by hundreds of tarantulas, which got on board in the cargo and made things lively for all bands. Capt. McIntosh says that his vessel is at this time almost alive with tarantulas, scorpions and other pestiferous bugs.—Philadėlphia Press. The schooner Maggie Abbott, Capt.

Fort Scott, Kan., has a new paper mill which is making paper from the refuse cane stalks of the sorghum agar mill.



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### THE MARKETS.

#### BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WERELY. RETAIL PRICES.

| Butter per 1b \$                 | .30                             |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|                                  | .30                             |
| Lard per lb                      | .14                             |
| Lard per id                      |                                 |
| Fram per pound                   | .14                             |
| Pork, whole, per pound 07        | 10.00                           |
| Beef, quarter, per pound co      | 10 .08                          |
| Thene per business               |                                 |
| Oats " "                         | .50                             |
| Rye " "                          | .80                             |
| Wheat flour per bbl              | 4.00                            |
|                                  | 18.00                           |
| Potatoes per bushel              | .70                             |
| Turning "                        | .25                             |
| Onione " "                       | 1.00                            |
|                                  |                                 |
| Sweet polatoes per peck          | .10                             |
| Cranberries per qt               |                                 |
| Tallow per ID                    | .08                             |
| Shoulder " "                     | .121                            |
| Side meat " "                    | .14                             |
| Vinegar, per qt                  | .08                             |
| Dried apples per lb              | .08                             |
| Dried cherries, pitted           | .15                             |
|                                  | .15                             |
|                                  | .03                             |
|                                  | .05                             |
| Call Chin                        |                                 |
|                                  | .90                             |
|                                  |                                 |
|                                  | 70                              |
|                                  | 2.00                            |
|                                  | 1.25                            |
|                                  | 1.25                            |
| Middlings "                      | 1.25                            |
| Chickens per lb                  | .10                             |
| Turkeys " "                      | .12                             |
|                                  | .10                             |
|                                  | .10                             |
|                                  | 1.5615                          |
| COAL.                            |                                 |
| No. 6 dalivarad                  | 2.50                            |
| the and a fi                     | 3 50                            |
| " 4 and 5 "                      | 2.25                            |
|                                  |                                 |
| " 6 at yard<br>" 4 and 5 at yard | 3.25                            |
|                                  | Rye  " "    Wheat flour per bbl |

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