

**HUSH-A-BY, SWEET.**

Hush-a-by, Sweet,  
Dewdrops are falling,  
Gathering lightly on bush and tree;  
Little Hopsy her sleep is calling,  
And my wee lamb must sheltered be.

Hush-a-by, Sweet,  
Angels are watching,  
The infant slumbers with loving eye,  
While over all the stars are marching  
Silver and blue in a cloudless sky.

Hush-a-by, Sweet,  
In rosy splendor,  
The baby moon sinks low in the west;  
And my wee queen, with kisses tender,  
Closes her eyes and sleeps on my breast.  
—Mrs. Annie Douglas Bell.

**LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.**

Bob and May were sweethearts. Of course they were; that's what they had been learning ever since Bob, a stripling of twenty, had come out from Tennessee to the Texas Panhandle with the family.

In those days May was a bright-haired, high-strung little girl of fourteen whom Bob never called nor thought of as "red-headed."

Bob was a strong, good-humored boy, not a bit afraid of work; and he had a way with him that gave him command of men and creatures. He rose rapidly in old man Love's employ from simple cow puncher to wagon boss, then foreman, and when he was only twenty-five went, with the approval and good-will of his employer, to take the position of ranch manager for a Boston company.

All the world loves a lover. Bob was such a whole-hearted one, his state of mind was so patent, he took such delight in it, wore his chains with such open pride and enthusiasm, that all the Panhandle felt with and for him.

Besides being a fellow that a girl could love without any difficulty, anybody—with a daughter to spare—might have been pleased with Bob for a son-in-law.

And old man Love was pleased enough with the match, and greatly given to bragging of Bob as a coming adjunct to the Love greatness, until the tragedy of the one-horned brindle cow, which tore things all up generally, threatened to sever two loving hearts and darken forever Bob's and May's happy horizon.

This old cow—worth perhaps \$7—lobbed up at one of the round-ups sporting, in addition to the B N of the Boston National, which was facetiously known as the "Bean" brand, old man Love's (xxx).

Though very uncommon, such accidents may occur in the haste and confusion of branding, without necessarily implying dishonesty on some one's part. While they do sometimes result in fights and killings, they are easily enough adjusted between reasonable people, since any clever cattleman can readily tell which brand is of the longer standing.

But any cowboy on the range would have told you that while old man Love was square enough himself, he was a crazy crank about the sacredness of his brand. His long suite was to jump up and down and swear that it never yet was on anything that wasn't his own. He invariably claimed an animal that bore it in addition to another brand (as did this old cow), however plainly it showed as the newer of the two, though as a matter of fact his branding irons were handled by just as many careless cowboys as any others.

If Bob had known what that aged and damaged brindle cow was going to cost him he might perhaps have blinked his obvious duty, and let old man Love have her—in the face of right and reason.

But he was not the man to be backed down by any one, and he dared the worst—and got it!

He held the cow for his company, after a fierce contest, and old man Love went home raging, to give his diverted version of the affair, issue orders that no member of his family was to speak to, or of, Bob from that time forth, and to remark significantly that he had far rather see a child of his married to a horse thief than to a person capable of such behavior.

Communication between the lovers had since been managed, once or twice, by the utmost stealth and secrecy. Having, by this means, been assured of his sweetheart's steadfastness and readiness, Bob sent her word by one of her father's cowboys to ride a good horse past the half-way branding pen, armed himself with a license and hung around the Triple X ranch for a week.

When May finally found the opportunity to slip away in the most careless manner, with one of the men's sombreros on and in the face of threatening weather, she received a rapturous welcome from the long-banished Bob, and they promptly headed their ponies for 'Squire Wiley's, just the other side of Roaring Creek, who was supposed to be holding himself in readiness for their visit.

What Mexican, or other paid spy, or what unfriendly or envious hand carried the news to old man Love will not be known, but he burst into one of his near cow camps at dinner, shortly after Bob and May's departure, like a roaring South African lion with mustard in his eye.

"The boys—who knew well enough what was afoot, and what would be asked of them—dropped their tin cups and plates, jumped on their waiting ponies and were out of halting distance before he fairly lit in their midst.

But old Hank Pearsall, the cook, was a new man, not long from southwest Texas, neither knowing of nor caring particularly for Bob Holly and his love affairs. So he stood at his official post, at the tail end of the chuck wagon, and gave amiable attention to the impassioned harangue and singular antics of this new and entertaining employer.

Being commanded to come along and assist in dispersing Bob and rescuing May, he mounted a serious appearing but fitful tempered buckskin-colored pony, with one white eye and much symmetry of bone—as much of a character in his way as Hank was in his—and started, with considerable interest and curiosity.

They rode hard and were near overhauling the lovers within a mile of Roaring Creek. But while pursuing and pursued pushed on at their utmost pace, another factor was coming with a hundred times greater speed to take a hand in the game.

The dry bed of Roaring Creek was just before them, beyond that a tiny rise, then an arroyo, and beyond that again the roof of the justice's house, just in sight. As Bob and May clattered over the creek bed and scrambled up onto the rise beyond, both looked back and their ponies stopped, tossing

their heads, pricking their ears and snorting at a curious humming sound that suddenly seemed to fill all the air about.

"Hurry up, darling," cried Bob, throwing out a hand to catch May's; "it's a big storm coming from above." But before they could descend the slope to cross the dry arroyo in front it was raining from bank to bank and brimming over with a sudden flood of red, muddy water.

And even above the noise of the flood before them they heard a sound like the angry shouting of furious multitudes. Looking backward and up the creek whence the sounds came they saw a great, tumbling, shuddering wall—pushing before it and bearing upon its crest all imaginable sorts of debris—advancing down the dry creek bed with such a thunderous onslaught that the little mound on which they stood shook and seemed fairly to lower under their feet.

They looked about them. The arroyo ran into the creek below. Above, both it and the creek had flooded out until they joined. Their little mound was an island, momentarily growing smaller, surrounded on every side by raging torrents, in which were driven and whirling whole trees, full grown cattle, with sometimes a fence post whose trailing wires had caught in their harbs all manner of ghastly wreckage.

Up came the water about them; dawn fell the big hall.

"It's a cloudburst above, darling," said Bob. "It won't last long—the water won't cover this rise."

"I'm not afraid, Bob," said May, with very white lips; "I'm glad I came, anyhow. If we've got to die we'll die together; and the way I've felt for the last three weeks I'm sure that's a heap better than living apart."

Bob jumped off his pony and lifted May from his. The hall was coming bigger and heat cruelly upon them. He wrapped his slicker about her, pushed the ponies close together and sheltered her with them and his own body as best he could.

"We won't die," he said; "but I, poor little girl, what an awful storm I've dragged you out into!"

Just then, from the farther bank of the creek, above the awful howling of the storm, came this intelligent command in old man Love's ear-splitting tones:

"May Love! You come here to me this minute!" And May laughed hysterically.

"Well, he can't get at us, anyway—but the hall can. O, look at your poor hands! O, Bob, I can't bear it—put the slicker back on!"

"Why, honey," said Bob, as the tears came in earnest now, "I'd get pounded just the same, anyhow; and you must let me have the comfort of keeping some of it off you—it ain't a patch!" on the way your pa would do me if he could get me right now."

While the storm raged and the water rose nearly to their feet, Hank Pearsall had the almost exclusive benefit of old man Love's remarks, since only his whistled shrieks reached the young couple, who were too much absorbed in each other to heed either him or the storm very much.

These remarks disagreed with Mr. Pearsall, who was notoriously a man of judgment and observation.

"What's the matter with that young feller?" he queried angrily; "watch him a standin' to the north'ard up his gal, a keepin' the hall off her! He ain't no chump! If he keeps that lick up right through he'll make a better husband 'n what you ever did!"

About this time, the hall ceasing, the expectant justice came down to the further bank of the arroyo. The water was going down visibly, but its roar was still considerable.

"Ho, Bob!" yelled the justice above its sound, "got your license?"

Bob took it out and waved it above his head.

Old man Love could not from where he stood hear a word, but he surmised what had been said, and the sight of the document was like a red rag to the bull.

"I dare ye to marry 'em," he screamed. "I dare ye to do it!" And in an ecstasy of rage and anxiety he forced his pony down into the foaming creek among the whirling drift, where he was promptly pitched off by the terrified creature, which instantly returned, Pearsall, at the risk of his own life, had to fish him out, receiving plenty of abuse for his pains and returning it with bitter irony.

In two minutes' time the shallower arroyo was fordable, though the creek, down which big drift continued to come, was not. Bob set May on her pony, mounted his own, and prepared to ride out. The sight of the justice—a plains cupid, with boots, slicker and cowboy hat—preparing to take charge of the pair was too much for old man Love, and, dismounted as he was, he tumbled, in a delirium of rage, into the creek, spluttering and yelling:

"Stop! Hold on! You just dare!"

May hesitated, frightened; but old Hank Pearsall yanked her father out again and set him on dry land, snorting:

"Doggone ye! I pulled 'e out onet before! What fur can't ye stay out! Huh?"

"When ye try buckin' agin a boy like that, backed by a Texas norther, you're a-goin' to git left—don't ye know it? That kid's got a double enche on Providence! But ye had this hyer stern staked out!"

"Go it feller! Go it gal! I'm with ye ever time—I'm fer ye! Yer the right way! I wouldn't hender ye for all the durned old snake-bit fools in Texas! I'll jist gether up the scraps of this ole cejit, an' tote 'em back to the ranch."

And as May and Bob rode off, tattered, beaten, dragged, but obviously blissful and jaunty, a faint hail followed them:

"Good-by, kids—wish yer joy! Come on, ole calamity!"—Alicia MacGowan.

Not incurable.

"Yes, doctor, he's very bad. He was ailing when he came home last night, and—"

"What is his trouble like?"

"Seems to be his brain. When I asked him this morning what he'd have for breakfast he glared at me in a way that frightened me and yelled, 'Greenhalge! Jackson! McKin—rah! rah! Yee-oo-oo!' and flourished his money as though he wanted to bet."

"I fear, ma'am, it is a case of poff fever. It is very violent, but not dangerous. Give him this powder and a couple of quarts of soup in about two hours."—Cleveland Plaid Dealer.

First Pedestrian—Out walking for your health? Second Pedestrian—Yes; I'm going for the doctor.—Truth.

**PEOPLE AND EVENTS.**

Director-General Davis, of the World's Fair, is prominently mentioned in connection with the Chicago Mayoralty.

Gerónimo, the old Apache, who made so much trouble a few years ago, is now a peaceful prisoner at an army post near Mobile, Ala.

Paderewski, just before sitting down at the piano, holds his fingers for several minutes in warm water, presumably to render them more flexible.

One of the most interesting matches under the Queensberry rules is the one that has ended in the marriage of the Marquis himself to Miss Weedon.

J. C. Hinrichs, of Charleston, S. C., an ex-Confederate soldier, wears the iron cross of Prussia for various service performed in the Franco-Prussian war.

Gen. Boynton, the well-known newspaper correspondent, has been awarded by the Secretary of War the five-pointed bronze star for distinction in action.

Sir Simeon H. L. Stuart, the new City Marshal of London, is a descendant of kings. He has in this instance descended to a salary of \$1,750 per annum.

Governor-elect Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, was born in England. The Old Bay State has never before elected a foreign-born citizen to her chief executive chair.

Francis Parkman, the dead historian, was a nephew of Dr. George Parkman, whose murder by Prof. Webster in 1849 is still perhaps the most celebrated of American crimes.

Lieuts. J. H. Alexander and Charles Young, of the Ninth Cavalry, are the only two colored officers in the United States army. The Ninth Cavalry is composed entirely of colored men.

Peck's Bad Boy—that is, George Peck, Jr., the son of Governor Peck, of Wisconsin—has been appointed assistant pension agent for the district which includes Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Ingrit Olsen, who was given a medal for his great bravery at the time of the crib disaster at Milwaukee, will soon be appointed keeper of the Milwaukee life-saving station. The salary is \$900 per year.

Congressman Bynum, of Indiana, it is announced, has determined to retire from Congress at the end of his present term. He will probably engage in the practice of law either in New York or Washington city.

Miss Alzada Lotz, of Bent County, Col., has commuted her homestead entry and paid the \$200. She is but twenty-three years of age, but is possessed of true Western grit and perseverance. For six months she carried the mail a distance of thirty miles over a thinly settled country.

Congressman Oates, of Alabama, who has with great frankness written to a St. Louis editor "I regard you as a jackass," is known as a very gritty man without any bluster. He was a Confederate Colonel, and the battle in front of Richmond, in which he lost his right arm, was the twenty-seventh he was engaged in.

Eugene Kelly, the millionaire New York banker, is a self-made man. He was born in Ireland eighty-two years ago. He earned the money to pay his passage to America by driving a jaunting car. He had not one penny to jingle against another when he landed in New York in 1831. He became a dry-goods clerk, and to-day his fortune is estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

**FOR WOMEN**

Worth received \$30,000 for one gown.

Miss Helen Gould is a slender brunette, with a face of strength and womanliness rather than mere beauty. She still wears mourning.

Mrs. Dunlay-Hopkins, founder of the New York School of Design, has recently made it a gift of 200 casts, which were taken from the originals at the Louvre.

Several ladies of Rockland, Me., developed bright ideas in trying to earn \$1 each for the church. One did it by digging worms for a neighbor's hens, another by spanking a neighbor's children at so much a week.

In India there are more married women in proportion to the population than in any other country. Of women between fifteen and forty years of age 84 per cent. are married. In Europe, with the exception of Hungary, the percentage is only 40.

Of sixty-seven Queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest.

As a means of physical culture Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood, of New York, contends fencing stands unrivaled in calisthenics. In fencing every muscle of the body is brought into active play, so Mrs. Bloodgood declares, and in confirmation of this remark she shows you the well-developed muscles of her arms.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, whose entertaining books of travel are well known, is the first woman ever invited to address the British House of Commons. She had a remarkable experience of travel in Koordistan, and was summoned before the English Parliament to tell what she had seen of Christians in that remote country.

Nothing is more marked, especially in Philadelphia, which is itself such a medical centre, than the way women physicians have come to the front. A few years ago they were but little seen or heard of, now there are a hundred or more women doctors whose names are known far and wide, and who enjoy large and lucrative practices.

Mother—For mercy's sake, child, what do you expect to do in the world? You can't cook nor sew nor teach school, and you are not an heiress? What can you do? Daughter—Well, mother, I can get married, can't I?—Washington Star.

Cobble—I see that Miss Cableton, who was engaged to a travelling man, was married the other day. Stone—Wasn't it very sudden? Cobble—Yes. She found out he was going to Chicago on the next trip.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Love is an intoxicant that makes one feel bad getting over it.

**Weak Lungs**

may be inherited; not Consumption. Thin, narrow-chested children are the ones to look out for. Everybody with a tendency toward Weak Lungs should take

**Scott's Emulsion**

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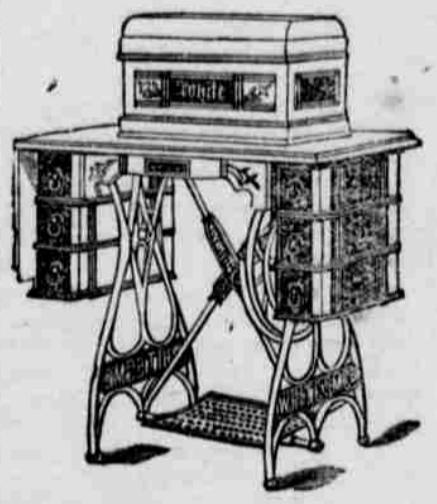
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BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

\*CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb.	8	.30
Eggs per dozen		.30
Lard per lb.		.14
Ham per pound		.14
Pork, whole, per pound		.07 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound		.06 to .08
Wheat per bushel		.85
Oats "		.50
Rye "		.80
Wheat flour per bbl.		4.00
Hay per ton		18.00
Potatoes per bushel		.70
Turnips "		.25
Onions "		1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck		2.35
Cranberries per qt.		.10
Tallow per lb.		.08
Shoulder "		.12 1/2
Side meat "		.14
Vinegar, per qt.		.08
Dried apples per lb.		.08
Dried cherries, pitted		.18
Raspberries		.15
Cow Hides per lb.		.03
Steer "		.05
Calf Skin		40 to .50
Sheep pelts		.90
Shell'd corn per bus.		.70
Corn meal, cwt.		2.00
Bran		1.25
Chop "		1.25
Middlings "		1.25
Chickens per lb.		.10
Turkeys "		.12
Geese "		.10
Ducks "		.10

COAL.

No. 6, delivered	2.50
" 4 and 5 "	3.50
" 6 at yard	2.25
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