The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way.
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear.
The gentie and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own—

These little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind.
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find.
They come in night and silence,
Each chili, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and diagning
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not in the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter headache
At the setting of the sun.
—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

### MRS. BEMIS.

"Say, fellows, now that we are on the subject of college reminiscences, I have it on my mind to add one of mine which I have always been a good deal ashamed of. But as this is a sort of confessional, I don't mind telling it, on condition that my name, at least, will not be mentioned if it is repeated. It has a moral for the thoughtless and the censorious, as you shall see."

Thus spoke Harry Crompton, as he and two of his old college chums, Rob-ert Ware and James Greene, sat smoking in his particular sanctum some ten years after they had finished their col-legiate course.

"You remember those pretty little brick houses on the left of the college which we had to pass on our way to and from lectures? Well, there were four of us, as you know, in our last term, who lived in the large white house just beyond those cottages—Edward Hare, Tubly Brown, Harry Frost and myself-and great times we used to have together. But what a conceited lot of idiots we were, to be sure-

"The first, or corner house of the row, had been vacant a long time, and we somehow took an interest in It, speculating as to what the next tenant would be like, and whether there would be any girls in the family. One day we saw indications that somebody was to live there, for several drays and wagon loads of furniture were opposite it. A few evenings later we saw a girl with about as pretty a face and figure as you could imagine, watering some flowers in the little front window garden. We held our breaths, almost, she was so exceedingly pretty, and our united gaze caused her to blush and draw behind the curtain from out of range of our too apparent admiration.

"The house now possessed a real charm for all of us, but, alas! it was the cause of a great change in our behavior towards one another. chums that were, were chums no long-er. Each one would make some excuse to pass that window, where now the object of our admiration was gen-erally engaged in some kind of needlework which women seem everlastingly doing and are never done with. Our evenings were no longer spent together over a comfortable pipe and game of whist. I think we used to go sneaking round the house to try to get a look at her shadow on the blind. At least, I'll be candid enough to say I did.

"Things became more and more strained until one evening, by the mer-est chance, we happened to be all tothe smoking-room. puffed away in grim silence for a while, when suddenly Tubly Brown-you remember Tubly, don't you, Jim? great but good-natured chap; always first to make up to a fellow even when you knew he was in the right of a quarrel -well. Tubly burst out laughing and slapped me on the back with his ponderous hand. I asked him surlily what the matter was, and for an answer he only chuckled the more, and finally blurted out:

"'Look here, you fellows, what's the good of our falling out about a chit of a girl with whom none of us are even acquainted? Dash it all! We've been chums for three years, and I'm ready to give up any little advantage I have In that quarter for the sake of auld lang syne.'
"This allusion to his 'advantage' rath-

er nettled the remainder of us, of None of us could see it, and Hare said he thought he had more of a pull than any one. One thing led to another, until we began telling how many smiles and nods had been cast in our direction, each man trying to outdo the other in exaggeration. Finally I said:

"Well, it is plain that since she is equally charming to us all, she must be an outrageous attle firt. What shall we do, boys, to pay her off for fooling us?

"'Oh, by the way,' broke in Frost, I heard for the first time to-day that she is married!"

"A chorus of 'Oh's' and 'No's' greeted this piece of information, and particuwere asked for and given. It turned out that her husband was a ookkeeper in a wholesale house down town; he went to his office early and did not return until late at night, so that we never saw him. "Worse and more of it!" said Tubly.

'She deserves a good lesson.' "Each of us knew in our hearts that our yarns about her smiles and nods were lies, but each thought she might have encouraged the other, and jealous madness seemed to seize us, with its usual desire for revenge. Then and there we concocted a scheme to humiliate that pretty, innocent little woman.

"We all met the next day, which was Sunday, and watched the house from a short distance. After a while we saw Mrs. Bemis, as we discovered her name to be, and her husband come out prepared to take a walk together. Now was our chance! We carefully noted the direction they took and marched off in the opposite one, so that by the time we got round the block on which the college stood we would meet them face to face. We went single file, al-lowing a good distance between us, and rounded the corner. I was first, and as I passed the pair I raised my hat with a great flourish, saying at the

"How do you do, Mrs. Bemis?"
"She naturally looked confused, and I, glancing behind, saw the husband

apparently asking her who I was and

how she knew me.

"Hardly had be time for any further questions before Tubly came along, and with a swing defied his hat, repeating my inquiry. Soon after Frost and Hare repeated the operation, greatly to their delight and poor little Mee. Beenis's disconfiture. We all Mrs. Bemis's discomfiture. We all then followed, keeping them plainly in view from the shrubbery in the col-lege grounds, and saw that our plot had succeeded. Mr. Bemis seemed very much excited, and apparently would not listen to any explanation of his wife's. I'll guarantee that they never put in a more miserable after-noon in their lives.

"None of us saw our divinity for some days after this, and when we did we felt conscience-stricken, she looked so pale and sad. Well, to make a long story short, we all of us noticed that Cemis was constantly in the neighbor hood of his home during the day. He was evidently watching his lunocent wife, and soon lost his position in the store, for he could not pay proper at-tention to business. We heard all this, and a great deal more gossip about the young couple from our talkative old landlady, who had managed to make Mrs. Bemis's acquaintance. After a while she told us that Mrs. Bemis was

very sick.

"The poor young people are in a very bad state," said she. 'I hardly think they have enough to eat.'

"Well, I tell you we felt ashamed of and made up our minds that

ourselves, and made up our minds that we would have to right the wrong, and that very soon, too. So we agreed to go in a body and explain matters to Mr. Bemis. It was not without some trepidation that we went up to the door of this much wronged couple, and in answer to our ring Mr. Benils pre-sented himself. I was made spokes-man, and I just blurted out the whole truth, said we were awfully sorry, and a whole lot more. Bemis at first look-ed mad enough to shoot the lot of us, but he suddenly broke down and actually cried like a child. Then we found out that our landlady was right; they were really in want, and all the pluck

was about taken out of him.
"Next moraing I saw my uncle, who
was in the dry-goods business, and procured for Mr. Bemis a better position in the bookkeeping department than he had before filled. We were always afterwards the best of friends. In fact, he occasionally writes to me now, and sends his wife's kindest regards, too, by Jove!" — E. R. Cummins, in Waverly Magazine.

### Brook Trout.

As all anglers are aware, the com-mon trout, everywhere, is proverbially one of the gamlest and most skittish of all the finny tribes; but when he happens to be a little on the feed he is as fearless as a hawk, and at such times leaps nearly out of the water after the balt or fly, and when hooked jumps into the air as if for the purpose of defying the cunning of his human enemies. According to our experience the best bait for early spring fishing is the common worm, if it be advisable at all by the true sportsmen; but for June, July and August we prefer the fly. In lake fishing sometimes a min-now is preferable to either. The great charm of fly-fishing for trout is derived from the fact that you can see the movement of your fish, and if you are not an expert hand the chances are that you will capture but a few out of a hundred that may rise to your hook. You can seldom save a trout unless you strike the very instant that he rises or leaps. But, even after this, a deal of care is often required to land him in safety. If he is a half-pounder you may, if you will, pull him out directly, but if larger than that, after fairly hooking him, you should play him with a sufficient amount of line which, when well done, is a feat full of delight and poetry. The swiftness with which a trout can dart from his hiding-place after a fly is truly astonishing; and we never see one perform this operation without feeling an indescribable thrill quivering through our frame. The fact that it seems to be the only fish in Europe and the Eastern States which nature has designated by a row of scarlet spots on the sides, and in California with a lateral streak, would seem to imply that she deemed it the perfection of her finny tribe creations, and had therefore fixed upon it this distinguished mark of her

### Golden Hair at the Chancel.

A friend living in Philadelphia has a sweet, golden-haired little daughter, aged three years, who is devoted to her father, and endeavors, after her baby fashion, to govern her actions by his own. This habit causes much amusement in the family, though the little one seems quite unconscious that she is the cause of it all.

Not long ago the child attended di-vine service for the first time with her father, and sat quietly and gravely in the pew until the close of the sermon. It chanced to be communion Sunday, -, being a communicant, went with others towards the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelf and bowed his head the baby of three years beside him also knelf and bowed her sweet face upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the touching sight were affected almost to tears, and nobody attempted to remove the small com-municant. Not until my friend rose to return to his seat did he discover the child, who also rose, and slipping her little hand in his, walked gravely to-wards the pew. The clergyman, speaking of it afterwards, said it was, in his opinion, the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.—Harper's Magazine.

### A Remarkable Voyage.

Another remarkable voyage of a derelist vessel has been reported to the hydrographic office. It is that of the schooner Fannie E. Woolston, of Bath, Me., pine laden, which was abandoned. water-logged, on October 30, 1891, off Hatteras. Recently she was reported within 140 miles of Bermuda, not far from the place where she started two years ago. Meantime she has been reported twenty-two times, and has drifted over a loop whose eastern end is 2,000 miles from Hatterns. She has covered a course of about 6,000 miles.

Making Up Faces. The English habit of "making up" the complexion is increasing among American women. There is some ex-mise for the older women to reinforce cheeks should have the glow of youth

HE WAS DISCOURAGED.

The Mule's Continuity Kept Him in a

I was, for the sake of a view, climb-ing one of the rough peaks among the mountains of West Virginia one day, when I came to a very skimpy kind of a cornfield far up the mountain with log cabin at one side of it.

A man and a woman were hoeing corn and four or five children were pulling up the weeds, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Work was immediately suspended when I appear-ed in sight, and I bailed the man to know the short cut to the summit. He came over to the brush fence and after he had given me some instructions I asked him if he owned the farm.
"It's nip an' tuck, stranger," he said,

whether I own the farm er hit owns

"How many acres have you?"
"Wal, thar's 500 in the track, but thar's only erbout forty ez kin be worked, an' that lays right 'round

"Did you buy it or did somebody leave it to you?" The man's sallow face showed a faint

"Stranger," he said sheepishly, "I buyed it, er leastwahs I traded a mule for hit." "A good mule?" I inquired with a

laugh. "Wal, he wuz good enough fer me to

a rid outern this dern country with, if I'd had sense enough." 'You didn't live here, then?"

"No, I came from Kain'uckya"
"Why don't you sell the farm if you don't like it?" "Sell it, stranger?" he asked in open-eyed astonishment. "W'7, ther ain't ernuther ez doggoned big fool ez I am in the whole country.

"Then trade it for a yellow dog and kill the dog," I said, making the old

"I ain't got no gun," he said with a short laugh. "I've got a plan, though," he went on more hopefully. "I'm going to wait till that mule I traded fer the place gets so old he's wuthless an' then I'm goin' to trade back."

"Can you do that?"
"Course I kin," he said confidentially, then dropped back to the hopeless tone again, "but mules is sich continuerin' critters that thar ain't no tellin' how long I've got ter walt," and he resumed his hoe and I went on up the mountain.

#### SAID IN FUN.

Wife-Can you let me have some money, dear? I am going shopping. Husband-Great heavens! Maria, you'll ruin me. Wife (calmly)—All I want is ten cents for car fare.—Cloak Review.

Domestic—It's getting very late, Johnny. Little Johnny—Goin' to bed? "Yes." "Is papa and mamma in bed?" "Yes," "Is papa and mamma in bed?"
"Yes," "Then I guess it's mos' time
for me to go, too."—Good News.

Jones (meeting Brown in dry goods store)—Hello, Brown, how are you? What are you doing now—got a steady job? Brown—I guess I have. I'm waiting for my change.—Life's Calen-

He—I have loved you long. Will you be mine? She—Oh, Mr. Smith, this is so sudden—such a surprise! He—Yes, I know, dearest, but your father and mother keep writing to know my in-

Father McNally (with righteous indignation)—Fer shamean ye, O'Bleary, ye're half dhrunk. O'Bleary (apologetically)—Oi know it, yer worship, but it's not my fault. Oi've shpint all the money of had.—Puck. The Rt. Rev. Mr. Cassock—I greatly fear, my dear madam, that your husband is destined to reap a harvest of tares. Mrs. Swiftly Gay—Indeed, I

fear so, bishop; he has been on one for the last three days.-Harlem Life. Mme. Nuflye (whispering to her father from the country, who is dining with her and a party of city guests)-Fath-

er! You mustn't tuck your napkin un-der your chin. Her Father (in robust tones)—I know it, Em'ly. But I ain't got no safety pin fer to fix it.—Chicago

### Somebody Else Was Kicked.

A young Poughkeepsian, a few days since, picked up a friend on Market street and took him home to luncheon without notice to the former's wife. She called him one side and explained that there were only a dozen raw oysters, and when their friend had eaten his quota of four he must not be asked to take more. All this the husband promised to remember.

When their guest had eaten his four oysters the host asked him to take some more. The wife looked distressed and the guest declined. The husband insisted that his friend should have more. The wife looked as if she were in agony, and the guest firmly refused to the rest of the oysters to be brought in from the kitchen. Later the wife said to her husband:

"How could you urge him to have more oysters when I explained to you that there weren't any more?"

"I am very sorry," said the penitent husband, "but I forgot all about it." "What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?" retorted the wife.

But you didn't kick me," said the husband.—Poughkeepsie News-Press.

#### Accepting the Inevitable. Wonderful are the Hindoos for ac-

cepting the inevitable. Tell one of these that he must take castor oil, and he will drain the oleaginous cup to the dregs and smack his lips. Tell him that his leg must be amputated, and he will present the limb for dismemberment, and smile as he sees it severed. Tell him that he is to be hanged and, with no touch of emotion what ever, he will reply, "Jo hookm" ("What-ever is ordered"), just as if he had been told that he must have his corns cut.-Blackwood's Magazine.

### Mixed.

"How long have we been engaged, George?" she asked.
"Why, since last August," he an-

swered. "I couldn't tell whether it was August or June," she replied. "You see, I keep getting you and Freddie Simkens mixed."—Washington Star.

### He Did Not Realize.

Bridegroom (at the end of the wedding)—Well, I am glad it is all over.

Married Fried—All over! Great
Scott, man! You have only just commenced!-Puck.

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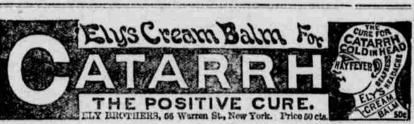
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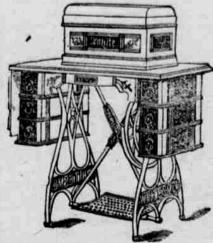
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