"Hold on, stranger! Turn out yonder close to the wall!
For the road's very marrow, and I've got it all!
Whoa, back, haw there, old Baptist! Whoa, Methodist, whoa!
These are oxen that need all the road, you must know.
Yes. I drive without swearin', though strange it may seem.
For I'm drivin', good stranger, my orthodox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed; Much more noted for style than he is for his speed, and of delicate structure, this ox will aga of delicate structure, Though of deficite structure,

not shirk;
Yet he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work.

He's a good, plous ox, never losing his way.

For he reads all the sign-hoards, and goes not astray!

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's bardshell to the bone;
Close communion in diet—he eats all alone!
Shakes his head when it's rainin' and
closes his eyes;
He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes
from the skles?
Why, he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team;
He'il go nowhere, I swar, but 'down into'
the stream?
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Prosbyterian, gee! Congregational, haw! They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how to draw! They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folk Can tell them apart when they're out of the yoke! Yet you see a slight difference when it is shown: One leans on his Elders and one stands alone."
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel—oldest of all; Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fail; He went into the ark at the time of the flood. And when Pharaoh starved he was chewin' There an ancestry, sir, full of glory, no feubt, But for goring the Master they're scattered about!" Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"I've an ox over there who tends strictly to biz; to biz;
He's a Catholic ox; what a monster he is!
And he keeps growin' big, while he keeps growin' oid.
And he never let's go where he once gets a hold! a hold!

He's a strong one, you bet! Why, I never yet spoke
But he started right off with ms neek in the yoke!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's old Methodist, one of the best on the road! You'd suppose by the fuss he alone dragged the lond!

How he pulls when I sing ballelujah, and shout; But the worst of it is, he keeps changin' about!

He was bought on probation, and works He was bought on probation, and suppose like a top, But I've had him three years, and suppose I must swon!" Baid the lumberman of Calaveras.

eThat suave Universalist many admire; Claims the devil's a myth, with his great prairie fire! There's my Adventist claimin' to have sec-ond sight; If he keeps on a-guessin' he'll guess the thing right! And the Seventh Day Baptist; their num-bers are such. bers are such,
If they do break the Sabbath, they don't break it much!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Got a Spiritist? Yes, sir, I bought him by chance;
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance.

Nothing practical, sir, in a medium ox.

If you have to keep proddin' with rappin's and knocks.

But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along With my orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong:"

go wrong!" Said the lumberman of Calaveras. "Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts. You will not lose the way if you follow the I am sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out, But this is the regular lumberman's route. On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme;
The whole world must turn out for my orthod-ox team."
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

MARK'S OUTING.

Mark Parlington was in dis rets. That was one reason why he took a hausom straight from the doctor's to Ralph Gray's rooms in the Albany. He knew or might have known, that it was just the time when Ralph was most busy-the prime of the morning. when the writer's ideas are most vigorous and, as he fondly hopes, most original. But Mark was not altruist enough to care two pins whether he disturbed his friend in the middle of a notion of a fried sole. And yet he, too, was a writer.

He bounced into Ralph's room. "I'm under sentence, my dear fel-w." he cried, heedless of the composed look of reproach that was leveled a him, "and I thought you'd like to know. 'That's tiresome," exclaimed Ralph,

methodically closing his fountain pen. "Now, what I want to know is," proceeded Mark Parlington, "where am I to go?"

"If only I could meet with a girl like the future Mrs. Gray-at least, if all you say of her is to be believed." "A most wise reservation, that!" said Ralph. "But there, now, why

not get off to Wales and try your own luck? It is a lovely country and you will find the people in out-of the-way paris extraordinarily simple and un-'All right. Give me her address, or

at least tell me her name; and if she comes up to your portrait of her. Ralph, I'll take the leap, too, and set tie down.'

'I'll not give you her address, my dear fellow, nor tell you her name. But I'll tell you where I met her, and I think you'll have no difficulty in finding others something like her. can take train to Pwilhell and then make your way to Aberenllyn anyhow

Parlington picked up his stick. "Thanks, my doar fellow. Oh, by the way, just write it down, will you? Aber-something or other is vague." "Yes, it will be endurable," Raiph, as he wrote the name on a slip of paper. "There you are and a good time to you."

The day after his interview with Ralph Gray he took train for Wales. It was close upon four o'clock when he reached Aberenllyn. An air of sacred calm was over the village.

Walking up the street he heard steps behind him and the door of a cottage ppened. He turned to look into a pair of sunny gray eyes. They belonged to A Young woman, whose pretty figure was well declared by her tight-fitting black dress. There was either the beginning or the end of a smile on her l.ps. The lips were small and shapelessly, and and so were the teeth they half hid. Mark did not fit in all at once the fact that this girl we

beautiful, but he felt instinctively that bodies. In reply, therefore, to her charmingly lisped "Can we offer you shelter, sir?' he poured out his plaint. There was an elderly, dark-eyed and hard-faced woman in the gloom of a passage behind, and the night-cap on her head at once made Mark regard her as an enemy. But as he sat on a chair in the little room, cumbered with milinery into which he had been invit ed, and watched the play of the girl's face. Mark knew that he had gained

He sat in patience while the girl opened and carried on a lengthy con versation with the night-capped lady. "My aunt says, sir," observed the girl at length, "that if you will excuse

the confusion she shall give you a

Another look into the gray eyes and all Mark's scruples fied.
"I cannot tell you how relieved I feel," he said, with a genuinely grateful ring to his voice, as he followed. the girl into a chamber nine feet square, the prim norse-haired furniture

which was disguised under its coat That iss my tather," said the girl, pointing to the portrait of a broad-shouldered man in black, with a kindly expression on his somewhat shaggy face, and with a roll of paper in his hand, as if it were a truncheon, "And that," indicating a sour-mouthed min-

ister on the other side of the room,

"iss my father's brother, Uncle Owen."
"What must I call you," asked Mark, when his pretty deliverer brought him his tea and sat down to see him eat it. "My name? Oh, it iss Claudia Rowlands-I am generally called Claudia; I like it best-and Mrs. Griffiths here is my aunt. You see it iss the hiring time, and she iss so busy then that one of uss, my sister or me, comes to help her with the shop-it iss amusing.

His second day in Aberenllyn did but confirm his earlier impressions about this Welsh girl. He saw her now in her role of busy worker, doing everything that came in her way, and doing it all with the most winsome

cheerfulness. He dined on tinned Salmon of an indifferent brand; but Claudia served it, and at his request shared it with She was not a bit troubled at being asked to dine with him, but there was just coupcon of deference her manner, which made her all

the more charming.

Then she again took up her bonnets and continued to run between the shop and Mr. Parlington's room till even Mark's obdurate nature yearned in

pity for her. "Will you not come out with me?" he asked.

She excused herself with a smile. The bonnets and her aunt were her plea; but Mark saw it in her face that a sense of propriety also deterred her. Yet this same sense of propriety did not prevent her sitting with him for hour after hour in the evening, while she worked by the light of one candle, and Mark studied her face. Mrs. Griffiths came periodically to peep at them. She did not seem pleased at her niece's conduct, but as there was no relaxation in the bonnet-making she uttered no audible protest.

Somehow the talk took a literary turn. Claudia's father, who was a tradesman in a town at some distance was also a preacher. The roll of paper in his hands on the wall was one of his sermons.

"I suppose, Claudia, you don't read

many novels?" he asked.
"No. Mr. Parlington, and It iss strange yet that I should not-though I cannot tell you altogether why. But when I wass a very little girl my Uncle Owen there took me upon hiss two knees and said I wass never to read those books, and I said I would They are wicked things, Mr. Parlington, and put idle and vain thoughts into girls' minds."

"I myself am a writer of novels, Claudia." said Mark, stopping to see what effect his words would have upon the girl's face.

But they seemed to have hardly any. She colored slightly and her eyes took an earnest expression.

'Indeed; I am sorry I said that," she whispered. "They may not be so bad ass Uncle Owen thinks, and I suppose some people must write them, ass there are people who read them.' "She puts me down as a sort of scavenger!" thought Mark, with much mental disaffection.

"Claudia! Claudia!" called the aunt, and laying aside her work, the girl excused herself and left the room. When an hour later had passed, and she had not returned, Mark went to bed. He shuddered to think what Aberenllyn would be for him if she were not in it.

The next morning she said to him: "I have a letter from father this day, and I am to return to him the day after to-morrow. They miss me so much at home.

"The day after to-morrow!" echoed It was as if a veil had been Mark. suddenly drawn between him and the

I shall be sorry and I shall be glad, too. I am bappy at home and I am happy here; but I do not sleep so well at Aberenllyn. It iss the salt in the air, the doctor tells father, My head iss always so hot in Aberenllyn, though I do not tell aunty."

Mark put his hand to the girl's brow. It was much too warm. He fancied the pretty forehead clung to his palm, and the fancy made his heart beat. "You are the goddess of self-sacri-fice Claudia," he exclaimed, "and your

But the girl's li-tle white hand was to his lips in a moment. "You must not say anything against my aunt. I love her very much. She iss lonely and does not think people tire them-

Mark kissed the fingers that had thus assumed to bar his speech and gallant-ly returned the hand to its owner. "You should not have done that," Mr. Parlington," she murmured. "It

is not a very clean hand just now, I am afraid; indeed, it is not.

"It is a good one, and that is enough for me," said Mark. Her blush after the kiss had cheered him like an elixir in his yeins. The next day was misty and cold

and the southwest wind drove the sea hard into Aberenllyn's little bay. "Our last day!" said Mark, when Claudia greted him with her usual gladsome "good morning." Her eyes were very dark underneath.

"Yes, and it will be a bad one. too.

Mr. Parlington. I am so sorry for con. But why will you leave Aber-enllyn as well as me?"

"Do you think I can tolerate it with-out you?" retorted Mark. Claudia laughed with a certain con-

You would soon forget me," she

"Are you, Mr. Parlington, always so idle? No, no, I do not mean that, please forgive me. But when you are not here do you no work like other becole?' asked Claudia.

"Yes, I work my Claudia, and I work hard, too."

"But you mean at the writing, do you no? Iss that real work, Mr. Parlington?"
"Faith, I think so, child."
The girl dropped her needle and a

hazy expression of far-awayness stole into her gray eyes. "I do not know if I shall ever be very wise, but I do feel so curious about London at times. It iss chiefly when I lie awake in the night."

"Coughing?"
"Well, yess, perhaps I am coughing
though you must not think me weak and good for nothing. My Uncle Owen says I have silly little ears, but that I should be more foolish if they were larger."

"I don't quite know, Claudia, what your Uncle Owen meant by that, but I think your ears, like every other part of you, are perfect."

The girl's cheeks crimsoned and she looked up. "Ah." she said. "but that iss only a compliment! My sister Grace—she iss older than me—hass had many things like that said to her." "Your sister, Grace, Claudia, what Is she like?"

The girl tripped up stairs, but soon returned with two photographs. "That iss Grace—iss she not sweet? and yet there are many who say we are much alike. And this is the gen-

"If you will excuse me I shall show

tleman she iss to marry.' Once again by his convulsive start Mark sent his chair leg through the

"This, Claudia-this gentleman! Why it is Ralph Gray-a great friend of mine! By a deft movement he kicked the

door and took Claudia's hand.
"Child," he exclaimed, "will you give me your life as your sister has given her's to Ralph? Will you be mine, Claudia?" "Mr. Parlington," replied the girl as

she gazed earnestly at him, "you do not mean that!" "I swear by-by your Uncle Owen and your father there, and by your own sweet self, that I mean every

"Oh, dear, oh, dear-only think of it! Coming auntie!" This last was in answer to a querulous cry for her from the other side of the door, which Mark had shrewdly

Five minutes passed ere Claudia returned. She appeared in a pretty straw hat.

"See. Mr. Parlington," pointing to the patch of blue in the sky that was visible from the window, "it is better weather. Aunt says I may take you as far as the old church, to show you my grandfather's tomb."

"Oh, with pleasure," observed Mark. It was the most imposing monument in the churchyard, a white marble column telling of the deceased's many virtues (in Welsh) and indicating his age at death as eighty-two.

And there it was that Claudia be-came the betrothed of Mark Parling-ton. A year later, with her sister, Grace, she became a bride at a double wedding-the happy event in the lives of the four young friends of our story. -London Black and White,

The Curious Letter O.

The letter Q is a superfluous alphabetic character-a nondescript of the worst sort and of no more real value in expressing or helping to express our thoughts in writing than one of the Chinese word signs would be never ends an English word and cannot begin one without the aid of the letter U, being invariably followed by the last-mentioned letter in all words belonging to our language. The man doesn't live who can tell the 'why" of the peculiar relation of the letters Q and U, or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original Q, when sounded just as it is to-day, was made without the cue, the character much resembling the English sign for pound, f.-New York

A Costly Fence.

The big fence which surrounds the palace of Cornelius Vanderbilt, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-eighth street, is commented upon a good deal by out-of-town correspondents and others interested in the doings of this multi-millionaire. The fence is by no means a remarkable one to the casual observer, says the New York Sun. It is an iron fenca ten or twelve feet high, and similar to those in general use in Paris and Berlin. A member of the firm of iron workers who manufactured this fence, in speaking of it recently, said that it was a better piece of work than it seemed to be from the outside. It is wrought iron, not east iron, and it cost Mr. Vanderbilt \$42,

She Will Learn.

A touching story is told of a young bride in New York, who hesitated to go on with the ceremony because she did not wish to yow obedience to her husband. The girl was very young and very foolish, or she would have known that no woman nowadays considers the obedience clause in the cere mony as anything more than an idle and inoperative form. It was only when two or three married women placed the matter before her in the proper light that she consented to allow the service to proceed. In six months she will blush at the memory of her cowardice and ignorance.-Kan-sas City Star.

A Cure for Hiccough. The quickest cure on record in the Bellevue Hospital, New York, was that of Jennie Klevanskey, recently, who was suffering with hysterical hiccoughs. On her way to the alcoholic ward in charge of an attendant, a nurse en-tered with a strait-jacket. The wo-man shricked and declared that she was cured. She had stopped hiecough-ing and was immediately discharged.

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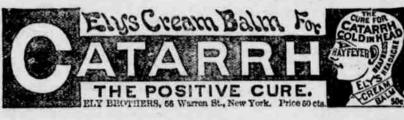
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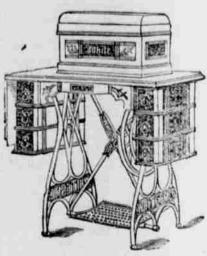
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