THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

\$11.00

TALE OF THREE CITIES.

Priscilla of these fin de slocte town Who from al Pflgrim sizes elements hur

with any sage at argument, while any sage at argument, to the symphonics, plays whilst in

in one way she willorns her grand For when a bit of goesity you bestow. With all her issue knowledge she excitations, "I want to know?"

One has come down upon Manhaltan isle Through a long line of tradsfolk Vans. To-day She perches high upon the social stile And plumes hereoif on being distingue, And on her effonette; but it you say A thing is thus and so, strange to relate. If to the belie your news is a surprise. She'lt teil you, "You don't say?" as sure as fate. With widesone area

With wide-open eyes.

A plonant consin of the hearty west: "We got the fair from you, you know,"

wild she, "We've half your geit and soon shall have the rest, And no one bluffs about his fam'ly tree." Stunned by her nerve yet unalous to

siris, with all their style, cannot "Our

With ars for looks," he said. And thus

With yours for down she stake With elevated eyes, inquiring slave, "For heaven's sake" -Edwart W. Barnard,

THE LOST LETTER.

"Oh! Jeanne, you quite forgot to put a rose in my hair!" exclaimed Lilly's Forsythe as she stood in all her queenbeauty before the long mirror in her boudolr

"I should consider my toilet incom plete without it," as the little French | maid brought forth a crimson rose to pin in your mistress's hair.

Liliys made a beautiful pleture in the full glare of the light, which caused her raven halr to seem the blacker against the delicate yellow of

her evening gown.

"Mademoiselle looks beautiful-like a bride," remarked Jeanne. "Do you think so!" said Lillys, glanc-

ing dreamily at her own reflection, then brightening suddenly.

'Jeanne, you are a flatterer-1 do not believe you-besides brides never wear red roses. The idea! Jeanne. only my third ball to-night, and to book like a bride! You may rest assured I am going to enjoy life now and shah not marry for many a year." "Ah! Mile. Lillys, qui Sait! You will

be in love before you are aware. plied Jeanne with a wise nod of her head

Lillys laughed gayly, took a few last glances at herself in the mirror and was satisfied.

The clock on the mantle struck nine, and Lillys was buttoning the last button of her long gloves, when the ser-vant announced Mr. Crayton.

"Very well, I shall be down direct ly. Jeanne, throw my opera cloak over me, don't muss the lace-there,

The next moment Lillys had reached the drawing room and greeted Mr. Crayton, her escort for the evening. Arrived at the magnificent lighted landing ball of Ma.

dancing hall of Mrs. Upton's hand some mansion. Lillys Forsythe was at once the centre of attraction.

It was a well-established fact that Kenneth Crayton was madly in love with the young woman and that he was the favorite one of her admirers. I say "favorite," inasmuch as she accepted his invitations more frequently than others, but just this evening she became convinced that she was not the least bit in love with him. "Of course I am to have my usual

number of dances on your programme. Miss Forsythe?" said Kenneth Cray-

"I think not, Mr. Crayton, as Mr. Barlow has alread secured several and-

"Then I am to understand that I take what is left?" questioned Crayton, not without sarcasm, for if there was one thing he could not ensee himself ecitpsed b, was another, so ambitious was he and so accustomed to success "No, not exactly," replied Lillys with a sweet smile, the instrument which had never failed in conquering him, "Confound Barlow, anyhow!" he

he surveyed, and not a morning went av that he would not allp quietly into Aunt Lillys' room to see if she were ыρ,

The morning following Mrs. Up-ton's dance Lillys was the first to reach the dining room. When Dorothy came down and saw Lillys she said anxiously:

"Why, my dear, how thred you look! An evening's dissipation does not usually tell so plainly on your face." "Thed? Yes-I did not sleep after I came home: now don't begin to worry about that. I can make up for lost sleep all day, if I wish. By-the-bye," changing the subject to avoid when ometions wild you come made

other questions, "did you ever meet Mrs. Uptons niece?"

"Mrs. Deane-Mildred Deane? Oh. yes, she visits this city every whiter. They say Mr. Barlow is quite taken with her," said Dorothy, carefully scanning her consin's face.

Young Barlow is a man of splen did makeup," put in Mr. Kirk, who had just scated himself at the table, did

and just scatten himself at the table. "You danced with him last night, of course?" asked Dorothy. "Wby 'of course." Dorothy?" ques-tioned Lillys with a faint smile. "Well, my dear, I have seen him pay you marked attention and hear he is Kenneth Crayton's rival....." Ms. Kick incoded.

Mr. Kirk laughed. "Rival" interrupted her cousin. "That is a misnomer, I am afraid. What would Miss Deane say to that?" At this point Teddy came up to Lillys deciaring that "Doggy Jack want to tome in, auntle; he's s'ying for 'oo," and gave her no peace until she went to the door with him to let

in the whining animal. This practically broke up the conversation at the breakfast table, but Dorothy's words rung in Miss For-sythe's ears for some time.

She knew very well that Herbert Barlow was in love with her-how could she help it? There are certain things in life which need not be told; they are felt. But it was her wish no one should talk to her about that

Since Herbert showed his affection for her she had quite neglected Ken-neth. But she was a proud young woman and was bound not to show her love for a man who was spoken all society people in connection with Mildred Deane. If once she loved a man she wanted him to be her lover only—a selfish trait of hers: in fact, the only bit of selfishness she could pardon in herself.

That evening while Lillys was out at a dinner party Mr. Barlow called to see her. When Dorothy informed her of the fact the next morning she flushed slightly, but said in firm tones;

"I am sorry to have missed him." She slept longer than usual that morning, and, noticing this, Teddy made it his task to find out the rea-son. In passing through the library he saw his mother put a letter on the table, saying: "A letter for Lillys." Teddy's little nose just touched the surface of the table and his eyes peered at the white missive for a moment, and, his mother having left the room, he said to himself to he stood on tiptoe and reached his clubby little arms across the table: "Dess I'll take it to her."

the upper corridor in front of Miss Forsythe's door Teddy encoun-tered Jeanne, the maid, who placed her index finger to her lips with a sig nificant "sh-h," which danger signal "Teddy did not appreciate, however, "Tse doin' to Aunt Lil, I is." "No. Teddy; she is sleeping; not

now.' From the moment he saw Jeanne the little chap had hidden the letter be carried under his skirt.

"But I say I'se doin'; dot somefin' for Aunt Lik." And he made an effort to open the door with his one free hand.

"Let me see. What have you for untie?" questioned the girl, bravely holding the fort. Teddy looked up at ber defiantly. "Won't tell 'oo." And when his at-tempts to get in were again frustrate." by the hard-hearted Jeannie. Teddle set up a frightful howl, all the while clutching the letter within his little fist, so that the maid carried him off in all haste to the further end of the

now near the truth had come in her

Six weeks after Lillys Forsythe bade her friends farewell, as she started or, her trip to London, where she intended to visit an old uncle who was occupy ing a fine house on the outskirts of the great metropolis. There she hoped to find some diversion, for her heart was heavy and she was greatly per-plexed. Dorothy was dissatistical with her refusing "that splendid Mr. Cray ton," besides two other men of good standing.

crican connection. She became so en-chanted with her new life and sur-roundings that she almost forgot her former home, all but the one person whose image often came before her. One day early in September she and her cousin were taking a hurried trip down town on the underground rail

At one of the stations, as the con-ductor suddenly slammed the door of their coupe, Lillys locked around, and as she caught sight of a familiar fac-

see you here?"

have thought that we should meet here actually under English soil?"

Lillys' cousin. "When did you leave home?" queried

"Oh, I have been here ever since last spring." answered Lillys, "and how long have you been traveling abroad, the barrows." Mr. Barlow?

"For the last seven or eight months," he answered, his face clouding; "home had no more charms for me." he add ed, "so I have been 'doing the conti-nent,' as the English say."

Lillys felt as if she had been stabbed -his words were strangely significant

A few more remarks were exchanged before they reached their destination and Barlow left them after promising

a dream to Lillys Forstythe. Such unexpected meeting was enough to upset any one, she said, excusing her

Herbert Barlow appeared to be somewhat changed. Lillys thoughtthere was something in his manner

When the appointed evening arrived Mr. Barlow was announced. Lillys was the first to welcome him, and a Barlow grasped her hand in greeting he held it firmly, and as their eyes met a mutual understanding seemed to have grown between them.

"Let us abolish all formalities, Miss Forsythe," said he, seeing that they were alone; "before I leave you again I must know why you never answered

I must know why you never answered my letter in which—in which I asked you to become my wife?" "Letter?" asked Lillys, with tremb-ling lips, as a bright crimson colored her checks, "I do not understand." "Is it possible," as a faint gleam of hope lit his beautiful, gray eyes, "that you never needyed it?"

you never received it?" "I know nothing about such a let-

ter," said Lillys, almost inaudibly, for her heart was beating violently,

For a moment all was still. Herbert Barlow eagerly scanned the girl's face -a terrible feeling of doubt crept over hini-had she ignored the letter? The thought was suffocating him. He burst out:

"Miss Forsythe—Lillys—tell me why you never answered it?" "Mr. Barlow," as she looked him in

the face, "I never received such a let-ter from you-I---"







ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO. Look Here!

Have sold to consumers for \$1 years saving them the dealers profit. We are the Oldest and Largest manufacturers in Amer-ics solling Vehicles and Harness this way-ship

in the ventoes and marries of the way privilege to examine before any mar-. We pay ireight both ways if not a Warrant for 2 years. Why pay and ito order for you? Write your ow ing ireo. We take all rise of day



Do you want any kind of a MUSICAL IN-STRUMENT?

Do you want a

PIANO?

Do you want SHEET MUSIC?

If so, do not send your money away from home, but deal with a reliable dealer right here, who will make things right, if there is anything wrong.

For anything in this line the place to go is to

J. Saltzer's.

Ware-rooms, Main Street, below Market.

THE MARKETS

0

standing. Since Herbert Barlow had treated her so coldly and finally left the city altogether Lillys felt as if life in her native town would be unendurable. In London she was received with open arms by her uncle and his fam-ily, who were quite proud of their Am-erican connection. She because so en-

way.

opposite her, exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Barlow, haw strange to

The gentleman addressed smiled, and extending his hand in greeting, said: "Yes, strange, indeed. Whoever would

Then followed an introduction to

Barlow.

to her.

to call the following evening. The remainder of that day was like

numerous blunders that afternoon.

that puzzled her.

murmured. "Mr. Crayton," as she looked at him with a tragi-comical expression, which was very fetching, "how complimen-

tary!" Later in the evening as the strains of a dreamy waitz floated on the air, Lillys, leaning on the arm of Herbert Barlow, walked into the library and ere in a secluded nook they sat down on the divan.

on the divan. Lillys had a peculiar way of making herself effective; she did not pose, but, being graceful, every one of her-atitudes was pictureson and pleas-ing. Herbert Barlow's eves even were dazzled by her entrancing toyeliness as she sat there against the rich ori-ental tapestries, with her sparkling, how we available the for-

brown eyes scaling his fact. "Oh, I had almost forgotten; this is the waitz I promised Mr. Crayton. for

the waltz I promised Mr. Crayton, for take me back to the ball room, Mr. Barlow, before it is too late." "Miss Forsythe," began Barlow, in measured tones, looking steadfastly at the girl with his penetrating, gray eyes, "can you not give up one dance with that man for me?" "Yes, but---" Lillys tried not to notice nor understand the last words, "Mr. Crayton was already complain-ing of being treated unfairly by me.

ing of being treated unfairly by me to-night and so-"

"So it would serve him right to suf-fer a little for such a remark," put in

For a little for a little pout, "not exact-"No," with a little pout, "not exact-ly; he has been very kind to me all along." With that the girl arose, and there was nothing for Barlow to do but to excert her and to wonder why she treated him with such exasperat-ing indifference.

ing indifference. Lillys Forsythe was an orphan, and the helvess of her father's enormous wealth. For a year or more she had made her home with a married cousin made her home with a married cousin several years her senior. Dorothy Kirk and Lillys Porsythe, besides being counter, were the best of friends, and Gordon, Dorothy's husband, great-ly appreciated the presence of his wite's reintive at his borne. "It kind of livens up the house," so Mr. Kirk expressed it. "to have a young stri around. A man likes to see more merry-making when he comes home from his office." As for Lillys, she was perfectly hap-py when Dorothy gave her permission to have the aparatments adjoining the aurency, for she was exceedingly fond of har cousin's children, and in urn was their idol. Of the three rolled in a romping, four-yearold Taddy way

iss romping, four-year-old Toddy was the especial favorite of "Amit Lilips" to her rooms he was monarch of all

When at length she had set down the obstreperous young man he ran away as fast as he could and hid in a closet, where Jeanne could not find him.

As she started down the stairway for the nurse Teddy came out of his

Then he called down the stairs triumphantly: "Now, I do tell autie on 'oo," menning the innocent Jeanne. The night after the darks at Us The night after the dance at Up-ton's Herbert Barlow had made a re-

solve to find out as soon as possible whether or no Lillys Forsythe loved whether or no Lillys Forsythe loved him. He was a man of great deter-mination and docision, and consequent-ity he set out for the Kirk mansion to call upon the young lady. What was his dismay to find her out! He surely could never screw up the neces-sity courage again to face Miss For-sythe with the intention of proposing to her-to her who had never given him the slightest encouragement. bim the slightest encouragement.

But he was in love and men in love are often desperate. Never before had a woman made so deep an impression upon him, for he was not the young man to have the picture of a different girl enamelled on the inside of his watch every three months.

Lillys Forsythe's face was enamelled Inlys Forsythe's face was enamelied on his heart, and nothing could efface it. Now that Fate had not been pro-pleading his cause—how, stiff the parase sounded. How cold his thoughts stood out in black and white. He could walt no longer. He felt that he could walt no longer. he must ask her that very night or never. He had not loved before (the talk about him and Mildred Deane being a fabrication of her own), and he would never again have faith in womankind if Lillys did not accept him

Miss Forsythe arose at about noon

Miss Forsythe arose at about noon the next day, and upon reaching the during room was informed that a box had arrived for her. As she opened it the sweet, heavy perfume of a su-perb bouquet of American Beautley greeted her, and she searched in vain for a card of the sender. "No name," she said to herself. "It cannot be Kenneth Crayton's peace offering! He is too stubborn for that Perhaps"—and the color crept into her meaces with them. Pshaw! Lullys Forsythe, you elliy girl?" and she jumped up suddenly, as it to shake off the ford illusion. "Ber did not know."

"Then, may I ask you right here-will you be my wife?" "Yes," was the simple answer, which

B. F. SHARPLESS, Pres. came from the very depths of the girl's heart, and came cladly, "But," she said suddenly, "what will

Mildred Deane say?" Barlow laughed. "Married a month ago to Kenneth Crayton, you foolish little woman," and he scaled her mouth with a kiss.

The proposal, to be sure, was laconic enough, but that was characteristic of the man-the love-making followed and continued indefinitely. Soon afte a quiet wedding took place in Londe: -Herbert would have it so-and the wedding journey took them back their American home.

But the mystery of the important letter was never solved-who would dependence of an old closer?-Chicago News.

Senator Blackbarn's Model.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, says that in his earlier days he very narrowly escaped becoming a lawyer of great crudition, and that he was rescued by kindly counsel. When he rescued by kindly, counsel. When he was a youthful practitioner at Lex-ington the leading criminal lawyer of northern Kentucky was old "Joe" Baird, of Louisville, a man of mengre education, but possessed of much shrewd sense, and a jury pleader who could not be matched. One day the young attorney, who had already gained an enviable repu-tation, paid a visit to the elder's office. The room was almost bare of furni-

The room was almost bare of furni-ture. In the middle was a rickety table, and on the table two well thumbed books-a copy of the statutes of 1842 and the criminal code.

"Where do you keep your library. Mr. Baird," inquired the youngster. The old man pointed suggestively to the volumes on the table. "Don't never buy any books," he said; "they'll only other you." Blackburn has always lived up to

that advice.

To Suit the Complexion.

Some of the palace hotels have their bridal suites fitted up in reference to blonde and brunnette or auburn-tint ed brides. Thus the quick-yed clerk will give a lovely rose pink room t a golden-haired bride, a sky blue on to the dark-eyed, and a silvery greer room to the bride with red hair. Thscheme of color in the room is carried out in curtains, bureau and table scarfs, portieres, satin quilts, etc., and the idea has proved a great success.

To refuse to speak to your next-door neighbor, and omit prayers for the hearing, is a sort of consistency that don't jingia.

N. U. FUNK, Sec. C. H. CAMPBELL, TREAS

BLOOMSBURG LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY Capital Stock, \$30,000.

Plotted property is in the coming business centre of the town. It includes also part of the factory district, and has no equal in desirability for residence purposes.

CHOICE LOTS are offered at values that will be doublein a short time.

No such opportunity can be had elsewhere to make money. Lots secured on SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Maps of the town and of plotted property furnished on application.

Call upon or write to the Secretary, or J. S. Woods Sales Agent, or any member of the Board of Directors.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

B. F. SHARPLESS; J. L. DILLON. C. W. NEAL, A. G. BRIGGS, DR. I. W. WILLITS, DR. H. W. MCREYNOLDS, N. U. FUNK. T1-10-tf

Special Attention



WATCHES CLOCKS JEWELRY

J.G. WELLS.

Eyes examined free of charge.

J. G. WELLS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WREELY. RETAIL PRICES.

	Butter per lb	.16
ġ	Eggs per dozen	.14
1	Lard per lb	.121
3	Ham per pound	.14
8.	Pork, whole, per pound 07	to .08
)	Beef, quarter, per pound of	to .08
	Wheat per bushel	.70
t i	Oats # #	.40
1		.65
9	Wheat flour per bbl	3,00
1	Hay per ton.	15,00
	l'otatoes per pushel	.00
	Turnips " "	.25
	Turnips " " Onions " "	1.00
	Sweet potatoes per peck 25	to .40
1	Cranberries per qt	.10
2	Callow per 1b	.04
	Signatheter 16 16	.10
	Sale meat "	.10
1	Vinegar, per ot	.07
	Dried apples per lb	.05
	Dried cherries, pitted.	.102
	Essaberries	.12
1	Cow Hides per lb	.02
1	Steer " " "	.03
	Calf Skin 40	to .50
	Sheep pelts	.60
Ĵ	Shelled corn per bus.	.60
1	Corn meal, cwt	2.00
1	Bran, "	1.00
1	Chop "	1.20
1	Matchings "	1.10
	Chickens per lb	.10
1	Chickens per lb	.12
1	Geose " "	.10
1	Ducks " "	.10
1		

COAL.

No. 6, delivered	2.49
" 1 and g "	3 54
	2.25
" 4 and 5 at yard	3.25

