And did you think my beart Could keep its love unchanging, Fresh as the buds that start In spring, nor know estranging! Listen! The buds dayart; I lovel you once, but now— I love you more than over.

The not the early love:

With the day and night it alters,
And onward still must move,
Like earth, that never falters
For storm or star above,
I syed you nove, but now—
I love you more than ever.

With girts in those giad days.

How eagerly I sought you?

Youth, shitting lope and praise;
Those were the girts I brought you.

In this world little stays;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

A child with giorious eves

Here in our arms half sleeping—
So passion wakeful ites;

Then grows to manbood, keeping
its wistful young surpr.se;

I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

When age's pinching air
Strips summer's rich possession,
And leaves the branches bare,
My secret in confession
Still thus with you P'll share;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.
I ove you more than ever.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

When I was a beggar boy, And lived in a cellar damp, I had not a friend or a toy, But I had Aladdin's tamp; I could not sleep for cold, d fire enough in my brain, builded, with roofs of rold, beau iful castles in Sp.in.

Since then I have tolled day and night,
I have money and power and good store
But I'd give all my lamps of sliver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose—
Tou gave and may santch again;
I have nothing would pain me to like.
For I own my sore eastles in Spain!
—James Bussel Lowei.

THAT HIPDEN TREASURE.

Mr. Vanderveldt's wife and daughter had gone to the theatre, and the city man had been dining alone, having arrived home rather late, with a beaming countenance and a bulged pocket. He was lazily following with half-closed eyes the wreaths of cigar smoke which floated out through the open French window, when a rap fell upon the door of the room.

"Come in," said Mr. Vanderveldt still following the dissolving smoke with his sleepy gaze.

A maid servant entered.

"If you please, sir, there's a person out in the passage who would like to speak to you in private; and please, sir, he says it's very pertic'ler."
"Show him in her," said he. "Never mind clearing away the cloth."

A moment later the man entered. He

was a tall, seedylooking individual, with hollow cheeks, ill-kempt hair, dressed in a rusty brown suit, holding a battered beaver hat in one hand and daugling a solitary glove between the

"Your are the owner of this house, sir, I believe?" said the seedy-looking man, stuffing his one glove into his trousers' pocket.

"What right have you to ask?"
"And the garden?"
"Ah! my garden! What do you want

to know for?"

You will very soon find out, sir," said the man, who was a very cool kind of customer, producing a piece of pasteboard as he spoke, and thrustng it into the city man's hand. is my name, sir," and he bowed whilst Mr. Vanderveldt gazed at the card.
"Mr. Stephen Priddy," he muttered.
"This house and garden is your property now," cried Mr. Priddy, with a

certain air of earnestness, "and, there-fore, any treasure"—he paused a mo-ment, then centinued—"any treasure that might be hidden upon it must also

For the first time since the seedy man's entrance Mr. Vanderveldt regarded him with attention.

"What do you mean?" Mr. Priddy rose and stepped to the

Prench window.
"That garden," said he, pointing;
"you have little idea what is concealed beneath the surface of it, sir, in the particular spot upon which my is at this moment resting. Briefly,

I will tell you the story.
"Twenty years ago a lady lived here. She was a very nervous old body, and there came the news one evening as I was sitting with her, that the house next door had been robbed.
"That very day she had drawn a

large sum of money out of the bank. and this report of burgiars scared her "You know what old ladies are, sir,

She became so nervous that she de-clared she could not go to bed with all that gold in the safe downstairs.

"I suggested burying the gold in the garden for the night. She jumped at the the idea, and begged me to carry it out. Accordingly, I procured an empty box, placed the bag of money in it, dug a hole in the soil, and hid

The old lady then went calmly to bed, but when next morning came she was discovered dead-stone dead, sir. Heart disease, the doctors called it. "Well this was a pretty considerable

shock to me, as you may suppose, and drove all recollection of the buried money clean out of my head for the time being.

Well, sir, he continued, "it happened, owing to circumstances which I cannot very precisely recall now-it being, as you see, twenty years ago since the thing occurred—that I was obliged to leave this house on the day following the decease of my old lady I went away, still forget

ting all about the money that I had buried.
"My motive in calling this evening is just to inform you that the money still lies hidden where I buried it will my own hands twenty years ago. It is yours now, sir, as, alas! this old house is, too!" and the dirty-faced man threw what was intended to be

a pathetic glance round the room, his eyes lingering especially long upon the dianer table. "But," said Mr. Vanderveidt throw-ing the end of his eigar out through the open window, "why did you not return yourself years and years ago to dig up your buried treasure?"

"A month after I hid it I sailed for Australia, and I only returned to England a few weeks ago," promptly re-olled the seedy man.

"Then what makes you come to me sow?" continued the city gentleman. "People are not usually so nonest. Why did you not come in the night and dig up the money yourseif, and quietly carry it off?"

"Because, sir," replied Mr. Priddy, with a proud smile, "I am a gentleman, despite my present humiliating condition. I would scorn to take that which no longer rightfully belongs to To put the matter on a business footing, what will you give me to show you exactly the whereabouts of

"Why," said Mr. Vanderveldt, an expression of perplexity coming into his stolid countenance, "I don't know what to say. How do I know you are not a swindler, for instance?" And not a swindler, for instruce?" And Mr. Vandervelt tried to force a very

knowing seewl. "Oh, as to that," replied Mr. Priddy. with a superior smile, "give me a shovel and I will reassure you at

"Good," replied the city gentleman, sing. "There is still light to see by

rising. "There is still light to see by. Lead the way, sir."
"Hold! the bargain!" said the seedy man, picking up his hat and halting upon the threshold. "If the money is there I take half. Is that fair?"

"It will be quite fair if the money is ere," said Mr. Vanderveldt. Mr. Priddy took the shovel, and, car rying it in his hand, walked straight to the large, eval plot in the middle of the green, pausing to gaze about him when he arrived on the edge of it.

as though to get his correct bearings.

Mr. Friddy then fell to digging. The earth was moist, and the large, brown sods were easily turned. Mr. Vanderveldt, regardless of the flying mold, drew to the edge of the

plot, and stood staring with expectant gaze down into the slowly-deepening Suddenly the blade of the shovel smote something hard, and there was

a slight sound of the splintering of wood. Mr. Priddy redoubled his ef-forts without a word. Mr. Vanderveldt gave vent to a deep "ah!"
In another moment a small, square

box was disclosed to view, the wood of it discolored almost to the line of the clay soil which still adhered in lumps For heaven's sake," cried Mr. Van

derveldt, fairly overcome with excite ment, 'let us go in the house and divide. The money, man the money.' The city man, with trembling hand. lighted the gas. Mr. Priddy took the door mat and very carefully de posited the befouled box upon it.

The shovel had shattered the fragili lid, and with the aid of a carving knife he speedily pried open the splin tered fragments. Then, putting in his hand, he drew forth a small red, can vas bag, nearly round in shape, and tightly bound with a cord at the

mouth.
"Cut it!" cried the portly city gentleman, thrusting a knife into Mr. Prid dy's hand, when that worthy had be calmiy trying to undo the knot for

about three minutes.
"I trust you are no longer inclined to question the motive of my visit?" said the seedy man, passing the keen blade through the string. "O, bang it, no! There, open, do:

Ah! A large heap of glittering gold rolled out upon the snowy tablecloth as Mr. Priddy turned the canvas bag upside

Both men stood regarding it for a moment in silence; then Mr. Vander-veldt's fat hand wandered mechanically toward the little pile, and he to counting. "Ah, that's right," said Mr. Priddy.

"See how much we have here"
"Five hundred dollars," announced the city man, after a long interval of

"Good. I thought as much. Two-fifty each. A good night's work, Mr. Van derveldt."

"My friend, you have behaved like a true gentleman. The money was all within your grasp, yet you chose to say, 'No, it belongs to the owner house!" Give me your hand, Mr.

"And new let us divide!" continued city man.

"Stay! One little favor, Mr. Van-dervelt. Two hundred and fifty dol-lars in gold is no light weight. Would you give me paper for the amount, your check or notes?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Van-derveldt; and going to a desk he un-locked it, drew forth a check book. and, filling in a check for the amount. handed it to the seedy man, who, with the greatest sang froid imaginable, placed it in the breast pocket of his shabby jacket. -

The two men sat awhile smoking and chatting, and then Mr. Priddy took his leave and departed.

Again Mr. Vanderbilt sat after dinner complacently surveying his gar-den, this time in the company of his wife and daughter.

Again there came a tap at the door, again the servant maid announced a visitor, and again she was directed to show him in.

A tail man in a frock coat entered, bowing very politely to nobody in particular, in a manner peculiar to shopwalkers

Mrs. Vanderveldt instantly recog nized him as Mr. Mercer, the silk mer chant, to whom she was under various pecuniary obligations.

"Very sorry to trouble you, sir, at this unseemly hour," said Mr. Mercer, with an apologetic glance at the table-cloth. "Do you remember settling a little account of mine this afternoon.

"I gave you eight eagles," said Mr. Vanderveidt

The shopman put his hand into his pocket and produced the eight pieces of money, which he laid upon the table.

"You are a gentleman, sir," said he bowing toward the fat city man. "whose character stands too high to leave room to doubt that what has occurred is more than a triffing and un-intentional mistake. But, sir, are you aware that those eight eagles now be-fore you—the identical ones you paid me, sir—are all of them counterfeit

Mr. Vanderveldt turned pale. He had taken the coins from the heap of gold which the seedy man had dug up the previous night.

For a couple of minutes he sat in

silence, staring vacantity at the shop-man before him. Suddenly there was another rap on the door and almost before be could reply a stout little man bounced into the room.

man bounced into the room.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," cried he, in a course, excited voice. "but are you aware Mr. Vanderveldt. sir, that that there money you paid me in discharge of my account this afternoon was all bad?" And he threw down five eagles close to the silk merchant's little base.

The two tradesmen exchanged looks. The confusion of Mr. Vanderveldt's mind rendered his stolld countenance more miserable than ever.

A vague suspicion was slowly taking form in his saturnine mind. He rose went to his desk, from which he laboriously drow forth the red canvavious night's windfall.

This he emptied upon the table, and taking coins from the heap at ran-

dom, he sounded them upon the table. They all fell dead as lead.
"Ha," whispered the stout little man to the urbane silk merchant, "looks rummy, don't it?"

Mrs. Vanderveldt came to the rescumagnificently. She took in with the significance of the mistake which had occurred, and which, unless dextrous ly explained, would ruin her husband's

"My goodness, Corney!" said she to her stupefied husband, as she examin ed the coins under the gaslight. "Do you know what you have done? You have been paying accounts with the card-counters!

card-counters!"

And she forced a spasmodic little laugh. Then, turning to the two tradespeople, she said, calmly:

"My husband has been subject to fits of absent-mindedness of late. He has been working too hard. I must ask you to excuse this stupid blunder, and if you will send in your bills afresh they shall be paid without delay."

The people accepted the explanation without a word, bowed one after another, and quitted the room. Mr. Cornellus Vanderveldt, with a little groan,

ank back into his armchair. Suddenly, however, he struck his massive brow a prodigious slap, and sprang creet.

"That scoundrel!" he reared, "he has got my check for \$250." -Tit-Bits.

The drummer was leaning up against the hotel counter talking to the clerk. "You look worried about something, said the clerk.

"I am," responded the drummer promptly. "I saw the prettiest girl on the train to-day I have seen in a dozen years of travel." That oughtn't to worry you."

'Pretty women have worried better men than I am," ventured the drum-"Who was she?" "Blamed if I know."

"Didn't you get acquainted with "Of course not; you must think I get acquainted with every woman I see. "You do, don't you?"

"No. I don't; nor do any of us; that's vile slander on the profession."
"Did you try to?" asked the clerk with a smile of doubt.

'No. I didn't.' "Then what's worrying you." "The way she treated me."
"What did she do?"

The drummer fired his half-smoked "Well," he explained, "after I had been gazing at her for an hour or so, I thought I'd try her with a newspa-per; she declined it with thanks and a beautiful sinfle; then I tried her with new novel, with the same result then I sent her over some nice fresh fruit, and it came back; then I want-ed to fix the window for her, and again the thanks and the declination. That lovely smile is what broke me up," sighed the drummer, "and I was sure, if I had half a chance I would get sequainted. About ten minutes after I had made the last offer the train stopped at a station and nodded for me to come over.

George, I was sure I had made a ten-strike, and I fairly flew to her." "Will you do me a favor?" she asked with that same enchanting smile, as if I wouldn't have done her a million," and the drummer sighed

"Certainly, with the greatest of B. F. Sharpless, Pres.

pleasure, said I.
"'Well, says she, 'suppose you get
off at this station and take the train for Detroit that comes along this evening; you make me dead tired where you are."

The clerk's eyes filled with tears and the drummer went out and stood in the door gloomily.—Detroit Free Press.

In the Wrong Pew.

The man sitting next to him noticed that the build-headed person with his red necktie was getting decidedly ner-

Presently, in the middle of a magnificent quintette the bald-headed man turned round and said:

"Well," was the reply, accompanied by a hardly concealed frown. A lover of opera hates interruption as Satan hates good.
"What kind of a show is this, any-

way?"
"This? Why, this is-" The singing was so beautiful just then that he stopped and whispered, "Hush!-sh." The other went on:

"Ain't there no comic songs coming along presently?" For answer there was a shake of the

head.
"Nobody get into a sawmill and escape by the skin of his teeth?"
"No."

'No horse race?'

"When does the song-and-dance act come on? Say, sin't there any laughs in this thing anywhere? Gee, but I reckon I struck the wrong gate altogether! I come in town to-day and asked a feller what was the best show n town and he told me this was it And I've been sitting here an hour an'they ain't done a thing but shout and weep and run around like beetles try-ing to turn right side up. "Tain't like any show I ever seen! Whatever is it, anyway?

But the other man had moved away to where he could hear the music without interruption. The bald-headman halled an usher.
"Any Amazon's march in this?" he

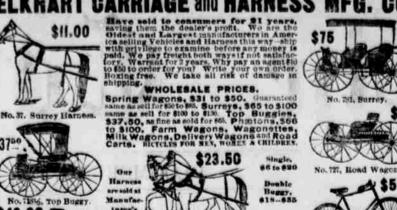
The usher shook his head.
"Any Midway Plaisance dancing?"

"No."
"Well, then, blame the luck!" said
the build-headed man, reaching for his
hat, "I guess I'm a sucker."—Chicago

Adolphus: "Sir: I took a young lady Anoquals: Sir! I took a young lady to a ball the other night, and paid all expenses except seventy-five cents, but while there she danced twice with an-other fellow and made fun of my new ciothes. What is the proper course for me to parsie." Tell your ma.

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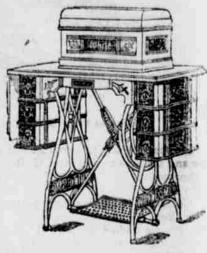
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