THE PASSING UP DAY.

Blue bloom is on the distant hill; Mystic grays the mid-air fill. The low winds say: "Farewell to Day; Evening is on her way."

She walks the waters and the land. She and Quiet, hand in hand. The low winds say. "Sweet sounds, obey; Soft colors fade away." And all the lovely colors go; All the sounds; and very low The winds say on— Do they say ou? No whisper. Day is gone. John Vance Cheney, in The Century.

### A MATRIMONIAL SHOT.

We rather prided ourselves upon being small, but select—small, that is, as a community. "Select?" old Miss Mayberry is reported to have observ-They call themselves select, do they? Where were they selected from? That is what I want to know." course, no one satisfied her impertinent curiosity. We all knew where we came from, if she didn't, and some some of us held strange opinious as to Miss Mayberry's nitimate destination; but that is neither here nor there. Still, it was "rather a startler," when old Mr. Egglestons, of Bermondsoy, came down to Willowtown to live. He was fabulously rich; he swallowed peas with bis knife, and called them "marrerfats;" he was impatient, head-strong, choleric, apoplectic. Two important facts saved him from social ostracism-his aldermanic dinners and his daughter Sempronia.

It is not very easy to describe Semproula. Her beauty had an elusive way of defying description. When she extered a room people were vaguely conscious that something pleasant had happened. If you were fortunate enough to take her in to dinner she confirmed that impression. Even mock jurils lost its mockery when she sat Not that old Eggleston often put people off with mock turtle; he was far too fond of dipping his white beard in the genuine thing to wish to impose imitations on his guests. Poor Harry Nichson's troubles, however, began the first time he dined at the Egglestons', owing to Mr. Eggleston's ambiguous speech. Mr. Eggleston was gobbling away at his soup, and only left off to observe that "But, my dear sir," observed Harry

"nothing but an ostrich could eat your hothouse. "Don't you be impertinent, young man," retorted Mr. Eggleston, "or you and me'll 'ave words. I will 'eat it if

Sempronia threw oil on the troubled waters, but not before Mr. Eggleston had remarked to the remains of his

soup that Harry was "a nordacious Sempronia was fond of her father. She didn't obtrude the fact, but skilfully contrived to throw her mantle over him at all the social functions of the neighborhood. It soon became an understood thing that any one who poked fun at Mr. Eggleston had no chance of winning the good graces of his beautiful daughter. Her had been a lady very feeble one, and married Eggle-ston on account of his strong-minded-Mrs. Eggieston's relatives were so astonished by the originality of such a reason that they cut her. It preyed on Mrs. Eggleston a good deal, but she lived very happily with her hus-band until Sempronia was born. Then, like Mrs. Dombey, "she couldn't make an effort-and died! People who saw poor Mr. Eggleston at that awful time said that he was as one distraught. He sat by the dead woman, holding

her hand until she was taken away to the grave. Then he fell down in a fit. He was only prevented from following his wife into the silent land by hearing the doctors say that he hadn't a chance of living. In order to contradict them he recovered. If he couldn't 'eat the 'ot 'ouse" it wasn't for want of trying his jaws on everything else he came across

Still, with all his faults, old Mr. Eg-gleston was much beloved in Willowtown. His speech when he first took the chair at the "Penny Readings" was a model of metaphorical research. "When I look round 'ere," he said, sticking bis determined thumbs well into his white waistcoat, "I ask myself what brings me 'ere, and I says to myself, says I—Money! I've never been properly eddicated, but I've made— Money! I was born in the gutter, so to speak, but I've made—Money! I ain't the genuine come-over-William-the-Conqueror and other-fine-old-crusted-thieves lot (any one can tell I'm not real Dosset, and only oleomargarine), but I've made-Money! Nobody'd call me a new-laid Brahma; I'm only a sixteen-to-the-shillin'-and-take-me-back-If igh-French-egg, but I've made— Money! And now I've made money I mean to spend it on people I like, so I'll be very glad if you'll all come up to supper when the performance is over. Mr. Nicholson's going to sing 'The 'Eart Bowed Down,' I don't know what it's bowed down about, but I dessay it's very pretty." And Mr. Eggleston retired amid thunderous ap-

Harry Nicholson sang "The Heart Bowed Down" with great effect. "He's always up at the 'ali." Mr. Eggleston informed the people. He tiked Nicholson now, although he couldn't resist calling him "a confounded young puppy for sniggerin' because I got flummoxed and said 'Mr. Recitation will give a Smith' the other night. He's of a good family, Nicholson is. I should like my daughter to marry into a good fam'ly. I never was much of a fam'ly man myself, though I desay I could buy a crest and a Latin mortar at the 'Erald's college. Still, it's a fine thing to have a picture gallery full of beautiful murderesses and Harry Nicholson sang "The Heart lery full of beautiful murderesses and ruffins in armor and Sir 'Ugos and Sir Lunchalots, and Lady Ediths of the white and and stitchlike."

Sempronta did not object to Nicholson's picture gallery at all. She and Nicholson were always together. Nicholson were always together. Or course, Nicholson was poor. Indeed, his picture gallery was his chief possession. He was expected to live up to it. People supposed that he did something for a living, but no one knew exactly what it was. One day, however, it occurred to him that he was in love.

"I'm going away," he said abruptly to Miss Eggleston.

They were sitting by the drawing room are. It was only 6:30, but just

after Christmas it is very dark at that time Miss Eggleston was clad in black velvet, and what Mr. Eggleston called "the fam'ly dimons" sparkled on her white neck. Mr. Eggleston al-ways insisted on her wearing jewels at dinner. He was mortally afraid of his suspicious-looking butler, as that stony-hearted functionary bad threa-tened "to resign" if Mr. Eggleston dared to sit down to dinner in a shoot-ing jacket. "If people don't respect themselves," he had observed, "I do. When I served my Lord of Ditchwater he always dressed for dinner, and I'm not agoin' to demean myself by wait-ing on a parvence who don't." That had settled it. Rather than be called by such an awful word as venco" Mr. Eggleston apologized, and Porkins buried the hatchet.

When Nicholson said he was going When Nicholson said he was going away Sempronia didn't like it at all. Her blue eyes looked into the fire with a rather abstracted air. The firelight played upon her beautiful, if somewhat haughty, features. What right a butterman's daughter had to resemble the De Veres of romance it was difficult to discover, but she indubitably did so. Her features were dubitably did so. Her features were neither faultily faultless nor splendidly null; they certainly were very beau-

"Going away?" she asked. "Surely, Mr. Nicholson, this is rather a sudden

Nicholson rose from his chair and steed looking down on her. He was black as a crow, but with a prepos-sessing blackness. He had a very musical voice, his gayety was infec-tious, and people lingered to listen to his laughing wittlelems. But he did not seem inclined to be funny to-night. For so mercurial a youth he was decidedly serious. His hand twisted the beautiful stud in his immaculate shirt Allogether he was very preoccupied. The rug wasn't big enough, He trod on the St. Bernard and was stricken by remorse.

"Such an owl is well out of the way," he said. "Misa Eggleston, I'll

"You forget that you dine with us."
"Oh, no. I don't forget. Perhaps you will let me off. I'm not fit for the gid-

dy throng to-night."
"It isn't a giddy throng. There will be papa and Mr. Gubbins, True, Mr. Gubbins is volatile-sway from Mrs. Gubbins-but you cannot call papa

"No. I'm off to-morrow. In fact, I've made a discovery." "In the picture gallery? Or buried treasure in the paddock?"

"Don't scoff at my poverty," he said with repressed feeling. "Don't scoff at that. God knows I never felt it un-

til to-night," "And why to-night?"
"To-night?" with assumed indiffer-nce. "Well, even the lightest-hearted

fellow finds Black Care perched on his shoulder sometimes. I—I was actually thinking this afternoon." "No wonder you are tired." But she didn't look at him.

"Yes; funny wasn't it? Actually thinking. What do you think I thought about?"

"I don't know. Something interest-

ing?" "I can't say that. It seemed inter-She smiled.
"I went up to the gun room, and

flung myself into a chair."
"And lit a cigar."
"Well, yes. When a man thinks he's bound to light up; can't help it." When a man thinks, "So you lit up?"

"Yes, I lit up. Then I sat down again; then I got up; then I sat down. Nearly were out the chair before I'd

"That was serious." "It was, I wanted something, Didn't know what I wanted, so called myself names and pitched my cigar away. Which was rash. It was a good regretfully; "and I haven't

many left. Must take to smoking shag like Old Ikey does. He enjoys it." "Don't be horrid." "I got tired of walking up and down, so I stopped short in the middle of the floor, and fixed my eye upon the carpet pattern. It's an awfully good plan that. The carpet spoke back to me. It said——" "Yes?"

"Oh, it said, you bone-idle beggar, you've wasted your manhood, you have loltered in the vineyard (metaphorically, of course—you can't loiter in vineyards where there aren't any stands to reason) while others toiled, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Yet all the time, some impossible dream-a dream of some great happiness—has haunted me. You have drifted, drifted, drifted, like a boat bottom up with this happiness quite close to you. You had but to go forth into the world, and—and win you spurs—and you didn't go. That's what the carpet said. Extraordinary bit of Brussels, wasn't it,"

"Yes. Didn't it say anything else?"
"Lots of things. It said I must lose this woman I lovet because I was ru-

"Ruined!" "Yes, ruined; and all that sort of thing. I have been living on capital instead of interest. The only redeeming feature about the affair is that the gailery will have to go. You see, it's hard lines on a fellow to have nothing but a gailery left to him; he can't live up to it; and yet he has to do so. None of those ruffianly old ancestors of mine ever did a day's work in their lives. I'm afraid I haven't done much. But why should I bore you with this?" "You don't bore me, and you suf-

"It is a triffe unpleasant."

"You don't think it would be par-ticularly pleasant?" "I was horribly bored by that gal-lery. Lady Edith, of the White Hand, will fetch a good price from a soap man. I couldn't have stood that deman. I couldn't have stood that de-pressing female much longer. She had a way of sticking her hand out at one, as if a fellow couldn't live up to it. I'm thinking of joining the mounted police in the Northwest Ter-ritory. They're a splendid lot; and there's always the pleasurable excite-ment of being scalped by The-Man-Who-Rides-a-Mule - With-His-Face-To-The-Tail, or some other equally long-named hero."

"The experience wouldn't be of much use to you because it could only hap-pen once."

"Yes, I suppose so. There are worse things than being scalped." "And so good-by to the old times-

and to—to Lady Edith. I wish some one would scalp her. When a man is on the brink of ruin it is best for him

to forget everything."
"Yes," she said almost inaudibly. "It is best for him to forget, but noteverything. I-I am very sorry for

He pressed her hand lightly to his ps. She knew that this was his charactoristic farewell to the hopes he had cherished. Womanlike, she was angry at his silence. And then his wretched at his silence. And then his wretched pride. She had enough money for both. What did his poverty matter? Hadn't he that delightful gallery of ancestors, some of whom, if report spoke truly, were little better than the wicked. You couldn't buy family portraits fike that. There were plenty of dubious old masters in the market, but few undoubtedly "old mississes." few undoubtedly "old mississes," as Mr. Eggleston called them. And here was this irrational youth, who loved her, going off to be scalped by Paw-nees or Comanches or Sloux, or Apaches, or any other outlandish tribe of Indians with whom fate might con-front him. Why not stay at home and have his hair pulled only in the family circle? And it was such beautiful hair. Now, if the Rev. Mr. Gubbins were to be scalped by the heathen, it would not matter nearly so much. be removed, but those hyacinthine locks! It made her sick to think of the scalping knife circling round their abon glories. However, she dissembled after the manner of women, and lightly hade him good by

lightly bade him good-by, He disappeared in the darkness, feeling that desperate sorrow which only comes to a man once in a couldn't pos-the simple reason that he couldn't pos-sibly live through it twice. "By Jove," sibly live through his teeth, "It comes to a man once in a lifetime, for he muttered between his teeth, "It would go hard with any one who

crossed me to-night."
"Har-Harry!" gurgled a choking
voice from the shrubs, "'Elp-'Elp!"
The next moment Harry had jumped into the bushes. A bullet whizzed by his ear as he did so, and a cowardruffian, who had half strangled Mr

Eggleston, fled into the unknown.
"My wife's portrait," cried Mr. Eggleston. "They knocked me down as I was coming up the walk—" Harry ran swiftly down the avenue,

his pulses tingling with flerce joy, and all the savage within him revelling in the prospect of a fight.

Just as he reached the gate his foot tripped against a rope, which was stretched across the drive. There was another shot-a red-hot, scaring, tear ing dart in his shoulder-and he fell forward on his face, while the cracksmen made off across the fields, cursing their own stupidity in beginning operations so prematurely. Porkins disappeared with them.

Harry was carried into the house and laid on a couch. Doctors were telegraphed for right and left. For hours he remained with pallid features and closed eyes. The doctors shook their heads and looked wise. The wound was a serious one; the bullet hard to find; if certain things didn't happen the patient would recover; if they did happen, he wouldn't; that was all that could be extracted from them as they nodded with sphinxlike gravity, and returned to their patient. Sempronia sat beside Harry through the long night. It was useless to dissimulate any more. She was quite tearless and as white as wax. Every now and then she moistened his lips or smoothed the pillow, but did not give way to her grief. It was only towards morning on the second day after the doctors had extracted the bullet that she betrayed any excite-ment. In the cold, gray dawn, a robin deluded into momentary cheerfulness by the thought that spring would sure-ly come some day, began to twitter his cheery melody to the easement's glimmering square. The song of the bird smote Sempronia. She shivered, and bending over the wounded man kissed him passionately. "Ah," she moaned, as she flung herself on her knees by the couch, "I was cold, and hard, and cruel to you, but I never meant to let you leave me. I would have followed you to the world's end for one word of love, but you were so proud—so proud—that I could never humble myself to tell you so. And now—now you will not know it."

She brushed back her hair and star-ed with wild wan ever into the gray

She brushed back her hair and star-ed with wild, wan eyes into the gray dawn. Then a wonderful thing hap-pened. The sleeping man opened his eyes and smiled. From that moment he grew better, "I seemed to hear your voice faintly, and afar off," he explain-ed, when he was able to "sit up and take a little nourishment," as Mr. Eg-gleston put it. "I was crossing a gray river, accompanied by an old man, river, accompanied by an old man, who was half clad in skins. As we drew near to the opposite shore, dimiy discernible through the gloom, pale phantoms came down to meet us, and then-then I heard your voice, and all

"Yes," she made answer softly, "all was well. God has been very good to us, and all is well."

"And if anybody's got to be scalped," said old Mr. Eggleston, fondly surveying the young couple, "let's 'ope as it'll be those ruffians as garroted me when that sanctimonious Porkins (the butler) helped 'em to get my watch. Anyhow, they'll have their hair cut short at Her Majesty's expense for some time, bless her. It's refreshing, after all these years of paying taxes to get something for it."-Detroit

The Winchester girls have discarded the yellow garter and the pillow stuffed with love letters, and have discovered a new latest and the pillow stuffed with love letters, and have discovered a new latest and have discovered and have d ered a new and sure scheme to en-snare the wily Clark county youths, as is evidenced by the following para-graph from the Democrat: "The latest superstition is that if a girl takes the small bow which fastens the lining of a man's hat, and wears it inside her shoe, she will have a proposal from the youth within a month. The success of the scheme may be open to question, but it is proving very de-structive to hats."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Well," said the philosopher to the man who was tired, "you know that nothing worth having can be got without hard work.

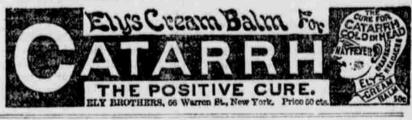
"That's what makes me so tired of you philosophers," was the reply; "you are always making that remark, and saying it as if it were something to be thankful for."

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.



"Where dirt gathers, waste rules." Great saving result from the use of

# SAPOLIO





Fast

to eld-fogy ideas? We can help you get out of your farm all it's worth. Baugh's manures are all manure; they raise large crops.

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

Original Manufacturers of Raw Bone Manures. WORKS: FOOT OF MORRIS TO MOORE STS.

Office: 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.



B. F. SHARPLESS, Pres.

N. U. Funk, Sec.

C. H. CAMPBELL, TREAS.

# SBLOOMSBURG S

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 n

equal in desirability for residence purposes.

CHOICE LOTS are offered at values that will be doubled in 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 ar plication.

Call upon or write to the Secretary, or J. S. Woods, Sale 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. H. W. McREYNOLDS, DR. I. W. WILLITS N. U. Funk.

of gold and steel glasses

J. G. WELLS',

during month of July and August.

Eyes examined free of charge at

J. G. WELLS.

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN. Repairing watches, clocks and jewelery, a specialty.

Look Here!

Do you want a PIANO?

Do you want an ORGAN:?

Do you want a

Sewing Machine?

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

#### 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

For anything in this line the place to go is to

# J. Saltzer's.

Ware-rooms, Main Street below Market.

# E. A. RAWLINGS.

-DEALER IN-

All Kinds of Meat.

Beef, Veal, Lamb Mutton, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tongues, Bologna, &c. Free Delivery to all parts of the town.

CENTRE STREET.

C. H. REICE'S OLD STAND. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

# Bring The Babies.

Instantaneous Process Used. Strictly first-class guaranteed photographs, crayons and copies at reasonable prices. We use exclusively the Collodion Aristotype papers, thus securing greater beauty of finish and permanency of results. CAPWELL,

SQUARE CALLERY. Over Hartman's Store.

### THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WERKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

. 1		
1	Butter per lb	.20
	Eggs per dozen	.16
	Lard per lb	.12
н	Ham per pound	.15
e	Pork, whole, per pound07	to .ol
	Beef, quarter, per pound of	to .08
0	Wheat per bushel	-79
1.3	Oats " "	+55
d	Kye " "	.69
	Wheat flour per bbl	3.00
-	Hay per ton 16.00 to	18.00
	Potatoes per bushel,	.80
	Turnips " "	.25
)-		1.00
	Sweet potatoes per peck25	to .40
8	Tallow per 1b	.0.
.0	Shoulder " "	.13
П	Shoulder " "	.10
н	Vinegar, per qt	.07
ы	Dried apples per lb	.0
	Dried cherries, pitted	.12
13	Raspberries	.12
16	Cow Hides per lb	.01
8,	Steer " " "	.0
	Calf Skin40	to .50
	Sneep pelts	,00
	Shelled corn per bus	.60
==	Corn meal, cwt	2.00
	Bran, "	1.00
	Chop "	1.20
		1.10
	Chickens per lb new	.13
	" " old	.01
at	Turkeys " "	.13
	Geese	.10
	Ducks " "	.10
	COAL,	



No. 6, delivered.....

" 6 at yard .....

4 and 5 " .....

" 4 and 5 at yard.....