#### EVENTIDE.

The daylight dies, the evening air Is still and very still:
The mill-stream makes a drower hum
About the gray old mill:
The bleat of sheep sounds full and deep
From the pastures on the bill.

Now every rude and jarring sound That vexed the garish day Is husbed to reet, the fired winds In whispers die away! Across the darkening fields I hear The schoolboys still at play.

Down the still stream the city belis Come dropping clear and thin: On purple-sandaled feet the night, The tranquii night, draws in The dreaming air is sweet and res With the smell of teasurain-

The gloaming, like a halo grave, Rests on the village church; The fading lights glid tenderly The little ivied porch; frever the yellow harvest moon Eath lit her raidy torch.

Or, might the peace of the twilight boar Drop deep into my breast. And quiet there each daylight care That on my spirit prest.

That my heart might be unfettered, free,

#### MISS BELINDA'S BEES.

How They Assisted the Little God of Love.

When the city visitors who swarmed around Maple Center and registered their names by the score in the books of the village hotel strolled out on the Maple road they always stopped at the Bubble farmhouse and cried: "How exquisitel How picturesque!" And, for the life of her, Miss Belinds Bubble did not know why. "It min't as if I could afford a coat of

paint to the old house," said she. "It's just a slate brown, with winter storms and summer suns; and the grape arbor's all a-tumblin' down for lack of a brace or two of solid timber; and the well sweep ain't half as convenient as Mrs. Claghorn's new chain pump, no way you can fix it; and the stun' wall's all overgrowed with them pesky runnin' vines and briers! To be sure, the four o'clocks and mornin' glories are sort o' pretty by the fence, and there ain't no prettier hollyhocks in the country than them dark-red and cherry-colored ones just this side of the pear tree. As for the beehives, I always did like beehives, even if it wasn't for the honey. My mother set a heap o' store by them beehives, and there they've stood, nine of 'em in a row, ever since I can remember. And there sin't no honey in all the county as has got the flavor of ourn. I don't know whether it's Squire Carbuncle's buckwheat field or that there clover medder of Mr. Darnell's as does it. But you can fairly taste the sunshine and the flowers in it!"

And it was a gennine sight, at swarming-time, when Miss Belinda issued forth into the black and booming clouds, all gloved and veiled and tied up in a mosquito netting, with a tin pan and skimmer in her hand.

"I ginerally have first rate good luck with the swarms," said Belinds. "I don't know when I've lost one, if only folks would let me alone. But it's the meddlin' people that come to offer their help that upsets me and the been 'Squire Carbunele, now he's real sensible. He don't never come round interferin'. If he sees the bees makin' up their minds to swarm he jest gets up off his garden chair and goes into the For bees, they're dreadful senstble. They have their likes and their disliftes, jest as buman creeturs haveand they never could get along with Squire Carbuncle!"

Squire Carbuncie was a quiet, grizzleheaded man of fifty, who farmed a model farm, with all the new machinery patents liberally oiled with gold, read the agricultural papers, and was always "just going to" write an article for the Gentleman Farmer. Miss Bubble herself was not much younger. She supported herself in a genteel way by vest-making for a factory in the neighborhood.

"I s'pose." said Miss Bubble, "Squire Carbuncle'll get married some day, and I do hope he'll choose a sociable wife that I can take comfort with, exchanging patterns and chatting of an evening over the garden fen ce.

Belinda Bubble is a sensible woman," said Squire Carbuucle, in his deep, sonorous voice. "To my certain knowledge, she has refused one or two shiftless fellows who wanted to marry her merely to be supported. She's a good deal better off single than mar-

Miss Belinds never said a word when Squire Carbuncle's superb liver-colored setter killed her favorite Muscovy duck -and the squire, on his part, condoned the offense, when Miss Bubble's chickens scratched up all his early lettuce and made havor with his seeding pansies and pinks.

"Neighbors orter be neighborly," said Miss Belinda. "And dog's nature is dog's nature!"

"I must stop up the cracks under the fence," said the squire. "Of course, Belinds can't help her chickens getting through! No woman could."

Thus matters were, when Miss Belinda's cousin, Fannie Halkett, came to visit her-a plump, peach-cheeked roung woman who was cashier at a glove-store in the city.
"Cousin Hubble," said Fannie, "why

don't you marry Squire Carbunele?"

La, Fanniei" cried the elderly dam-sel, starting back so suddenly, that she stepped on one of the velvet-white

paws of the pet kitten. "Yes, truly, why don't you?" said Fannie. "He needs a wife and it. would be very nice for you to have a husband. Now wouldn't it?"

"Go "long," said Miss Belinda. "I nexe thought of such a thing! Nor him neither. Go out, Fannie, and pick a mesa o' white Antwerp raspberries for ten and don't let me hear no more such nonsensa."

"Nonsense!" echoed Fannie, laughing, as sho went off with a blue-edged bowl in her hand "But I think it An't nonsense at all."

And among the Antwerp raspberry-vines she talked the matter over with Julian Hall, Squire Carbuncle's nophow, any inconvenience.

who had come to the farm for a week's trout fishing, and who had developed a very strong propensity for reading novels under the old pear-tree that overshadowed Miss Bubble's garden fence

Wouldn't it be nice?" said Fannie. "Splendidf" Julian answered, leaning over to put a handful of respherries into the blue-edged bowl.

Whether he leaned too far and lost bis footing or how it happened he did not know; but certain it is that just at that moment, one of the bechives fell-crash!-over among the respherry bushes Fannie fled in wild fright, and Julian himself, recovering his balance as best he might was driven to ignominious flight.

"Who did that?" said Squire Carbancle, issuing out of the door. "I'm afraid I did, sir!" confessed

"And what am I to say to Miss Belinda Babbie?" sternly demanded his

"I'm sure, sir, I don't know!" answered Julian

"Such a thing never happened before in all the years that we have lived as neighbor to each other," said Mr. Carbuncle "Of course, the bees have got away and the glass honey boxes are

broken?" "I am very sorry, sir," said Julian. The squire, an eminently just man. harnessed up his gray pony and drove to town the next day. That evening he called at the Bubble farmhouse with a square package, neatly done up to brown paper, in his arms. Fannie

Haikett came to the door.
"My dear," said Squire Carbuncle, "Is your cousin at home?

"Yes, sir," said Fannis, fluttering all over and showing the way into the best parlor, where the blue paper shades were down and the stuffed owl on the mantel transfixed the chance visitors with its eyes of glittering green glass.

"Tell her I've called on very par-ticular business," said the squire, sonorously. "Yes, sir!" said Fannie, and away she

ran "Consin Belinda, take your hair out of those crimping pins at once," said she, "and let me fasten this blue-ribbon bow at your throat. He's in the parlor. He's come to propose."
"Nonsense, Fannie!"

"But he has! He as good as told me sot" cried Fannie, standing on tiptoe to kiss Miss Belinda's withered apple of a cheek "Do make haste! Don't keep him waiting. Men don't like to be kept waiting." And she fairly pushed Belinda Bubble into the best room.

"Miss Rubble," said the squire, solemnly, rising to his feet, "I have called to ask if you will accept

"Yes, Seth," cried Miss Belinds, flinging kerself late his arms. Luckily he had bethought himself to lay square package down on the table. "Yes, dear Seth, I will Fannie told me you was going to propose to me, but I didn't believe it And I'll be as good wife to you as I know how. And, oh, Seth, I've always loved you since we were young people and went to singing school together!"

The squire opened and shut his mouth as if it were some curious piece of machinery. "Eh!" said he, staring mechanically

at the owl

"I hope," faftered Miss Bubble, "you don't think I've been too hasty in accepting your offer?"

No. Belinda, no," said Mr. Carbunele, swallowing down a lump in his throat. "I am much obliged to you for saying 'yes,' and I am quite convinced my dear, that you will be a good wife

And so this autumnal couple became engaged; and the squire never told Belinds that it was the colony of Italian bees he had brought her, not himself, to lay as an offering at her shrine.

"But it's just as well," said the squire to himself. "I ought really to be set-tled in life, and Belinda is a most worthy woman. It is best at times to abandon oneself entirely to circumstances."

"Didn't I tell you so, Cousin Belinda?" said Fannie, exultantly.

One wedding makes many, and neither of the elders was surprised when Julian and Fannie became engaged shortly after.

'The humming of bees will be the sweetest music in all the world to my ears after this," said Julian, fervently "I always was partial to bees," reiterated Miss Belinda. - Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

A Novel Way to Collect a Bill

Quite a novel suggestion in the way of bill-collecting was made the other day through the mistake of a man mailing two letters in this city. had had considerable difficulty in persuading a young women that his goods had not been sold to her for the mere pleasure of selling, and finally she had dismissed his messenger with the statement that she did not want to hear from him again. Nothing was left for the merchant to do but to resort to the United States mails. He accordingly sat down and wrote to the young woman a letter which was characterized rather by terseness and vigor than by any terms of affection. Fortunately or unfortunately for him, he had a social acquaintance with another young lady in the same house, and while he had his pen he thought he would write to her, too, a personal letter. When he came to direct his envelopes. though, he sent the dunning letter to his personal friend and his personal letter to his debtor. It is needless to say that the mistake was corrected within a few moments after the receipt of the letters, but the debtor's chagrin at the revelation of her position to another was so great that she paid her bill immediately. - Washing-

—The common polypus has the most wonderful power of life. Cut one into a dozen pieces and a dozen creatures. are the result. Two have been sliced and joined together, producing mon-sters with two heads. When turned inside out like a glove finger they do not seem to notice any change or sustain

ton News

CURRENT COMMENT.

It doesn't make a room any cooler to put a frieze around the walls Counterfeit quarters, of very light

weight, are in extensive circulation. It is necessary to meet good luck half way, but had luck will chase you. Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

A docked horse is far more likely to get his tall over the reins and kick than a long-talled one.

A man versed in language heard ten different tongues spoken while he walked across the Brooklyn bridge re-

A sympathetic strike is one so engi-secred by its managers as to deprive strikers of the sympathy of the community

In the United States there are over 68,000 post offices. Sixty-seven thou-sand of them do not pay running ex-INCUSES.

The custard pie is the poor man's natural dessert. There is no scietocracy about the custard ple. That is to say, no upper crust.

This season the summer girl is more summery than ever, and is in evidence at all the resorts where eligible young men do most congregate

"Dar sin' much practical use," said Unch Eben, "in de kind ob penitance dat comes after a man's done et de chicken whut be mathered de night Prof. Browster, of Vale, asserts that

there are more abandoned farms in Kansas than in New England, and that they are abandoned for better "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," quoted the cheese sand-wich to the Welsh rabbit, and the

string band in the corner started in Washington has salmon fisheries worth \$1,500,000 a year, and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports \$8,000,000

worth of lumber and coal, and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat. Friend-"Now that you have made collions, what will you do?" Old Bulllon-"I shall refire and amuse myself telling people what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I was

DOOF. "Yoh kain't allus depen' on whut you byeah," said Uncle Eben. "'Tain't necessarily de young man dat shoots off de mos fiab crackabs on de Fouri ob July dat 'ud be de fus' ter eniis' ef wah broke out."

The two steamers for the American line building in the Cramps' yard are known as "the saints," one being the St. Louis and the other the St. Paul. The Transcript observes that they are expected to go like sin. The most easily digested meats, ac-

cording to a scientific journal, range in the following order: Cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, tenderlein, sirloin steak, lamb chops, roast beef, rabbit, rabbit ment and chicken. The raffroad workmen who destroys

railroad property in order that the railways may be able to pay better wages, possess a logic more complimentary to the orgency of their de sires than to their common sense.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The first theological seminary in this country to open its doors to women was the Meadville Theological school, which graduated two women in 1885.

By the census of 1880 the church property in the United States was calbed at \$679,604,439, and it is estimated that the yearly increase is

According to the best Biblical schol ars, the width of the Red Sea at the point where the children of Israel crossed is about five miles, and B known as Ras Atakah,

The Christian Herald rejoices in the announcement that it has through its readers and friends paid the first \$1,000 to Mr. D. I. Moody for the work of the Moody Bible Institute.

The Irish Presbyterian church is growing, but it is taking its time. It reports 194,578 members in 1894, a gain of 1,808 over the past year. The total income is \$540,000, a little more

than \$5 for each member. The Patriarch of Alexandria, now minety-five years of age, and who has been a bishop for fifty-five years, is said to be the senior bishop of Christendom. Next to him come Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who was consecrated fifty-three years ago, and Pope Leo XIII. who was consecrated

fifty-one years ago. The iron and steel to be used in the new Salvation Army headquarters, New York, weighs over 400 tons, and is estimated that 1,400,000 bricks will be required. It is said that the whole building, including the site, will cost only \$1 for each \$4,000 spent annually for liquor by the people of America.

COLLOQUIAL SPICE.

A cornet player who cannot attend the band meeting should send a sub-to-toot.—Siftings.

If you can distinctly and rapidly repeat British breeches the gold cure has been a success.-Chicago Herald. "Tome is generally the best medicine," but your creditors don't like too much of it, all the same.-You-

kers Gazette. Professor (to medical student)-Mr. Doselits, will you please name the bones of the skull y Student (perplexed)-I've got them all in my head, professor, but the names don't strike tne at the moment.-Truch.

Exasperated Young Mistress (after a wordy argument with her cook)— Why. Bridget, it perfectly absurd ! Dither you or I must be crazy. Bridget (proudly)-Sure and I wouldn't be so bold as to think ye had no more sinse than to keep a crazy cook.

Little Ethel-Johnuy took my banann. Mother—Johnny! what do you mean! — Little Johnny—It was all in the game, mamma. I said: "Let's play Broadway." and she said: "All wight." and so she got a table for a bannoa stand and then I was a policeman and walked past."-Good News.

A bad boy is condensed cussedness.

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