THE SAILOR.

Wide o'ar the ocean red lightning was flashing. High on the shore wild billows were dashing : Dark in the sky storn swallows were flying : Low in his hammock a sallor was lying. Dreaming of kindred and friends with a sigh. The happy home left—his fortune to try.

Little he thought in the battle of life How much would be found to aid in the strife; But the kissons of time soon made him aware That he who has courage to do and to dare Will ever be fearless, while others despair, And are cowardly crying, Beware ! Beware !

Who doubts that God's plans are all for the best? Surely not he who in hammock at rest. Sweetly is decuming of loved ones on shore, Awaiting the day he can see them once more,

But lot there come weal or let there come wea, The salor will meet it as friend or as foe, When he hears the loud call, up aloft to go, A-peak goes his anchor, all rendy to stow. —William Rattoone.

FACES IN THE TUNNEL

When a young man I was frequent-ly called to London on business, and my place of abode being at a considerable distance from town, the greater part of the day was occupied by the journey. I started one morn-ing as usual, getting into a carriage in which were some half dozen persons besides myself. We were not a very communicative party. Two gen-tlemen, 1 recollect, slept nearly the whole of the way to London; and one, who sat opposite me, was buried in his newspaper. Our train did not stop at many points, but at one of the principal stations which the line passes, just before entering a tunnel of some length, lamps were put into all the carriages. I recollect, after we started, watching the sides of the cutting, which rose higher and higher as we went on, t'll, with a shrick, the engine rushed into the tunnel, and all outside the carriage was durkness.

People who are not in the habit of surneying much by rallway have ften a dislike to tunnels, I am aware: but, being a constant traveller, I had no such feeling, and I could not, therewe, account for an unpleasant sensation which I experienced on entering the tunnel on this occasion-a chilly, uneasy, feeling, which increased rather than diminished as we sped on. I did not feel lonely, for the light of our hump fell brightly on the faces of my fellow passengers. I could see two of them were still sleeping. My friend opposite had, for the first time during the journey, put down his newspaper; and of two ladies in the carriage with us, one was stroking the head of a little girl, who appeared to be the only person at all uneasy except myself. Mechanically, I fell to looking at the reflection of my face upon the window, which the outer darkness had changed into a mirror, giving back the whole interior of the carriage. The uneasy feeling increas-ed, and I suddenly became impressed with the idea that the reflection was not that of my face, but of some one else's. As I looked, the conviction strengthened. It was not my face. It was the face of a man of about, my own age; but the hair was light, and the features were totally different from my own.

I can see the face now; it was look-ing intently at me; the thin lips were pressed tightly together; and around the mouth there played a peculiar sin-ister smile. The reflection of the whole inside of the carriage was plain enough, but, beside this figure, there was only one more occupant; I saw the reflection of none of my fellowtravellers sitting by me. The other figure was that of a woman, who was standing up behind the first figure. The light from above seemed to fall full upon her face, which was one of great beauty, but disfigured by a look of intense hatred and scorn, which she darted out of her dark eyes upon

night at a large, old-fashioned inn, which, in the coaching days, must have been a place of some importance. How often one meets with acquaint-ances in the most unlikely places! I recognized in the host a man whom 1 had known many years before; in fact, when I was a mere boy. He had been brought up in a lawyer's office, in the town where I was born; but having no fancy for a sedentary life, by help of a small sum of money left him by a relative, he had gone out to the Cape, where he was reported to be doing well. He was evidently much gratified at seeing me, and told me that he had had a great many experiences, had made money and lost it, but was now in comfortable cir-cumstances, and living a quiet life, which suited him best after the roughing which he had gone through. He conducted me into a well-furnished apartment-a private sitting room communicating with the bar-where, all unconscious of what was to fol-low, I prepared myself for passing an

agreeable evening. 1 don't believe in presentments, for surely if one should put any faith in them, now was the time for a very different sensation from that I ex-perienced, as, after partaking of substantial refreshment in my friend's sanctum, I accepted the tender of an excellent cigar, and drew my chair to the fire, very much at ease, and congratulating myself on the good for-tune which had led me to seek the shelter of so hospitable a roof. My friend apologized for the absence of "the wife," as he called her, but said that I should make her acquaintance in a few minutes, as she would by that time have finished some domestic task that she was then engaged in. I remember I was speculating as to what kind of a lady "the wife" would prove to be, when a side door opened, and I saw what gave me a thrill of horror. Wearing the same dress, loaded with the same jewelry, regarding me with the same dark and terrible eyes, stood the woman of the tunnel. With appalling distinctness the whole of that horrible circumstance recurred to me-and there she was.

1 cannot tell the expression which my countenance wore, but I know my friend looked disconcerted; he must have noted the change that came over me, and wondered what should cause it. But here I must note another pe-cultarity in this terrible meeting; if I recognized this woman as Identical with the apparition which I had seen in the tunnel, she, too, recognized me as identical with some one or some thing which she had seen. I could see depicted on her countenance, first horror, and then fear, and then the same look of hate that the apparition had darted on the other figure which I saw in the tunnel. I don't know what our greeting was like. I gasp-ed out something, as I took her hand, and she did the same, and then ab-ruptly retired. I apolog'zed to my friend, told him I had never seen the lady before, as indeed I had not, add-ing that I had a nervous affection, which must account for my extraor-dinary conduct. Still, as may be sup-posed, he seemed far from satisfied; and for my part, any one may imagine the state of my feelings. The lady remained in the bar, and as I glanced at her furtively, I could see that she was regarding me with a steady gaze of intense fear and aversion. How I wished I had never visited the house -the town. What was to be done? What would come of it all?

One thing I felt-I could not sit there longer; I could not decently re-sume my conversation with the land-I could do one thing-I could go lord. to bed. I accordingly told my host that I felt unwell, and would retire for the night. He said nothing, but fetched a candlestick, and motioned me to follow him. The chamber to which the landlord conducted me did not wear a reassuring aspect, in spite of a bright fire which was burning in the grate. It might have been a haunted room; the autique bed furniture, the huge, lumbering chairs, the quaint pattern of the paper on the walls-all spoke of those who had passed away. My host having bade me good night I threw myself into a chair, and be-gan to reflect. After all I had seen, it was not to be wondered at if I was in an uneasy state of mind. This woman, for some reason, evidently re-garded me with fear and hatred, and was I safe? Could I trust myself to slumber? Might she not visit me, and while I slept, repeat the tunnel in-cident? For, as I had not the least doubt of her identity with the apparition I had seen, I had come to believe that she had really committed a mur-der. Could I, wearied as I was, keep awake? The moon was shining into the room; I tried to imagine the as pect of her face by that light, and the idea of meeting her alone was too much for me. It was true I had lock-my door, but then she might possess a key, or, if not, I doubted if a ricklock would present an insuperable obstacle to an enemy of so determined a character. As things did not look very promising inside, I pulled up my blind, and looked out. Below me was the inn-yard, down into which the full moon was shining so brightly that I could have counted every paving stone. Two heavy, lumbering gates, unclosed, were in front of me, leading into the street, and right under my window stood a cart with a load of straw. The height was not great, and in half a minute 1 was out of my window, and plump down upon the straw, without anybody being the wiser. I slid down from the load, and out of the yard I walk 1, and across the street. A little public house chanced to be still open, for it was not late, and here I speedily engaged a bed. The parlor company I found much more numerous than select. However, I was fain to make one of the party, and though it may not enhance my reputation for courage, yet I am bound to say that despite certain turbulent proceedings I never more heartily relished the society of my fellow-crea-tures in my life The first thing I heard the next The first thing I heard the next morning was the startling intelligence that, but a few minutes after the landlord had conducted me to the room whence I had made my escape, his wife had suddenly expired. A medical man was called in, and stated that the cause of death was heart disease on opinion which a subsed'sease-an opinion which a subsejuent post-mortem examination of the

body showed to be correct. 1, how ever, thought it necessary, as briefly as possible, to narrate to the landlord the whole of the occurrences of which I had been a witness, and, as may be expected, the recital affected him considerably, though whether he believed that what I described had actually happened, or was the fruit of an overwrought imagination, I cannot say. The woman was, however, dead, and none could tell the cause of her strange conduct on encountering me;

strange conduct on encountering me; whether her feelings were similar to my own, or whether, whatever they might be, they were caused by the cold touch of approaching death. The woman being deceased, I did not think it necessary to make the particulars of this business further known. The husband told me volun-tarily that he had married his wife at the Cape, whither she had arrived at the Cape, whither she had arrived only a few months previously from England. He confessed that he knew but little of her previous history. Here, then, the matter was allowed to rest. I took leave of my host on the following day, and have never met him since. One thing remains to be told. Quite

by accident, I subsequently learned that, shortly before my memorable journey to London, the body of a man, fearfully mangled by passing trains, had been taken up at the mouth of the tunnel.

Can Atlantis be Held a Sen Serpent?

There seems to be no longer any doubt that the Louisiana Lottery Com-pany is building "Atlantis," the new structure of iron and coment which proposes to defy the laws of nations on the high seas, and send ahbas-sadors to every court. Concerning this enterprise, a well-known New Yorker said recently: "The United States government, let

us concede, has no existing legal right to blow this concern out of the water. and certainly these men would not in-vest millions without having taken the best advice obtainable from admiralty lawyers. But why should not the United States government usurp such a right, and then fall back upon the Supreme Court to sustain it, on the plea that equity demands that the government owes a duty to its citizens to preserve them from being vic-timized by swindles of any sort? We are beginning to find out that we are a nation and, as such, justified in ex-ercising autocratic privileges occasion-ally. Besides, the lottery company, as an illegeal organization, would have no standing in court and be thrown A man-of-war ought to treat Atlantls with just the same degree of consideration it would show a sea serpent-and no more. Obviously the lottery company hopes to make an American Monaco and tempt its vic-tims to gamble by mail."-New York ress

He Threw Up the Job. Speaking of William Dean Howells, the novelist, the Whisperer takes the privilege of relating the following story, of which he was a witness: When the Whisperer was in New York two years ago one of the first things he did was to call on John Adams, formerly a Syracuse news-paper man, but then connected with the Cosmopolitan. Adams' editorial room was facing the V, where Broad-way and Fifth avenue cross. John Brisgen Walker's room was east of Adams', and Howells' was situated on the west. Mr. Adams was just looking over a short story by Mrs. E. Burton Harrison, when in came Will-iam Dean, his hair scrupulously "banged" and a basket in his hands filled with "rejecteds." William was evidently angered about something,

and he spoke to Adams. "Adams," he said, "who accepted this frivolous story?" pointing to one



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THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ser companion.

My only sensation now, I recollect, was curiosity; all fear had vanished; I saw them as plainly as I now see my hand, and noticed that the woman was magnificently dressed, wear-ing, in particular, a blaze of jewelry, sparkled strangely in harmony with the lurid light of her dark and terrible eyes. She seemed for one moment to hesite in some purpose; the next her hands were flung up, and I saw a red cord wind itself round her companion's throat. It was clutched with fearful fury. I saw two rows of cruel gleaming teeth glit-tering in concert with those eyes. But at I shall never forget the ghastly grin of agony upon that visage that deepened and deepened, and then went out from the face that fell prone the face of a dead man. I saw for a moment the woman's cruel eyes dart forth a look of fiendish triumph, her cruel hands smitten together, her mouth moulded into a cruel laugh. her hen we whirled out into the daylight and I saw my friend opposite quietly inking up his newspaper again.

My emotions, while witnessing the terr ble speciaele I have just describ-ed, gave place to a lethargy which lasted while I remained in the train. My recollections all seemed imperfect. My business, my destination, the place I had started from, the time of $d\pi v - I$ seemed confused on all these pecints; and it was only when I step-pel into the street, and felt the cool breeze on my face, that I recovered stell-possession. These disagreeable effects, nowever, passed off as my thoughts were diverted into fresh claunels. The real and tangible world in which I was moving soon got the better of the terrible vision in by mind; and being naturally im-patient of morb⁻¹ and superstitious rulons, I soon persuaded myself that I must have been sleeping in the rall-way earriage, and that I must have been very much frightened with a fream, due probably to indigestion. Practical man as I profess to be, I was not going to expose myself to the ridicule of other practical individuals by taking them into my confidence. Thus went on; I dieted myself a litat I travelled home by another route, now no more visions; and, in the course of a month, I only recollected the incident of the tunnel as I should thy other peculiar dream, the impresworking life had not obliterated.

A few months after my journey to Landon, I had occasion to make an-stiter journey of some length, in a dif-creat direction. I got into the train, ussed through the tunnels unscathed, and found myself at nightfall in a country town, to which I was a per-feet stranger. I took lodging for the

held in his hands.

Adams looked at it, and made the remark that probably Mr. Walker, the chief, had.

"Well," it shows very had taste," said Howells, "and I can't see how he let it go through his hands."

So he went into Walker's room. Mr. Walker said to Mr. Howells that he had accepted the story, and that he considered it a very good one, though it did come from an author unknown. Mr. Howells stated his dislike of it and of its questionable literary merit; but his words did not affect Mr Walker in the least. What he deem-ed necessary to the success of the Cosmopolitan he accepted. He believed his judgment to be as good as Howells'.

This was the first rift in the lute between the famous author and the famous editor. It was not over three months after this little episode three months after this little episode that Howells resigned his desk, and de-voted his time to "A Traveler from Alturia," As assistant of Walker he was drawing \$17,500; as a writer he now draws \$10,000. Another thing that caused Howells to resign was the hours. He was compelled to get down to the office at 9 o'clock and remain until 5 in the afternoon. This, he averred, interfered greatly with his own work. The literary writers and editors of New York call Howells the "fat woman," because he is so fussy. -Syracuse Post.

No Title.

The proper title of an ex-President is his plain name, without prefex or annex. A writer in the Outlook tells an incident illustrative of this fact: Col. Hay once had occasion to write to Mr. Buchanan. Wishing to be very correct and civil, I asked Mr. Hunter, he says, as the depository of all offi-cial traditions, what was the proper title to use. He told me that the rank of an ex-President was so high that no title would properly be used, and that the only address for the Sage of Wheatland was James Buchanan. I afterward found that this was the law observed by the State Department. I imagine that very few correspondents know or regard such a rule.

Destructive Quality.

The extraordinary shattering and destructive effect of the modern smallore and hard-cased rifle bullet is illustrated by the result of some ex-periments recently carried out at Zwickau, when twelve soldiers of Saxon infantry were ordered to fire volleys from a distance of 300 metres at a brick wall about 2½ metres high and about 40 centimetres thick. After the minth volley the wall was simply a shattered heap of ruins.-New York Post.

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.

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