### AN CRIENTAL TALE.

tefore an Eastern king one day, Appeared a man both pure and wise; The king begged of the man to say What road to take to paradise.

"For various sects," he said, "declare There's but one road that we can take, and of the rest we must beware: o tell me for my own soul's sake."

Here paused the king; the hall was still And the wise man looked thoughtfully; But round the audience went a thrill When thus he spake on bended knee.

"O mighty king, a loving race Finis half the light of heaven in thee, And I beseech thy partoning grace Fur what my sole reply must be.

"Enthroned are thou within a hall Where various doors the guests admit; Alike thy spiendor falls on all, whichever way they enter it.

"That I have found one certain way "That I have found one certain way Your messenger the praise must claim; So chazied was I by his sway, I cannot tell what road I came." —Joel Benton.

# ABOUT UNCUT DIAMONDS.

It is difficult to place a value on an uncut diamond. It is irregular in shape, and often so covered with unsightly flakes that it is impossible to determine either its size, weight, or lustre, upon which its price depends. But all gems, cut or uncut embody great value in the smallest space. There are multitudes of precious siones worth each from fitty thousand dollars to half a million and yet so small that a lady might stuff a fortune of them inside of her glove in the paim of her hand.

I recall the case of a woman who had been terribly disfigured in a burning theatre her skinny fingers being drawn tight down upon her palm. And yet she made space between fingers and palm to squeeze into her uncanny clutch, while being inspected, an un-Gat gem, on which, had she evaded the eyes of the officer, she would have re-alized an unlawful gain of nearly \$20,-

Uncut stones are frequently smuggled into the country by stokers and other common steamship hands. It is a comparatively easy thing to evade the inspectors with a handful of seeming pebbles, dumped, perhaps, into a coal-hod, and still more diaguised with the grime, the whole lot, gems and coal, treated as if worthless, until chance occurs to carry them ashore. But such hands are sometimes lordly members of the bon-ton, who, to replenish their funds, doff their broadcloths, don cotton jeans, and shovel coal or wash decks for a few voyages. One stoker was so successful in smuggling that after two years at the furnace mouth he retired to an inland city, where he now lives in grand style; but we could never procure convicting evidence of his rascality.

A lapidary is one whose trade it is to take diamonds in the rough, and polish them to forms suitable for ornaments. The Dutch are lapidaries of the world, and since the discovery of the South African diamond fields in 1867, immigrants from Holland, skillful in their trade, have caused the custom officials of America no little trouble. They seldom open their shops, however, in cities along the seaboard. Having always more or less smuggled gems to cut, they dare not undertake the work too near our chief offices, lest our vigilance find them out. Hence inland towns receive them, and their agents and others having smuggled siones to cut, steer for them immediately upon leaving the steamer.

steer for tem immedia upon leaving the steamer.

"Goot-py, mine vrend. Ven you comes pack py dem gems of me. I gifs you von pig pargain. You see, bays no gov'ment pounty. Uncle Sam no shmart 'nough for me. So I sell you sheap."

My nexi with was to set eyes on Von Twiller. The second mate of the steamer named was an acquaintance, and the very afternoon of her next arrival in port, divesting myself of every visible sign of official character, I called on him, finding him in charge of the vessel for the day. I explained my errand, and joining him in a stroll along the deck, he at once directed my attention to a fellow scrubbing the ship. He was Von Twiller, a surlylooking man, whom, once seen, would not be readily forgotten. I took care that he should not observe me.

Half an hour later, from conceal-ment I was watching my man as he washed the lower deck, astern, where it had been soiled by immigrants. Several officers in citizen's dress were within easy call, ready to come or go at my signal.

Von Twiller had a bucket of steaming hot water and a scrubbing cloth, and was hard at work, but after awhile noticed two or three things that seemed somewhat significant.

He was singularly uneasy, con-stantly glancing up and down the river front, as if expecting an arrival; with which I combined the actions of two men in a skiff not far distant and slowly approaching, but out of his view. They seemed to be looking for him and he for them, or so my suspicions interpreted it.

Attached to the bucket was not only the usual rope for taking up water from the river, but a longer cord, like a fishing-line, loosely coiled, with a huge cork at the end of it, and Von Twiller seemed anxious to keep it out of sight. I observed also that when he dipped the cloth in the brimming bucket he avoided immersing it, as if the pail were quite shallow. Such things proved nothing conclusively, and yet were enough out of the ordinary to awaken suspicion.

Slowly the men in the skiff worked along the starboard of the great steamer and rounded her stern, coming into Von Twiller's view at last, and I thought a covert recognition passed between them. Presently one of them removed his hat and gave it a pecultar swinging motion, whereupon Von Twiller doffed his cap and returned the signal. Then the man in the skiff gave a long, low whistle, to which Von Twiller also replied in the same style, and this, notwithstanding the fact that he and they were not forty feet apart, easy speaking distance.

case was rapidly assuming The shape and interest. It was evident that something decisive would not be long delayed.

Suddenly Von Twiller laid the cloth on the rail, and lifting the bucket poured its soiled contents in the river I noticing that it held but little water for so large a pail. Next, placing the cord and cork in the bucket and grasping the rope, he swung it over the side to dip up water for rinsing purposes. Giving it a sidewise turn, it filled, and he started to draw it up but with such energy as to snap the "Too thin!" I muttered to myrope. self, for his intention was perfectly clear.

Steadily the light bucket settled into the water and soon strangely sank from sight, but floating where it went down lay the cork.

For an hour the skiff drifted about in the most innocent manner, the men not seeming to notice the cork, which regarded with special interest kept my hiding, however, confident of results Meantime Von Twiller had silently disappeared below deck. At length, when night was falling, the fellows approached the cork, and lifting it into the skiff, drew up the sunken bucket and detached the cord. Then they drifted again, now under the open piers and again outside. But I was not ready as yet to interfere with them, for I hoped by delaying to trace them to their headquarters and bag a gang of their pals. When it was quite dark and the lamps were lighted, I called one of my aids to watch them, while with two others I entered a yawl which we had in readiness near by, and pulled around to the vicinity of the skiff. By my direction my companions were dressed and acted like sailors half drunk, and searching for our ship in that neighborhood; I also reclining in the stern in a tipsy manner. The fellows did not suspect us as we paddled here and there, singing, shouting, and variously making merry. They evi-dently had some cause for remaining on the spot, perhaps waiting for Von Twiller. At least I hoped that was their reason, for I wished to have them all together. I was also watching for a chance to seize the bucket by stratagem, lest they might suddenly drop it in the river beyond recovery, as, if my suspicions were right, we had to deal with desperate men. All of that class are; the magnitude of their ventures makes them so. At length another long, low whistle from the dock overhead hastened my We were three or four boat action. lengths from the skiff, when, arousing from my apparent drowse of the last hour, I sung out to my aids at the oars:

## THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

badge arrested the bullet. By this time my assistants got to work in the same line, and for a moment bullets flew thick and fast both ways.

When the fusillade stopped, we discovered that one rascal had received more than his share, an ugly furrow across his check, a piece of lead in his rifht shoulder, and his left arm broken. He lay on the bottom of the skiff. The other fellow, though apparently unharmed, was completely emoralized and crying like a baby. I thought it was probably new busi-ness to him. We escaped without a scratch.

Not delaying for further examina-tion, we took the skiff in tow, and pulled away to reach a doctor. But at the instant another man sprang from some where under the dock, and landed on the seat just vacated by the wounded chap. At the same time a stern voice

hailed over the edge of the pler: "Halloo! What's going on down there? Paddle out here, you shooting scoundrels, and explain."

I recognized the voice of a police-man of my acquaintance, and called out who we were, and that we wanted an ambulance at once. Fulling to a ladder, the injured fellow was lifted up on the dock, and passed from our care. Next day I found him in a hospital, doing finely and identified him as one of the worst of harbor desper-

Relieved of the wounded man, we rowed away, still towing the skiff, and when fairly out in the light, I found that the newcomer was Von Twiller. Immediately I demanded his arms, when another fight ensued, ending in more work for the doctors.

When Von Twiller was hurt enough to keep the peace, and his revolver was taken from him, it seemed best to search the frightened man more thoroughly for weapons, lest he might find his courage and give us another skir-mish. But as I turned him about to get at his pockets, he suddenly stood up, sprang head first into the river, and vanished. We rested on the oars, expecting him to come up in an instant, when we would pull him in again

But here was the mystery of the He did not reappear. We night. rowed about the spot several minutes, watching for him in vain, and finally concluded that he must have swam under water to the shelter of the dock and crept out in the dark, a prodig ious task, as the distance was doubt less 200 feet.

At length we pased on to the government pier, called another ambul-ance for Von Twiller, and then went to the custom office to examine the bucket.

Will wonders never cease? The bucket had a double bottom, four or five inches apart, and between them was stored a quantity of uncut gems, the value of which I dare not state lest it discredit the whole affair. It was the boldest and the largest job of smuggling I ever detected, and the easiest.

The next day the body of the man who jumped overboard was found in the harbor, and the cause of his demoralization was explained; a bullet had entered one ear and lodged in his brain. But from his position it was clear that it was fired by his pal, who sat beyond him in the skiff, and designed it for me. I cannot say that I was sorry it missed me.

Thank Heaven! both of the fellows whom we had hit recovered.

Women in the World.

According to the most reliable estimates the world to-day contains 280,-

# For Thin Children.

Children are always thin and pale when they do not assimilate enough fat. This seems strange, perhaps, but it is literally true. Unless there is a healthy as-similation of fat food the blood becomes depleted, tissues waste away, vitality becomes low and the body languishes for the need of proper nourishment.

# Scott's Emulsion

is useful to children, especially in two ways. It is Codliver Oil emulsionized, thus being easily assimilated and rendered palatable, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to tone up the nervous system and nourish the bones. This combination of these potent nutrients is just what thin children need to give them flesh, color and vitality. Almost all children like it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute !

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## THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

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Butter per lb\$	.20
Eggs per dozen	.14
Lard per lb	.12
Ham per pound	
Dark whole and see and	.12
Pork, whole, per pound	.c6
Beef, quarter, per pound . 07	to .10
Wheat per bushel	.80
Wheat per bushel	.45
Rye " "	
Wheat flour per bbl	.65
Wheat hour per bol	3.60
Hay per ton 12 00 to	14.00
Potatoes per bushel,	.75
Turnips " "	.25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck 25	to 10
Tallow per 1b	
Shoulder if if	·4‡
Shoulder " "	.11
Side meat " "	.10
Vinegar, per gt.	.07
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.12
Raspberries	
Cow Hides per lb	.14
Loon Allices Del ID.	

N. U. FUNK, Sec.

A few years ago a message came from Chicago that certain Dutch lapidaries in that city had a surplus of stock and it was believed that they had agents on the seaboard and abroad engaged in illegal business. This put us on our mettle, for what the message hinted at we were sure of, since we were registering very few uncut gems; hence, somebody must be entering them unregistered. After considerable consultation, the case was placed in my hands to ferret out.

My first move was to obtain a rough gem of low grade, though to a novice it seemed all right, and going to Chicago, I hunted up the suspected lapidaries, to whom I was totally unknown, to have them cut it for me. I pretended to have been a Pennsylvania farmer who had recently sold my farm a fabulous price as "oil territory." and tried to act like a green farmer suddenly lifted out of his sphere. basated of my wealth, and stated that the diamond had cost me \$5,000. After examining it, the lapidary exclaimed:

"Gott in Himmel! how you vos got sheated ven you bays fife tousan for dot. See dot vlaw? No goot shtone. Vert not fife hunder dollar. Vare you dot sheat

I told him that I bought it in Philadelphia, and appeared very much grieved at its defects, but declared my Intention of venturing again, as I was resolved to own some rich diamonds, "I've got the cash," ranted I, "and I'll buy every jewel in Philadelphia but I'll have some fine ones."

"Vell, now, mynheer, you not go Philadelph to py diamonds. Ve can gif you virst vater shewels. Ve has pig shtock, sblendid gems, sheap."

Why!" said I, "where do you find diamonds in Chicago? I thought they came across the ocean from South Africa, and landed at the seaports."

"Dot ish all right. Dey comes from Sout Afric, but ve has agents dare, nn' anoder on der shteamer, so ve has em right avay from dose mines. Com dis vay, I show you."

Following him, he showed me under glass a magnificent display of gems, such as I had never seen in my rather abundant opportunities as an official. In genuine wonder, I exclaimed:

Why! you must have been years

collecting so many?" "Nein. Ve sells many, Shanging abtock all der dime, Dem shtones DOW. Not been fife monts in Amertea

I did not buy of the Dutchman, but I crept so far into his greed and confidence that we went out and drank together, and I learned that their cant was a deck hand on a certain Tailier. When I departed, as he sup-presed for San Francisco, he was quite Tusive.

"Here, you lubbers! what ye about under these docks? Pull away, and put me aboard the ship."

With a fitful effort they manned the oars and sent the yawl here and there in the- most drunken style, I meanwhile cursing them full blast. It was not very dark where we were, owing to the indirect light of numerous lamps, and in the course of the helter-skelter rowing we ran stern first against the skiff.

This was my chance. Without a lisp of apology I turned, stretched out my hand, grasped the bucket and lifted

it into the yawl. Instantly I found out what sort of fellows we were dealing with. One of them whipped out a pistol and plant-ed a bullet in the tiller post, directly opposite the small of my back, a fatal shot but for the post; while another as I wheeled to use my own revolver, struck me in the left breast, where it also would have vetoed my relating the incidents had it not met with my official badge pinned on my vest and doing guard duty over my heart. The

000,000 grown women. Among civilized nations the United States have actually the largest share, their fem-inine population being 30,554,370. Russia comes next with an adult feminine population of 23,200,000. Then a long way after come the German empire with 10,930,000, Austria with 9,680,000, Great Britain with 8,766,000, France with 8,586,000 and Italy with 6,850,000. Spain comes next on the list with 4, 130,000 of the fair sex, and she is followed by Belgium with 1,340,000, Roumania with 1,269,000, Sweden with 1,-170,000, Portugal with 1,080,000 and Holland with 1,070,000. The countries whose adult feminine population does not reach 1,000,000 are Switzerland, which has only 690,000; Norway which has 465,000, and Greece and Denmark, which are tied at 490,000.

In this estimate it will be quoted that the entire female population of the United States is given and only the number of grown women in the different countries of Europe. As a matter of fact, in proportion to its population, this country has fewer women than most of the others mentioned.

The proportion of women to men in the United States is greatest in New England, where the women are in excess. It is least in the far west, where the number of men exceeds that of the women. Wyoming has the smallest female population, 21,362; New York the largest, 3,020,960; while it is said that one factory in New England employs 12,000 women.

#### The Foundation Stone of Success,

The one great rule of business is that of honesty, absolute and unqualified honesty, writes Edward W. Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal. All in the rules of business are worthless if they are not founded on that one and only foundation stone to true commer-cial success. Honesty is not alone the best policy in business; it is the one and only policy. Upon it, and upon it alone, can a good reputation be built and a man in business without a reputation for honesty might just as well stop. Any deviation from the rule of honesty in business may bring temporary gain, but it invariably means permanent loss. On the other hand, a strict adherence to an honest policy may mean a temporary loss, but it is sure to result in a permanent gain.

#### Rather Rough on Ibsen.

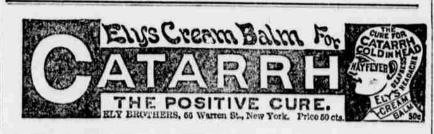
Ibsen says nothing new, his chief attraction for the prurient being the bold statement of old truths and multiplicity of platitudes. As far as this phase of his dramas goes, he is totally innocuous. He never makes sin attractive. He merely bores one to death by constantly reiterating that two and two make four. His princi-pal crime against social ethics is trying to teach by means of disgusting il-lustrations.—Boston Herald.

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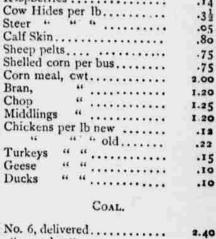
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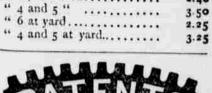
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