A LAUGH IN THE CHURCH.

she sat on the sliding cush'on. The dear wee woman of four; Her feet in their shiny slippers, Hung dangling over the floor. he meant to be good; she had promised; And so, with her big brown eves, She stared at the meeting-house windows And counted the crawling files.

The looked far up at the preacher: But she thought of the honey bees Droning away in the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees. she thought of the broken basket, Where, curied in a dusky heap, Three sleek, round pupples, with fringy

Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Buch soft, warm bodies to cuddle, Such queer little hearts to beat, Such swift, round tongues to kiss, Such sprawling, cushiony feet! She could feel in her clasping fingers The touch of the satiny skin, And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter Ran over the parted lips. So quick that she could not catch it With her rosy finger tips. The people whispered, "Bless the child," As each ore waked from a nap; But the dear wee woman hid her face For shame in her mother's lap. -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A BUNCH OF DAFFODILS.

"Where are you going to spend your Easter vacation ?" Little Mita made her way between property boxes and scenic shrubbery to where the contraito was waiting.

"At home, dear; I spend all my vaca-tions at home with the children. Poor little things, it is so seldom they see their father and mother that we never let an opportunity go by for being to-gether." The contralto's sentences, like some of her strong notes, were long, but they were as pure in thought as the notes were in expression.

"So you are going home for Easter?" Miss Jewell's step was light and they had not heard her approach. The breadth of carpet spread from her dressing-room to the stage to spare her dainty gowns and white shoes deadened the sound of her footsteps. Her question was an idle one, asked sole-ly for the sake of saying something to the contraito, whom she liked.

'Yes, I was saying to Mita that the children hardly know they have a father and mother. It always seems a pity to me that parents and children should be parted, though of course it is necessary sometimes."

There was a careless smile on Miss Jewell's lips as she came from her dressing room. She knew that the au-diency was anxiously waiting for her to make her appearance; she knew just how the applause would ring out when the curtain went down and how an usher would come down the aisle bearing a bouquet of her favorite roses, or, perhaps, a basket heaped with pur-ple and white violets. She loved the flowers, she was proud of the applause and she had a child's fondness for the color and light that were always about her.

Where will you spend your holiday, Miss Jewell?"

It was Mitn's question. One always forgave Mita for asking questions on matters that could not possibly inter-est her; she was such a childish creature.

"I have not made any arrangements; I shall probably stay in town." A rather thoughtful expression came to Miss Jewell's face, for she remembered a letter she had received only that morning from a little town among the hills

'My daughter," the letter ran, "your father and I would like to see you. I hope we may soon." Who but a mother could write like

had sent her flowers every evening for weeks and had stayed on this side of the water long after he was due in poli-tical circles at home, waiting to take the fair girl's promise back with him, out she delayed long in giving it. She pulled a few long-stemmed blos-

soms from the bunch and held them in her hand looking at them. It had been a long time since she had held daffodils in her hands. They were the flowers that hedged the garden path leading down to 10.4 street from that little cottage in Dale. When the last snow was melting under the hemiocks in the ravine in the spring it was time for the "daffys" to be is bud, the little, sharp points of green that stand like lances to grow and swell and burst into rich bloom.

They were the first flowers her child-ish fingers gathered; they were the flowers that always decked the table on her birthday. She remembered with a start that the day after to-morrow was her birthday. She had quite forgotten it until now.

There is something that comes to one at times; one is not conscious of its approach until it is an actual presence. Some call it sentiment, but whatever it is it was surely designed by all-wise Providence to touch and redeem the heart when it becomes world-hardened purse-proud, selfish and forgetful. The blase man of the world will sneer at his fellow-men and will pick up a tramp on the corner and take him where he can get a hearty supper. The modern Shylock, holding his purse strings with fingers of steel, will put a coin into a begger child's hand because she has eyes like some one he once knew. These yellow flowers, fresh as if just plucked in the prettiest garden in Dale, brought back sweet me-mories to Alice Jeweil and old-time acquaintances as if she had met them face to face.

She remembered how the little mother would say when there were guests at the cottage: "Alice, get some flowers for the table." And on Sunday morning before church, they always made a tour of the garden to see what roses were in blossom, what flowers were budding and how long it would be before the "cups and saucers" and em-peror pansies would be in bloom.

She and Walter Hale, the boy who lived next door, and sown pansy seeds in the autumn under the north windows and had gathered the blossoms in the spring when they were children. Walter was so fond of flowers and of Then when they were older he came to sing with her, and when she left home they had written to each other often. He was a student then in a distant city, but he said in one of his letters: "As soon as my graduation is over I am coming to the city to hear you sing." He was a full-fiedged M. D. and he told her her mother was failing and had grown very old in these past two years.

"I think it would do her good if you would go home once, Alice," he had said, and she had answered that it was impossible then. She had promised to go with some one to the seaside.

He had looked very grave and seemed disappointed. He reminded her then of a promise she had made him, but he said: "I do not expect you to keep it, Alice. Good fortune has come to you in such a way that you cannot leave it to become a village doctor's wife, but it was the hope of any life and my spurs in college days." She felt rather piqued at his giving her up so casily, and when he left the city and sent her only a formal note of good-by, she had cried, a little and her eyes were misty now.

Strange, what a train of thought these few flowers led to! Then she remembered the letter she had received this morning. In that her mother had spoken of Dr. Hale, and said he was living alone in the old home with only Nancy, the old housekeeper, for company. The plea of her mother for presence stung her. Selfreproach is a bitter thing, but happy is the one to whom it does not come too late.

to-morrow. I am coming home for awhile. I do not know how long I shall stay-perhaps as long as you all care will you help me gather

THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Easter posies for the table as you used to do? She folded the note and scaled it with her dainty monogram and addressed it in her bold, dashing hand to "Dr. Walter Hale."

And then when the maid had taken the letters to be posted, womanlike, she rested her head upon her desk and with those tears she washed away all the ambition, selfish in its intensity, that had compassed her round, and when she raised her face it shone with a pence and humbleness as if "the voice that breathed peace to the waves of the sea," had spoken to her and she had heard.-Exchange.

To Telet h me to the Moon

An electrician has expressed his belief that telephoning to the moon is within the bounds of possibility. He argues that the ether which binds the planets together with an iron hand is, while firm and solid, infinitely elastic, an ideal medium for the transmission of vibrations. The vibrations which constitute light come to us from the sun in eight minutes, travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. It is possible to produce waves moving at this enormous velocity by electrical means. A pulsation of electricity causes an other wave, and in the telephone the movement of infinitely small waves produced by ether disturbance spread out into space, radiating further and further in gigantic circles until swal-lowed up in its immensity, like ripples on the ocean. If an iron mass be in the vicinity of these pulsations it will give out a buzz or hum, as shown in the passage of a current through some systems of street lighting apparatus for the transformation of high to low pressure. The moon undoubtedly contains its proportionate amount of iron, and therefore the theory is advanced that if we can send electrical pulsations to the moon, we can make things hum on its rugged surface. Such an experiment would involve "the use of a gigantic coil, mounted vertically, with its axis in line with the moon." The projector of the scheme adds: "if lives exist upon the lunar surface, if the murmur from the earth be heard, they will listen with sadness; they will feel that utter despair that brooks no consolation and stretches out its arms in vain." It is to be hoped they would not take on in that way; it would be poor thanks to the man who built the gigantic coll .-- New York Times.

Origin of Hokey Pokey.

It is an actual fact that old ice cream ts bought up by Italians and venders from restaurants and ice cream stands, frozen a second and third time, and again offered for sale, to be consumed by the newsboys and general public under the alluring title of hokey pokey. Almost every night these venders make the rounds of all the hotels, and buy up whatever has been left over from the day previous. This cream has all melted more or less to its original consistency and if it is still frozen when they get it there is little left but fluid by the time it has reached Brook-

lyn and the Italian quarter. This melting process is the cause of all the danger. Cream once having been frozen and again malted very readily turns sour. In this stage it is poisonous. The vender of hokey pokey cares little whether or not the cream is sour. Quickly upon his return to his quarters he freezes all this mush, and packs it away for the next day's use.

The few cases of poisoning that have come to the public notice are in all probability not the only ones that have occurred, for physicians say that many cases of poisoning have occurred in the districts where the hokey pokey ven-

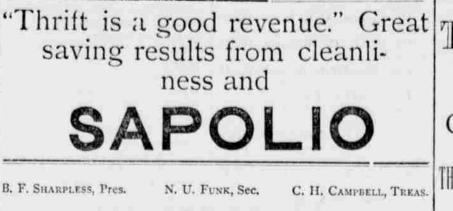


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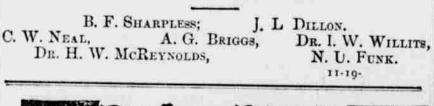
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CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb\$.18
Eggs per dozen	.16
Lard per lb	.124
Ham per pound.	.121
Pork, whole, per pound	
Beef, quarter, per pound	to .10
Wheat her hushel	.80
Oats " "	-45
Oats " " Rye " "	.65
Wheat flour per bbl	4.20
Hay per ton	8.00
Potatoes per bushel,	.80
Turnips " "	.25
Turnips " " Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck 25	to . to
Tallow per lb	-4±
Shoulder " "	.11
Shoulder " " Side meat " "	.10
vinegar, per qt	.07
Dried apples per lb.	.05
Dried chernes, pitted	.12
Raspberries	.14
Cow Hides per lb	-34
Steer " " "	.05
Calf Skin	.80
Sheep pelts	.75
Shelled corn per bus	.75
Corn meal, cwt	2.00
Bran, "	1.20
Chop "	1.35
Middlings "	1.25
Chickens per lb new	.12
" " " old	.22
Turkeys " "	.15
Geese " "	.10
Ducks " "	.10

2.40

3.50

2.25

3.25

She had folded the note and put it away in her desk. It would be impossible for her to go to Dale for the short vacation of Easter week, and she knew it would be almost impossible to get away from Dale after a stay of only a day or two. And then the Allyns had asked her to accompany them to Old Point, and he had made up her mind if they insisted she would go.

It had been a long time since Alice Jewell had paid a visit to Dale. Last summer she had been in the West; one week's vacation last winter had been spent in New York shopping; summer before last she had been yachting with the Bainbridge-Gladstones. In one way and another it had been three years since she had felt the clasp of home hands and received the warm kiss of those who loved her best and whose pride she was. To be sure, papers with notices were always sent home; each birthday and holiday was marked by appropriate gifts; the father had a warm coat for Christmas and the mother a shell comb and the other trifles that mothers love, but the daughter's presence had been lacking.

The audience was waiting for the fair singer's appearance. The basso and contralto had sung their song and little Mita had added her bit of color to the scene; then the gracious beautiful singer came softly on in her creamy robes and was singing her song as the lark sings as he rises up and up from the meadow in earliest morning. Triumphant in its strength her voice rang out, and when the curtain ran down the applause aroze, sounding to those behind the scenes like the snapping of a

brisk fire in underbrush. The curtain slowly rolled up and an usher glided down the aisle, as she knew he would, and the leader leaned forward with her bouquet in his hand. Then as the applause continued the leader tapped the stand with his baton and the first vious took up the air of the song she had sung, and she repeated the refrain and the curtain went again, with her standing there with the flowers in her arms. They were not roses this time, nor violets fresh as if rain-washed, but great, yellow daffo-dills, creamy at the tips of the petals and deepening to the richest yellow in their cup-like hearts and exhaling an odor like nothing else upon this earth -a combination of springtime scents, a suggestion of cowslips and springing grass blades, on damp moss in the woods. Holding the flowers in her arms, she passed back to her dressing room.

She pushed aside the articles on the shelf under her mirrof and laid the flowers there. It had been her wont to fasten some of the blossoms she received each night in her dress and hair. Some one out there in the audience

Her dressing room was filled now with the peculiar odor of the flowers; the call-boy had knocked twice, another moment the stage would be She touched the flowers waiting. caressingly and then laid them down, and in the moment that she was crossing from her dressing room to the stage she made the great resolve of her lifetime.

There was a dark man in the audience, who was deeply disappointed when he saw she was not wearing his flowers. He called her a coquette and felt that she was triffing with him. She gave no glances in his direction. and as she entered her carriage after the performance a note was handed to The writer was sorry he had made her such a miserable choice of flowers this evening, as they were the last he would have an opportunity of sending; he must sail in a day or two. Would she kindly honor him on the morrow with a few moments' time that he might receive her definite answer? This, he thought, would settle the matter. When she found he was really going she would not let him slip through her fingers.

She read the note by the shaded light on her desk when she reached home. Her white cloak was still about her shoulders as she took up her dainty silver pen to answer it.

"You never sent me flowers that touched me so much," she wrote. "Daf-fodils are my favorites, and I shall keep this bunch always. I am sorry that I will not see you again, for by the time you receive this I shall be out of town. I am going to take a long vecation. I wish you bon voy-age and bood-by."

she felt that it was little to say, after he had been no kind, but it was better so. Another little note went to Mrs. Allyn:

"It will be impossible for me to ac-cept your kind invitation to accompany to Old Foint. Another engagement will prevent."

Then she read over the letter again, begining, "My Daughter," Between the lines she could read all the long-Between ing and all the love and the tenderness, and she kissed the page where her tears were dropping, and she said, "Never mind, little mother, I am coming.'

she would not let them know; she would walk in upon them when they least expected her, just in time for her birthday dinner. She wondered if Walter would be there. She supposed he was busy; then a sudden resolve seized her and she took up her pen again and wrote: "My birthday is the day after

ders are that could not be accounted for, because of the suddenness of death. It has generally been understood that

certain establishments are putting out large quantities of hokey pokey and supplying the venders, but this is not The Italians and their families are the only ones who manufacture and cater to the consumers .- New York Herald.

What She Wanted.

-" he cried, passionately. "I swear-"Don't," she interrupted. "it's wrong to swear.'

"Why mock me?" he asked bitterly. "I am old, it is true, but I love you fondly, truly, devotedly." "Prove it," she said coldly. "I am

young and beautiful, and have had many men at my feet--young men in the flush of manhood. You are old enough to---" "Stay!" he cried. "Do not think of

my age! Think only of my love! Think of all I would do for you, all I would give to-

"What would you give?" she interrupted.

"Anything, everything. I would give my life-

"I don't want it." "What more can I do? What would you have?"

"Well, I was thinking of your insurance. How much is it?'

Then he knew that she was not for him; that there was something about the heart he had been after that made it resemble an automatic lightning caiculator, and he went sadiy out into the cold world, although the thermometer registered 95 .- Chicago Evening Post.

Women May Get shoes Shined. The new woman will not black her own shoes. No one has discovered that quicker than the bootblacks. Accordingly a sign new to the streets is springing up in various part of the city. One in cutline is in process of construction on a basement window in Wabash avenue. It reads: "Ladies' Shoe Polishing a Specialty." Down below stairs cushioned chairs stand in a row on a white marble rostrum. Dainty brass footrests are placed in front of the chairs and the whole concealed from the male portion of the establishment , by a fancy Japanese screen. The place is not far from the Woman's Club and is near the Wo-man's Exchange, the Neonday Rest, and the new Suburban Club for women. and promises to do a good trade .-Chicago Tribune.

Always the Same.

The new woman! Nonsense! Let her rig herself up as she pleases, let her talk as she will, she is and will always be the same dear old girl .- New York Sun:

CLUB .

THE COLUMBIAN