

DREAMING AND DOING. Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy; Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy; To dream of that wonderful far off day...

A SUBSTITUTE. The mistress of the old Manor House of the Dale sat in her private sanctum with a frown upon her still good looking face...

posing to you, and Lady Riversdale has other views for her son. But Miss Grant merely turned a little sideways in her chair, and looked the lawyer full in the face, while her clasped hands lay idly in her lap...

SAVED A COLLISION. AN ENGINEER'S STORY OF A CAPRICIOUS LOCOMOTIVE. She refused to do Good Work, and Butler Was Mad Clean Through—When He Knew of the Operator's Oversight, He Changed His Mind About the Engine.

"I will tell you about one of the strangest freaks of a locomotive that ever occurred in my experience on the road," said Harmon P. Butler, the best known Southern Pacific engineer in California, the other day...

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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AGENTS! DIVIDENDS WILL BE GUARANTEED. Address application for shares to Treasurer South Central Consolidated Gold Mining and Milling Co., 712 & 714 National Bank of Commerce Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods: Butter per lb., Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb., Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, etc.

Table listing coal prices: No. 6, delivered, 3.40; 4 and 5, 3.50; 6 at yard, 2.25; 4 and 5 at yard, 3.25.

PATENTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a recent answer and a longer opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business.

Get a Glass! Quick! There's lots of snap and vim in this Hires' Rootbeer. There's lots of pleasure and good health in it, too.

HIRES' Rootbeer. A 25 cent package makes 4 gallons. Sold everywhere. THE CHAS. E. HIRE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STEEL ROOFING and SIDING. Lightning, Fire and Storm Proof. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN

"You did? Then you are a very remarkable young woman! And on what ground, may I ask?"

"I was not in love with him, that is all. Will you allow me to make amends by offering you a cup of tea? I know nurse would send us some directly."

"That is at her own risk and peril," said Lady Riversdale. "Will you beg this volatile young lady to accept my sincere good wishes and say I shall have the pleasure of sending her a wedding present. And it shall be a handsome one, in gratitude for the danger averted. What is her name?"

"I firmly believe I never was so fully possessed of them as when I allowed myself to fall head over ears in love with Maud, like a boy of twenty, almost at first sight. But how she came to give herself to me so soon I cannot tell, unless my great love has touched that electric current which they say exists between some souls."

"I was on a Sixth avenue elevated train the other day when a woman with a big satchel to carry asked for the New Haven boat. I offered my services to pilot her for five or six blocks and take care of the satchel, and after looking me over with a critical eye she said: 'Young man, you don't look so very innocent, but I think I'll trust you and take the chances.'"

"Well, you see, I brought you here all right, and refuse your money."

"That's right—keep right on thinking, and if you ever come up to Connecticut inquire for Mrs. Daniel Williams, and if it's about no o'clock I'll ask you to sit down to dinner. I'm obliged, even if you did intend to rob me, and if I ever hear of your being hung, I'll tell folks you had a decent streak about you arter all!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wisdom on the Force. The stalwart policeman had just rescued the well-dressed old gentleman from the onslaught of the trolley car.

"I am not," answered the officer. "What made you deny having a family?" the other policeman asked, after the old gentleman had gone.

The Bloomer Girl. The Bible has been brought to bear on the bloomer question. Here is the citation—Deuteronomy, chapter 22, verse 5, which is hurled against the women who wear such abominations: "The women shall not wear that which pertaineth to man."

"This was the first time the superintendent had ever been on my train, and of course I was anxious to sustain my good reputation. But the fates were against me—an hour late, the night dark and stormy. Well, we pulled out of the station with my mind made up to reach our destination on time if the wheels would stay under her. As soon as we were out of Tucson I put on all the steam and let her go. But she didn't seem to move at half her usual speed, and then she didn't make steam well either. I began to be impatient and scolded the fireman for not doing good work with his fire. He seemed to try his best, but it was no go. She would not steam well in spite of his exertions. Then the pumps began to be troublesome. One of them stopped working altogether, and the other became more ineffective every minute. It began to dawn on me that making up time was out of the question."

"You may imagine my feelings, for it seemed to me as if my whole reputation was staked on this trip. I profess to know my business pretty well and can get speed out of an engine if, any man can, and my heart was down below zero when we began to drop behind our regular running time. But it was no use. Everything was against me. I was mad clear through."

"When we left Maricopa, we were an hour and ten minutes late, and the conductor had just made a remark that nettled me quite a little. I had asked him if there were any orders at Maricopa. He answered, 'None, except to try to get to Yuma in time for dinner,' which was pure sarcasm, for if we made our running time we would be there in time for breakfast. Well, my heart was clean down in my boots, and when I shut off the steam going into Big Wells I found the water so low in the boiler that something had to be done for the pump before we could leave that station, as there was then a heavy grade to climb for several miles. I delayed the conductor that we would be informed 15 or 20 minutes with the work of taking down one of the pumps and then proceeded with the work."

"We were just about ready to start again when I heard the sharp whistle of an engine, and looking up I saw a special tourist excursion train from southern California approaching from the very direction in which we were going. When the train pulled into the station, we found that the telegraph operator at Maricopa had neglected to give us meeting order for this train. Had it not been for the pumps we would have dashed on to what would probably have been one of the most terrible collisions in the history of railroads."

"Now comes the remarkable part of the story. From the time we left Big Wells both pumps worked like a charm—bear in mind that I found nothing whatever the matter with the pumps that I had taken down, and there was apparently no reason for its not working—and the old engine seemed to dart along with twice her usual speed. Gradually she began to pick up time again, and in the next 50 miles we made up 15 minutes, which was lightning speed in those days. There were just 19 minutes to make up the last 20 miles in, and I need not say that we pulled into our destination on time. Here was an instance of a cranky engine's saving a collision that would probably have resulted in a great loss of life and property."

"Hallelujah is full of such experiences. As to the peculiarities of engineers, it is not best for me to say much, for I am a queer sort of a fellow myself. But there is one engineer running on this road now who thinks his engine can feel, for when she doesn't run fast enough to please him he beats her with a heavy oak club that he always has aboard the locomotive when he takes her. Old Hank Turley, who ran on the Central Pacific from Ogden to Reno for 25 years, would never sleep anywhere but in his engine cab when he was out on the road, because, he said, he knew from hundreds of experiments that his own engine wanted constant company day and night in order to give the best speed in her. He told me that he had left his engine alone several times in the roundhouse at night, just to prove to himself that he made no mistake in his belief, and that he invariably made poor time and had much trouble with the machinery for several days afterward."

"The locomotive engineers here think a heap more of their engines than the eastern engineers. Many a man out here will stick to an old engine after it has become so worn and old as to be dangerous, because he can't bear to give up his old machine. I suppose the memory of the plains and hundreds of miles we travel on the plains without seeing villages and cities as the engineers do in the eastern states makes the western men more attached to their engines.—Los Angeles Cor. New York Sun.

Fatal Procrastination. Guest (pushing them away from him)—I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant.

Waiter—What's the trouble, sir? Guest—You don't cook them soon enough.—Chicago Tribune.