

THE MINE AT CALUMET.

Executions! Be you the dominion  
That folks calls Parson Boone?  
Wal-Jane an' me he called to see  
Ef you'll ride Monday noon  
To Calumet, to bury Jim—  
James Baker—he is dead—  
Death hit too strong a hand for him.  
Es you hev often said.

"Perfess?" He didn't perfess. He hed  
One simple way all through.  
His manly practiced, an' he said  
That that would hev to do.  
"Trayed?" Never—not es I hev know—  
"Cept maybe with his han's,  
An' 'stead of clampi' of his own  
He clasped his feller-man's.

"Under conviction?" The ideel  
He never done a thing  
To be convicted fer; why, he  
Was straighter than a string.  
Oh, say! He was a nifty man!  
Oh, he was brave an' square,  
His mighty heart was bigger than  
That meetin' house out there!

Eh? "Jined the church?" You don't  
ketch on!  
You couldn't a-knowed 'im, pard!  
To them as did, now he is gone  
Your questionin' sounds hard.  
I told 'em up to town to-day  
"Above the sexton's dirt  
Let the parson say his little say:  
He can't do any hurt."

"Fire in the Osceola mine!"  
Jim heered the awful cry  
That roared from level 29,  
Es he was passin' by;  
An' down the burnin' shaft he went  
To where the flames begun.  
An' up the half-dead miners sent  
Es fast es skips could run.

Through other drifts he searched around  
An' lyn' stiffea there,  
A dozen helpless men he found  
An' dragged to light and air;  
An' my boy, Timothy—my Tim—  
He found, too weak to crawl,  
An' got him in the skip—but Jim—  
He didn't come up at all.

We waited for him all night long  
An' watched an' h.. our breath,  
A sufferin', fearful, hopeless throng,  
Aroun' that pit of death;  
An' when the smoke blew out, my son  
Crept down to learn his fate—  
He reached him, but the worst wus done—  
He found him—just too late!

He died adoin'  
What he could find to do,  
"Did he perfess?" Wal—  
I never knowed him to.  
Don't notice if my talk is broke  
An' if my eyes should leak,  
Tain't His kin—nor mother—not the smoke  
He kinder made 'em weak.

What! "How about his soul?" Look 'ere  
Intendin' no offence;  
Your dumb-fol questions does appear  
To show a lack of sense,  
If I repeat 'em, like es not,  
When you come mooseyin' down  
You'd find our place most awful hot—  
They'll make you jump the town!

Don't come! Hunt other souls to save!  
His neighbors at the Green  
Will gather round Jim Baker's grave  
An' tell the things they've seen.  
Ef God don't know what's good and true  
An' wants to punish him,  
Why, rather'n go to Heaven with you,  
I'll go to hell with Jim!  
—W. A. Croffut, in New York Tribune.

# MY STOWAWAY.

One night about 11 o'clock I stood at  
the stern of a fine Atlantic steamship  
which was plowing its way through  
the darkness toward America. I leaned  
on the rounded bulwark and enjoyed  
a smoke, as I gazed on the luminous  
trail the wheel was making in the quiet  
sea. Some one touched me on the  
shoulder, saying, "Beg pardon, sir."

and on straightening up I saw in the  
dim light a man whom at first I took  
to be one of the steerage passengers. I  
thought he wanted to get past me, for  
the room was rather restricted in the  
passage between the aft wheel-house  
and the stern, and I moved aside. The  
man looked hurriedly to one side and  
then the other, and, approaching, said  
in a whisper, "I'm starving, sir!"

"Why don't you go and get something  
to eat, then? Don't they give you plenty  
forward?"

"I suppose they do, sir, but I'm a  
stowaway. I got on at Liverpool. What  
little I took with me is gone, and for  
two days I've had nothing."

"Come with me. I'll take you to the  
steward, he'll fix you all right."

"Oh, no, no, no!" he cried, trembling  
with excitement. "If you speak to any  
of the officers or crew I'm lost. I as-  
sure you, sir, I'm an honest man; I am,  
indeed, sir. It's the old story—nothing  
but starvation at home, so my only  
chance seemed to be to get this way to  
America. If I'm caught I shall get  
dreadful usage and will be taken back  
and put in jail."

"Oh, you're mistaken. The officers  
are all courteous gentlemen. They  
are. But to a stowaway—that's a differ-  
ent matter. If you can't help me,  
sir, please don't inform on me."

"How can I help you but by speak-  
ing to the captain or purser?"

"Get me a morsel to eat."

"The waste food in this great ship  
would feed a hundred hungry wretches  
like me! Does my presence keep the  
steamer back a moment of time? No,  
Well, who is harmed by my trying to  
better myself in the new world? No  
one. I am begging for a crust from  
the lavish plenty, all because I am  
struggling to be honest. It is only  
when I become a thief that I am out  
of danger of starvation—caught or  
free."

"There, there; now, don't speak so  
loud or you'll have some one here. You  
hang round and I'll bring you some  
provision. What would you like to  
have? Poached eggs on toast, roast  
turkey, or—"

The wretch sank down at my feet as  
I said this, and recognizing the cruelty  
of it, I hurried down into the saloon  
and hunted up a steward who had not  
yet turned in.

"Steward," I said, "can you get me  
a few sandwiches or anything to eat  
at this late hour?"

"Yes; certainly, sir; beef or 'am,  
sir?"

"Both, and a cup of coffee, please."

"Well, sir, I'm afraid there's no coffee,  
sir; but I could make you a pot of tea  
in a moment, sir."

"All right, and bring them to my  
room, please?"

"Yes, sir. In very short time there was that  
faint steward rap at the stateroom  
door, and a most appetizing tray-load  
was respectfully placed at my service.

When the waiter had gone I hurried  
up the companionway with much the  
air of a man who is stealing fowls, and  
I found my stowaway just in the position  
I had left him.

"Now, pitch in," I said. "I'll stand  
guard forward here, and if you hear me  
cough, strike for cover. I'll explain the  
tray matter if it's found."

He simply said "Thank you, sir," and  
I went forward. When I came back  
the tray had been swept clean and the  
teapot emptied. My stowaway was  
making for his den when I said:

"How about to-morrow?"

He answered:  
"This'll do me for a couple of days."

"Nonsense! I'll have a square meal  
for you here in this wheelbarrow, so  
that you can get at it without trouble.  
I'll leave it about this time to-morrow  
night."

"You won't tell any one, any one at  
all, sir?"

"No. At least, I'll think over the  
matter, and if I see a way out I'll let  
you know."

"God bless you, sir."

I turned the incident over in my mind  
a good deal that night, and I almost  
made a resolution to take Cupples into  
my confidence. Roger Cupples, a law-  
yer of San Francisco, sat next me at  
table, and with the freedom of wild  
Westerners we were already well ac-  
quainted, although only a few days out.

Then I thought of putting a suppositious  
case to the captain—he was a  
thorough gentleman—and if he spoke  
generously about the suppositious case  
I would spring the real one on him.  
The stowaway had impressed me by his  
language as being a man worth doing  
something for.

up in such a matter; and look here  
you'll have to work it pretty slick if  
you get yourself out. The man will be  
caught as sure as fate; then knowin-  
g, or through fright, he'll incriminate  
you."

"What would you do if you were in  
my place?"

"My dear sir, don't put it that way!  
It's a reflection on both my judgment  
and my legal knowledge. I couldn't be  
in such a scrape. But, as a lawyer—  
minus the fee—I'll tell you what you  
should do. You should give the man up  
before witnesses. I'll be one of their  
myself. Get as many of the cabin pas-  
sengers as you like out here to-day  
and let the officers search. If he  
charges you with what the law terms  
support, deny it, and call attention to  
the fact that you have given information.  
By the way, I would give written  
information and keep a copy."

"I gave the man my word not to in-  
form on him, and so I can't do it to-  
day, but I'll tell him of it to-night."

"And have him commit suicide, or  
give himself up first and incriminate  
you? Nonsense. Just release yourself  
from your promise. That's all. He'll  
trust you."

"Yes, poor wretch, I'm afraid he  
will."

About 10 o'clock that night I re-  
solved to make another appeal to Roger  
Cupples to let at least stand off and hear  
the man talk. Cupples's stateroom, No.  
26, was in the forward part of the  
steamer, down a long passage and off  
a short side passage. Mine was aft the  
cabin. The door of No. 26 was partly  
open, and inside an astonishing sight  
met my gaze.

There stood my stowaway.  
He was evidently admiring himself in  
the glass, and with a brush was touch-  
ing up his face with dark paint here  
and there. When he put on a woe-be-  
gone look he was the stowaway; when  
he chuckled to himself he was Roger  
Cupples, Esq.

The moment the thing dawned on me  
I quietly withdrew and went up the  
forward companionway. Soon Cupples  
came cautiously up, and, seeing the  
way clear, scudded along in the dark-  
ness and hid in the aft wheel-house.  
I saw the whole thing now. It was a  
scheme to get me to make a fool of  
myself, some fine day, before the rest  
of the passengers and have a standing  
joke on me. I walked forward. The  
first officer was on duty.

"I have reason to believe," I said,  
"that there is a stowaway in the aft  
wheel-house."

Quicker than it takes me to tell it  
a detachment of sailors were sent aft  
under the guidance of the third mate.  
I went through the saloon and smoking  
room, and said to the gentlemen who  
were playing cards and reading:

"There's a row upstairs of some  
kind."

We were all on deck before the crew  
had surrounded the wheel-house. There  
was a rattle of folded steamer chairs,  
a pounce by the third mate, and out  
came the unfortunate Cupples, dragged  
by the collar.

"Hold on; let go. This is a mistake."  
"You can't both hold on and let go,"  
said Stalker, of Indiana.

"Come out of this," cried the mate,  
jerking him forward.

With a wrench the stowaway tore  
himself free and made a dash for the  
companionway. A couple of sailors in-  
stantly tripped him up.

"Let go of me; I'm a cabin passen-  
ger," cried Cupples.

"Bless me!" I cried in astonishment.  
"This isn't you, Cupples? Why, I acted  
on your own advice and that of re-  
vised statutes, number whatever-they-  
were."

"Well, act on my advice again," cried  
the infuriated Cupples, "and go to—the  
hell."

However, he was in better humor the  
next day, and stood treat all round. We  
found, subsequently, that Cupples was  
a New York actor, and at the enter-  
tainment given for the benefit of the  
sailors' orphans a few nights after he  
recited a piece in costume that just  
melted the ladies. It was voted a  
wonderfully touching performance, and  
he called it "The Stowaway."—Robert  
Barr.

He Wouldn't Tend the Baby.  
The divorce suit of Dr. Nannie A.  
Stevens against Ralph Stevens is thor-  
oughly up to date. Her husband lives  
in Wichita, Kas., and she lived there  
with him and practised medicine there  
till two years ago, when she brought  
her children to Kansas City and opened  
an office there.

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If so, go to RISHTON'S DRUG STORE at once and get some of your Christmas Gifts at cost and less. We are offering special inducements on our line to close them out. Reason—lack of room. Note these prices, and then find out if you can buy cheaper elsewhere:

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Best silver soap boxes, 75c. kind, now 50c.  
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Manicure sets, \$2.00 kind, now \$1.25.  
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This is only a few, and these will not last long, so don't delay. The cheapest and best place in town for perfumery &c. All goods in leather.

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14k. filled ladies' watch, handsomely engraved, warranted to wear 15 years, with genuine Elgin or Waltham movement, only \$12.

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**William H. Slate,**  
EXCHANGE HOTEL BLDG.,

and see for what a small amount you can have it done. Our stock is the largest and most carefully selected in town.

The prices suit the hard times.

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For a short time Ralph G. Phillips, the photographer, is making one life size photograph, value \$5.00, and thirteen cabinet photographs all for \$3.00.

All work guaranteed.  
**Ralph G. Phillips,**  
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.

## The Xmas Sale is on in Earnest.

FROM STORE OPENING TO STORE CLOSING TIME, WE are busy with seekers of useful and ornamental things for the holiday season. Every day finds us with more customers to handle—to wait on. You will help yourself, and help us by coming early. As a special inducement, many pretty things step forward and proclaim: their low prices. Come now before they are all carried off.

**XMAS GLOVES.**  
Not different from the good ones to be had here any other time, but the assortments have been kept very complete for the holiday buyers. Just a word about some very special values on extra good gloves that will greet you at the glove counter from now until Xmas:  
A 7 hook extra good, colored kid glove, 75c. the pair. The usual \$1.00 kind.  
A lot of black kid gloves, may be your size among them; 50c. the pair. Reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.00.

**UMBRELLAS.**  
Built extra good for Xmas gifts, and the handles and trimmings are the VERY LATEST. When a person has everything else, they generally think very kindly of an umbrella. An unusually large assortment awaits your inspection, 65c. to \$4.50 each.

**BUY BLANKETS.**  
A note for the son or daughter who wants to remember the guardian of the household with something he will appreciate. Fifty pair good wool blankets are easily priced for Xmas buyers. Can you imagine a more suitable gift?  
All wool 11-4 white, \$4.00. Usual \$5.00 kind.  
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All wool 12-4 California blankets, some extra, \$9.50. Usual \$11.50 kind.

**WHY NOT A DRESS PAT-TERN?**  
Several dozen novelty dress patterns including every fashionable fabric of the season, ask for attention from gift buyers. You can't imagine what \$5.00 or \$10.00, or even less, will do,

or buy in a stylish or serviceable gift, until you see these dress patterns.

**SILVERWARE.**  
Something new for us, but we have put a price on these goods that you will appreciate, and also a GOOD guarantee. The best of triple plate from one of the most reliable American manufacturers. Syrup cups, cream mugs, sugar bowls, spoon holders, tea pots, celery boats, pickle dishes, with forks, butter dishes. Just call and examine them, and see what value we give you. Any piece you may want for \$2.00.

**LINENS.**  
Linen sets, table covers, napkins, centre pieces, scarfs, etc., crowd each other. We don't doubt that the price we marked these will send the surplus scurrying away to the linen chests of the town's most economical housewives. They are good linens, as good as any we ever sold you.

**DISHES AND LAMPS.**  
Don't neglect to call upon us if you are thinking of buying anything in this line. We are sure to suit you in any thing you want. One window full of the novelties, and we can sell you a set at any price. Lamps are cheap this year, almost at half. Don't think they are not because we ask you \$5.00 for one, because we sell you a better lamp for the money than we did last year. An unusual assortment awaits you.

**GROCERIES.**  
Want a plum pudding for Xmas dinner? We can sell you one large enough for a family of eight, for 50c. Can you make it for that? Figs, dates, home made mince meat, apple and peach butter, table raisins and fancy cheese.

## Pursel & Harman, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

### I. W. HARTMAN & SON.

**MARKET SQUARE DRY GOODS HOUSE.**  
NO BUYER OF HOLIDAY GOODS SHOULD MISS INSPECTING OUR GREAT LINE OF PRESENTS.

We were the first to open Christmas goods in Bloomsburg, and shall be the last to close the door upon those who are seeking to find a nice gift for a friend (especially the three last nights before Christmas.) You have five long tables to select from, in plush boxes, wood boxes, celluloid boxes, albums, books, cards, &c. One entire table marked your choice for 5c. Thirty feet of shelving crowded with fine dishes, glass ware, &c. The drawers and counters filled with napkins, towels, linen table cloths, stamped linens, &c. Windows full of pictures, handkerchiefs, &c. The coat and cape racks full at all prices. Blankets piled up at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50 up to \$5.00. Lace curtains, chenille curtains and table covers. Single patterns of fine dress goods; also by the yard. Muffs, boas, fascinators and a great many attractive articles for presents. A calendar given to each house as long as they last. Come early and get one.

### I. W. HARTMAN & SON.

## THE BROADWAY.

Souvenirs to all Customers, Saturday, December 21st.  
Our Holiday Goods please everybody, and we are selling loads of them daily. Prices beyond the whisper of competition.

**DOLLS**—from 1c. upwards—**DOLLS.**  
Talking dolls for 62c. each.  
Children's play dishes, 40c. up.  
Japanese bowls, 8c., 10c. and 15c. each.  
Pocket knives, 2c., 4c., 10c., 20c., to \$1.00 each.  
Carving sets, 80c. and \$1.75 each.  
Hand mirrors, 10c. and 12c. each.  
Picture frames, 5c., 10c., 25c. and 90c. each.  
Ice wool shawls, 92c. and \$1.39 each.  
Fascinators, 21c., 39c., 48c. and 64c. each.  
Handkerchief cases, 25c. and 45c. each.  
Collar and cuff boxes, 50c. and up.  
Perfumery, 1c. to 50c. per bottle.  
Children's toys of all kinds at very low prices.  
See our elegant line of vases from 15c. to 75c. each. Finest line in town.  
Ladies' waists at 98c. each.  
Ladies' muffs, 45c. 98c. to \$2.00 each.  
Children's fur sets, \$1.50 each.  
Saxony yarn, 8c. ounce.  
Gent's shirts, 60c. and 85c. each.

Souvenirs to all customers on Saturday, December 21st.

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