

WOODED AND WON ON THE RAIL.

A Devoted Suitor Who Was Not to be Hatred by a Mere Holdup.

"I hope you will not accuse me of taking an unfair advantage, Miss Jarvis," began Wesley Higginop, slipping into the unoccupied seat by the side of the young woman, "but I saw you getting on this train and I came along I am going twenty-five or thirty miles anyhow, and further still if necessary I want to have a talk with you."

"Mr. Higginop—" "I know what you are about to say—I am taking a liberty not warranted by our short acquaintance, and all that sort of thing. But I am not. I have been in this car nearly a quarter of an hour, Miss Jarvis, waiting for a good excuse to come and take this seat and when I saw that loose-jointed old Alperine with the blue-black whiskers and the wasson-colored suit of clothes that got on at the last station making for this seat, I felt it to be a duty to forestall him. Will you oblige me by taking a look at those whiskers, Miss Jarvis?"

"I see them, Mr. Higginop." "Well, that's why I popped down here so suddenly. I am not vain, Miss Jarvis, but I took it for granted—" "Yes, you seem to have taken it for granted," she interjected. "That between a young man of at least average respectability in appearance and a seedy old hunk with dyed whiskers no young woman of taste could hesitate a moment. Hence—" "Upon my word, sir—" "Hence I am here. Of two evils, Miss Jarvis, always choose the better looking. When I want any figs, young man, I'll let you know. You will confer a favor by strolling along down the aisle. I was going to say, Miss Jarvis, that there's nothing accidental about this. I am on this train in pursuance of a deliberate design. I am sitting by your side entirely on purpose. At exactly 10 o'clock last night I made up my mind I wouldn't hang on by my eyelids any longer. I decided I would seize the first opportunity—"

The train had been going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The sudden application of the air brakes brought it quickly to a stop. There was a confused sound of voices. Rifle shots were heard. Mr. Higginop listened a moment, and resumed: "I decided to seize the first opportunity to tell you—" "For heaven's sake, what—" "To tell you that the best thing is happening! I am sure it is!" "There's some disturbance at the forward end of the train, I presume, Viola Jarvis—" "Oh, Mr. Higginop, at such a time as this how can you—" "A man as far gone as I am doesn't stop to reason about things. I have only known you about six weeks, but I think I have wanted you all my—" "Crack! Snap! Boom!"

The wildest consternation reigned. Passengers were crouching down between the seats. Faces were pale with terror. And the fusillade continued, varied now and then by a loud explosion. A bullet occasionally came through a window and buried itself in the woodwork of the car.

"Oh, Mr. Higginop—" "My name is Wesley." "Are we in any danger?" "Danger? I feel as if my whole future were at stake! This is the most momentous crisis of my life! My darling girl—" "Oh, Mr. Higginop—" "Wesley. My name is Wesley." "Crack! Crack! Boom!" "How can you think of anything—" "I can't, dear! I can't think of anything except that the sweetest, loveliest girl on earth—" "Crack! Crash! Boom!" "Is holding my hand in clasp so eager, so—"

She dropped it instantly. "I didn't know it," she faltered. He merely gathered her trembling little hands in his own and held them fast. "You have only known me six weeks," he resumed, "but—" "Boom!" "If it had been six years—" "Please, Mr. Hig—" "Wesley." "Well, Wesley—" "You darling!" "Crack! Crash! Boom!" "Oh, what will become of us—" "Viola, dear, it only rests with you to say. I don't believe in long engagements. Four weeks from this day—take your hands away from mine and I'll kiss you before all these people, you willful girl! There! now you are acting sensibly—hello, conductor, what's the matter?"

"Train robbers," replied the uniformed guardian of the train, who had just entered the car. "They've looted the express car and got away with \$26,000. The danger's over now, though. The gang's gone. Those last shots you heard were to keep everybody scared till the thieves had got clear. You can all get up from under the seats now. I guess none of you are going to be fatally killed."

"And now, darling," resumed Mr. Wesley Higginop, "I have only to say that—" "But he spoke in a tone too low to be heard except by the ears for which it was intended."

When the train moved off again, however, after a further delay of fifteen or twenty minutes, he still held those little hands in his.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Nosegays of the Past. Most things move in cycles, and contemporaneously with the reappearance of our grandmothers' sleeves and petticoats the taste for old-fashioned gardens is revived. There is a fresh call for the perennials and annuals which enlivened the borders of long ago, and those who are fortunate enough to still possess these old-time gardens show with pride the long treasured plants which have bloomed for so many years. We are apt to think that we know a good deal more about flowers than our forefathers, but the fact is there was, perhaps, more variety than there is today in many of their collections. Much time is given now to the development of perfect specimens and to the cultivation of new varieties, both in greenhouse and garden, but if we were to look over some of the venerable catalogues we should find that if we planted all that our grandfathers did we should have our hands and gardens full, without anything new. A garden guide printed in 1806 gives a list of 400 hardy perennials with 120 annuals.—Chicago News.

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Is just around the corner. The best thing you can get for that husband of yours is a good rocker.

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It will be an ornament to the home, a comfort to all and he'll stay home nights to use it. A "comfort giver" at \$3.50 in Polished Oak.

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Shall I buy for Christmas is the annual holiday question. There is no

Better

Gift for your wife than a Bissel Sweeper. Why not make a

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Offering that would be at once ornamental and useful? Such a

Gift

Would be one of these fine Merion Harland Coffee Pots or after dinner Tea Kettles, or perhaps a chafing dish would please her. Give her the money and be sure and tell her to buy her cutlery, shears and kitchen utensils at Peacock's.

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Is made a pleasant pastime. Make it a point to visit the Corner Store of

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Our fall and winter underwear and hosiery is now on our counters at prices never heard of before.

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Hath charms, etc., sings the poet. Music is not only a pleasure but an education as well. Put one of our pianos or organs in the house and you'll be surprised what a refining influence it has. The cost is insignificant between now and the Holidays. We are offering great inducements in pianos, organs, and sewing machines:

Pianos from \$250 and upwards. Organs from \$50 and upwards. World renowned White sewing machines from \$35 and upwards. Queen sewing machines we are offering at \$25 dollars cash. Best sewing machine for the money in the market to-day. Also guitars, banjos, violins, harmonicas, and everything in the music line. Best sewing machine needles, and o for all sewing machines. Pianos and organs tuned and repaired. Also all makes of sewing machines repaired.

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IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH,

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A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

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THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE

IS THE BEST EQUIPPED IN THE COUNTY.

Any One

Who knows an oyster from a clam knows that the Maurice River Oysters are the best. You

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at Furman's, who also carries a complete line of Nuts, Oranges and Fruits for your Christmas Dinner.

H. F. Furman,

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SENSIBLE

People in selecting presents for their friends this year will be disposed to buy articles more useful than ornamental. This is an advance in education, but

PRESENTS

That are both useful and ornamental will take the lead and have the biggest demand. Household Furniture, such as Fancy Chairs, Combination Writing Desks, and Book Cases

FOR

the Parlor, Rockers, Cliffoners, Sideboards and Bric-a-brac of the more solid kind will hold a prominent place in the minds of the people when a decision is reached as to what it will be for

'XMAS

This has been anticipated and I have purchased the largest stock of Furniture ever put under one roof in Columbia county, if not in Pennsylvania,

AND THE

Prices are away down, being the cheapest ever known in this place. The articles mentioned will just be as serviceable for the

NEW YEAR

Gifts, an old custom, which so many people prefer. Come and see the stock anyway

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CORELL'S,

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Old Bachelors

will not be interested in our large and fine collection of China Ware, but if they

Want Wives

they want sensible ones and saving ones, and you will find them looking amongst our customers for them. If you trade with us there will be no

Old Maids

in Bloomsburg. Economy always brings its reward. Now, ladies, if you

Want Husbands

and brothers to buy your China and get the worth of their money in style and durability tell them to GET IT at the busiest China Store in town, and he will buy it at

L. E. WEARY'S,

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A - - BARGAIN.

For the week beginning Dec. 22, 1895, we will sell the following groceries for \$1.00 spot cash:

- 2 lbs. granulated sugar \$.02
- 2 cakes Lenox soap .03
- 1/2 lb. mixed tea .25
- 1 can corn .05
- 1 lb. perfectly pure pepper .20
- 2 lb. rolled oats .03
- 2 bottles roc blueing .10
- 1 can tomatoes .05
- 1 lb. baking soda .08
- 6 boxes matches, 200 in box .08
- 2 qts. dried peas .05
- 1 lb. tapioca .06
- 1 basket to carry your goods home, Free
- \$1.00

Remember, all the above goods for \$1.00.

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WAITING FOR THE CALL



BY WILL L. VISSCHER.

An old gray house, on an old-time farm— 'Twas on a Christmas night— Thro' chinks were streaming rays of charm In yellow shafts of light.

An old gray white and an old gray black Were sitting by the blaze That curled and played 'gainst the chimney back— Sat thinking their own old ways.

Said the old black man to the old white man: "Hit's fawty yeahs to-night Senae you gin to me this piece er lan', An' the pootyes' gal in sight."

"You gin us, erlides, dem papahs, too. Dat sot us bon' ones free, An' Nan an' me sung 'Hally, Hally Loo' Lak er song er jubilee."

"Well, what if I did?" said the old gray white, "Didn't both belong to me? And didn't I have, by law, the right To set my niggahs free?"

"And, what is more," said the old white man, "My farm was broad and long, And didn't you, and your poor old Nan, Find life a sweeter song?"

"Laud bless you, marster, blessin's fell As fas' as drops er rain; Yes, every son' was a silver bell, Till God called Nan ergain."

"But we was all de slaves you had, An' sense you 'b'en so po' I've felt dat we wuz actin' bad To wish for freedom so."

"No more! no more!" said the old white man, "I'm richer than a king! You give me blesstings, all you can; I need not anything."

"And, more than all, am I not blest, While waiting for the call? I gave you Freedom, God's bequest, Intended for us all."

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND A TRAMP.



It was Christmas eve and the Dodgetts sat by the fire discussing the probability that they would receive presents of greater value than they had sent to their poor relatives; and as good as they had sent to their rich ones.

"Ugh, what a night it is," said Mrs. Dodgett, "but it is just as well, for we shall have no callers, and I'm really not fit to be seen." "You certainly are not," candidly answered Mr. Dodgett, "it's a mystery what you have done with all the money you have gotten for dress. Now, I can go nowhere for lack of a decent dress suit."

Instead of replying warmly, Mrs. Dodgett only smiled mysteriously. At that moment the maid entered, saying: "Please, ma'am, a tramp's at the back door begging for clothes."

"Tell him to go away and be quick about it," said Mr. Dodgett, who was suffering from neuralgia and disappointment that his wife would not quarrel. "Don't leave him alone in the kitchen," said Mrs. Dodgett; "he is most likely a sneak thief."

"Charitable, that remark," grunted her husband. "Ye-es," she replied, absently, "by the way, dear, Mr. Blanche has given his wife another sealskin. I shall have to cut her, for I can't visit her any longer in my old wrap. It's one comfort, though, that he selected it himself; something is surely wrong with it." Looking anxiously at her husband, she saw a half smile on his face.

"It's a cold night for that poor wretch to be out half clad," he said. "I'll see if he is gone," she returned, and both left the room by different doors.

Soon they were both back with half pleased, half shame-faced looks.

"It's Christmas eve, after all," said he.

"Yes, we should be charitable to-day, of all days." "Mhm; I gave that poor wretch my dress suit which was too shabby to wear. I had to hunt for it, too; it was—" "And I gave him your old overcoat?"

"Which overcoat?" "The black one; you—" "You did, eh? Well, you were too smart for once! In the pocket of that coat was concealed the money I had saved to buy a sealskin for your Christmas gift. Say, why did you hide my dress suit in your wardrobe?"

Both had risen, looking very pale. "You got that dress suit from my wardrobe, did you? Well, it was a new one I had gotten for your Christmas gift, Silas Dodgett!"

Two minutes later Mrs. Dodgett was in strong hysterics on the hearth rug, while the maddest man in town was vainly searching for a tramp with a new dress suit and an old overcoat.

His Name Is Legion. For a Christmas present now I am saving up; That's why wrinkles line my brow And sorrow fills my cup. —Truth.