A LOVE SONG.

O'er the meadow flower-pled, O'er the meadow flower-pied,
Lightly, fleeting breezes spring;
By the winding river side,
Soft, the lissome sedges sing
A quaint love-lilt fancy,
Always known to queer old Pan,
Bince the reeds to grow began,
Hear it, sweet, my Nancy!

Above us all the arching sky Stretches wide its spring-tide Swiftly darting birds go by,

Singing blithely, gayly, too,
This quaint love-lilt I fancy,
Ever cherished since of old
In their little hearts of gold,

Pretty one, now it is spring, In the carol of the bird In the flowers' blossoming, In the lithe, green sedges heard Lo! the quaint love-lilt I fancy, That my heart, dear, sings to you,

Hear It, sweet, my Nancy!

With unfaitering cadence true; Hear it, sweet, my Nancy! -Ellen Brainerd Peck in Home Journal.

CAGED WITH A WILD MAN

"Remember that time, Major?" said the railroad man.
"You bet I do," rejoined the Major.

"Go ahead and tell it," said the others.

The Major lifted his glass and carescrutinized the bright liquid. "Well, Tom's line, you see, was just being put through the interior of the State at that time, and one day he asked me to go out with him to some little town which he was going to open with an auction sale of lots and free beer and sandwiches for the people, and all that, Well, I went along, and there was a big freight car loaded down with kegs and provisions. Everybody was having a great time. Tom got ill during the sale, so he went into a little shanty to lie down, while I went over to the freight car to get some ice to put on his head. I was in the car, scouting around after ice, when all of a sudden some one slammed the door to and made the inside of the car as dark as pitch. Then somebody in the darkness egan to swear like a pirate, and I heard him swing his revolver loose. I began to see the game then. It seems that there was a fellow around there that a good many people wanted to kill, and they said they were going to kill him that day at the sale, too. Somebody had pointed him out to me during the morning, and I had heard him brag so I recognized this voice in the dark ness. I think he decided that they had slammed the door on him so that when he opened it to come out they could get a good fair chance to make a sieve of

"He wasn't very glod company, either. I stood still so long that I felt the bones in my legs creak like old timbers, and I didn't breathe any barder than a canary bird. He went on swearing at a great rate.

positively frightful.

The way that man swore was

began to think of Tom and his pain, wishing he had died rather than I had come for that ice.

"At last I found that I had got to move. There was no help for it. My legs refused to support me in this post tion any longer. My head was grow-ing dizzy, and if I didn't change my attitude I would fall down. I hadn't re mained motionless for so very long, either, but in a darkness where a man can't tell whether he is standing on his feet or his ears the faculty of balance dsn't much to be counted on. My heart stopped short when I felt myself sway, but I shifted one foot quickly, and there was again. But that accursed foot had made a squeak.

"The fellow listened for a moment, and then he yelled: 'Who is in here?' "I didn't say a word, but just dropped down to the floor as easy as a sack of

"He listened for a time, and then bellowed out again: 'Who's in here?' I suppose he figured that it wasn't one of enemies, or they would have got him while he was swearing to himself over in the corner.

'Who's in here; Come along begin t' bore leetle holes in yeh! Who er yeh, anyhow! Whistle some how, or I'll fire at ye!"

He was beginning to get mad as a wildcat. I could fairly hear that fellow lashing himself into a rage, and getting more crazy every minute. All the kegs were up in his corner, and when I felt around with one hand I couldn't find a thing to get behind. Every second I expected to hear him begin to work his gun, and if you have ever lain in the darkness and wondered at what precis spot the impending bullet would strike, you know how I felt. So when he yelled out again, 'Who er you?' I spoke up and said, 'It's only me.

"Thunder, cried he, in a roar like a bull, 'Who's me! Give yer hull name an' pedigree, mister, if yeh ain't fond of reg'iar howling, helling row!"

"T'm from Houston,' said I.

"Houston,' said he, with a snort.
'An' what er yeh doin' here, stranger?"

"I came out to the saie, I told him.
"Hum,' said he, and then he remain."

'Hum,' said he; and then he remained still for some time over in his end of the car.

was congratulating myself that I ran no more chance of trouble with this flend, and that the whole thing was a mere matter of waiting for some merciful fate to let me out, when suddealy the fellow said: 'Misterl'

Sir! said L. 'Open that there door!' Er-what?

'Open that there door!' Er-the door to the car?'

'He began to froth at the mouth. 'Sure,' he roarer. 'Th' door ! car! There hain't fifty doors here. be ther! Sild 'er open or else, mister, You be a goner sure!' And then he sursed my ancestors for fifteen genera-

'Well-but-look here,' said I. 'Ain't -look-here ain't they going to shoot soon as anybody opens that door.

'None 'a 'yer business, strangtr.' the fellow howled. 'Open that here door, er I'll everlastin'ly make er ventilator of yeh. Come on, now! Step He began to prawl over in my di-'Where are yeh? Come on llow, galoot! Where are yeh? Oh, jest lemme lay my ol' gun ag'in yeh an' I'll in' out! Step up!'

This cat-like approach in the dark ness was too much for me. 'Hold on,'

He gave a grunt and paused. I got

and went over to the door. 'Now, stranger,' the fellow said. 'Es soon as yeh open th' door, jest step enside an' watch Luke Burnham peel th skin off er them skunks." But, look here, said I. 1921

"'Stranger, this haint no time t' ar-

Open th' door! "I put my hand on the door and prepared to slide my body along with it. I had hoped to find it locked, but unfortunately it was not. When I gave it a preliminary shake, it rattled easily, and I could see that there was going to be no trouble in opening the door.

"I turned toward the interior of the car for one last remonstrance. 'Say, I haven't got anything to do with this I'm just up here from Houston to go to the sale'—
"But the fellow howled again: 'Stran-

ger, er you makin' a damn' fool 'a me? By the

" 'Hold on,' said I. 'I'll open the door.' "I got all prepared, and then turned my head. 'Are you ready?' 'Let 'er go!'

"He was standing back in the car. 1 could see the dull glint of the revolvers in each hand.

'Let 'er go!' he said again. "I braced myself, and put one hand out to reach the end of the door, then with a groan, I pulled. The door slid open, and I fell on my hands and knees

in the end of the car. "'Hell,' said the fellow. I turned my head. There was nothing to be seen but blue sky and green prairie, and the little group of yellow board shanties with a red auction flag and a crowd of peo-

ple in front of one of them. "The fellow swore and flung himself out of the car. He went prowling off toward the crowd with his guns held barrels down and with his nervous fingers on the triggers. I followed him at

a respectable distance.
"As he came near to them he began to walk like a cat on wet pavements, lifting each leg away up. 'Where is he?' Where is th' white-livered skunk what slammed the door on me? Where is he? Where is he? Let 'im show hisself! He dassent! What is he? Where is he?

"He went among them, bellowing in his buil fashion, and not a man moved. 'Where's all these galoots what was goin' t' shoot at me? Where be they? Let 'em come! Let 'em show theirselves! Let 'em come at me! Oh, there's them here as has got guns hangin' to 'em, but let 'em pull 'em! Let 'em pull 'em onct! Jest let 'em tap 'em with their fingers, an' I'll drive a stove-hole through every last one 'a their lowdown hides! Lessee a man pull a gun! Lessee! An lessee th' man what slammed th' door on me. Let 'im projuce hissel, th' --- ' and he cursed this unknown individual in language that was

like black smoke.
"But the men with guns remained silent and grave. The crowd for the most part gave him room enough to pitch a circus tent. When the train left he was still rearing around after the man who had slammed the door.'

"And so they didn't kill him after all," said some one at the end of the narra-

tive. "Oh, yes; they got him that night," said the Major. "In a saloon somewhere. They got him all right"-Stephen Crane.

Mateless Pigeons.

"Pigeons are monogamous," said a raiser of those birds for market to a New York Sun writer, "and the female lays but two eggs. One of these is always the egg from which a male is hatched, and the other encloses the future female. If by any accident a cock pigeon loses its mate, or a hen pigeon becomes widowed, the sympathies of the entire cote go out to the afflicted brother or sister. If it should so happen that a cock should lose his mate and a hen hers, so that they are both mate-less at the same time, the afflicted pair soon forget their griefs in a new life partnership, and all is serene.

"But if there is a widower in the cote, and no convenient widow for him to take to mate, or if there is a widow whom no widower pigeon is on hand, something must be done to fill the vacancy. Upon the first hen pigeon nest after the vacancy occurs falls the important duty. If she hasn't hatched her eggs yet, she promptly dumps one "Who's in here: Come along of the two out of the nest. She never now, galoot, an' speak up, er I'll makes a mistake in evicting the right one. If a widow is to be provided for, the hen throws out the egg containing her future daughter. If a widower is pining for a mate, she disposes of the son egg. If she has hatched her egg when a demand is made for her sacrifice, she ceases feeding the youngster who will be superfluous, and starves it to death. Pigeons grow fast, and squabhood over, the lone product of that nest becomes mate to the bereaved member of the flock."

Bismarck's Tact.

An anecdote is related of Bismarck's early diplomatic career that shows a pleasant degree of magnanimity on the part of the future Chancellor of the German Empire. Count Rechberg called on his Prussian colleague-Bismarck -to show him a dispatch from his Gov-ernment, instructing the Count to vote with Prussia at the next meeting of the Diet. Bismarck read the document, and returned it to the Count, saying:

"This is evidently a mistake."

Rechberk in his turn looked at the sheet and changed color. Instead of the official letter he had, by mistake, handed to Bismarck the secret instructions he had received concurrently, calling upon him, while openly countenancing Prussia, to use his utmost endeavors to cause the other German States to vote against the measure. For a moment both statesmen looked at each other in silence. Then Bismarck said:

'Don't be upset. You never intended giving me the letter. Ergo, you never gave it me; ergo, I know nothing about the whole matter."—Youth's Companion.

A Long Bridge.

There is a scheme of uniting Ceylon with India by a railway across Falk's Straits. It will necesitate a bridge of proportions hitherto undreamt of since will have to be forty-one miles in The engineeling difficulties are not so formidable as would at first sight appear, for, although the map formidable breadth of sea be tween the mainland and Ceylon, the railway can be made to traverse it on a series of stepping-stones formed by the rocks and shoals known as Adam's

Wanted Peace and Quiet. "You didn't take that middle flat which you liked so well?"

"No. "Rent too high?" "Oh, no-I found that the woman up stairs kept some Augora cats and that the man in the lower flat was raising nug dogs!"-Chicago Record.

FONDLING A TARANTULA.

It is Best to be Sure That the Tarantula Knows You.

"The tarantulas pine in confinement, remarked an amateur spider collector, refuse to spin or eat and seldom live long. A centipede or scorpion, on the other hand, committs middle when it sees no chance of getting free."
"Commits suicide," I asked, "why,

how? "By inoculating its body with its own poison. I have seen it do it time and time again. The centipede carries poison in two little teeth, besides the sack in each of his many feet. He bites his body savagely when he wants to kill himself, just as a man would plunge a dagger into his heart."

"And how does the ecorpion kill him-

"His poison lies in the end of his tail, He turns his tail up over his back, and jabs it in sharply; in a few seconds he is dead."

Which do you think the most interesting, tarantulas or centipedes?" inquired of this practical student of

natural history.
"Tarantulas," he replied. "They have etter dispositions and are much more intelligent than their cousins, the centipedes.

"Do you think they learn to know people?" "Do I? Well, I'll show you. Look

here, Browney."

The little slide down to Browney's hatch was pulled back and the fuzzy round-bodied king of spiders crawled out on the promenade ground of hard board in front of his dwelling. "Here's a piece of pear for you, Browney," said the master.

"Does he like pears?" "Only the juice. He sucks the juice of raw beef occasionally, too, but he vastly prefers a good, fat grasshopper if he can get him."

Browney examined the piece of pear critically with his feeler and pressed it as if to extract the juice, but he did not seem hungry. The master then took up the astr-shaped creature in his fingers and felt separately every one of the fatal little legs.

"You see he is not hostile to me. Now let my brother attempt to play with A curley-headed young man of twen-

ty or thereabouts drew near and called to the tarantula coaxingly. Browney instantly hunched himself

up and retracted in a pet, showing plainly his dislike.

"When he was free and very busy one day I watched him unwind yards and yards of spun thread and float down on a veritable ladder of it to a cranny half way down the rocky surface of a steep bluff. There he captured a julcy beetle. He drags his prey after him by folding it in his threads and hitching it to those pegs on his back. His eyes are in the top of his

"But tarantulas are deadly poison?" "Yes; but they use their poison as a defense. They have enemies to guard against just as other creatures. Their poison is carried in a little sack in the last section of each foot and in the little sharp claw at the extremity, that is also hollow. They also have two teeth that are venomou.s

"I have observed that they tend their young until they are four weeks old. After that they deliberately run away from them and leave them to look after themselves. This plan teaches them self-reliance."—St. Louis Star.

The Strange Story of a Ring.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that in one of the parks in the Spanish capital city of Madrid a magnificent ring hangs by a silken cord about the neck of the statue of the Maid of Almodma, the patron saint of Madrid. This ring, though set with diamonds and pearls, is nevertheless entirely unguarded. The police pay no attention to it, nor is there any thief, however daring, would venture to appropriate it to his own use; and when the history of the ring is considered, it is hardly to be wondered at that a superstitious people prefer to give it a wide berth. According to the story that is told of it, the ring was made for King Alfonso XII., the father of the present boy King of Spain. Alfonso presented it to his cousin Merceds on the day of their betrothal. How short her married life was all know; and on her death the King presented the ring to his grandmother, Queen Christina, Shortly afterwards Queen Christina died, and the King gave the ring to his sister, the Infanta del Pilar, who died within the month following. The ring was then given to the youngest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. In less than three months she died, and Alfonso, by this time fearing that there was some unlucky omen connected with the bauble, put it away in his own treasure box. In less than a year the King himself died, and it was deemed best to put the ring away from all the living. Hence it was hung about the neck of the bronze effigy of the Maid of Almodma, where it appears to be as safe as though surrounded by a cordon of police. - Harper's Round Table.

Motives for Early English Settlement. While the Dutch in the West and the British in the East made trade and wealth derived from commerce, their chief object, the object of the latter in the West was to make settlements, to establish a home, to dwell where they could practice their religion free from all interference and dictation. Their distinct policy became, shaped as it was by the course of events at home. to found a New England. This gave, as between the British and the Dutch, a character of perseverance to the ef-forts of the former, who, being insular and not at that time so exclusively deyoted to commerce, were less vulnerable than the latter by sea and not at all by land.

The Puritan settlers were not guided in their choice of territory by thirst for gain; they wanted to found a nation to begin again, breaking with the traditions of the past, in a place where neither English law and Government nor the English Church, as directed by Laud, and operating through the Star Chamber, could follow them. The pro-cess of settlement was slow, but it was sure; and the spectacle of a fundamen tal change wrought in the conditions of human life and Government across the Atlantic had a powerful influence on the course of politics, both in Great Britain and on the Continent.—Black wood's Magazine.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

ESTATE OF ADAM WHITMOYER, DEC'D. By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises in

Pine township, Columbia County, Penna., on SATUADAY, JUNE 27. 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in said township, bounded and described as follows, to-wit. On the north by lands of H. S. Warner, on the east by the public road leading from Pine summit to Millville, on the south by lands of Thomas McGarvey and Isaac Yount, and on the west by lands of William Houghton, containing

TWENTY-ONE ACRES, and twenty-seven perches more or less, whereon are erected a plank

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TREMS OF SALE,-Ten per cent, of one fourth the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property, one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation nisi, and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest from the confirmation Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage

WILLIAM D. WHITMOYER, Administrator of Adam Whitmoyer, dec'd., Hughesville, Pa

N. U. FUNK, Attv.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Susan Rambach, late of Bloomsburg, Pa.

Notice is hereby given that letters of adminis-tration on the estate of Susan Rambach, lake of Bloomsburg, Pa., devensed, have been granted to the undersigned administrator to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or de-mands will make known the same without de-lants.

C. H. CAMPBELL,

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of David Vanhorn, deceased. Estate of David Vannorn, decased.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Columbia county to pass upon exceptions and make distribution of the balance in the hands of C. L. Sands, executor, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, on Friday, June 28th, 1896, at ten o'clock a. m. to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested must appear and prove their claims, or be debarred from any share in with fund.

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