## THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

## EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

There is ever a some somewhere, my done, There is ever a something sings alway: There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear.

And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray. The sunshine showers acrose the grain, The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

Be the skies above dark or fair; There is ever a song that our hearts may

hear-There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, the midnight black or the midday

blue; The robin pipes when the sun is here.

And the cricket chirrups the whole night through. The buds may blow and the fruit may

And the autumn leaves drop crisp and

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the show.

is ever a song somewhere, my deat.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, Be the skies above dark or fair; There is ever a song that our hearts may

hear-Thire is ever a song somewhere, my dear, There is ever a song somewhere! -James Whitcomb Riley.

A CONTEMPTIBLE FELLOW.

I had been a telegraphic operator at Brandon some six or eight months and had held communication of a purely business character only with the operator at Danwood, when there came a change. A message spun along the line one February morning in this wise:

"Good morning, Brandon." I responded, "Good morning, Danwood.

"The former operator died last night and I have taken his place.

"What is your name?" I asked. "Neille Merton. What is yours?" A spirit of mischief prompted my re-

ply. "Harry Clayborn."

Then a message in real earnest came along the lines, and we were obliged to attend to business.

Every day i bid my unseen acquaint-ance "Good morning," and never closed up at night without a farewell message. A tinge of conscience racked me at times, and a still, small voice whispered its warning, but the temptation was too great and it was not long be-fore I was sending sly messages to the unseen Nellie.

It was no end of fun. She told me her history. She had run away from home because her parents insisted upon marrying her to a man she detest-ed-and the last word came clicking vidously from my end of the line. She would never marry him-never.

Well, the outcome of it all was that I isked the unseen Nellie to be my wfie, and even described the little home that was lonesomely awaiting her coming. I was foundering in deep weller and could but trust to a merciful providence to pull me out. My fun was becoming dead earnest.

That virtue was almost exhausted when the well known call fell on my ear. I flew to the instrument. It was concise, but not very complimentary. Rather than marry that brute I will risk it."

I was in for it now. I. Delia Browne, was engaged to be married to a young lady I had never seen. This was forcing the question of woman's rights.

I carried the fun on for over three months, and every day it grew less funny, until I began to brood over the predicament into which I had led my feet. The time was rapidly approaching when J would have to claim by

"Nellie is here to receive your confession and forgiveness. I dried my tears and looked up, but now no one but the tall, handsome young man, who was looking at me very carnestly.

Where is she?" I asked, ready to cry again. Here!" he said, holding out his

hand. Instinctively I put mine into it and

it closed over it firmly.

"I also have a contession to make," he said earnestly. "I thought you were another young fellow like my-self, and wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a fliritation. In short," he added, abruptly, "I am Nellie Merton, and you are Harry Clayborn. Come, dry your eyes, Harry: your Nellis is not heartbroken at the turn of affairs." You are a contemptible fellow," I

He did not reply, but stood looking

down at me from his superior height. "It was very mean of you, because your object was a woman. I will nev-er forgive you, if I live to be a hun-dred," I cried.

'Is not that rather paradoxical, considering the fact that you thought a was a woman, and you were enacting role of the sterner sex?" he asked.

"You might have known," I answered neverely.

"But I did not," he said. "Here is my train," I replied short-"Good-bye," he said, assisting me

on to the train, despite my independence, and lifting his hat as the train steamed out. One morning about a year later I was arranging and copying some night messages when a long shadow fell across my paper. A glance upward told me who it was Standing with hat in hand and with-

out preface of any kind he said: 'Over a year ago you asked me to marry you and I consented. I have come to-day to ask will you come or

shall I enter an action for breach of promise?" What could I say or do?"-Forget-

Me-Not.

## A Well-Packed Trunk. The marvel of packing, packing of

clothes, I mean, is that it is so simple, when you see for the first time a professional French packer put up your best gowns you feel sure you will come to your journey's end without a rag to wear. He puts three times as many things in the same space as you would Of course, any one can pack well enough if she has the room-a separate box for every waist, a tray for every skirt. Then, too, some goods wrinkle so badly that no care can avert catastrophe; they come to grief even in the hands of a French maid at home. Test everything you buy from point of view. With material not given over to evil you can learn to pack so that your clothes won't tell the tale of their prison house.

The cardinal point is to wrap up every delicate garment separately; of course it should be folded smoothly, teach how to fold clothes in print is not easy. Any good dressmaker, however, can give you points on that, and the wrapping is the more important thing; pin towels or sheets of tissue paper about your garment, but remember that newspapers are what you should fold between each layer of pretty things in the trunk. Nothing else is so good; it is so unyielding that wrinkles and protuberances cannot make themselves felt through it to mark the fabrics beneath them any more than if you had used sheet iron. It is useless to try to arrange heavy, things at the bottom, light on ton; the baggage smashers know no top and no bottom; just concentrate yourself on nan ho str with W'8papers better than anything else. Be sure that your wrappings are pinned firmly so that there will be no coming undone; they are your bulwarks. In packing breakable articles it is astonishing how many people will jam them down in corners and sides where they get the full force of every concussion against the unyielding walls. Tie on your corks well with bits of rag and twine and put your bottles near the middle of a compartment, and you may carry ink and shoe dressing in safety around the world. In packing such things as delicate hats, bonnets and fancy waists of such a frou-frou nature that no pressure can be allowed on them it is still better to fill up the empty spaces of the boxes allotted them with lightly twisted sheets of tissue paper than to give them a chance to move, and with all due respect to the best packing in the world it is still well to unpack as soon as you can .- Kansas City Star.



ers has been formed to oppose the reelection of Leonard Rhone, worthy master of the State Grange, at the State Convention next December. Colonel R. H. Thomas of Mechanicsburg is one of the leading spirits in the combine. He was defeated for secretary, a position he had filled for twenty-two consecutive years, at the State convention in Harrisburg, December, 1894. A stiff fight was made at the same time against Rhone, and Thomas' friends charge the worthy master with throwing down the secretary to save himself.

Rhone's opponents will select either W. T. Hill of Crawford county, worthy lecturer, or James G. McSparran of Lancaster, a member of the legislative committee, as their candidate for worthy master. They expected to fix up their slate during the Grangers' picnic last week at Williams Grove. A warning was sent out from Harrisburg recently to the Grangers through the state that the oleomargarine dealers have formed a combine to secure the repeal by the next legislature of the oleo law. Rhone's opponents claim the sale of oleo has

been stopped in this state, and that the warning was only a trick to have, the State convention of the Grange direct the legislative committe to keep guard during the session. This would enable the members, if they were so disposed, to run up large bills for expenses and lobby for legislation in which they may have a personal

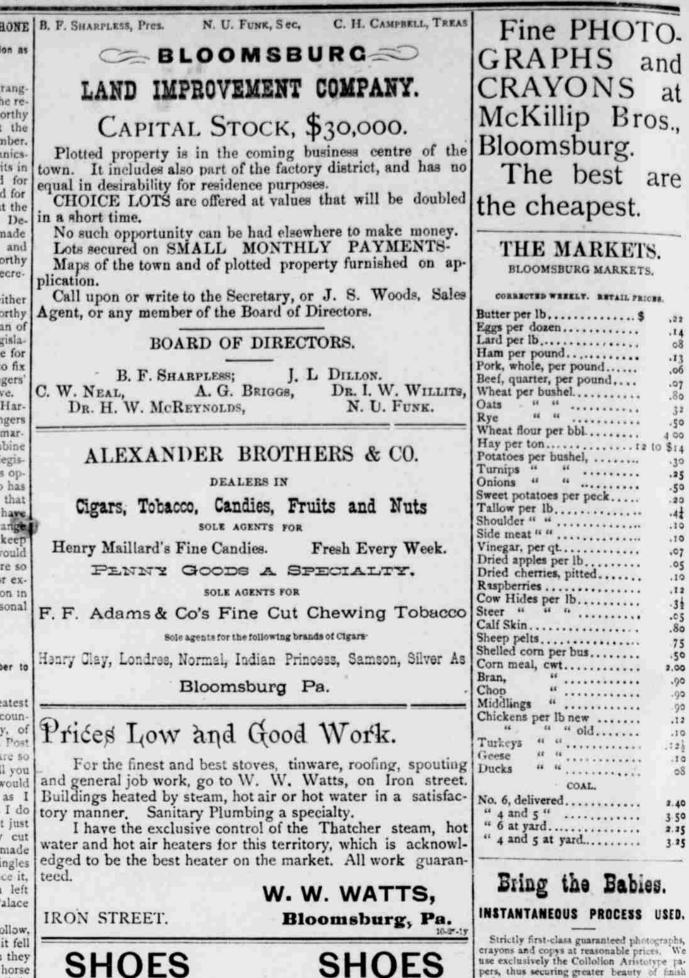
A MIGHTY BIG TREE.

interest.

## One That Turned Out Enough Lumber to Build a California Town.

"Yes sir; they have the greatest timber on earth up in Humbolt counexclaimed Sam McConaghy, of the United States Mint to a Post "The trees up there are so man. big-well, I'm not going to tell you how big they are because you would not believe it. Don't know as I would believe it myself, though I do believe a whole lot I tell. But just to give you an idea, now, they cut down one tree up there that made enough lumber, pickets and shingles to build a whole town and fence it. and they've still got logs enough left to put up a building as big as Palace

Hotel. "The butt of the tree was hollow too, for about fifty feet, and as it fell right square across a deep gulch they used it for a bridge. Four horse teams drive through it. By a little hewing out they can make a foot-path on each side of the wagon road through it. That tree was so tall that when they commenced cutting it up they had to make two camps-one at each end-for it was too far for the keeping a smooth, even surface for men working on the top to walk back each successive layer. Bows and at right. I don't know what they at right. I don't know what they would have done if several hundred feet hadn't been broken off at the top by the elements centuries ago."



We buy right and sell right. OUR SUCCESS IS BASED ON THIS FACT.

pers, thus securing greater beauty of fin and permanency of results. CAPWELL, MARKET SOUARE GALLERY. 11-22-IV. Over Hartman's Store. Not one part but every

bride.

At last I could bear it no longer, and one day, just three weeks before I was to travel to Danwood and claim my bride, I got into the train with altogether another motive. It was to kiss and make up, after I had begged her with tears to forgive me, etc., etc.

I found the telegraph office. It was occupied by a young man reading a paper. I looked at him without speaking, and he returned the compliment in kind.

"I wish to see Miss Nellie Merton,' I said, and, as he did not speak, I went on to explain. "I am an operator at Brandon, and desire to see her on impottant business. A moment's delay

"So you are the operator at Brandon, and wish to see Miss Merton. I am sorry to disappoint you, but you see Miss Merton is at home at the present time, while I take her place. The fact is, she is going to be married, and is preparing for the great event. She cannot be seen personally, but if you will intrust the message to me I will deliver it immediately, if you will take my place while I run around to the house."

"I must see her!" I said, excitedly. "But you cannot," he said coolly. "I have orders not to let any one know hef whereabouts for a day or two, un-til these preparations are well under

"Don't say another word. You will set me wild. If you won't tell me where to find her," I went on, in desperation, "will you please tell her this: I have been a wicked girl-and-andthere is no such person as Harry Clay-born. It started in fun, and-andplease let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it."

No such person as Harry Clayborn! My dear young lady. I must beg leave to differ from you. That is the name of the young gentleman who, in three short weeks, is to marry Miss Merton. Suraly he is not dead?" he added in consternation. "Oh! will you not understand?

11 was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I-well, i am Harry Clayborn, and after a time we'became engaged-all in fun, too. 1 triad to stop, but I was so wicked 1 could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart. And and "" Here I broke down and began to cry

in a miserable way. Unlike most men, my companion was not in the least disconcerted at the sight of my tears, but simply laughed loud and long. Bresently the laughter ceased. Then

I have uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion. Then he got up and paced about restlessiy. Pratty soon a gentle touch fell upon me arm, and his voice, very kind,

Friendship Among Animals.

It is generally supposed that when wild animals of different kinds meet it is a natural instinct for them to rush at other and fight till one of them has failen. But there are a great many cases where Platonic friendships exist between the fiercest beasts. They often do favors for one another in the most friendly spirit.

The most plcturesque of animal friendships exists between the buffalo and the flamingo. This curious pair have often been seen walking about together, the flamingo usually perched comfortably on the buffalo's back. The great test of any friendship is the extent one will go to perform a service for a friend. The good friendship dx-isting between buffalo and fiamingo bears such a test very well. As the pair move about the fiamingo carefully 'enns the buffalo's back and matted hair, picking from its pores the tiny insects that annoy and pain it. Sometimes the bird unintentionally bites its companion, but the buffalo never resents the accident.

There is a curious breed of birds in the Island of Java which regularly ck the teeth of alligators. The teeth an alligator are made to tear flesh, and it often happens that their interstices become clogged up, annoying the saurlan, and making it uncomfortable for him in many ways, and frequently eventing him in a measure from catching his prey or properly masticat-ing his food. So he lies in the sun, opens wide his great jaws, while the birds do the rest. They act also as senincle, heralding the approach of a foe by packing vigorously at the animal's ongue, upon which the ailigator closes by pecking vigorously at the animal's tongue, upon which the alligator closes his mouth and makes for the water, not infrequently killing a few of his tity friends in his haste,-London World. 

"But that was a small tree compared to the one-'

McConaghy is telling himself about that other tree.

Weary travelers will welcome the new fashioned sleeping car. It has regular staterooms like a ship, and these can be locked. The passenger can stand up to undress and dress. The berths are all on one side of a corridor, instead of being on both sides. All this has been accomplished by an ingenious sliding arrangement of partitions, which seems simple now that somebody has thought of it.

