THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A SONG 123 Laugh at loving if you will, But no laughing Love can kill! Still he reigns in maldens' eyes, Conquers with a sweet surprise, still, though all the world is dark And

and sleeps, Love like a sunbeam through the shadow creeps.

gentle hearts in warmest passion steeps.

Cities he will overslup,

For he loves a country lip That no shame nor lying sears. And an eye undimmed by tears:

So oft you'll find him at the country fairs, Where kirtled Prodence sells her homely wares

Fresh crocks of butter or ripe Katherine pears.

Laugh at loving as you may. Love will laugh another day! If he laugh not, you shall weep

For his favor ere you sleep! Bring to his alter, then-in time be wise-

Bring Venus' apples, that poor lover's

prize, And pansies, softer than their mistress'

-F. B. Money-Coutts. eyes

She Wouldn't Tell.

To this day I live in perpetual fear of meeting him, indeed I am continually haunted with the belief that he is scouring the earth for me, thirsting for revenge, and that is why I shun the haunts of men and live a solitary, secluded life, only venturing out at dusk and wearing a beard (which doesn't suit me) and blue glasses (which I don't need) as a means of disguise.

Of course it should never have happened. I admit that. It began with a very simple mistake on my part. I was sounging on the pier at Eastsea one morning in September, listening to the "Grand Selection from the Boheman Girl" (they play this every day at Dastsea) and watching the promenaders, when my eyes fell on a young lady who was sitting in a quiet corner reading a novel.

I could not see her face, for it was hidden by a crimson parasol, but her general appearance at once told me that it was Flo Beresford, one of the prettiest girls I know.

So absorbed was she in her book that she did not hear me approach, and to attract her attention (I know her very well I playfully tapped the sunshade with my paper. She looked up in a moment, and then, to my horror, I saw I had made a mistake—it was not Flo, but a stranger.

I stood paralyzed, trying to frame an apology, but before I could get the words out I was amazed to see a lovely smile of evident recognition, and a still lovelier blush overspread a charming face.

"George!" che cried in a joyous tone "This is a surprise! When did you come? But there, sit down."

Now I know that this was where J made the fatal error. I know I ought to have undeceived her, to have murmured a few words of apology, raised my cap and gone away, but I did not to this. She drew her skirts aside and I sat down.

"What made you come so-so sud-denly?" she said.

"What?" then recovering myself, "Why you, of course." She blushed divinely

'Couldn't you walt for my answer?' she murmured softly. "No," I said, "I couldn't."

She turned over the pages of her novel in abstracted fashion. On the flyleaf I caught sight of some writing. "To Lucy from George," and the date. Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so close that a stray tendril of her brown hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little car,

I had resolved to let the matter go no further. Up to this point it had simbeen a very innocent joke. But 11 hould end.

Hang it! you know, it wasn't right, In fact, it was dishonorable. I-well, then I thought of her answer and what it was likely to be, and-well, at 3 o'clock I was sitting in the front drawingroom at No. 11, sipping tea and talking to a very charming old lady who welcomed me as-a son.

Lucy accompanied me to the door when I took my leave.

"What time shall I call for you?" I asled.

"Seven." I was there at 7. She was ready. She put her arm through mine quite condingly and we walked down the pier One corner was vacant and we sat down. Her eyes were very bright, and

her checks were flushed. "Have you forgotten?" I murmured as I took her hand.

The stand -"Forgotten?" "Your answer," She was silent.

'Lucy, what is it? Speak! This-this tispense is killing me." I think I did it pretty well. There

was a decided thrill of genuine passion in my voice. The fact is, I believe loved her.

"It's-it's a word of th-three letters," she murmured. "Of three-

"George is my hat on straight?"

I naw her home, of course, and we ingered at the gate another half hour Then I suddenly felt the pressure of her lips to mine, and the next moment

she had vanished. Alas! I never saw her again. I should have met her on the pler the next morning, but I did not do so. I don't think-I say I don't think-I should have done so in any case-but the rea reason why I didn't was this:

As I came down the next morning I met a gentleman on the stairs who way o like me that we might have been wins,

What did I do? Why, prompily pack d my portmanteau and took train to a remote village in Scotland, I often wonder now if he ever found out .- St Paul's.

Prosperity Vs. Crime.

The Rev. Samuel G. Smith, of the linnesota State University, who was one of the speakers at the National Prison Congress, held in Milwaukee, brought out the interesting fact that crime is more prevalent in times of prosperity than during a time of business depression. This, he added, was in part explained by the fact that during times of prosperity drunkness and dissipation led up to the committing of crimes. He said that the proposition to the effect that crime increased in the United States, while it had dereased in Europe, was entirely a falla-His observation had shown him hat the greatest number of crimes were committed by the most advanced and morally most progressive nations For instance, the Englishman was much more addicted to crime than the East Indian. This was due to the fact hat the East Indian was one of an old nation, satisfied to go along in his es-tablished way. He did not take to Irink, and as a result did not seek the aths which led away from law and order.

One Perfect Woman.

At a recent prayer gathering, at which a prominent banker was present laughable incident took place. The minister, turning to the gentlemen present, asked: "Dear brethren, did any of you ever know or hear of a perfect man?" The divine paused a few moments, then repeated the question and, receiving no answer, turned to the females present and asked: "Dear

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

The Young Girl Could Not Walt Any Longer.

"I saw it all." In the richly appointed parlor of the Plankwater residence a young mar paced rapidly to and fro, his dark, handsome face rufiled with the great conflict that raged within. Pausing at length in front of the divan where leaned with half-indifferent pose the form of a strikingly pretty girl, he continued:

'Yes, I saw it all. Listen, Mabel Plankwater. I loved you. When you the first time I looked into your eyes, full, it seemed to me, of the frank intensity of a young girl's nature, I felt that I could trust you. And so I gave you all the best love that was in my heart, and during the long weeks that I have called upon you, this love each day took on an added growth, a new development. And you? How did you respond to my attentions? By all those signs which a woman knows so well to convey you taught me to believe that my passion had found an answering coho in your heart, and now I find that the girl I have loved has deceived me Yes; for there is no other word, I regret to say, that I can fittingly use Let me explain. You may wonder why I did not come last night. I did, but you did not know it. At half-past 8 1 mounted the steps of this house. I was about to ring, when through the half open curtain I saw you in the front room with another man. I saw him Riss you, and then, overcome with the sudden shock, I turned and left the

house. Do you dare deny that what 1 saw is so?" "Certainly not," nonchalantly re plied his companion, lifting the lid from her bon-bon box. "But you

mustn't blame me. It was your own fault." "My own fault," repeated the other

Why was it my own fault?"

"Nay was it my own fault?" "Simply because," replied the fait young creature, "you promised to be here at 8 o'clock. You don't suppose I could wait any longer, do you?"-World.



But glances at the window higher.



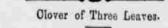
He sees a face he must admire, And you see what happens to the tire

Political Prophecy.

Burke has credit for political prophecy. No great foresight was required to surmise that anarchy would end in military despotism. The example of Cromwell was suggestive. Burke fancied at one time that the military power of France would depart. He fancied that the departments would become so many separate republics and throw off the yoke of the central government. He fancied that there would be a domination of bankers. The sphere in which he is a real prophet is not the political, but the ethical. He did discern moral tendencies and consequences discernible by no ordinary eye. In a passage of his letters he traces with admirable skill and truth the connection be tween the loose sentimentality of Rousseauism and the indulgence of murderous passions in the reign of

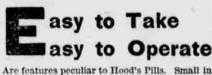
terror. That Burke, when he wrote the "Reflections on the French Revolution," though the victim of a temporary frenzy, was in no other sense mad is proved, if proof were needed, by the appearance two years after of the letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe on the removal of the disabilities of Irish Catholics, a production as sane, as liberal and as wise as anything he ever wrote. His conduct in championing the Catholic claims was the more chivalrous because his Catholic connection had through life exposed him to calumny and suspicion. There is some reason for believing that his

arguments at the time made a favorable impression upon George III, whose mind perhaps was opened to them by his alliance with Catholic monarchies against the atheist republic. In the end other influences unhappily prevailed, and the country rues at the present hour the rejection of Burke's policy of Catholic emancipa-



tion .- Cornhill Magazine.

The clover of three leaves is in Ireland considered an emblem of the Trinity, from the tradition that St. Patrick used it while preaching to confute the argument of a heathen. "How," said the man, "can there be three gods in one and one in three." St. Patrick stooped and picked up a shamrock growing at his feet. "Here," he said, "are three in one and one in three." Since that day the shamrock has been the national plant of the Emerald Isie.





size, tusteless, efficient, thorough

can't see it all Cod-liver oil is something more than a fat. Its peculiar

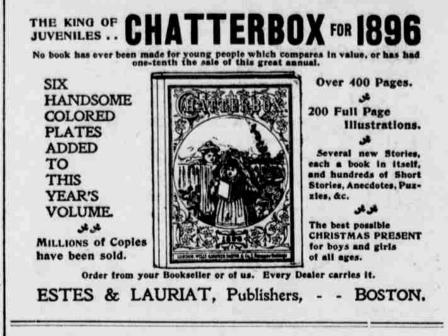
action depends on a number of substances, among which might be mentioned iodine and phosphorus. There can be no substitute for cod-liver oil, because there is no other oil known which has in natural combination with it such a large number of valuable medicinal agents.

a producted said a second



of Cod-liver O with the hypophosphites contains the whole oil, with its natural properties, and in a thoroughly emulsified or digested condition. The hypophosphites increase the appetite and impart strength to the nervous system. This combination has marked curative properties in a number of diseases of the skin and scalp, to which scrofulous persons are peculiarly liable. Such diseases as chronic eczema, ringworm, and other skin affections, are often quickly cured by the constitutional effects following the use of Scott's Emulsion. so cts. and \$r a bottle.





ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN

Cigars; Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts SOLE AGENTS FOR

Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS & SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

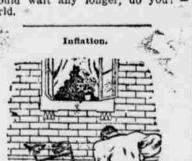
F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars-

Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash Bloomsburg Pa.

asy to Operate Prices Low and Good Work.

For the finest and best stoves, tinware, roofing, spouting and general job work, go to W. W. Watts, on Iron street. Buildings heated by steam, hot air or hot water in a satisfac-tory manner. Sanitary Plumbing a specialty.

I have the exclusive control of the Thatcher steam, hot said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. Prills edged to be the best heater on the market. All work guaranteed.



He starts in to inflate his tire,

'what is your answer?" She laughed.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she said, "I posted the letter this morning.

'In-in answer to my letter?" I put In, taking a step in the dark. "Yes, in answer to your letter. And

you'd have had it to-night." "And as it is I've missed it."

"Yes, you've missed it."

"But you'll tell me what-what you said?"

"I've half a mind not to-just to tease you," she murmured.

"Do you want to drive me distracted?" I cried.

A ripple of laughter came from her rosy lips.

"You see if you'd only waited." "But I -I couldn't wait. Lucy, you

But I -- "" Il tell me?" "Not-not now." will tell me?" "Here?"

"Yes, here." Then I wondered what it was he had asked her. It seemed to me that it could only be one thing, but-Ah! I had it.

"Have you kept my letter?", I asked. "Kept it? O. George-yes. Why, I have it here," putting her hand to her breast.

"Just-er-let me have a look at it a moment."

"Let you? O, so you want to draw back, do you? Well, you can if you-" "My darling, I-I only wanted to see if I had spelt necessary with one c or

'Wecessary?" she said. "Why, there's

"Isn't there?" I murmured. "Let me

Yes, I read it, but I don't think it would be right to let any one else do to. My theory was correct, however. "I am wrong," I said, as I returned it to her. "I didn't use the word."

"I knew you didn't." We talked of many things after that. She told me about her mother, who was an invalid, it appeared.

"And I shan't be able to come out this afternoon," she said, "but you'll come up and see mama?" "Yes," I said, "but, do you know—

it's very funny-but, the fact is, I've actually forgotten where you are staying. Ha! ha!

"O, you stupid boy! South Parade, of course." "Of course. Number?-

"Eleven.'

"To be sure." "Mama will be so pleased to see

"I shall be pleased to see mama," I mesponded.

sisters, did any of you ever hear of a perfect woman?" He repeated the question a second time, when a tall, lean, patient female arose and looked the minister straight in the face. For a moment he was incredulous, but, recovering his sang frold, he asked: "Die you ever hear of a perfect woman, sis-ter?" He did not wait long for the He did not wait long for the answer: "I did, but only one. It was my husband's first wife."

In North Carolina.

The speakers called each others liars with almost the alacrity that they would call each other gentlemen. One adidate charged the other with being pleasly drunk, while the other irged his adversary with having fail-three times and becoming wealthier on the occasion of each failure. A Gov-"doing the same as stealing money." A senatorial candidate referred to his adversary as being a jumping jack, a "toad," and unworkhy to breathe the fair name' of a young lady," and final-y said of a Governor, "Watch him; he has been in a court room before and

may yet be in the dock."-Charleston lows and Courier.

In Foinr Regions.

Some curious details of life in the dar regions have been obtained from members of the Nansen expedition They all dwell on the feelings of delight which they experienced in once more seeing other human beings. They become so tired of seeing the same ices and hearing the same voices, day fter day, that in the end a feeling of irritation was produced. Finding it imost impossible to endure the sight of one another, they would set off on ing walks over the lee, each man by ilmself. It was an astonishing thing, me man said, to see his comrades triding away over the ice from the ship, each in a different direction and carefully avoiding his fellows.

A Paper En Route.

Two French newspaper men who ried without a cent from Paris a r and a half ago to go around the ld, earning their way by disposof articles and pictures to the newsers of the towns they visit, have as far as Hong Kong. From time o time they print a paper called En us. The number made up at Bom-was written in English, French 1 N.B. and Gujerati.

The Deadly Bargain.

He-Shall we be able to economize?

Not "Susie" After All.

Two young fellows, partners in the ten trade, were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as

well as fo business matters. One of them, a simple-minded fellow was a bhchelor, and was in the habit of reading to his partner extracts from letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a lady in the north of England, who signed herself "Susie."

The married one went to China for twelve months, and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact, I feel as though I bught to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has so often done me the honor to read to me ex-tracts of his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the speaker were studies, as the bride drew herself up, and said, emphatically and distinctly: "I beg your pardon-my name is

"Helen!"

It Arrived on Time.

"Are you the engineer?" asked the tomantic young lady, as she walked up the platform to the locomotive and smiled on the man looking out of the cab window. "Yes'm," was the curt reply.

"You hold the lives of all the pas-

sengers in your hands?" "Exactly, miss." "And you let! the fearful responsi-

billity?" "1 do." 1-1-1-1 C

"And you will-will?"

"Just so. I've got a \$2 dog back there in the bagage car which I'm taking home, and I shall take the most extraordinary precautions to run this train safely into Chicago."—World.

Forethought.

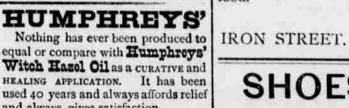
Cooney Cohen-Mein sohn, why did rou guarantee dot overcoad to lasd Mr. Nixy as long as he lives? Young Cohen-Fader, he has heart disease-he dies any minute!-Harlem Life.

Domestic Cruelty.

"So Mrs. Bilker has got a divorce?" "Yes; she discovered that Mr. Bilker had been hiding his small change every night under a flower-pot in the back yard."-Chicago Record.

America in the Skles.

Ef Nony had lived in this great and g'orious Republic of ourn the chances She-1 think so. At any rate I pass-air thar wouldn't 'a' been any colors in the rainbow except red, whilte and stopping.-Detroit Free Press.



and always gives satisfaction. It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External It Cures PHLES OF HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding-Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate-cure certain. It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant. It Cures TORN, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises. It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible. It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS

It Cures INFLAMED or CARED BREASTS

It Cures INFLAMED OF CARED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c., 5oc. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receiptof pric HUNPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York



COLD IN HEAD cure. A particle is applied into each nostril and greeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; or by mail. Samples too by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N.Y.



W. W. WATTS.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

SHOES

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

Honest trading has won us hosts of customers but we want more. We are selling good shoes, so good you ought to see them. Drop in and we will make it pay you.

CORNER IRON AND MAIN STS. W. H. MOORE.

SHOES



CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH,

YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT WV. BROW

2nd Door above Court House.

A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

ASK FOR THE BSKLET ON "LIGHT" AND

GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD APPABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY

THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.

toth