THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE HAUNTING DREAM.

Last night a melanacholy dream Pursued me down the gulfs of sleep. Like some great bird that flits a-gleam In a ship's wake on the lone deep.

Of those dreams it was so sweet, And subly sad, that when I woke, And rose, and went into the street, I dreamt, although I moved and spoke.

I dreamt although my hands and brain Were busy in the farring noon: I dreami till night came round again, And now I dream, watching the moon.

Oh, for the joy that might have been, Oh, for the joy that might have been. Oh, for the joy that shall not be, and that which thou hast never seen. And that which thou mayst never see! -Victor Plarr.

Tragedy or Comedy

There were eight of us all told. We composed a constellation of dramatic "stars" and a brass band. There was Rawdon, who was "billed" under two or three names which he variously used when he doubled or trebled, as the case might be; and there was Mrs Rawdon, his wife, who did the heavy old ladies; and Miss Rawdon, who was the same person reduced to cellbacy when going on for chambermaids. Also there were Tonless and his wife, who styled themselves the juveniles, but who considered themselves extremely fortunate if they personated less than four characters each at any performance.

Alfred Morley and Edgar Watteau were the remaining actice members of the company, and active members they literally were, never having less than four or five parts. They impersonated princes and beggars, dukes and detec-tives, with equal ease and skill, and sometimes all four characters in the same piece.

It was a great wonder how they ever remembered what their names were in the plays, but a greated wonder how they had any of their beautiful curly hair left; for the frantic manner in which they would rush R. and force on a wig while running around to enter L., and then rush off L. and repeat the wig-changing while getting round tc enter R., would seem to have been enough to wear the capillary adornments off an Esau.

The two gentlemen left to make up the eight were the leader of the orchestra (whose duty it was, as soon as we reached a town, to scour the place for some musicians to lead, otherwise he had to do it alone and play both first and last fiddle), and Jim Handy, the property man, who did a little, and very often a great deal, of everything. He would disappear in the morning and return in time to take tickets that evening, having billed the company for two weeks ahead in other places ad interim. He was luggage superintendent, doorkeeper, flyman, bill distributor and stage carpenter, besides going on as a mob or army. When not other-wise engaged he held the prompt-book

Of course there was a manager, but he didn't count for anything. Managers never do, except on one particular day each week; and sometimes even then they count for less than at any other time.

We were a contented little company and were quite happy among ourselves. until a series of bad houses, and a postponement of the salary-day, made us gloomily prophetic and generally distrustful. Nor were our hopes in any way increased by observing long con-

be killed in the piece, Mr. Handy fired off his only pistol in one of the wings. When the fact that the pistols were nseless became known, both principals who had been very pale before, began to scowl at each other with renewed vigor, and whispered each to his second that something must be done.

"Let them try swords. I have a pair of folls without buttons on them. 1 brought them in case of an emergency," said Mr. Rawdon, who was Wattu's second, to Mr. Tonless, the second of Morley.

"My principal knows nothing of cuart and theree." said Mr. Tonless. "All the better," answered Mr. Raw-

don; "neither does mine." My principal wishes me to state, said Mr. Touloss, "that neither of the principals know anything more of the sword exercise than that contained in the Richard the Third combat, but as your principal has invariably played Richmand to my principal's Richard it is manifest that that would be some what unfair. Yet we are determined to go on if you can suggest some mode

of so doing." "As your principal, Mr. Tonless." said Mr. Rawdon, "has played Claude Melnotte to my principal's Colonel Damas. I think that balances matters and if there is to be a fight they'd bet-ter proceed."

'Enough!" said Mr. Tonless. "So le It be!"

At this dread word each of the principals bent the right knee, held the left hand high up in the air, and commen ced to bore with the sword as though it were a huge brad-awi. Slash came the weapons, and, at the

came time, a loud scream was heard The scream, or rather screams, come from the throats of Mrs. Rawdon and Mrs. Tonless, who, accompanied by the manager, here arrived upon the scene "Hold, upon your lives!" cried Mrs

Rawdon, in her heaviest tones.

As this was exactly what both principals had been endeavoring to do all the morning, the advice was pleasant to them, and they dropped their weapons.

'To fight for such a conceited minx as she is," said Mr. Rawdon, in con-

temptuous voice. Mrs. R. had been cut out of all the heavy parts since the arrival of the

star, and was a triffe jealous. "What is all this about?" inquired the manager.

He was soon told, and them, bidding the four men follow him, he led them to the hotel and into the tragedienne's room. There, bidding them to be seated he left, and soon returned with Jim Handy.

"Tell Jim what the cause of the affair was," said he. Rawdon thereupon told Jim how the

duel was to be fought because each

man loved the fair actress. "Why, you fools," said Jim, "she's my wife; I've been married to her thre years.

This put a different complexion on the whole affair. Mr. Morley at once said that he had been misunderstood by his second; for although he entertained the greatest respect for the great tragedienne, he had never had any feeling for her that could be called by the name of the tender passion. What had caused him to challenge his colleague was the insulting manner in which he had treated him.

Mr. Watteau said he held the same feelings of respect for the actress as his worthy friend, Mr. Morley, and further, on consideration, he felt he had treated Mr. Morley wrong; he was sorry for it, and begged his pardon like a Jim man, a gentleman, and an actor, Everybody then shook hands, and said everybody else had acted in a highly creditable manner, and so endcd the great tragedy-or comedy.

THE CHICKEN COULD READ.

Case of Absolute Gameness on the One Hand and Knowledge of English on the Other. This is an instance where the chicken could read. "It's a case of absolute gameness on the one hand and a knowledge of English on the other,' remarked Deputy Collector of Customs Ozenne, of the Teche district, the other day. "I have what some people say is an inordinate fondness for game chickens. Well, I have a good reason for it, but that's not the question. About two weeks ago I concluded not to set any more game eggs on account of the late-ness of the season, so I gathered a lot of the eggs deposited by the hens in various portions of the yard and plac-ed them in a nest, intending to take them into the house for use there. Among the lot was an egg belonging to a 'dunghill' fowl, and this I marked 'no good' and placed with the others. Leaving the nest for an hour I found upon my return that a hen, one of the game ones, had taken possession and was setting for dear life. I thought I'd let her hatch, and the next morning when I went to the nest I found the egg marked 'no good' on the straw outside. Thinking it had fallen out I placed it again in the nest and left. The next day I again found the egg on the straw, and as I had placed it in the middle of the lot in the nest I thought this funny. I once more placed the egg in the nest, again in the centre of the lot, and then went outside. Hearing a noise in the chicken house a lit-tle while later I went back and found the hen looking at the eggs. In a moment she found what she wanted and proceeded to roll with her bill an egg from the nest to the ground. She rolled it several feet away, and then, as if reconsidering her intention to leave it thus, deliberately cracked the shell. I picked up the pieces and saw that if was the 'no good' egg. Not only had the hen been able to read, but she had been too dog-goned game to hatch a 'dung-hill' egg."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sound Deductive Reasoning.

An amusing incident occurred in the Hope Chapel Sunday school last Sunday. The lesson of the day was found in the text, "For He shall gird you about with great strength." As the superintendent passed among the class-

es, he finally stopped at one composed of half a dozen pickaninnies, who were doing their best to absorb the explanations of their teacher.

are you getting along nicely to-day with the lesson?" "Well, no," she replied. "I find it

rather difficult to make the class understand it."

"Why, it shouldn't be so difficult,' said the superintendent. "You understand what the word gird means, don't you, children?'

There were many dubious shakes of the head, but no replice in the affirmative.

"Why, now," he continued, as he moved his hands in front of him ir imitation of a man tightening a belt 'supposing you were going to run a race, why would you tighten your belt?"

"To hold your pants up." squawked two of the youngsters in concert, and the superintendent turned his face to hide the smile that the conclusive deduction had produced.

Brown's Hard Luck.

The Sense of Touch.

The sense of touch is the simplest, but at the same time one of the most important special senses of the human organism. It is possessed by nearly all portions of the general surface of the body, but finds its highest development in the hands.

The true skin contains multitudes of nerve filaments arranged in rows of papillæ, about one-hundredth of an inch in length. It is estimated that there are 20,000 of these papillæ in a square inch of the palmar surface of the hand. The cuticle is absolutely essential to the sensation of touch, for when the true skin is laid bare by a burn or blister, the only feeling that it experiences from contact is one of pain, not that of touch. The cuticle shields the nerve filaments from direct contact with external objects. Touch is most delicate at the tips of the fingers, and the hand is one of the most important organs.

Buffon declares that with fingers twice as numerous and twice as long we would become proportionately wiser. Galen, however, taught that man is the wisest of animals, not because he possesses the hand, but because he is the wisest and understands its use the hand has been given to him : for his mind, not his hand, has taught him the arts. Exquisite delicacy of touch is attained by practice. Without it the skill of the painter, sculptor and musician would be rude indeed .- Jenness Miller's Monthly, Fire at Lewistown, Saturday, de

stroyed fifteen stables, including two liveries; W. A. Felix's wholesale grocery, W. H. Felix's undertaking establishment, Spangler's tinware manufacturing department, and Peter Dreyer's barber shop and dwelling. The Miller House was badly damaged. The loss will amount to between \$35,000 and \$40,000. It is nearly

all covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

While reading a letter from her sister and walking on the railroad, at Mosgrove, Lycoming County, Nora Reed was killed by a train on Friday.

An unknown man was cut in two by a Western Maryland train near

York, on Friday. Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents diges tion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, head Hood's

comes to stay

There is more than one food which will cause the body to increase in weight. A free supply of sugar will do this; so will the starchy foods; cream, and some other fats. But to become fleshy, and yet remain in poor health, is not what you want. Cod-liver oil increases the weight because it is a fat-producing food. But it does far more than this. It alters, or changes, the processes of nutrition, restoring the normal functions of the various organs and tissues.



of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites, is pure cod liver in a digested condition. So that when a person gains in weight from taking Scott's Emulsion, it is because of two things: First, the oil has acted as a fat-producing food; and, second, it has restored to the body a healthy condition. Such an improvement is permanent; it comes to stay.



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SHOES

Handy and the manager.

We argued that that augured badly and so, after consultations innumerable among ourselves, we decided to request the manager to hand over our salaries We drew lots to see who should de-mand the money, and it fell to Rawdon When that gentleman mustered up

courage enough to go to the manager's room, he found that that worthy had just departed by the train for London. leaving behind a note stating he had gone to town to engage a great lady star" and to get some printing done; that he would be back in two days, and that he had arranged with the landlord for our board and lodging. This was all true; and on the second day he manager returned, accompanied by the celebrated tragedienne, Missbut why mention her name, and it is possible that you have seen her act, and that is all you need to know.

She was a tall, stately, and handsome lady, and not at all averse to homage from the opposite sex. By the second night, therefore, she had fairly captivated all the gentlemen; but two of the men being married and quite out of the question, the field was left open to Alfred Morley and Edgar Watteau, These two gentlemen paid the lady all sorts of attentions, and fell desperately in love with her.

On the third evening the great tragedienne was honored by a call, and as she was coming off after having with great satisfaction acknowledged the tavor, Morley stood ready to pull the curtain aside, so as to permit her to back off bowing. Just as she reached the entrance and was making her last bow, Morley was thrust aside, and Watteau, taking his place, held the curtain for the lovely actress, and reselved a sweet smile of thanks.

The eyes of Morley flashed fire to such an extent that a cigar could al-

have been lit at them. "Miscreant!" he hissed in the ear of Watteau, "You shall pay for this!" "I shall, sir," answered Watteau.

"You shall hear from me to-morrow

morn.' "I hope so," replied Watteau.

Then both scowling at each other, each one tapped his left hip-where the sword ought to be-turned up his nose, and snapping his fingers, as though tossing a pinch of salt over his shoulder, withdrew. The quarrel might, and probably would, have ended here, had it not been for Rawdon and Tonless. who, anxious for a bit of fun, kept the two rivals apart, and encouraged them in everything they suggest-

So, behold the adversaries on the field of honor; the ground measured, and everything ready for one to vanquish and the other to fall, with one triling exception-the pistols were oldfashioned ones that had been made before flint-locks had gone out of use. They had been borrowed for the occasion from Jim, who had used them merely as ornaments for his villains, and if it was necessary for anybody to | with a watch.

Strange Superstition in Russia.

A curious case of gross superstition was recently brought before the Criminal Sessions Court at Samara, in Rus-Six peasants were tried and sensia. tenced to imprisonment for terms of various duration up to four months for deliberately disinterring the body of a woman who had died of intoxication and floating it down the Volga as a means of causing rain. It seems to be quite a fixed belief among the Rus-sian peasantry that throwing the dead body of a drunkard into the river is a sure cure for want of rain.

School Yards.

A most interesting and valuable va cation work has been done by the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Society in order to make the vacation a happy time for poor children. Eleven school yards were open, where a few years ago the little ones had only the streets for a playground. Each yard was open about three hours a day, and the games were in charge of some merry, helpful grown person, able and willing to teach the children the best ways of employing their playtime,

Agriculture in the Schools.

The study of agriculture in the common schools is receiving the attention of many of the thinking men and women all over this country. The facuttics of some of the agricultural colleges have taken up the discussion The St. Louis Journal of Argreulture "Half the population United States live in the rural districts Why not give them all a chance to unand the princples underlying their avocation?"

Mush and Glaclers.

A camper returning from the northern Rocky Mountains, where he had been exploring glaciers, a lively advocalle of the use of cereals in camp, owns up in Harper's Weekly that perhaps he carried too far his advocacy of oatmeal, rice and hominy. He says: "I overheard one of the men discontently reply to one who asked if we had thed much game, 'Oh, no! we just whole trip.' "

On the Pright Side. The optimist is one who sticks So closely to the brighter side wouldn't walk within the shade. Though from the heat he died. -Detroit News.

A Timely Idea.

'No time like the present and no present like time," remarked the gay youth, as he presented his charmer

rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, con-stipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. "Hold on; I've got another hard luce story for you," exclaimed Brown, "Yes erday a pretty little spaniel took i **HUMPHREYS'** fancy to me and followed me all over lown. I swore at him, chased him and threw rocks at him, but he would sneak No. 1 Cures Fever. back as soon as my back was turned and I would find him at my heels in a No. 2 moment

No. 3 "He followed me all day, till about 4 o'clock, when I happened to step into a No. ,4 market street cigar store. There I read No. 8 a placard giving a description of the No. 9 Cures Headache. log that had been following me and offering \$15 reward for his return to his No. 10 owner, who has an office up stairs.] No. 11 was just in time to see a messenger boy No. 12 going up stairs with the dog under his arm to get the reward."-San Francis-No. 14 co Post.

Even With the Editor.

Poetic-looking Young Man - "I've with this manuscript-" Clever Comic Editor-"Shove it in

the waste paper basket, please. I'm very busy now and haven't time to dc it my self." "Poetic-looking Young Man (throw-

ing the manuscript in the waste paper basket)-"I've come from the ----Theatre, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the waste paper basket is your comic drama, which the manager begs me to return to you with thanks-many thanks. He suggests you should sell it to an undertaker, to be read at a funeral."

Exit poetic-looking individual, gently smiling .- London Tid-Bits.

It's Location.

"Ah, for a lame back, I presume?" inquired the druggist, suavely, "No," replied the callow poet, who

had asked for a porous plaster, "for writer's cramp.

"Pardon me, but how can you supply it to your wrist?"

"It isn't my wriet-it's in my stomach."-Truth.

Compensation to All Things. "There is one thing that I must say for Blowhard and that dangnation

"He has driven all the cats into another neighborhood to do their serenading.'-Detroit Free Press.

Wrecked. A girl, a wheel, A shock, a squeal, ` * A header, a thump, N A girl in a lump. A bloomer all torn A maiden forlorn -Springfield Monitor.

A Man of Peace. Mudge-No, I shall not quarrel with He is completely beneath Parsons. my notice.

know he was so good a fighter as that Try the COLUMBIAN a year. -Indianapolis Journal.

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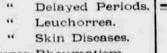
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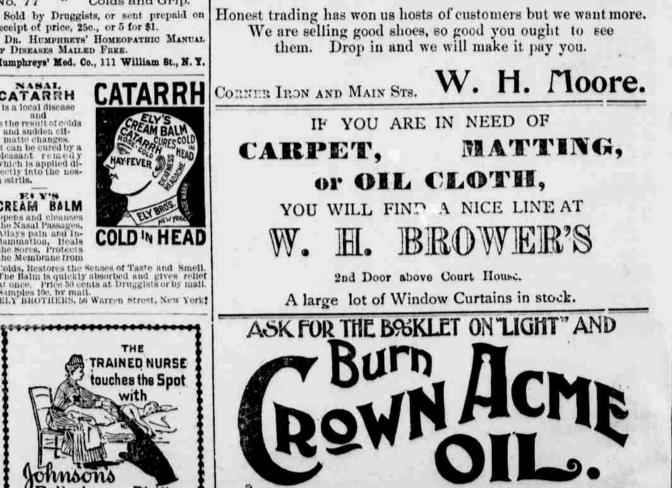
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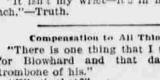
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trombone of his." "What's that?"