WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time so many things I'll do to make life happier and more fair For those whose lives are crowded now with I'll help to lift them from their low despair

When I have time. When I have time, the friend I love so well than know no more these weary, tolling days I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always.

And cheer ther heart with words of sweetest

When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear May be beyond the reach of all your swee May never know that you so kindly meant To fill her life with sweet content, When You had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer To those around whose lives are now so dear They may not mest you in the coming year— Now is the time. -The Indianapolis News.

LOVE IN A MINOR KEY

The inhabitants of Harplestowe had ceased to discuss Hannah Fletcher's questionable position toward her lodger, and any interest attached to her unconventional attitude had qui etly fizzled out along with her meagre claims to beauty. When the world had gone well with Hannah, and she had possessed the irritable devotion of an invalid mother and the undivided love of a selfish father, she had worn modestly the good looks which belong to a middle class young woman who enjoys excellent health and a wholesome temperament. Now the light in her abundant hair and her bright color had died for want of vital sustenance. and her rather prominent features had bleakened with the unresting struggle for existence. A stranger would not trouble to question if her unsympathefic manner was the result or the cause of an unsatisfied existence.

Hannah Fletcher had spent the best years of her youth subduing the passions and emotions which make a beautiful woman irresistible, but she had not studied her own ugliness and mastered it, as some women do. A plain woman's battle in life is defying her own ugliness.

Hannah's lodger was, it is true, an "elderly party," so the maid-of-allwork described him, "always messing about with them chemistry fizzieks: e's wonderful elever, but it don't bring in no money, and if it wasn't that Miss Hannah, was a bit sweet on him sh'd 'ave cleared 'im out along with his rubbishing smell long ago." Sannah was a "bit sweet" on the "ciderly party." When her mother and ther had died, her lodger had not even a thought to the fact that, for the girl's reputation in the village, it would be advisable for him to leave die comfortable quarters. Hannah had grown necessary to him in his work, and he had learned to depend on her as a man of powerful intellect grows to depend on a practical woman with an intelligent brain, who is his daily and hourly companion. Habit is stronger in men than in women. Five or six years had passed since her garents' death, bringing little or no change into Harmah's life. She

elayed and toiled and pinched for the derly party," who was too self-centred to guess at the true extent of her poverty. He was casual about his payments, and she would never remind him. To brighten up her room and bring a little pleasure into her day, he would now and then go out and bring her home an extravagantly beautiful bunch of flowers, or a pair of palms, and present them to her with a touching enthusiasm for his own generosity and thoughtfulness. Her practical mind would fly with a woman's quickness of thought to the four months' rent which was still unpaid; but only a feeling of tenderness for his eccentricities would come over her, and she hugged to her heart the thought that she could help him in his work by walting for the over-due rent.

He was poor, and his income would have barely covered the modest necessities of his simple life if he had Go roted it to them, but "he spends all his money on them messes and inventing things as aren't no use to no one," as Arabella remarked when he overlooked her tip one Christmas day; "I ain't got no use for the like of his Clothes he never bought, and Hannah, with a beautiful regard for the feeling of the man she loved, stitched and mended and patched, and bit by bit replaced his worn and shabby wardrobe. She was careful never to put into his room any new garment she had made until the ruthless laundress had robbed it of its newness. Then she would substitute it for one which was beyond even her clever needlecraft to mend, and the "elderly party" would put on a new shirt or wear the new socks without the slightest suspicion that the familiar patches and darns were missing. He acted as intellectual food and nourishment to her starved brain, and she became the practical part of his unevenly balanced character, which nature had left want-

One day the peace of Hannah's life was broken by the coming of a cousin, an orphan like herself, who had written and asked Hannah to give her a home while she looked for work. Hannah wrote and welcomed her with bitter misgivings at heart. She had to toll night and day to make money to pay for food enough for herself and

Madeline came, and like a hot wind passing over a sensitive plant she withered up Hannah's courage. She was young, and the beauty of her animal was startling. She stood in Hannah's humble parlor in the noonday sunlight, straight as a young palm tree, and beautiful in symmetry. a pulsing, tingling piece of flesh and

blood, colored like a pale pink peony. Weeks passed into months, and Madeitne had planted herself firmly in the Journal.

house. Hannah could not turn her out, and she never suggested going and never made any serious attempt to get work. Her orphan and penniless condition served her as a useful means of appealing to the sympathy of the "elderly party." As time went on, Hannah saw less and less of her

lodger, her cousin appropriated as her charge his study and laboratory, and it was bitterness and gall to Hannah to see her administer to him all the little attentions which she had been wont to perform.

Hannah, with her heart smarting at the bitter injustice of things, could not tell her that she was day by day robbing her of all that made life bearable

And as, when a woman is particular ly busy, a man generally thinks she is "fussing," and choosing to do some thing totally unnecessary, the "elderly party" came to look upon it as quite natural that Madaline should be his hourly companion, and that she should sit in an easy chair while Hannah, hot and weary in mind and body, should toll and strive for them both,

After Madaline had been with then three months Hannah's lodger came into a fortune. It was not a large one, but it would enable him to live in ease and comfort for the rest of his life. When Hannah heard the good news what she dreaded most did not happen. He did not suggest moving into more luxurious lodgings; he seemed to consider himself a fixture in the wains coted room with its cottage window and old oak floor; but he bought more pretty plants and fresh bothouse flowers, which Madaline now accepted with a blush and prettiness that sent his blood coursing through his veins,

One morning, when Hannah was ironing, with the table piled high in well bleached linen, the "elderly party" came into the kitchen with Madaline. He walked straight up to where Hannah stood, with her hot face bent over the steaming shirt, and drew Madaline forward.

"Hannah, your cousin has promised to marry me. She is young and beautiful, and I am only a plain scholar, but I will do my best to make her a good husband."

As if it had been thrust through her body with the point of a bayonet, each word went to Hannah's beart. It ceased beating. Madaline, of course, knew why her cousin had so suddenly fainted, and the poor little bit of triumph made her heart beat quicker, but when she looked up at her lover his face was pale with fear. She saw a look of agony in his eyes as he turned them to her for help, which told her that she did not possess the heart of the scholar so completely as she thought, and the devil in her was

"Oh, you need not be so alarmed; she has fainted through sheer jeal-

For one moment be stood transfixed; all that he had been blind to for years was made plain to him now, and in that moment be recognized the heartlessness of the woman he had proposed to only ten minutes ago.

"Are you a woman to tell a woman's ecret and make light of it?"

Madaline was frightened at the look of scorn and contempt in his eyes, which had always looked at her so gently. She stood at bay, and watched his trembling hands sprinkling Hannah's face with the cold water she had was 465 feet in height, or about oneused for sprinkling the linen. It was eleventh of a mile. To the point where kept in a small white bowl on the ironing table.

"I've not said anything that the whole vilage does not know, Arabella included, that Hannah Fletcher has been waiting to marry her lodger for the last ten years.'

"Then, by God, I'll marry her now, I love her, I tell you." He chafed the pale cheeks, and rubbed the thin hands, "I've always loved her. Oh, my God, Oh, my God, what a selfish fool I have been!"

"You loved me but ten minutes ago, For a simple scholar you are wonderfully quick in love."

"Ten minutes ago I did not know that it was Hannah I loved as a man ought to love the woman he marries. Your beauty deceived me into believing that I loved you. I had not given thought to love until you came. I ask your forgiveness."

Tears, which were always ready, came into her blue eyes at the harsh words he had spoken, but she knew that they were true. She had no love for the grave and elderly scholar; he was to be her refuge from work, and she loved ease. She stood for a moment or two and watched returning consciousness quiver over Hannah's pale face, and then she turned to go,

"After all, Hannah is growing old and she has been good to me. I will not rob her of her elderly lover.'

A lover was waiting for Madaline half a mile out of the village. He was a provision dealer, and Madaline would have preferred being the wife of a scholar.-The Queen.

The First English Duke.

Of the five titles of nobility in England, the highest in rank and honor is that of Duke. It is the first title of dignity of the royal family, but not the highest in antiquity. There is no proof of its being used in England before it was introduced by Edward III., about a year before he himself assumed the title of King of France. Edward, the renowned Black Prince, was created Duke of Cornwall, and he was the first Duke in England after William the Conqueror. After this creation the title of Duke was frequently given, especially to members of the royal family.—Harper's Round Table.

Cobwigger-Poor Waggs! He was a most genial soul.

Merritt-Yes, indeed he was. The only thing he ever took seriously was the cold that killed him.-New York

DR. NANSEN'S WIFE.

King Oscar Has a Special Admiration

Of Dr. Nansen's wife not much information has found its way into print. She seems to have a very imperfectly developed taste for publicity, but what is known of her is interesting and indicates that she is an uncommon woman, both in talent and character. It is recorded by Dr. Nansen's blographers, Broegger and Rolfsen, that his first meeting with his future wife was in the woods about Frogner Seator, where, one day, observing the soles of two feet sticking up out of the snow, he approached them, with natural curiosity, in time to see the head of Eva Sars emerge from a snowbank. Dr. Nansen was married in 1889, after his return from his successful expedition across Greenland. When he started in the Fram in 1893, his wife, left at home at Lysaker, near Christiana, with one child, turned for occupation to the development and use of her gifts as a singer, and with notable success. King Oscar of Sweden is one of her admirers, and especially likes her singing, which he has often heard; and since she has been in England the compliment has been paid her of asking her to sing before the Queen. She is a staunch backer of her adventurous husband, whose departure on his perilous errand cost her anxieties and misgivings as to which she said little at the time. Since her husband's return she has sometimes spoken in conversation of her fears, and has said that careful comparison of Dr. Nansen's diary with her record or remembrance of her own sensations bears her out in the belief that the times when she was the most concerned about him were the seasons of his greatest peril. That implies a telepathic communication born of intense sympathy and solicitude, the possibility of which science seems no longer disposed to deny. Mrs. Nansen's father was Professor Sars, a well-known zoologist. Zoology, it will be remembered, is a branch of science of which Dr. Nansen has made a special study.-Harper's Weekly.

Took the Conceit Out of Him.

"I'm going to have a little fun this afternoon," remarked Joseph Goodfellow, as he worked his way into his overcont, preparatory to leaving his office Saturday. "That boy of mine has been reading about the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, and boxing in barns all over town, till he imagines he is a pugilist. I'm going to take him out in the back yard and take some of the conceit out of him. He is a pretty husky boy, but you know I used to be very clever with the mittens

This morning the following appeared under the head of personal mention:

"The friends of Mr. Joseph Goodfellow will regret to learn that he is serlously ill at his home in the Western Addition." In the sporting columns of the same

journal was the following:

"I hereby challenge any 16-year-old boy on the Pacific coast, who don't weigh over 135 pounds, to fight to a inish for fun or marbles.-Kid Goodfellow."-San Francisco Post.

A Remarkable Tree.

A redwood tree which was recently cut down in the state of Washington the first limb branched out was 220 feet. At the base the circumference was found to be 33 feet 11 inches. If it were sawed into lumber it would make 96,345 feet of boards. This amount of lumber would serve for the construction of eight cottages two stories high, each containing seven rooms. The age of the tree is said to have been 684 years.—New York Tribune.

Arabella (scared)-Oh, mammy! Miss Smiff say her ole man gits fits eb'ry tahm he come home drunk, an' I's fraid I cotch 'um." Mammy-G'wan, chile; fits ain'

Arabella-Dey mus' be,' 'kase Miss Smiff says she give 'um to him herse'f.

-Judge.

Sweet Peas to Drive Away Flies. The odor of the sweet pea, accordng to a contributor to the Medical Record, "is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of the sick room, though it is not usually in the slightest degree disagreeable to the patient." It is, therefore, recommended that sweet peas be placed in the sick room

The Limit.

"How much do you weigh?" said a friend to Speaker Reed the other day. "I weigh 200 pounds," he replied slowly and smilingly.

luring fly time.-Phriadelphia Ledger.

more than that. You must weigh neary 300 pounds." "No," said the speaker, "no gentlenan weighs more than 200 pounds."-

"Oh," said his friend, "you weigh

New York Tribune,

At the Zoo. Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)-Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun. haven't they?

Mamma-Why do you say that my Little Elsle-Look at all his freckles.

-Philadelphia Times. Impassied a Lunatic. A Kansas City doctor, who was looking for a crazy patient whom he was to lock up in an insane asylum, found the lunatic serving on a jury in he circuit court.-Boston Globe.

Dollars and Sense. Hopeful-Pa, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician Pa-Oh, a million dollars frequently -New York Journal.

A SCIENTIST SAVED.

President Barnaby, of Hartsville College, Survives a Serious Illness Through the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.



A reporter recently called at this famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the President, Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. To-day he was apparently in the best of health. In response to an inquiry the professor said:

"Oh, yes, I am much better than for some time. I am now in perfect health; but my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way."

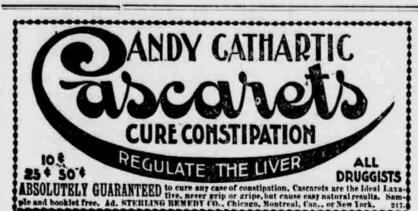
"Tell me about it," said the reporter.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor, "I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to educate myself for the professions. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I entered the ministry, and accepted the charge of a United Brethren Church at a small place in Kent

The Hartsville College, situated at Hartsville, Indiana, was founded years ago in the interest of the United Brethren Church, when the state was mostly a wilderness, and colleges were scarce. The college is well known throughout the country, former students having gone into all parts of the world.

"My physician prescribed for me for some time, and advised me to take a change of climate. I did as he requested and was some improved. Soon after, I came here as professor in physics and chemistry, and later was financial agent of this college. The change agreed with me, and for awhile my health was better, but my duties were heavy, and again I found my trouble returning. This time it was more severe and in the winter I became completely prostrated. I tried various medicines and different physicians. Finally, I was able to return to my duties. Last spring I was elected president of the college. Again I had considerable work, and the trouble, which had not been entirely cured, began to affect me, and last fall I collapsed. I had different doctors, but none did me any good. Professor Bowman, who is professor of natural science, told me of his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a similar case, and I concluded to try them.

"The first box helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experience from the treatment of any physisterical processor."



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Milk and Germs.

Dr. E. A. De Schweinitz, in his lecture on "The War With the Microbes," says:

"When milk and cream are first collected, they are almost tree from germs, but exposed to the air they soon become filled with those forms of life, which are perfectly harmless. If placed under suitable conditions with regard to temperature, they will multiply very readily and the milk becomes sour, due to the formation of lactic acid produced from the sugar in the milk by one or more of these germs. If the germs present happen to be those giving an ether and ester which have a pleasant flavor and aroma, good butter results. But if they give rise to the formation of disagreeable thio ethers and esters or some amines the butter is poor and bad.

"Now, by isolating different germs found in the milk, and cultivating them separately so as to discover their own peculiar product, it is possible to always make butter of the same sort and flavor by first destroying the other germs present by pasteurization and then inoculating the cream with the particular germ desired. A number of germs have been isolated from milk which will produce good butter, and any one of them is perhaps as good as the other, the ethereal product being slightly different and more palatable to different individuals. Of course a great many germs have been found which produce disagreeable compounds, and it is not possible to tell from their appearance simply which is a desirable plant. But it is easy to cultivate them in milk and note the results and select the desirable plant cell."-New York Herald.

Peter Maher, the Irish pugilist, who wants to meet all the smaller games before arranging a match with Fitzsimmons, met and in six rounds knocked out Steve O'Donnell, before the Quaker City Athletic Club in Philadelphia on Monday night.

When fevers and other epidemics are around, safety lies in fortifying the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A person having thin and impure blood, is in the most favorable condition to "catch" whatever disease may be floating in the air. Be wise in time,



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