Talk erbout this here country "goin' ter ruin"—why. You might's well say that the Lord's away from the bend o' the big biue sky! It's still the same old country—the biggest one an' the best;

An' I'm willin' ter take ten acres an' trus

Never no reason in it—"goin' ter ruin!" see— The sun climbs up from the hills an' says "Good mornin'" ter you an' me. An' a sweet "Good night" when he's goin' ter the dreams whar the shadders stay. An' somethin' that sorter whispers "I'll see you at break o' day!"

Never no reason in it. I'm willin' for take m; You'd better git out the supper things-the gals air comin' ter dance.
Talk gerbout "goin' ter ruin"—we're hapn;
from East ter West,
An' I'm willin' ter take ten acres' an' trus

the Lord for the rest!

-F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE BANK MYSTERY.

"I've come, Judge, to ask if you'l let me tell you what no one on earth don't know but me; 'bout that bank mystery.

Yes, thank you, I will sit down. fire feels good on a night like this 'Tain't often such as I have a chance at this kind of comfort and luxury.

"What do I know about the bank mystery? Land sakes, Judge, time they opened the bank that day ter years ago and found the bank vault broke into and the safe blowed up and not a dollar gone, I could have

"You'll be glad to listen? That's good of you. I knowed you was a kind man and a just one; that's why I come to you. No, thank you, I don't smoke I put all that money away for me wife and children.

"Yes, Judge, I started out in life a thief and a robber. I prospered fairly in a small way and no one didn't catch up with me for some time. Then I joined a gang in for anything. I was in prison and out then, the old story, till I married and begun to have little ones. Then, Lord knows what helped me-something did-and for the sake of my wife and children I broke loose from everything and came here, where no one didn't know me, to start over again. I had some money and opened the restaurant just opposite the bank.

"Then they come here, part of the gang I'd belonged to. First I knowed of it was seein' em in the restaurant. I 'spicioned they weren't here for no good, and it most took my breath away. They knowed me quick enough, too, and nothin' wouldn't do but I must join 'em. I was the very man they wanted; I could help 'em and I was bound to 'em. 'Twas the biggest thing they'd undertaken yetthe bank. They'd come on to examine the situation, knowing that Mr. Durkee, the new mill-owner, would make a big payment soon, and the money for it would be in the bank here. If there waren't anything else, that would be a big haul, a haul worth havin', and me bein' here, decided

"I do think the devil brought all his friends and relations with him that night to tempt me. I forgot how to go to sleep, and just couldn't stay in bed. I wonder I warn't in tatters by mornin' with the devil tuggin' at me as he did and tryin' to keep me of the room where my sleepin children lay.

"Lord, it makes me creep and perspire all over now to think of it.

"Yer see, them bank people come over to my place for lunch best part of the time, and they all knowed my little people, and the mill people knowed 'em too. My oldest boy worked in the mill, and they'd been as kind as could be when he's sick. Christmas time they's good to him, too, and there warn't a bank officer but had remembered my little people, even to the watchman. Seemed like robbing my own people, somehow. I's bound not to inform on the gang and they's bound to rob ther bank; but I cursed 'em in my heart for comin' just when I was gettin' rid of the old life for good and all. 'Twas awful!

Well, Judge, you know how them rooms over the bank was rented to start a new daily paper. I made 'em swear solemn as my name warn't to appear nowhere. I'd plan it all out and give 'em points and be on hand at the last, but I had to be cautious.

"They found out when the money was to be paid and 'greed on the night before for the robbery. I had it all mapped out for 'em where and how they was to loosen up the boards of the floor in their room above, so we could break through and lower ourselves into the vault when the time come. Then yer see we'd only have the safe to get into and the great iron

door between us and the watchman. "Everything was ready, and we was

pretty sure the money was paid. "We had planned so as to have the door of the safe ready to blow open when the watchman went down cellar to see to his fires. I knowed the time of night he did so, seein' him often from my house across the way through the window of the bank; but to make sure we stationed a man where he could give the signal at the proper time. With the watchman down stairs and we shut up in that vault, with the solid masonry between us, 'twarn't in the range of possibilities for no human being to hear us.

"Twas planned that when we broke through the ceiling, me and one of the others was to go down first with the lanterns and tools and get the door ready for Jim Groogan, the leader of the gang, to come down and use the dynamite, and be on hand to take out

the money. "Lord, but it was just the night for such a piece of work, and after I had examined to see if all was safe, knowin' the dangers better than the others. we broke through the floor and lowered the ladder, and there we was-

right in the vault. 'Twas well for me I'd hit it right, for my life warn' worth much if any o' my plannin

failed to work. "Tom Doolan in a hurry went down first, and when I was half way down be started back, saying in a boarse kind of whisper:

"'Who called me?

" 'No one, you fool!' said Jim. "Then,' he said, and he ran past me on the ladder, 'some one is down there. Twicet I heard some one say

"Go back, go back." "'We'll gag bim,' said Jim, and me and him went down and turned our lanterns round, lookin' everywhere, but there warn't no one there.

"What't the matter with the fool? growled Jim, and west back and tried to send him down again, but he just wouldn't go, so Jim cursed him and came himself, and he and me begut to get the safe door ready to blow up

"That's a thing that takes time and care, Judge, but we went at it with a wiff and never a word. It was so still you could almost hear your heart beat when all of a sudden came a smoth ered cry like a woman's. We stopped work and looked at each other, Jim's face white and scared.

"'Lord, what was that?' be said. " 'I often hears 'em on the street like that,' said I.

"'That warn't on the street: If sounded close by,' said Jim, 'We couldn't hear nothin' outside in this place. 'Nonsense,' said I, 'don't you make a fool of yourself, too, and spoil all, and I went to work again.

"I could see how his hand trembled for a while and then got steady again That must have come through the THE BANK Mystery-Galley TWO .. room upstairs,' he said presently.

'Queer, though: It sounded so close.' "Then he worked on and there warn't nothin' more to be heard. Resi of the gang might all have been dead men for all the sound they made, and we didn't say notbin'; and so the night went on.

"At last we had it all ready, and were only waiting for the signal to blow it up and then-money enough to make us all rich. 'Tain't such as you can realize the excitement and the strain of such a moment. To know it's all there, ready, and then to have to wait! It's ensier walkin' over red hot coals. It's all right to go on and work but to stay still and only breathe and listen gives a man the shivers.

"Presently Jim caught my arm. " 'Say, I thought I heard voices, did you? he whispered.

"'The men upstairs,' I said. "'Sounded down here. Have your

pistol ready.' "I took my lantern and went round

the vault again carefully, and then held it up to examine the walls. Then I shook my head. There warn't no way we could hear no one.

"'It's the queerest place I ever was in,' said Jim, 'and, by Jove, I'll be glad when we are out of it. Why don't that signal come? Suppose there's any hitch? I swear I bear voices again.'

"Just then came the signal and Jim began to apply the dynamite; but his hands trembled so and his eyes looked wild and excited, his own wife wouldn't know him.

" 'The money! The money!' he whispered, 'we must have it now!' "We got out of the way just in time

and then out came the door. "'The inside door, quick,' said Jim but the explosion had made that fall inside, and we just could lift it out,

"'Have the bag ready,' said Jim, as be leaned forward to haul the great piles of bank notes and silver we could see by the light of the lanterns.

"'Hands off, or you are a dead man! "It was a voice that would have waked the dead. I dropped my bag and Jim drew back his hand and caught hold of me with a grip like iron, and he begun to slowly back to the ladder.

" 'The combination is all right: w have them now, they can't escape us.' "We were half up the ladder when we heard the click, click of the lock, and as we drew the ladder after us we could hear the rasping of the hinges of the iron door.

"'Fly, fly, for your lives; we are discovered,' said Jim, as he went round to warn the men; and in the darkness, and in the wind and rain they went away and ain't never seen one of 'em since. I heard, though, as when they found there warn't no one there and the bank people didn't know nothin' bout it till the next morning, they just believed as the bank was haunted.

"Do I know what it was, Judge? There ain't no one else as does know,

that's sure. 'Tain't much after all. "Yer see, playin' round with my little ones. I found as I could make 'em hear all kinds of noises anywhere I wanted, and people cryin' and laughin', It was fun for them and I often done it; ventriloquizu' I believe you call it: but that night's the last time. Yer see, none of the gang didn't know 'bout that, and I don't keer ever to have 'em know it now. It saved the bank without my informin', and that's all I care

"Oh, no. Judge, the bank don't owe me nothin'. I'm obliged to you for listening. It kind of makes me feel

"No, no, thank you, I won't stay and take no more of your time. Don't get up; I can find my way out.

"What's that you say, Judge? You honor and respect me-me? And the bank-Land, Judge, twarp't me; 'twas my wife and children saved the bank and I'm proud of 'em-proud of 'em. Judge. Good night."-Philadelphia

First Actor: "Do you know your part in the new play?" Second Actor: "Know it? Why if I stand on my head it'll run out of my

mouth.

"MELLOWING" SMALL STATAURY. A Cheap and Simple Way to titre New Pleces the Ivery Tink

Nowadays when small casts of the great pieces of statuary are beginning to replace the hopelessly inartistic bisque shepherds and sheperdesses of a decade or two ago, it is a matter of economy for the mistress of the house to understand the art of "ivorizing." The glaring white Venus of Milo which one may purchase from the bas ket of the peripatetic art dealer, may be made softly mellow and beautiful at about one-tenth of the price neces sary to buy her already "mellowed." The medallion heads of the poets, musicians and conquerors of the world with which aesthetically intellectual young persons love to adorn their rooms, are also much improved by being subjected to the mellowing process

Besides the cast, the requirements for the work are a cake of white soap powdered raw sieuna and turpentine, with a large stock of patience, care and painstaking. The process with all its different, trying periods, requires about three days. The first experiment should be made on either chear or damaged casts.

Fill two large tins or basins with water. Then make the water very soapy by rubbing in it a cake of white soap. Use the contents of one of these vessels for bathing your cast. Afterward let it become thoroughly dry. Then take the second basin, put into the soany water enough powdered raw sieuna to color the water to a pale tint, and bathe the cast with the solution three times, allowing it to dry between each application. The raw sienna is deceptive, and it is better to give three washes and produce a gradual shade, than to use the wash but once, and produce a too somber effect. The tinting of raw sienna is then put on with a brush. Next melt some beeswax on a stove or above the gas, and thin it with turpentine. Pour this mixture over the cast, and the result of your labors is ready for a room with a dry atmosphere, where it should remain over night. The final touch is that of polishing with a dry cloth or a bit of chamols.-New York Sun.

PARISIAN OMNIBUSES.

There is No Crowding and Strap-hanging Upon These Vehicles.

On all the streets of Paris one of the features most noticeable to a foreigner, perhaps, is the little omnibus station so characteristic of Paris. The Parisian omnibus system, by the way, is an excellent one when you understand it. But you usually have to be put off a 'bus two or three times before you appreciate its merits. In time you discover that the vehicle stops regularly at little stations, where those who understand the system obtain bits of pasteboard bearing numbers in the precise order of their application for them, entitling them in the same order to the vacant seats in the 'buses as they arrive. These little stations being not far apart, it is a matter of no difficulty to obtain these numbers, and when that is done the system secures, as you see, a perfect application of the rule, "First come, first served." For when the 'bus stops, just opposite the little station, an official comes out, and, standing behind it, calls off the numbers in their order, and the would-be passengers, as their numbers are called, take the vacant places. When all the vacancies are filled the 'bus drives on, and those whose numbers come next in order have, of course, the first chance at the vacancies on the filling 'bus.

And now let me mention another feature of this omnibus system which I think is worthy of our notice. Each omnibus and each street car in Parisfor the street car system is practically the same-is built to seat a certain number of persons. That number is indicated upon the exterior of the vehicle, and when it is complete no more are permitted to enter under any circumstances.-Chautauquan.

An Opening for a Ginger-Peeler.

A new machine is wanted in the West Indies in the ginger industry. The export of ginger from Jamaica amounted last year to over \$250,000, and the trade is capable of considerable expansion. The cleaning and preparing of the ginger for the market, as now performed by kand, is a slow, primitive, tedious and wasteful process. After the roots are dug, they are washed, and the outer skin is removed by means of a small, sharp knife, resembling the blade of a penknife. As the roots are very irregu-larly shaped, this process involves the loss of a large percentage of the root, which is broken off or cut away in removing the skin. The peeling of the ginger is an important matter in determining the market value of the product. An expert can peel by hand about one hundredweight of uncured ginger in the course of a working day, for which he is paid 60 cents,-St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Pleasant Custom.

For perhaps a couple of hundred miles along the Michigan Central Railroad there prevails in summer the pretty custom of presenting a flower to each woman traveling on either of the two express trains that pass over the road every day. The company has expended much time and money in beautifying the line of the road and the grounds of the stations with shrubs and flowering plants, and these have grown and bleesomed so plentifully that enough of the flowers are cut each day to supply the means for reeping up the graceful favor.

Stranger-What is that peculiar hum ming noise? Old Resident-That's the grass grow-

ing in the streets.-Cleveland Plain

SHATTERED.

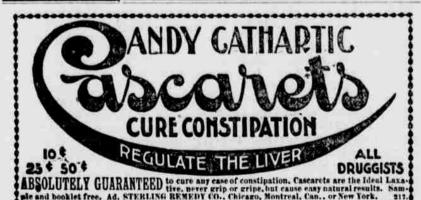
Precarious Condition of Prof. A. H. Nye.

A Preminent Iowa Educator's Painful Experience as Related by Him to a Newspaper Man.

From the Gazette, Cedar Palls, Iowa.

The la grippe, that dread disease that had such a run throughout this country three and four years sines, left many who were previously in robust health with shattered constitutions and seemingly confirmed invalids.

Prof. A. H. Nye, living at No. 2500 Olive Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa, was among the number left by the disease in a precarious condition, his nervous system shattered, and with a general debility of his entire system; no strength, feet and limbs badly swellen, in fact, he was almost helpless. Prof. Nye is a native of New York State, having come west in 1886—a healthy, robust man. He is a school teacher by profession, having served as county superintendent of schools of this (Black Hawk) county, several terms, and he has the respect of all with whom he comes in contact. His helpless condition called forth the sympathy of the entire cummunity. He tried the best medical skill procurable, and spont most of his ready means in the vain endeavor to recover his health, and had shout given up completely discouraged. He had stopped taking treatment, being fully convinced in his own mind that there was no help for him, and that there was no help for him, and that he would have to spend the balance of his days as an invalid, a burden to family and friends. Some one who had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, spoke to him about them and urged his giving the deal of the profile of



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Birds Call The Doctor.

HOMING PIGEONS WILL BE MADE TO CARRY MESSAGES TO COUNTRY DOCTORS.

Thanks, perhaps more than to anything else, to the successful use of homing pigeons by the French government, both in military and naval maneuvers, there has been a general revival of interest in the subject of the possibilities of the utilization of these birds as a means of rapid communication between points that are for various reasons unconnected by the usual means of communication.

The Medical Record and several of its contemporaries are urging the great benefits that medical practitioners in sparsely settled districts may derive from a carrier pigeon service. The idea seems to have been successfully inaugurated by several medical men who have written of their experi-

The plan is for the doctor who is expecting a call from a distant farm or hamlet beyond telephone or telegraphic service to carry one or more homing birds to the point, with instructions to release the feathered messenger when his services may be required. The possibilities of the homing pigeon have never been estimated fully.

Career of the Corset-

Late Designs In Stays Accord With the Decrees of Science.

Fashion and science have joined hands lately on the subject of women's waists, and, now that a belt may safely measure one, two or even three inches more than it did a few seasons

ago, it looks as if the time honored corset was gradually being sent into semidisgrace.

Many and various are the different patterns of waists offered to the woman whose health or whose advanced ideas urge a larger waist, and, as a matter of course, deeper breathing. But, although all these compromises between stays and no stays are winning wide favor, it does not follow by any means that the day of the corset, pure and simple, is over.

For the first time in its history the arguments against it are fortified by pleas for health rather than beauty, and it may be that its final doom has come. But the "ways of mankind are warious, but those of womankind wariouser," and no one can say, after we have had an era of substantial women and unfettered bodies, whether it will not be followed by the irrepressible corset in all its pristine stiffness .-Philadelphia Record.

Twenty-six good things that are needed for a successful newspaper establishment, I'll herewith name you, my friends. If any of them are superfluous point them out, please. There are needed a good education, a good memory, a good library, a good dictionary, a good knowledge of about seven languages, a good encyclopedia of names, a good church directory, a good postal guide, a good pair of scis-sors, a good stenographer, a good typewriter, seven wise men to decipher crooked marks, a good blue pencil, a good sized waste basket, a good compositor, a good copy holder, a good pressman, a good stock of patience, and a good subscription list.

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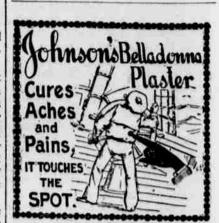
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