

STRENGTH.

Strength for to-day in all we need. As there will never be a to-morrow. For to-morrow will prove but another to-day. With its measure of joy or sorrow.

HE HAD HIS CHOICE.

BY W. PATT RIDGE.

It was an eccentric gallery, with pictures painted by men who were young enough to know better, of sprawling ladies in green, scarlet landscapes, and blue angels. The frames formed in themselves a grim attraction to most of the visitors; the catalogue was usually preserved by suburban patrons for the purpose of frightening birds.

"It does one good," said Mr. James Marchant, "to come to a show like this. If I ever go out to the Cape again—"

"Which you won't," said the young lady.

"And I feel wretched!"

"Mal du pays," suggested the young lady.

"Exactly. Why, then, I shall think of this hideous collection of pictures, and I shall feel reconciled to my lot. The Cape is not all honey, but at any rate you do get nature there. And nature is always good."

"I suppose these artists think she can be improved by the introduction of a little novelty."

"I wouldn't," said Mr. James Marchant, waving his stick round the gallery, "give twopenny halfpenny for the lot of them."

"I don't suppose they would care to sell them for less."

Mr. James Marchant laughed good-naturedly, and touched her hand, which happened to be resting on her knee. It was a very pretty hand and neatly gloved, and there was good excuse for him.

"But there is something," he said, lowering his voice, "in the gallery, Ella, that I would give every penny I have in the world to possess."

"A picture?"

"Prettier than any picture?"

"Statuary?"

"Better shaped than any statuary?"

"Not disposed of already?"

"I hope not. There is only one difficulty—I am not sure, if I were to make an offer now, that it would be accepted."

"How shall you find out?"

He rose and adjusted his frock-coat with the manner of a man to whom for some years frock-coats had not been familiar wear. He was a tall, brown-faced man, with a good deal of earnestness in his eyes.

"I shall ask Mr. Beckett."

"Oh!" she said. She gasped a little before she went on. "And you—you think my step-mother will be—will be able to advise you in the matter?"

"I think she will."

"It seems to me," she said, rolling up her catalogue very tightly, "rather an old-fashioned mode of procedure."

"There is this excuse in my case, Mrs. Beckett has an idea, I am afraid, that I have brought back from the Cape untold gold. I want to make her understand that, when I say I shall have to work for my living, I really mean it."

"I am glad," she said quietly.

"I know that you are, dear. But I suppose parents are dear."

"My parent is."

"And if she objects, why?" he looked down upon her affectionately. "I shall just pack you up, Ella, and run off with you."

"Now," she said delightedly, "that is more old-fashioned than ever."

"I shall see you to-night?"

"I am sure," she said, with her little hand resting for a moment in his. "I think the invitation is for two only."

"I have a great mind," said James Marchant, looking down at her affectionately, "to kiss you."

"That is no evidence of a great mind," she said reprovingly. "Besides, you are in London now."

"I am afraid," said James Marchant, apologetically, "that I have much to learn before I become re-civilized. The Cape makes one forget all one's manners."

"It has not made you forget your friends," she said.

"There was one," he said, as he assisted her into the hansom, "she was only a small girl—"

"Not old enough to count?"

"Of whom I thought every day of my life out there."

There were tears in her eyes that challenged the lightness of her good-by. The small gloved hand was pressed in the big flat of the man from the Cape for one moment, and then he gave the address to the driver.

It was with great dexterity that at dinner in Duke Street Mansions that night Mr. James Marchant contrived to get himself paired with the excellent Mrs. Beckett.

"I should have thought you would have insisted, simply insisted on taking down my dear Madeleine."

Mrs. Beckett fluttered her fan at Mr. Marchant in a manner that had in the early seventies been pronounced bewitching.

"I want particularly to speak to you, Mrs. Beckett. I want to offer myself—"

"S-s-sh!" said Mrs. Beckett mysteriously. "Not a word. I know exactly what you are going to say. Madeleine, my dear," she called to a tall, bony dandy just in front of them, "you haven't shaken hands with dear Mr. Marchant. How very remiss of you! The dear girl is so thoughtful; do you know, Mr. Marchant, that I declare to goodness I believe she's really in love."

Miss Madeleine received this railway with a grim smile, and shook hands with Mr. Marchant. Miss Madeleine explained that her half-sister Ella had remained at home because she had some writing to do.

"Poor Ella!" said Mrs. Beckett, with effusive sympathy, "poor dear girl. I'm really dreadfully fond of her. You must give me your advice, Mr. Marchant, concerning her at dinner. I feel already—forgive me for saying so—I feel already as though you were one of the family."

"I have noticed it all along, do you know, and I am so delighted. Quite enchanted, really. And my influence with the dear girl will make her like you. I dare say you may have thought her little—what shall I say, odd?—but, as a matter of fact, it has only been—oh, bless my soul, thick soup, please—what is the expression? It has only been—it has only been—"

"Maidenly reserve," suggested James Marchant.

"Pre-cha! Pre-cha! what I was trying to say. How clever of you, dear Mr. Marchant!"

"I want to speak to you about that, Mrs. Beckett. I'm afraid you don't realize what I mean when I say that I haven't brought much home with me."

"Now, my dear Mr. Marchant—"

"You must allow me, please, to tell you exactly my position. Unless I work and earn money we shall have—"

"Mr. Marchant, this elaborate ruse is one that I have heard of before. A woman like myself doesn't live in this world for—well, a certain number of years for nothing."

"No," said Mr. Marchant, "it costs money, I know."

"That is not at all what I mean. But when you came back from the Cape a few weeks ago, and hinted that you had only a few hundreds, I could see through it at once. It was—a this is a dreadfully slangy expression—too thin. But the dear girl of course, didn't see through it, and consequently you may feel quite sure that she will love you for yourself alone. That's all you wanted, isn't it?"

"That, most certainly, is all that I wanted, but—"

"And, fortunately enough to confirm my suspicions, I came across a letter addressed to a friend of mine; she didn't know that I saw it, but I managed to do it, all the same—from your partner, Burchison."

"Really?"

James Marchant was suddenly interested.

"And Mr. Burchison said that you and he had made a pile—such an odd expression, isn't it?—of twenty thousand pounds. And he said that he thought you would both stay on for a few years, but, as we know, you sensibly enough came home."

Mrs. Beckett looked triumphantly across at her angular daughter opposite, who was bawling information about the weather to a deaf archdeacon, and then at Marchant. She shook her head waggishly at the man from the Cape.

"Can I see that letter?" he asked sharply.

"Loekily I have it in my pocket, but I really don't know whether I ought to show it to you. You see it is private."

"Is that why you took it, Mrs. Beckett?"

"Come, come, Mr. Marchant. Don't be too severe. One has to keep one's eyes open in this world."

She found the letter with some difficulty, for the pockets in ladies' dresses are remote and difficult to access, and, under ambush of his plate, Marchant read it.

"Mrs. Beckett," he said excitedly, "you have, without knowing it, done me a very great service. Burchison declared to me that he had invested our gains, and that all the money had been lost. It seems from this letter that he has behaved shamefully, and I shall make him disgorge every penny that belongs to me. I shall go back to the Cape by the next boat."

"This is very unsatisfactory," declared Mrs. Beckett, aggressively. "You can't very well get married before next Saturday."

"The dear girl will wait," he answered contentedly.

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Beckett sharply. "Dear Madeleine is not so young as she was."

"So I should judge. But what has she to do with the affair? Is she to be bridesmaid?"

"Madeleine has been bridesmaid quite often enough," said her mother. "This time, providing this money affair of yours comes out right, she will be the bride."

"Whose bride, Mrs. Beckett?"

"Why bless the man," cried Mrs. Beckett, "yours."

"I don't see how that can be managed with convenience. There's a law against bigamy, I believe. Besides, I only want to marry your stepdaughter."

"Ella!" exclaimed Mrs. Beckett, in amazement.

"If you don't mind."

Mrs. Beckett laid down her knife and fork, and stared distractedly around the table at the other guests. Finally her eyes rested on Madeleine, and she frowned so much at that young lady that Madeleine asked across the table in an audible tone if she were ill.

"Ill?" echoed Mrs. Beckett, tartly; "I have uncommonly good cause to be. To think that I have taken all this trouble for the sake of poor Mr. Beckett's ridiculous little daughter by his first wife. Why, she isn't worth—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Marchant, promptly; "you will remember, please, that you are speaking of a lady who is to be my wife."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Beckett.—Chamber's Journal.

OPINION READ AS JOURNALIST.

Good Horseshoe Nails for Type with Great Success.

Before Opie Read wrote the Jacklines, in fact before he "went in for" horseflesh at all, he was a high private in the ancient and honorable army of journalists, and earned his crowded, garden truck and other luxuries of life by the sweat of the brow of the man who "puffed" and old-fashioned hand press for him. Then he used to tell funny stories about himself, and some people think he told better stories than that he tells now, but he didn't get paid as well for them. This is one of the little tales that linger in the memory of many of his old-time friends. It seems that he was printing a little paper in a little town in Kentucky—or perhaps it was in Arkansas—the state cuts no figure. One day his printer came rushing over to the grocery store, where the editor was sitting on an apple barrel, conversing with other great minds on problems of state and other things, and demanded an immediate audience with the potentate of the paste pot. He had news of a dire calamity in the printing office. The only letter W in the shop had been lost. Read hurried all the powers of his gigantic intellect into the breach, as it were, and after a few seconds' deliberation gave command that a sortie should immediately be made toward the apothecary of the village smith and horseshoer for the purpose of securing a horse shoe nail. This order was obeyed. A horseshoe nail was secured, cut so as to stand "type high" and dexterously substituted for the lost W. So far so good—very good, indeed; but other troubles came. The Y was lost next, and another onslaught was made on the horseshoer's academy. The W and Y looked up so well that it was decided to throw away the M, which had become somewhat decrepit, and use a third horseshoe nail, and so the paper came out that week. It was a trifle spotted, true, where the new W and the new Y and the new M were used, but they were bright spots, and the comments were commendatory. Next week several more letters were lost, and other horseshoe nails were put in the tin can where the type was kept. About this time the horseshoer brought a new keg of nails, and then Editor Read decided on an exhibition of that wonderful genius that has since brought him fame. He boldly threw away all his old type, set the entire paper up in horseshoe nails, and then posed before an admiring public. That week the postoffice of the town handled more mail than ever before or since, and the entire increase was made up of letters congratulating the great editor on the improved appearance of his paper.

DU MAURIER'S JOKE POTS.

Stories Sent by His Friends of which He Made Good Use.

Du Maurier has been much written about in the press by men pretending to be his most intimate friends, though in one or two conspicuous instances the family of the late lamented were rather surprised at this presumption. One of Du Maurier's institutions was a pair of vases which he called his "joke-pots." He used to receive a large number of contributions from English and American friends, all purporting to be true, and worthy of an illustration by him. I know at least several instances where friends of mine have sent him texts, which he very soon afterwards used to good advantage. As these contributions arrived he threw them into one of these "joke-pots," by way of filing—a new kind of pigeon-hole. Then when a moment arrived in which he had to scratch his head for a subject, he would dip his hand—or rather his arm—into this lottery, and fish up one contribution after the other, until he found one that might be regarded as a prize ticket.

In order that he might insure himself against repetition, he observed the routine of never putting a contribution back into the same "joke-pot" from which he had extracted it, but deposited it in the second vase until the first one had been cleared. Then he attacked the second one and emptied all the lottery slips back into the first, and so on, daily weeding out the worthless ones, and refreshing his memory as to those best adapted to his purpose. The fact that these two "joke-pots" were kept so well supplied by friends who volunteered their contributions is in itself ample testimony to the personal charm widely exercised by this warm-hearted master of black and white.—Harper's Weekly.

Bag Picker Worth \$100,000.

Odd stories have often been told of the chiffonniers of Paris, but even more curious perhaps is the case of Mother Carpio, a female rag-picker, said to be worth \$100,000, who went out to America from her native Italy when she was a girl of twenty, and has for the last five-and-forty years honored New York by helping to relieve it of unconsidered trifles. Even now this human beast of burden, with back bent by the accumulated weights of countless sacks of rubbish, works some fifteen hours a day—from 2 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon—on the scanty support of two meals, and she is said to have invested carefully all her savings.

The Sketch says that under such conditions life would seem scarcely to be worth living, but Mother Carpio keeps on with the old routine of rag-picking year after year, and the lucky heir presumptive is a young nephew of hers, who will thus come into a not to say haggish, aunt passes hence.—Harper's Round Table.

His End in View.

"The waiter is very attentive. I wonder what end he has in view."

"His tip, of course."

A 16-Year-Old Girl has Nervous Prostration THE REVIVIFYING EFFECTS OF A PROPER NERVE FOOD DEMONSTRATED.

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. J. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Clarion Street, Bradford, Penna., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief. Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment the young lady's condition had not improved and the parents decided to procure the services of another physician. In the meantime Miss Watrous' nervousness had increased, the pains in her head had grown more severe and the sufferer's parents had almost given up hope of her recovery. It was at this time that Mr. Watrous heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He found that the pills were highly recommended for nervous disorders and concluded to give them a trial. A box of the pills was purchased and before they had all been taken there was a marked improvement in the girl's condition. After a half dozen boxes had been used, the young lady's appetite had returned, the pain in her head had ceased and she was stronger than at any time previous to her illness. Miss Watrous concluded that her cure was complete and left home for a visit to relatives in the grape country near Dunkirk, N. Y. She stopped taking the medicine and by over-exertion brought the ailment back again. As soon as the returning symptoms were felt, Miss Watrous secured another box of pills and the illness was soon driven away. She is now in better physical condition than she has been for years and declares that she owes her life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were interviewed by a reporter at their home on Clarion Street. Both are loud in their praises of Pink Pills. "My daughter's life was saved by the medicine," said Mrs. Watrous. "Her condition was almost hopeless when she commenced taking them, but now she is as strong and healthy as any one could be. I cannot recommend the medicine too highly." An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 361 Broadway, N. Y.

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STRAY PARAGRAPHS.

—It is hard to disguise a last summer's straw hat with a new ribbon.

—The man who bets may be a gambler, but the man who doesn't is no better.

—Don't ride a bicycle on the pavement unless you have enough money to pay the fine.

—The Fat Lady—"Why did the Human Pincushion leave?"

The Living Skeleton—"He was afraid of being stuck for his salary."

—No Maud, dear, an axletree does not bear fruit, although it sometimes has nuts on it.

—A man in an adjoining town last week married a girl named Bread. He says he took her for butter or worse.

Little Delaware.

Delaware was the first state admitted to the Union and is the one to which Randolph of Roanoke referred contemptuously as having two counties at high tide and three at low tide. It is still governed by antiquated colonial machinery. The senate of its legislature consists of nine members only. Delaware is one of the states which has no lieutenant governor, and therefore, from out of these nine members, one is chosen as presiding officer, and the other eight are the lawmaking body. The state is divided into three counties—New Castle, which includes the city of Wilmington; Kent, which includes the capital city of Dover, and Sussex, the rustic southern county. New Castle has several thousand more voters than Kent and Sussex combined, but the basis of representation in the Dover senate is the same for all three—three members from each county, and on any public ques-

tion, therefore, in the senate, a minority of the people can by a two-thirds majority outvote the majority. The city of Wilmington casts about one-third of the total vote of the state, but it has only one representative in the senate. The house of representatives consists of 21 members chosen without reference to population, 7 from each county.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

In its June number The Ladies' Home Journal will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee in a way distinctly its own. In an article by William George Jordan, entitled "What Victoria Has Seen," the reader will be taken on the British throne, and the marvelous panorama of the world's history for sixty years will pass before him. He will at a glance see the progress in art, science, invention, music, education; the great social reforms, the growth of nations and the advance of civilization. The whole story of the world's progress of the longest reign in English history will be vividly presented.

An exchange says: "The first weed pulled up in the ground, the first dollar put in the saving bank and the first mile traveled on a journey are all very important things; they make a beginning and thereby a hope, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast, is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his hand and prospered, if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, had he only made a beginning."

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter per lb, Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb, Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, Wheat per bushel, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour per bbl, Hay per ton, Potatoes per bushel, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes per peck, Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, per qt, Dried apples per lb, Dried cherries, pitted, Raspberries, Cow Hides per lb, Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus, Corn meal, cwt, Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens per lb new, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 6, delivered, 4 and 5, 6 at yard, 4 and 5 at yard.

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