

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept, No matter how large the key, Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard— 'Twould open, I know, for me. Then over the land and the sea, broadcast, I'd scatter the smiles to play. That the children's faces might hold them fast. For many and many a day. If I knew a box that was large enough To hold all the frowns I meet, I would like to gather them, every one, From nursery, school and street; Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in, And, turning the monster key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box To the depths of the deep, deep sea. —Boston Transcript.

A LOVER'S JEALOUSY.

"Robert," said Mr. Vyse, slowly, gazing fixedly at the young clerk, "I have no doubt that it is you who have robbed me."

The hot blood flooded Robert Acland's neck and face as he took in the full meaning of the words.

"I swear to you, sir," he cried passionately, "that you wrong me—I swear it by my soul!"

"I wish I could believe you, Robert," Mr. Vyse replied, "for I like you; but, unfortunately, appearances are too much against you. What, may I ask, were you doing at five o'clock yesterday evening in my private room? You had no right or business there."

"Nor was I," returned the young fellow proudly, drawing himself up to his full height. "I've never been in this room in my life except when you have sent me. Has any one told you that I was here last evening, sir?"

"Yes, Robert, your comrade, Richard Starkie, assured me of it not ten minutes ago."

"Richard Starkie!" exclaimed Acland, in great wonderment. "Why, he must be mad. What can have possessed him to tell so wicked a falsehood? We have always been good friends, he and I. Why should he thus try to ruin me, I wonder?"

The words, the tone, were those of an innocent man. Mr. Vyse began to waver in his opinion as to Acland's guilt.

"Robert," he said more kindly, "will you swear to me before God that you are innocent?"

Raising aloft his right hand, he said: "I call the God before whose judgment throne we both shall one day stand to witness that I am guiltless," he declared solemnly. "Surely, sir, you will believe me now?"

Mr. Vyse held out his hand.

"Yes, Robert, I believe you," he said, "and I beg your pardon for having doubted you. But what Starkie's motive in traducing you has been I am at a loss to understand."

"So am I, sir," answered Acland. "His conduct is quite incomprehensible."

"Well, Robert," wound up the old gentleman, as he dismissed his clerk, "you must promise me one thing—that you will treat Starkie just the same as if nothing unusual had occurred. It is my wish."

"I will try, sir. But it will be a hard task," Acland replied as he quitted the room.

Left alone, Mr. Vyse, a hale, active man of sixty-five, lay back in his chair and gave himself up to thought. But the more he puzzled over the disappearance of his cash box the farther he seemed from a solution of the mystery. It was gone, but by whose hand it was difficult to say.

Of course the news that their employer had been robbed ran like wildfire through the small community. It was Richard Starkie who first made intimation of it was given, but to his fellow workers he dare not try to incriminate young Acland, for Acland was a favorite with his colleagues, and Starkie knew well that any remark suggestive of his guilt would be received in stony silence—the silence of sheer disbelief.

That evening Bob Acland went to see Elsie Venner, the girl of his heart. There was no actual engagement between them, but Elsie understood quite well that Bob was only waiting for a rise of salary before asking her to be his wife. He had intended to tell her nothing about what had occurred at the office during the day, but the quick-witted girl soon saw that something was amiss, and taxed him with it, and after a little hesitation on his part and a little pressing on hers the whole story came out.

"I cannot think, darling," finished Bob, "what has induced Starkie to do it."

"Shall I tell you?" said Elsie demurely.

"You?"

"Yes, I, can, you know." And then she proceeded to relate how Richard Starkie had a few days before asked her to marry him, and, on her refusal, flown into a violent rage, not only heaping anathemas on her head, but also on Bob.

"And you believe he has attempted to lay the theft at my door to blacken my character in your eyes? What a scoundrel the fellow must be!"

"If you had seen the look on his face when he left me," replied the girl, "you would think, as I do, that he is capable of anything."

Next day Bob Acland repeated to Mr. Vyse the conversation he had held with Elsie Venner.

Meanwhile Richard Starkie was in a very unhappy frame of mind. He had just sufficient manhood left to be able to appreciate the unutterable curtness of his own conduct. But that did not tend to make him sorry for what he had done. No, it rather embittered him still more against his rival, a mania for gambling, inherited from his father, who had betted away a large estate during his life, dying only just in time to save himself from actual starvation, had in the first instance made him short of money.

In order to retrieve his position he bet still more heavily, and again lost. Ill luck pursued him from day to day, till at last, unable to meet the demands made upon him, exposure stared him in the face, and exposure, he knew, meant prompt dismissal from Mr. Vyse's service. In this dilemma he stole the cash-box, and it was only when gloating over its contents that the idea of saddling Acland with the theft occurred to him.

It was Mr. Vyse's custom to go for a walk, unless the day was very wet, between the hours of twelve and one. He usually went down the high road straight out of the town for a mile, returning home over the fields and through a small plantation. A few days after the loss of the cash-box he took the accustomed path. Dot, his favorite dog, half pointer, half retriever, accompanied him. In the middle of the plantation Dot suddenly sniffed the air, then bounded in among the brushwood and pointed.

"Dot! Dot!" called his master. "Here good dog, come back!"

But Dot had evidently found something and refused to be shouted off. Mr. Vyse made his way to where the dog was standing. Up sprang a fine rabbit and dashed away. Dot in hot pursuit. But Mr. Vyse heeded neither rabbit nor dog. His gaze was riveted on the place from which the rabbit had jumped. Thus for a moment or two he stood, then, with a peculiar smile on his face, he wheeled round and walked briskly home.

Some three days later Richard Starkie was summoned to his chief's presence. He went, trembling, fearing he knew not what.

"Starkie," said Mr. Vyse, "you have been in my employ longer than any other of my clerks; therefore I think it only right to make you my spokesman to them. I wish you, then, to tell them on my behalf that I attribute the disappearance of my cash-box to none of them; that I am quite convinced of their innocence."

Richard Starkie paled slightly. Had his scheme to ruin young Acland failed miserably after all? It seemed so. But he replied with apparent frankness.

"I am very pleased to hear that Robert Acland has cleared himself, sir."

"He has done so most completely," rejoined Mr. Vyse. "I have a very high opinion of Acland, Starkie."

"So have I, sir," he returned glibly, while he inwardly cursed the man of whom he spoke thus laudingly. "It has caused me great pain to think that he could possibly be a thief."

"Is it possible that this man is innocent after all?" wondered Mr. Vyse. "If not, his hypocrisy is simply astounding. But I shall soon know the truth."

"Just one thing more," continued Mr. Vyse, looking straight into his clerk's eyes, which met his own unflinchingly, "and this is for your own sake, Starkie. In the theft of my cash-box I've sustained a far greater loss than any one but myself is aware of. It is a box of peculiar construction—in fact, it had a false bottom, and in that false bottom, Starkie, there were notes to the value of seven hundred pounds. I had placed them there only two days before I was robbed."

"Of course, you have the numbers, sir?"

"Why, yes, I have the numbers, Starkie, but an expert thief—and I imagine from the coolness and audacity of the robbery that I have been the victim of one—finds no difficulty in changing stolen paper. He knows where to take it and obtain a good price."

When Richard Starkie went back to his old colleagues to give them their employer's message, his breast was torn by two emotions—baffled spite and greed of further gold.

"I will destroy him yet," he thought of Bob Acland. "He's escaped me for a while, but it shall not be for long. Elsie Venner shall never be his wife."

"Poor old buffer"—his mind reverting to the man whose presence he had just left—"you little guessed that in making a confidant of me you were telling the thief how to further enrich himself! Well, five hundred quids will come in very handy just now, and I suppose, the commission would not be more than two hundred pounds. Mark-by's getting very restive for his money and I could pay him and still have a nice little balance in hand. You're a luck's way, Dick, my boy. Fortune favors you."

Bending down amid the bramble and brushwood which formed the undergrowth of a small plantation, groping among the briars and the grass, Richard Starkie was searching for the cash-box.

"I know I flung it somewhere here," he muttered fiercely. "Where can the thing be? Ah, and his hand at last alighted on some metal, 'here you are! I was just beginning to think that Jewish fortune had served me a scurvy trick. Well,' clasping the box to his bosom, 'you've been a good friend to me, and I'll treat you as lightly as possible. Come, let's away—merciful powers, what's that?'"

Four stalwart arms had seized him from behind and were holding him with a vise-like grip, and before he knew what was really taking place, he felt the cold steel on his wrists and realized that he was a prisoner, a detected thief who had blindly fallen into a skillfully laid trap.—Tid-Bits.

He Named the Male. "I reckon," said the old colored man, "dat I better change de name o' dat mule." "It doesn't make much difference what you call a mule, does it?" "No. But I likes ter hab it somethin' appropriate. Did you eber hyah toll 'bout subcumstances ober which you had no control?" "Yes." "Well, dat's what I'm gwinter call 'im; 'Subcumstances'?"—Washington Star.

SIBERIAN PRISONERS.

The Russian Government is Often Justified in Exiling its Subjects.

There is a popular idea that the wastes of Siberia are peopled with men who have been unjustly exiled from Russia, and that the criminal is really as difficult to find as the traditional needle in the bundle of hay. Facts, however, do not substantiate this theory any more than they do in the large majority of popular impressions.

A great sensation was created two or three years ago, by the finding of seven Russian exiles or prisoners who had made their escape from Siberia. They were in an open boat in the Pacific, and were taken to San Francisco, where they became the objects of popular commiseration, as well as the text for the denouncing of the Russian methods of dealing with political offenders.

The Californians, ever ready with sympathy, gave them clothes, and found them work to do. It now appears that, during the interval that has elapsed between their arrival in San Francisco and now, they have every one been punished by the law of the land. The last of the party has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for burglary, while one of his comrades was hung for two murders which he had committed.

Investigations which have been made show that every one of these men had been sent to Siberia for reasons which would have earned him a corresponding period of exile from the haunts of his fellow-men, if not absolute deportation from the country, in any other part of the world.

TALK THAT WAS NOT CHEAP.

Long-Distance Telephones Rather Expensive Luxuries.

A Rochester manufacturer dropped into a long-distance telephone office yesterday afternoon and told the young woman in charge that he wished to talk to New York. Thereupon he was promptly connected and at once proceeded to talk. He talked quite a little while. Then he had an afterthought and talked again. Then the man in New York thought of something and the Rochester man talked some more. Outside the booth two men were pacing the floor, one of whom wished to have his canal boats lying in the slips at Buffalo painted, and the other was anxious to reach the head of the great salt industry of Syracuse. They paced with more or less patience while the Rochester man talked. At last the door opened and the talker emerged.

"How much do I owe?" he asked of the girl in charge.

"Are you aware," she said, "that you have been in the booth for some time?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I suppose your regular charge for New York is three dollars and a half?"

"Yes," she said in a business-like way, "three dollars and fifty cents for five minutes. Your bill is twenty-five dollars and ninety cents."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Wash Your Eyeglasses.

Spectacles and eyeglasses are as much benefited by a bath now and then as people are, said a well known optician. It is strange how many people there are who think that their glasses only need an occasional wiping. Now, the fact is, glasses require actual baths as frequently as does the ordinary person. The process is as simple as you want to make it. My plan, however, is to take the glasses to a wash bowl and give them a good soaking in warm water. Then apply soap freely and rub it off by the use of a soft tooth or nail brush. After that give them a polish with any of the usual tooth powders, and then clean them with tissue paper, which is much better for the purpose than chamois skin or anything else that I know of.

The ordinary cleansing is all right as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient. Many persons have done great injury to their eyes by neglecting to properly clean their glasses. I have had a number of patients come to me with complaints about what they called gradual diminution of their sight. An examination revealed the fact that it was wonderful that they could see at all, for their glasses were gummed over and had been fearfully neglected. A little soap and water, to which a few drops of ammonia was added, did the business.

An Antiquary in Error.

A famous antiquary—an enthusiast in the search for Roman antiquities—was traveling through England, when he heard that on a certain hill there was a stile called Caesar's Stile.

"Just so," thought the antiquary. "Such a road, mentioned in Antoninus, passed near here, and the traditional name of this confirms me in the opinion that there was a camp on this spot."

While he was surveying the prospect a peasant came up whom the antiquary addressed.

"They call this Caesar's Stile, do they not?"

"Ees, zur," said the man; "they calls it so arter pore old Bob Caesar, the carpenter. I helped him to make it when I was a boy."

Dick Orum Couldn't be Found.

During the petty sessions at D— the other day, a great amount of laughter was caused by one of the cases. One of the Justices of the Peace rather pompously exclaimed:

"Let us have 'deorum' in the court." An officer, a real native of the Emerald Isle, rushed at once to the door, calling out:

"Richard Orum! Richard Orum!" It goes without saying that "deorum" was still wanting for a brief period in that court.—Answers.

A Life Saved.

A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH.

Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Narrative.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, a reporter called on Mr. Trout at his office, 108 Griswold Avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for publication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and became pale and languid. She was so weak that she would fall down in a faint every time she tried to walk unaided. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away. When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said it was anemic. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt terminate in consumption. No doctor we had could help her, and we concluded ourselves, we must lose our child, as she was growing weaker every day. We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and took them home. That day I had read of a case about the same as my daughter's, and decided to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily and looked brighter. Every one noticed the change, and I bought two more boxes for her. When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since. 'I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to our neighbors, and sent a few to another young girl who seems to be in the same condition as my daughter. Had not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my daughter's life, I would not recommend them to any one. I know they do all and more than is claimed for them, and I am glad to recommend them to the world. I know Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my daughter's life, and that is enough for me.' F. B. TROUT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of March, 1897.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative and best kept from Dr. A. STELLING WERVEN, Chicago, Montreal, Canada, New York, St. Louis.

You will realize that "They live well who live cleanly," if you use

SAPOLIO

ASK FOR THE BASKET ON "LIGHT" AND Burn Crown Acme OIL. GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.

If the care of the hair were made a part of a lady's education, we should not see so many gray heads, and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer would be unnecessary.

A Fighting Quaker.

It is possible to trespass too far on the patience of a Quaker. The Friends have been holding a series of revival meetings lately in Ida county, Iowa. Crowds of tough youngsters from Ida Grove and neighboring towns have taken advantage of the occasion to disturb the worshippers by loud talking, profanity and practical jokes. The ushers frequently admonished them, but the youths, presuming on the peaceful character of their hosts, persistently disregarded these warnings. Friend Sweet, a leading member of the local colony of Quakers, finally took a hand. Several young men openly announced their intention of enjoying themselves as they saw fit when the old man begged them to discontinue their playfulness, but they refused. Thereat Friend Sweet hurled three of the men through the nearest window, defaced the features of one or two others who undertook to rescue their friends, and sat calmly down to continue his meditations.—Detroit Free Press.

PHILOSOPHY—There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial lead in demand.

The sale borders on the phenomenal. Sluggish Liver, Constipation, or Irregular Bowels are the precursors of many physical disorders. These little wonders remove the cause. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.

Sold by C. A. Klein.

Fine PHOTOGRAPHS and CRAYONS at McKillip Bros., Bloomsburg. The best are the cheapest.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

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, Tallow per lb., 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.

COAL.

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

The Leading Conservatory of America CARL FAHRTEN, Director. Founded in 1857 by E. Tourjoo. NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. BOSTON MASS. Send for Prospectus giving full information. FRANK W. HALL, General Manager.

NEW DINING ROOMS.

A LARGE and well furnished dining room has been opened by HARRY AURAND on the second floor of his restaurant. Meals will be served at the regular dining hours for 25c, and they can also be obtained at any time. The table will be supplied with the delicacies of the season and the service will be first-class.

Entrance by door between Restaurant and Malifaera's grocery store.

Johnson's Belladonna Plaster. Relieves tired Backs. IT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

PATENTS

Patents and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at Less Cost than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, County, or town sent free. Address G. A. SNOW & CO., Washington, D. C. (Opposite U. S. Patent Office.)

EXCHANGE HOTEL, G. SNYDER, Proprietor, (Opposite the Court House) BLOOMSBURG, PA. Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms, hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of some thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN