

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL.

De Massa ob de sheepfol. De guard de sheep fol' bin. Look out in de gloomerin' meadows. Whar' de long night rain begin-- So he call to de hircin' sheep'ol. "Is my sheep, is day all come in?" So he call to de hircin' sheep'ol. "Is my sheep, is day all come in?" Oh, den says de hircin' sheep'ol. "De's some, dey's black and this. An' some, dey's po' ol' wedda's. Dat can't come home agin. Dey la'ol," says de hircin' sheep'ol. "But de res' dey's all bring in. Dey is'ol," says de hircin' sheep'ol. "But de res' dey's all bring in. Den de Massa ob de sheep fol'. Dat guard de sheep fol' bin. Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows. Whar' de long night rain begin-- So he le' down de ba's ob de sheep fol'. Callin' sof, "Come in come in. So he le' down de ba's ob de sheep fol'. Callin' sof "Come in, come in. Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows. Tro' de col' night rain and win'. And up tro' de gloomerin' meadows. Whar' de long night rain begin-- Dey po' lo' sheep'ol' de sheep fol'. Dey all comes gadderin' in.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

(By Carl Baily Hurlst.) The driving rain forbade our taking a walk, so we sat in the studio and smoked. The storm had come suddenly, and it was late in the afternoon. From the window-seat where I lay I could look down on Broadway and see the crowd of clerks and shop girls hurrying up town. The noise of wagons and street cars, the babble of voices, and the beating of footsteps on wet pavements were borne noticeably to the third story of the old building which has stood for thirty years on a corner below Union Square. It is an old rookery, with rooms for artists and whosoever else will live in small quarters and not object to the odor of cooking wafted at all times from the gas-stoves of one's neighbors. The man in whose lodgings I was for the first time had lived there for over twenty years. He told me nothing could make him leave. He had become attached to the shabby stairs, the worn thresholds, and the dusty walls. It was here he had fought for fame--and had lost the battle; yet he would not remove.

We talked of a number of things--of art, of the ignorance of critics, of the capriciousness of fate--when I noticed my friend was not listening to me, but to some sound without. I stopped, and heard a woman walking down the hall. She went to the door opposite my friend X's lodgings, and after fumbling with the lock a few seconds, opened the door and entered. X did not move. He only turned his eyes toward me, still listening; but hearing nothing more, he leaned back in his chair, saying simply, "She's late."

"In time for dinner, at any rate," I hazarded.

"She doesn't live here."

"Oh! Only pants during the day, of course."

"She's not an artist; not even in a dilettante way. She used to paint, I believe; but I do not think she has had a brush in her hand for twenty years."

"Twenty years?"

"For twenty years she has had that room. None besides her has ever entered, except the janitor once or twice to put in a few panes of glass broken by the hail."

"She's not, not-- She's in her right mind, isn't she?"

"As sane as you or I. I'll tell you about her. It's the story of a woman's heart. I do not believe two people besides myself know why she has that little studio, if, indeed, they are aware she has it at all."

Then he was silent for a minute. I heard the noise of the street, and fancied that I heard a woman moving in the room across the way. The story of a woman's heart. I mused--the story of a woman's heart. How many a one thinks he knows its depths or its shallowness, but what man has ever really fathomed it? It's a spring of water, I thought. It reflects the clouds and the sunshine. It varies with circumstances. There is nothing constant in it. It smiles back brightly to the man who has brought himself nearest. When he is gone, with the same ease and cheerfulness it mirrors his successor. A woman's heart, I laughed; there is no constancy in it.

"Listen," said X. "Not long after I returned from my two years at Munich I settled in the studio in which you see me now. About the same time a young man of about my own age took the one across the way. There was more than a passing acquaintance between us. We exchanged confidences, and I learned that a wealthy woman, somewhat older than he, stood to him more or less as a patroness. There was some understanding that when he should become established they were to marry. She was an ambitious person, strong willed, and, I surmise, she decided to fashion the beginner's career to suit herself. But she was not sympathetic. His frequent discouragements she took as natural events in any young man's career. But to him the difficulties seemed enormous and insuperable, and the sympathy he craved he found elsewhere, in the daughter of a boarding-house keeper at whose establishment he took dinner. The patroness was frightfully incensed when she learned of the new intimacy. She stormed, but he said nothing. Then she cried bitterly, and begged him not to throw his life away on a woman who had not the least thing in common with him.

"The little drama stretched itself out for several months, until a violent quarrel separated for good the artist and his benefactress. The woman wanted him to break his recent attachment. She became arbitrary and insisted. The young fellow was al-

ready tired of the boarding-house keeper's daughter, but this command lung made him obstinate, and throwing down the key of the studio, he swore he would never come near his case again. When she saw he was really leaving, she calmed and implored him to stay, but he doggedly walked away. She said she loved him more than her life, that she would always wait until he returned. She would keep the studio, and that he must come back to her some time.

"That day he went to the woman scorned by the other, and a few days later together they drifted to the West where one may be swallowed in the vastness and change, and be forgotten. The affair would have escaped me altogether had I not one day seen the former patroness coming to the studio, which, it seemed, she had kept and to which she came once a fortnight. She did this for four or five years, until I read in the papers a notice of her marriage. For a year she never came near this place, but the studio was still unvacated. The janitor told me she rented the place by the year, and at the time of her marriage the studio belonged to her for several months longer. And then, that period expiring, she rented the room again although she did not visit it. Incidentally I heard her marriage was a very unsatisfactory one, and that her husband treated her brutally. Once more she resumed her pilgrimages to the studio. But after her husband's death--for he died about two years after they were married--she kept away for another stretch of months; then she started once more, and she has now come at intervals ever since. She dusts the books and canvases, and keeps the room scrupulously clean. This much she has told me herself, although she is very reticent. But I have often wondered if she lingers over each object of her former lover's, and touches them tenderly, and thinks that he might now be near her had she been to him what she might have been. It is probably a solace for her to go there, and to feel that she keeps the place for his return, that she is watching for him, ready to welcome him, and to tell him that she loves him more than in those old days."

Then X was silent. Presently he resumed: "Perhaps he will return. But he has not returned yet. It is twenty years since he left."

"Yes," I said to myself, "a woman's heart indeed is like a spring. It gives forth at all times the same stream of love. The surface may reflect that which passes near it, but in its depths, clear and unchanging, lies that which fell there first."

Neither of us spoke. X's story moved me strangely, although I am not over-given to sentiment. The rain came beating against the windows, down on the foot-passengers in the street, and on the vehicles. The world seemed very gloomy. Unsteadily a man mounted to the top of the stairs near X's studio, and moved down the hall. He stopped not far away, but he made no sound. X threw open the door, and I saw a man wasted with disease, thin and wretchedly clad. The rain dripped from his clothing to the floor. I could only see the side of his face, but it was haggard. He stood with his back to us, looking at the studio door opposite. He seemed not to hear us. He knocked, but there was no response. He knocked again. The door opened suddenly, and a woman stood in the threshold. The man held out his hands and said, brokenly: "Sweetheart, sweetheart, I have come back for one glimpse of paradise."

With a cry the woman threw her arms about his neck, and, drawing him into the room, strained his wet, disheveled head to her breast.

X closed his door quietly, and turning to me, remarked: "I always thought something like that would happen."--Harper's Weekly.

Ignorance in India.

Ignorance and superstition were among the greatest forces that the English Government had to overcome in dealing with the plague in India. It was found out by the authorities that one of the chief causes of the reluctance of the natives to enter hospitals was due to the fear that they would be killed, because they believed that the Queen, in revenge for the insult offered to her statue, had demanded the lives of 30,000 inhabitants of Bombay.--Philadelphia Ledger.

PEN POINTS.

It is not the expensive fashionable ball, but the cheap ball of the slum saloon that brings misery to the poor.

The prime of life is when we have learned to laugh at things that once would have made us weep.

Many a family that thinks it is keeping up appearances is keeping up nothing but a signal of distress.

Second thoughts may be the best, but they are usually too late for the band wagon.

A drama may be too good to be popular with the masses. It is a good deal so with a man.

A true friend is one who will listen to your troubles and not tell you his own.--Truth

Not a Single Instance.

Youngley: "Yes, sir, we love each other, and love matches always turn out happily. Do you know of a single instance where they have not done so?"

Olding: "No, not of a single instance, but I know of a good many married ones."

Mistress: "I think I have given you a good idea of the cooking I require. Do you think you could prepare it?"

Cook: "Yes, mum; but Ol' cud nivv' ate it."--New York Journal.

THE NEGRO MOSES.

\$40,000 Reward offered by Slave Owners, for Her Capture.

Mrs. Harriet Tubman, once called the "Moses of her people," and for whose head slave-owners offered a reward of \$40,000, is in Boston. She was born about 1820, in Maryland, and was the granddaughter of a slave brought from Africa. About 1844 she married a free colored man named John Tubman, but had no children. During the last two years of her slavery she lived in the family of Dr. Thompson. In 1849 the man to whom she belonged died, and by the provisions of the will the slaves were to be set free. His wishes, however, were disregarded, and arrangements were made to dispose of them in the usual way. Previous to the sale, Mrs. Tubman made her escape and reached Philadelphia where she found work and earned money. With this she traveled back to Maryland for her husband, but found that he had married again. Between 1850 and 1860 she made no less than nineteen trips to the South, and spirited away more than 300 slaves. Her work in aiding fugitive slaves enraged the slave-owners, and every effort was made to apprehend her. A reward of \$40,000 was finally offered by them for her, either dead or alive. On this account she was able to do but little towards assisting her people between 1852 and 1857. At the breaking out of the war she was sent to the front by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts to act as a spy and scout for the Union armies, and to work in the hospital. This she did for four years without remuneration. She was with the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts.--Boston Transcript.

GRANT'S DIFFERENT HATS.

Not Aware that His Japanese Servant gave Him so Many Changes.

In that trip after his return from abroad he had a little Japanese servant, who took charge of him as though the General was a bit of machinery and he was the engineer. Some of the newspapers noticed that in the course of one trip Grant had on six different hats, and they laughingly asked him what was the significance of the change. Grant said, "Why, I do not know; I supposed I had on the same hat all the time." Investigation brought out the fact that the little Jap, through the suggestion of some of the ladies of the party or some of the committee, had received ideas as to what kind of a hat the General ought to wear at certain towns. If it was a college town, just before he arrived the little Jap would tip-toe to the General, remove the slouch hat, place a silk hat carefully on the General's head, and trip out, the General never losing a word of any conversation. At the next stop, if it was explained to the little Jap that it was a soldier town, off would come the silk hat and on went the General's military hat. He made it a rule for the General never to appear at two places in the same hat, and the joke of it was Grant himself did not know anything of the scheme.--St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A BICYCLE UNDER WATER.

Used by a Diver When Searching the Bottom of the sea.

Another use has been found for the bicycle. Having conquered the land, the all-pervading wheel has invaded the water and has proved that it can be of use to a diver while searching the bottom of the sea. In diving operations of the future a part of the outfit of the man who dons a diving suit and explores the bottom of the sea in search of lost treasure, parted cables, anchors or wrecks frequently will be a bicycle.

David M. Tulloch, a practical diver of a dozen years' experience, who has been employed by the United States Government in many operations along the Atlantic coast and who has also worked in South American waters, was the first man to use a bicycle in submarine work.--New York World.

She Raised the Boys.

Nine men sat in an unbroken row on one side of an alley "I" car the other morning. Near the door sat one lone woman. Five women were standing, swinging on to straps, as the train pulled out of Congress street terminals.

At 12th street two more women came in, standing before a row of men who couldn't see over their newspapers.

There was a mischievous twinkle in the eyes of the solitary young woman sitting near the door.

At 18th street the train slowed up with a squeaking and grinding of wheels. The gates rattled, and with a swing a young man in a fawn-colored coat, with a bunch of carnations in his buttonhole, stepped into the car. He was just reaching for a strap, when the young woman at the door touched him on the arm.

He looked around inquiringly.

The young woman was standing, with a perfectly serious look in her face.

"Want you have this seat?" she asked in a beautifully modulated voice. With his mouth open, the young man in his astonishment sat down.

But it was only for a moment. In the face of laughter which followed every woman in the group found a seat.--Chicago Record.

Not Likely.

Nobbs: "You seemed very cool, when Hochim pulled that pistol on you."

Hobbs: "Well, I knew he wouldn't dare shoot."

Nobbs: "How did you know?"

Hobbs: "Because we belong to the same lodge, and if I died he'd get assessed a dollar to help bury me."--Twinkles.

LIKE A MIRACLE How a Locomotor Ataxia Sufferer Was Cured.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

James Crockett, a sturdy old Scotchman, living in Detroit, Mich., at 83 Montclair Street, was asked about his wonderful cure. "First," he said, "I must tell you something of my life before my almost fatal sickness. I was born in Scotland in 1822, and came to this country in 1848. I am a marine engineer by trade. In 1872 I was in the employ of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., and for fifteen years I was chief engineer on one of their big passenger steamers. My first boat was the R. N. Rice, which was burned at the docks. Then I was transferred to the Rubie, which was chartered to make the run between Detroit and Cleveland.

"I brought out the new steamer the 'City of the Straits,' and for years acted as her chief engineer. It is a great responsibility, the position of chief engineer on those big passenger palaces. Thousands of lives are held in the keeping of the engineer. The strictest attention is necessary. Not for a moment must he lose his watchfulness.

"For fifteen years I carefully watched the big engines and boilers without a single accident, and only noticed that I was getting nervous. Suddenly without warning I was taken sick, and in less than a week I was prostrated. I had the best of physicians. I grew gradually worse, and at the council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never be able to be up again. They said I had worn myself out by the long nervous strain caused by watching and worrying about the machinery. For three long years I was unable to move from my bed without assistance. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to walk again.

"The pains and suffering I experienced during those years are almost indescribable. My wife used to put eight or ten hot water bags around me to stop the pain. Those that came to see me bid me good-bye when they left me, and I was given up. The doctors said nothing more could be done for me.

"We tried every known remedy, and my wife kept reading the articles about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to me. Finally she said they only cost 50 cents, and she wanted to know if I would try them. To please her I consented, and the first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for about two years before I could get strength enough to walk. It came slow but sure, but what I am to-day is due wholly to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I am nearly seventy-five years old to-day, and there is not a man in the whole city that can kick higher or walk further than I can to-day. If any one has locomotor ataxia that reads this, let them come and see me to-day. Can you tell me a man to-day in this big city that can do better than that?" said Mr. Crockett, as he kicked the reporter's hat, which was held high above his head.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People made me what I am to-day. I only wish I could persuade others to do as I did, and take them before it is too late."

(Signed) "JAMES CROCKETT." Before me, a Notary Public, personally appeared James Crockett, who signed and swore to the above statement as being true in every particular.

ROBERT E. HULL, Jr., Notary Public, Wayne County, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape 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.

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"A handful of dirt may be a household of shame" Keep your house clean with

SAPOLIO ASK FOR THE BOOKLET ON "LIGHT" AND BURN Crown ACME OIL. GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO. The Folly of Flirtation Rev. George M. Goodchild Pictures in All Its Dangers.

"Flirtation" was the title of the subject upon which the Rev. George M. Goodchild, of the Central Baptist church, New York, preached last Sunday. There was a large congregation, mostly young women. The sermon was a general warning to young persons, and incidentally to the older ones who flirt. The text was from Proverbs x, 10: "He that winketh with the eye causes sorrow."

"When this subject of 'Flirtation' was announced by me as a topic," said the preacher, "there was no objection from the deacons, and I do not know that any of the sisters took exception.

"The question of the future happiness often hinges on a single night's flirtation. The clearest definition of the word 'flirtation' is by example. For instance, if I went out on Broadway and met a pretty lass whom I did not know, into whose eyes I looked and whose smile I returned, that would be the beginning of a flirtation. If when I had gained that love I should throw her over, that would be beastly, wicked; but it is common.

"Personal attraction in a woman is always at a premium. God gave her charms, and I do not know but that she has a right to use them.

"If I were a woman I should be slow to glance at a dude whom you meet on street corners, and who has more brains in the head of his cane than he has in his own head. She often bestows her love on a worthless fellow for the sake of an engagement, upon which follows a separation. Many women go around as an Indian

chief does, with the results of their prowess dangling from their belts.

"Flirtation is not confined to any country, class or color. Doctors flirt with their patients, lawyers with their clients, ministers sometimes with their parishioners, clerks with their customers, the butler with the maid servant, young ladies with their father's coachmen, while the fathers are found in the company of their typewriters.

"Married people flirt, and that is the worst part of it. When a man and woman are united in marriage they should both consecrate themselves to each other. If you want to give only half of your heart to your wife you should have it understood in the marriage agreement.

"Every man should keep his marriage vow. Take her with you to the church, to places of amusement and everywhere in the blessedness of love that burns brightly to the end of life.

"I would not give a leaden ten-cent piece for a married woman or man who flirts. This folly of flirtation strikes at the human life in great force, and you should not forget all of its pitfalls. I thoroughly believe that flirtation desolates as many homes as does drink; it makes our divorce courts; it saddens more hearts than crimes and takes almost as many lives as disease.

To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic invalids later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla together with plenty of wholesome food and out-door exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood.

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