

ADVICE.

Cher up child, an' move yoh feet! Doan' ask gum ter de folks yoh meet. Er smile's as easy as a sigh. An' it's no mo' wait fo' ter laugh dan cry. So get in step wif de burryin' throng. Suid o' mopin' erlong.

THE PASTOR'S STORY.

The clergyman was a very prudent man, and feared to tell anything which might bring him trouble; then he had such a sense of honor that he was not willing to say anything that could be construed into a violation of confidence. As however, a certain wedding had been described by the parties themselves, and the particulars were known in the town where he formerly resided, he thought he might without impropriety tell a party of other clergymen the story of old Doctor Benjamin Tillotson, who, burying three wives, engaged himself to the only daughter of a rich farmer living some three miles from a certain village.

Miss Maria Cutting had arrived at the age of maturity, and as far as years were concerned was a fitting companion for the man who had been obliged to mourn so much since, twenty years before, he had married his first wife. Doctor Benjamin Tillotson, as he was named in the papers—but "old Doc Ben" in the stores, behind his back—was a man who was careful to have his speech, deportment, dress and character correct. He was as straight as an arrow—six feet and two inches in height—and when he moved along the street his walk was as measured as his language.

He desired to be strictly obedient to all the proprieties. He always lifted his hat to the ladies whom he met. At a dinner party he sat erect, and told his two or three stories in great detail and in true Johnsonian style. He had the greatest admiration for the learned Doctor Johnson, and regretted the sharp, brisk, newsy address of the day, and was as furious as his calm exterior would permit when any preacher bordered on pleasantries.

Notwithstanding his adherence to old customs and manners he was a most skillful physician. He travelled far and wide, and whether seen by night or by day sat erect, holding his reins tightly, and was never taken at a disadvantage by even the most spirited of his horses.

Once he was thrown out of his sleigh in passing through a snowdrift; his body even then was not thrown into hopeless confusion, but maintained its accustomed posture, and as his horses were well trained, he never was obliged to lose his dignity.

He shaved every morning at break of day, and smoothed his hair so carefully and mysteriously that it was never seen in disorder. His black broadcloth suit never had a particle of dust on it when he was seen in church, or when, after a long trip, he entered the house of a patient. He was immaculate in dress, ceremonious in manner, measured in speech, and attentive to the sick.

Maria Cutting's father was an old gentleman somewhere between eighty and ninety years of age, and was in constant need of medical assistance, so that Doctor Tillotson was a frequent visitor at the "Lodge," the home of the Cuttings. Maria was a very particular housekeeper, and a good manager of the large estate. Since the death of her mother and the infirmity of her father, not only did she attend to the running of the house, but to the affairs of the dairy and the investments, all of which were well managed.

She was a pronounced lady in waiting—an "unappropiated blessing," as she loved to call herself. She once said that as Doctor Tillotson was married, this fact precluded her from marrying the only man she ever admired enough to be willing to take as a husband.

When the doctor became a widower for the third time, Maria's admiration for him seemed to grow less. She said to an intimate friend that she could never accept a man, however much she respected and even loved him, whose affections had been given to so many women, and whose heart must be beautifully small for the fourth.

The sudden death of her father, and the doctor's genuine sympathy, shown her amid her grief, placed Maria in a peculiar position, and set her to serious thinking. She came to the conclusion that if the doctor proposed she would accept him, since her loneliness after her father's death could not be endured.

She needed advice in many matters, and so consulted the trusted physician—the friend of the family—and one wise in worldly matters, and a strict member of the church. The doctor was very prudent in his attentions to Maria until he discovered her feelings toward him. The courting must have been ponderous, and the proposal expressed in the rotundest English.

The doctor now and then was seen with a covered buggy, as he travelled on the road which led to the Lodge, and some sharp-eyed persons reported that Maria occasionally accompanied him as he went beyond her house to make professional visits.

band and heart, and though not young could not be considered old, and was therefore suitable for his spouse.

The wedding was to take place in the near future at the "Lodge," which would be kept as a summer house. He desired that everything be done decently and in order. At his request I promised to introduce into the wedding ceremony one or two features which he very much desired. He called several times afterward to be sure that I understood him. He wanted a sort of invocation after the usual questions had been asked and the replies made. This brief prayer, invoking grace and strength from on High to rest upon the two, was to be concluded by "Amen," and then the two were to be declared married, by the use of the common formula. A prayer with a benediction was to conclude the service.

The marriage day arrived. Maria made arrangements to have the best reception ever given in the fashionable town, the scene of so many triumphs. She did not spare expense, saying that as she expected to be married but once in her life, and the doctor might draw comparisons between this and his other weddings, she wished to out-do anything he had experienced in this line.

The house on the wedding day was splendidly decorated. All of the people in society—especially the doctor's patients—were present. Maria was always a little peculiar in her tastes and independent in her actions, and refused to be governed by ordinary rules.

The doctor's face was even cleaner than usual, his hair smoother; his new black suit was perfect, and having added to his costume a white cravat, a pair of white gloves and patent leather shoes, he looked handsomer and stouter than ever.

One thing Maria insisted on as her particular choice in the ceremony. She must kiss her husband first, and after this he could kiss her.

As the two stood in a corner of the large drawing room under the arbor of roses and smilax, they looked as well as any whose knot I had been permitted to tie. Maria, in spite of her determination to appear quiet, was, to my practised eye, somewhat nervous, and her manner indicated that her mind was a trifle obscured, as she was once or twice on the point of saying something.

She was quieted by the doctor, who had, as stated, enough experience in the wedding line to make him act as a veteran in the service.

"Maria," he whispered, "compose yourself at this critical time." The rich heiress—the most independent woman in all the country, who despised weakness in her sex—was brought to a deep sense of her feebleness during the ceremony, when the responsibility of her new relation to the doctor began to dawn upon her. The part which "old Doc" had inserted, and which was his pride, became a great rock of shame and confusion to him from which he did not recover for years. No sooner had I ended the invocation of which mention has been made, and said amen, when Maria, in her added confusion at the doctor's reproach, thought the service was over and put her old resolve into execution. Throwing her arms round the doctor's neck, she was not content to give him one kiss, but insisted, in spite of his mild protestations, in bestowing on him a dozen embraces.

The guests could not suppress their laughter. I was utterly unable to proceed seriously. Shutting my eyes I pronounced them husband and wife, and then, with all my suppressed laughter asserting itself in voice and manner, I congratulated the bride and groom, telling them that this was the happiest occasion of my life.

The radiant smiles of the guests adorned their faces all through the collation. Maria was happily unconscious then of her error, while the doctor, though too polite to show anger, and too much under self-control to manifest chagrin, was nevertheless painfully polite, and more than ever employed the biggest words and used the longest sentences. He drew me aside and said:

"My dear pastor, I trust that our married life may not be prosaged by the event of today, and interruptions of an inappropriate nature be inserted into the rule of our lives. Though lamenting that our plans, so carefully made, miscarried at the very apex of my happiness, I have such confidence in dear Maria's love and good sense, shown on ordinary occasions, that I confidently look into the future, believing that in our household we shall ever have harmonious relations, since the agitation incident to a wedding service is exceptional, and not an integral part of life's usual duties."

Having unbosomed himself in this way, the doctor entered into the joys of the day as best he could, and Maria and he lived happily together afterward, with much music and little discord in their lives.

When a Pope Dies.

There is a strange and striking ceremonial by which the Vatican authorities assure themselves that a Pope is dead. The Cardinal Chamberlain approaches the bed of the dead Pontiff, and bears in his hand a little silver hammer. He prostrates himself before the bed, and calls the dead man three times, not by his name as Pope, but by the name that was given him at his baptism. Then he touches him lightly on the forehead three times with the hammer.

The silence which follows this appeal by voice and by touch is final proof that he who makes no answer to it is beyond its reach. After this formality, the Cardinal announces to the waiting priests that the Pope has ceased to live.—Golden Days.

THEY KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

How Two Black Rascals Turned Their Knowledge to Good Account.

Near one of the gates at the Union Station as the long train from Chicago rolled in the other night stood an old colored man. He was bent under Time's burden, and it was easy to imagine that he was one of those relics of the South; one of those picturesque characters of old plantation life that now live only in the memory.

The great engine was panting after its long run, and amid the bustle and confusion of the station the old man seemed bewildered. Then, as the passengers came through the gate, they saw a little act of kindness that touched a tender chord of sympathy in more than one heart.

Another colored man, who looked as if he might be a porter, stepped up and slipped a quarter in the old man's hand. Then he quickly made his way off again, looking half-ashamed at his action.

The old man stood looking at the quarter with a smile on his wrinkled old face, and the next man placed another silver piece in his hand. The other passengers followed suit, and the old hat had to come off to hold the shower of coin.

Just then the policeman on duty at the station saw the old fellow and started toward him, but with more agility than one would have given him credit for, the old man ran in among the crowd and was lost.

Five minutes later two men were sitting in a saloon in Seventeenth street. They were counting over a pile of small coins.

"Foah seventy-five, he! he! Golly grand, didn't I tell yer it'd fetel 'em? 'Frans lak all yer had ter do was ter kinf'er mek der white folks 'shamed lak and dey jes' scrambled ovel demselves ter gev a pore ole nat money. He, he! No moah wor' for us not if dey comes lak dat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How He Selected His Deputy.

That tale related in the telegrams of an Alabama girl who shot a young man a couple of times and then married him recalls the methods employed by George Bardsley, one of the early day sheriffs of Erie county, in appointing his deputies. One night he was called to Chris Riley's saloon, where "Texas Frank," a newly arrived desperado in Hays City, was "shooting out" the place—a performance which consisted in the promiscuous firing of his "gun" at the barkeeper, bystanders, latraps, bottles and pictures. Sheriff Bardsley grabbed the first weapon handy in his own saloon, which happened to be a double-barreled shotgun and proceeded to Riley's on the run. Dashing in he ordered Frank to throw up his hands, and the response was a bullet from Frank's .44. Letting go both barrels of his shotgun, Bardsley brought the desperado to the floor, so full of shot holes that he couldn't hold either air or water.

Frank was not killed, however, and in course of time recovered, under the kind attention which he received in the county jail. Presently it was observed that the Texas man was walking around town without a guard, and a little later the people were astonished to find him serving legal papers and making arrests. Bardsley was approached by a newspaper man at this time, when the following colloquy took place:

"Is Texas Frank your deputy?" queried the reporter.

"Yep!" was the sententious response of Bardsley.

"How does that come?" was the next inquiry.

"Well, you see," said Bardsley "most sheriffs appoint their deputies but I like to shoot mine."—Kansas City Journal.

Fraud Detected by Use of X-Rays.

The X-ray nipped in the bud some time ago a clever scheme to defraud the City and Suburban Railway Company of Baltimore. The man who attempted to perpetrate the trick represented that he had had one of his arms broken by a car of the company and, through an attorney, he demanded \$3,500 damages. His arm was tied up from the wrist to the elbow, and he pretended to be in great pain.

Rather than go to the expense of a lawsuit, the railway company offered to compromise the claim by the payment of \$100, which was refused. The company then thought of the X-ray, and, believing the claimant to be a fraud, they arranged to have a picture taken of the bones of the man's arm. The photograph showed that the bones were intact, and that they had never been fractured.

When the bandages were removed from the arm the skin was found burned and discolored, and the physicians who examined it said that it had been burned with acid.—Baltimore Sun.

A Series of Coincidences.

The sixty-second double wedding anniversary was recently celebrated in a small town in Indiana, of Moses and Isaac Marty, twins, who married Tabitha and Lavina McCormick twins. Each couple has had seven sons and five daughters, the first children being born within a few days of each other, and the last children also being of almost exactly the same age.—Medical Journal.

Church Built of One Tree.

Santa Rosa, capital of Santa Rosa County, California, has a Baptist church which holds over 200 people, built entirely from timber sawed out of a single redwood. Timbers, weatherboarding and inner lining are all of wood. The roofing, too, is of shingles cut from the same tree, and after it was all finished there were 80,000 shingles left.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Vain Search.

SEVERAL YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS EXPENDED.

An Expert Accountant and Bookkeeper of Detroit Troubled with Hereditary Scrofula in its Worst Form—Spends a Small Fortune Seeking to Find a Cure.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

James H. Wallace, the well known expert accountant and bookkeeper, of Detroit, Mich., lately had a remarkable experience, and a reporter called at his pretty home 240 Sixth Street, to interview him regarding it. He found Mrs. Wallace in the midst of house cleaning, and after the reporter stated the object of his visit Mrs. Wallace said: "You had better see Mr. Wallace at the office of C. A. Haberkorn & Co., table manufactory on Orchard Street, and he will tell you of this experience much better than I." A visit was made to the office of the above concern where Mr. Wallace was seen. "I am," said Mr. Wallace, "yet a young man, still I have suffered untold agonies and tortures. I was born with that awful hereditary disease known as scrofula, and what I suffered cannot be well described.

The first physicians that treated me said it was a constitutional blood disorder and by constant treatment and diet it might be cured. The blood purifiers and spring remedies I used only made the eruptions more aggressive and painful. In 1888 I was a fearful looking sight and was in fact repulsive. On my limbs were large ulcers which were very painful, and from which there was a continual discharge. In three years I spent over \$3000 in medicine and medical services and grew worse instead of better. I tried the medical baths, and in 1893 went to Medicine Lake, Washington, but was not benefited. I then tried some proprietary medicine, but did not receive any benefit.

One day in the fall of 1895 while reading the paper I noticed an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but did not give it much attention. That afternoon while moving some books I broke an ulcer on my leg and nearly fainted, the pain made me sick and I had to stop work. While sitting in the chair I again noticed the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills article in the newspaper which was lying on the floor. I read it carefully and immediately decided to give the pills a trial, as the account which I read had been of a case similar to mine. I sent the office boy over to Frank Hour's drug store for a box and took some that afternoon. I continued their use and before I had used one box I noticed an improvement. I grew better rapidly and all my friends noticed the improvement, and after taking eight boxes there was not a sore on my person.

"I am covered with scars from the ulcers but since that time I have not seen a single indication of the old trouble. I continued the use of the pills long after I was cured as I wanted to get my system rid of that awful disease.

"If I only had bought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at the start I would be thousands of dollars ahead and had five years of health and happiness instead of torture. To-day I feel like a perfect man and my doctor says I am entirely rid of my old trouble." (Signed) JAMES H. WALLACE, DETROIT, MICH., May 7, 1897.

Before me a Notary Public in and for Wayne County, Michigan, personally appeared James H. Wallace, who being duly sworn, deposed and said that he had read the foregoing statement and that the same was true.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public.

WAYNE COUNTY, MICH. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People 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 Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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UNITED STATES FIRST THINGS. The first telegraph wire was hung in 1836. The first scientific periodical was issued in 1797. Tinware was first made in this country in 1770. The first stereotyping was done in 1813 in New York. Houses were first numbered in Philadelphia in 1811. The first omnibus plied to and fro in New York in 1830. The first United States piano was made in Boston in 1823. The first sewing silk was patented by an American in 1846. The first stone paving for streets was laid in New York in 1658. Tobacco was first grown for export in this country in 1616. Umbrellas were introduced into America from England in 1772. The first public schools were opened in 1645 in Massachusetts. Salt was first boiled in this country at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1787. The first observatory was located at Williamstown, Mass., in 1836. The first steam stationary engine was put up in Philadelphia in 1773. The first anti-slavery society was organized in 1775 at Philadelphia. The first public library was established in New York in the year 1700. The first street lightning in this country was done in New York in 1697. Rice was first grown in 1695 from seed brought from the East Indies. The first gold pens were made by hand in 1840 in the city of New York. The first submarine cable was laid from this country to Europe in 1857.

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