

DOROTHY.

BY JAMES WORKMAN.

The judge had dined, and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire and puffed dreamily at his cigar, luxuriating in a little relaxation after a hard day's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the scathing sentences in which he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most impudent fraud, and though it was a first offence, the judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

The judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offence against society—a direct encouragement to those who hesitated on the brink of vicious courses, and were only restrained by fear of punishment. The well-meaning people who got up petitions to mitigate the sentence upon a justly convicted thief or murderer were, in his eyes, guilty of a mawkish sentimentality. There was no trace of weakness or effeminacy in his own face, with its grizzled eyebrows, somewhat cold gray eyes, thin lips and massive chin. He was a just man, just to the splitting of a hair, austere and unemotional.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion, he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

Stated briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier to a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lightbody and Duffon. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. Maxwell admitted having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody. Unfortunately for the prisoner, the letter which he had stated had accompanied the check could not be produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature on the check to be a forgery. When the check-book was examined the counterfoil was discovered to be a blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody himself had taken out a blank check and had filled it up and signed it at his private residence. He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to his unsupported statement.

"Arthur Maxwell," soliloquized the judge, "you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of a doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest."

The clattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in considerable awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good wiggling to those responsible for the disturbance. But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of twelve, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

"O papa!" she exclaimed, "here's such a queer little object wants to see you. Please let her come in."

Before the judge could remonstrate, a little child, a rosy-faced girl of between five and six, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under her arm and a brown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room. The judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity.

"What on earth are you doing here, child?" he asked irritably. "What can you possibly want with me?" She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes. "Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?" he asked more gently. "What is it you want with me?"

"If you please," she said timidly, "I have brought you Tommy."

Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose.

"I've brought you other things as well," she said, opening the brown paper parcel and revealing a doll with a very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Noah's ark, a white pig, a woolly sheep, a case of crayons, a penholder, a broken-bladed knife, a small paint box, a picture book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a number of water-color sketches. She seemed particularly proud of the last-named.

room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though covering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head beneath the judge's coat and vest and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

"What is your name, child?" asked the judge.

"Dorothy Maxwell," faltered the little girl, timidly, awed by the sudden silence and the perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon his lordship's face.

"Dorothy Maxwell," said the judge, severely, as though the little figure before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, "you have been convicted at the close of the nineteenth century of the almost unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of her majesty's judges, to persuade him by means of bribery to defeat the ends of justice. I shall further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be—no, no, don't cry. Poor little thing! I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm not the least bit angry with you—really and truly. Come and sit on my knee, and show me all those pretty things."

"This is very like condoning a criminal offence," thought the judge with a grim smile, as he wiped the tears from the child's face and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel.

But the thoughts the tears aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes, to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interest of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired little maid, who inevitably would have to share now or in the future her father's humiliation and disgrace.

At this moment the door opened, and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in.

"Ah," exclaimed the judge, with a sudden inspiration, "I believe you are at the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?"

"You are not vexed, Matthew?" she asked, half timidly.

"Hardly that," he answered slowly; "but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?"

"It was her own idea—entirely her own idea; but her mother brought her, and asked to see me. The poor woman was distracted, nearly frantic with grief and despair, and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse her, Matthew."

"But, my dear," expostulated the judge, "you must have known that it could do no good."

"I—I knew what the verdict would be," answered his wife. "I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But, then, there was the sentence, you know—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew."

The judge's hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts.

"You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes," he asked.

"No, no, no," she answered, hurriedly; "not unjust, never unjust. There is not a more impartial judge upon the bench—the world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy is always a little hard? Don't be angry, Matthew. I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now but for the poor woman in the next room and the innocent little thing at your knee."

look miserable again. I'm sure it is, if it had been a forgery, you may be sure it would have been ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this paper, little girl?"

Dorothy blushed guiltily and hung her head.

"I took it out of pa's desk. I—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him, will you? He'll be ever so cross."

"Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear; but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home tomorrow night."

He kissed her, and his wife held out her hand. But Dorothy lingered, with a wailing head and twitching lips.

"May I—may I say good-by to Tommy, please?" she faltered.

"Tommy's going with you," said the judge, laughing kindly. "I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold."

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase, and took him in her arms. Then she walked towards the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel.

The judge hastily gathered the toys, rolled them up in the paper, and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint-box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste the joy of heroic self-sacrifice. Besides, she was afraid that the judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on a chair and opened it out. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which would be sufficiently valuable in the judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally, she selected the sheep, and presented the luxuriantly woolly, almost exasperatingly meek-looking animal to the judge.

"You may have that and the pretty picture for being kind to papa," she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favors.

He was about to decline the honor, but, catching his wife's eye, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

"Well, well," said the judge, with a queer smile, as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantelpiece, "I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but we never know what we may come to."

The next day Maxwell was acquitted and assured by the judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas Dorothy received a brown paper parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend; and it was asserted by his intimates that ever afterwards the judge's sentences seldom erred on the side of severity, and that he was disposed, whenever possible, to give a prisoner the benefit of the doubt.—The Strand Magazine.

**Balloon Lifeboats.**  
The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloons, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and, when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, ours proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

**Result of His Call.**  
Sweet Girl (anxiously)—Did Fred—I mean Mr. Nicefellow—call to see you today, papa?  
Papa—Yes, and to oblige him I consented. I suppose time hangs heavy on his hands.  
Sweet Girl (mystified)—Why—why, what did he say?  
Papa—He requested the pleasure of a series of games of chess with me. The first ones we will play this evening, and after that every third evening during the winter. I hope, my dear, you will keep out of the library, as chess is a very absorbing occupation.—New York Weekly.

**Papa's Opinion.**  
Tommy—What kind of a store is that one, papa, where they have three colored glass jars in the window?  
Papa—That's an apothecary shop, Tommy.  
Tommy—And that place next door to it that has three balls in front of it?  
Papa (with a sigh)—Oh, that's a hypochondriac shop, Tommy.—Judge.

**A Soft Answer.**  
Mr. Fussy—I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them.  
Mrs. Fussy—Do you fill your high hat?—Boston Traveler.

**Not Easily Beaten.**  
"Sharp man, that!" "How?" "Widow sued him an' got judgment for one hundred dollars." "Yes?" "Married the widder, got a divorce for sixty dollars, an' had forty dollars left out of the one hundred dollars."

A Child's Recovery

FROM PARALYSIS AND SIX YEARS OF CONVULSIONS. Little Fannie Adams, of Umatilla, Cured of a Dreadful Malady A Cure of Unusual Interest—A Reporter Investigates.

From the Lake Region, Eustis, Fla.  
For some time past the Lake Region has been receiving reports from Umatilla, Fla., of an almost miraculous cure that had been effected in the case of Fannie Adams, a daughter of A. J. Adams, of that place, and last Saturday a representative of this paper made a trip to Umatilla for the purpose of determining the authenticity of the same. The family live a short distance from the village, where it was found that the people were cognizant of the cure which had been effected, and were rejoicing with the family in their new found happiness. The father, A. J. Adams, is a hard-working honest farmer from east Tennessee, and the family came to Florida four years ago in the hope that a change of climate would be of benefit to their afflicted child. Much of their earnings have gone for doctors' bills, whose services proved unavailing. The representative was greeted by Mrs. Adams, from whom he gained the story of her great trial. Fannie, the youngest child, was born in east Tennessee, and was seven years old on the third day of February, 1897. When ten months old she was stricken with paralysis, which affected the entire left side. This stroke of paralysis was followed by convulsions, and from the time little Fannie was ten months old until February, 1897, there was not a single day or a night that she did not have spasms of the most distressing nature. Not a single convulsion, but always three or four, and sometimes as high as ten in one day. The family was all broken down with care, and Mrs. Adams states that for one year she did not go into her kitchen to superintend her household work. All the fingers of the right hand of the little girl are enlarged and misshapen, caused by her biting them during the fearful suffering. The case baffled the skill of the best physicians, and they were frank to say that they could not determine the cause, or prescribe a remedy to aid the afflicted child. But what a change now in that household; for little Fannie has recently been released from her six years of agony, which brings the light of happiness to the faces of the parents. In January, this year, Mrs. Adams, who had purchased some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her fourteen year old daughter, determined to try their effect upon little Fannie. After three or four doses, she noted an improvement and she then told the father what she had done. He at once went to the village and bought another box, and up to this time six boxes have been used. The first pills, Mrs. Adams states, were given in January, the latter part, and certainly not earlier than the fifteenth or twentieth, and the child had her last convulsion on February 3d, nearly three months ago. Her general condition has improved in every way, and it was not a month after the first pills were taken when she began to walk without assistance. The pills were bought at the drug store of Dr. Shelton, in Umatilla. In answer to the question, did he, to his personal knowledge, know that the remedy had benefited Fannie Adams, as was stated by her parents, the doctor said that he was a regular practicing physician, and as such was loath to recommend any proprietary medicine, but still he was ready to do justice to all men, and he did know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had benefited Fannie Adams, and also volunteered the information that he knew of other children in the village who had been benefited by their use. 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 addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**  
Tobolsk, Russia, is the oldest inhabited place in the world. Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII. The first printing press in America was established at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639. A man in a balloon four miles above the earth can plainly hear the barking of a dog. There are two business men in an English town named L. Came and H. E. Went. The latest project in Switzerland is that of a mountain railway to the summit of the Breithorn, next to the Matterhorn. Teapots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610. An inhabitant of Arendskerke, in Holland, has notified to the municipal registrar the birth of his twenty-first son, all the others being alive and in the enjoyment of good health. About ten million cattle are now to be found in the Argentine Republic. They are said to be all descendants of eight cows and one bull, which were brought to Brazil in the middle of the sixteenth century. Small diamonds have been discovered in the sand taken from a lake formed by the crater of an extinct volcano in the Witzies Hoek mountains of Natal, which are beyond the hitherto known diamond fields. In Germany the bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches; in Switzerland and Italy of white roses; in Spain of red roses and pinks; in the United States, France and England, of orange blossoms. The French minister of war lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Perigous to Paris—310 miles. There were 2746 entries and the winner did the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes.

**How Raphael Settled His Bill.**  
Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated Biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young, and encountered some of the vicissitudes of life, like many another genius. Once when traveling he put up at an inn and remained there unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case, and his requests for a settlement grew more and more pressing. Finally young Raphael, in desperation, resorted to the following device. He carefully painted upon a tabletop in his room a number of gold coins, and placing the table in a certain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings, and summoned his host. "There," he exclaimed, with a lordly wave of his hand toward the table, "is enough to settle my bill and more. Now kindly show the way to the door."

The innkeeper, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out, and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered the fraud knew no bounds, until a wealthy English traveler, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him fifty pounds for the table.—Harper's Round Table.

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Dried apples per lb. . . . . .05  
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Raspberries . . . . . .12  
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