DON'T ORDWO.

Don't crowdi this world inlarge enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide,
The realm of thought is free.
Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man,

Don't crowd, proud miss! your dainty slik
Will glisten none the less
Secure it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
Dis lovely world was never made
For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crewd the good from out your heart.
By fostering all that's bad, But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had:
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to growd.

-Alice Cary.

GOOD LADY DUCAYNE

BY MISS BRADDON.

CHAPTER VIII. It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Stafford was summoned by message from Lady Ducayne, whose courier came to conduct him to her ladyship's

Bella was reading aloud when the visitor was admitted; and he noticed the languor in the low, sweet tones, the evident effort.

"Shut up the book." said the querulous old voice. "You are beginning to drawl like Miss Blandy."

Stafford saw a small, bent figure crouching over the piled up olive logs; a shrunken old figure in a gorgeous garment of black and crimson brocade, a skinny throat emerging from a mass of old Venetian lace, clasped by diamonds that flashed like fire flies as the trembing old head turned toward

The eyes that looked at him out or the face were almost as bright as the diamonds-the only living feature in that narrow parchment mask. He had seen terrible faces in the hospital-faces on which disease had set dreadful; marks, but he had never seen a face that impressed him so painfully as this withered countenance, with its indescribable horror of death outlived, a face that should have been hidden under a coffin-lid years and years ago.

The Italian physician was standing on the other side of the fireplace, smoking a cigarette, and looking down at the little old woman brooking over the hearth as if he were proud of her.

"Good evening, Mr. Stafford; you can go to your room, Bella, and write your overlasting letter to your mother at Walworth," said Lady Ducayne, "I believe she writes a page about every wild flower she discovers in the woods

and meadows. I don't know what else she can find to write about," she added, as Bella quietly withdrew to the pretty little bedroom opening out of Lady Ducayne's spacious apartment. Here, as at Cap Ferrino, she slept in a room adjoining the old lady's.

You are a medical man, I understand, Mr. Stafford." "I am a qualified practitioner, but I

have not begun to practise."

"You have begun upon my companion, she tells me.'

"I have prescribed for her, certainly, and I am happy to find my prescription has done her good; but I look upon that improvement as temporary. Her case will require more drastic treatment."

"Never mind her case. There is nothing the matter with the girl-absolutely nothing-except girlish nonsense; too much liberty and not enough work.

"I understand that two of your ladyship's previous companions died of the same disease," said Stafford, looking first at Lady Ducayne, who gave her tremulous old head an impatient jerk, and then at Parravicini, whose yellow complexion had paled a little under Stafford's scrutiny.

"Don't bother me about my companions, sir," said Lady Ducayne." I sent for you to consult you about myself-not about a parcel of anæmic girls. You are young, and medicine is a progressive science, the newspapers tell me. Where have you studied?"

"In Edinburgh-and in Paris." "Two good schools. And you know all the new fangled theories, the modern discoveries-that remind one of the mediæval witchcraft, of Albertus Magnus, and George Ripley; you have studied hypnotism-electricity?"

"And the transfusion of blood," said Stafford, very slowly, looking at Parra

"Have you made any discovery that teaches you to prolong human life-any elixir-any mode of treatment? I want my life prolonged, young man. That man there has been my physician for thirty years. He does all he can to keep me alive-after his lights. He studies all the new theories of all the scientists -but he is old; he gets older every day -his brain power is going-he is bigoted-prejudiced-can't receive new ideas—can't grapple with new systems. He will let me die if I am not on my guard against him."

"You are of an unbelievable ingrati-tude, Eccelenza," said Parravicini. "Oh, you needn't complain. I have paid you thousands to keep me alive. Every year of my life has swollen your hoards; you know there is nothing to come to you when I am gone. My whole fortune is left to endow a home for indigent women of quality who have reached their ninetieth year. Come, Mr. Stafford, I am a rich woman. Give me a few years more in the sunshine, a few years more above ground, and I will give you the price of a fashionable London practice-I will set you up at

the West-end." "How old are you, Lady Ducayne?"
"I was born the day Louis XVI was

"Then I think you have had your share of the sunshine and the pleasures of the earth, and that you should spend your few remaining days in repenting your sins and trying to make atonement for the young lives that have been sac

rificed to your love of life.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" "Oh, Lady Ducayne, need I put your wickedness and your physician's still greater wickedness in plain words? The poor girl who is now in your employ-ment has been reduced from robust health to a condition of absolute danger by Dr. Parravicini's experimental surgery; and I have no doubt those other two young women who broke down in your service were treated by him in the same manner. I could take upon myself to demonstrate-by most convincing evidence, to a jury of medical men-that Dr. Parravicini has been bleeding Miss Rolleston, after putting her under chloroform, at intervals, ever since she has been in your service. The



"HIS BRAIN POWER IS GOING."

deterioration in the girl's health speaks for itself; the lancet marks upon the girl's arms are unmistakable; and her description of a series of sensations, which she calls a dream, points unmistakably to the administration of chloroform while she was sleeping. A practice so nefarious, so murderous, must, if exposed, result in a sentence only less severe than the punishment of murder."

"I laugh," said Parrayleini, with an airy motion of his skinny fingers; "I laugh at once at your theories and at your threats. I, Parravicini Leopold, have no fear that the law can question anything I have done."

Take the girl away, and let me hear no more of her," cried Lady Ducayne, in the thin, old voice, which so poorly matched the energy and fire of the wicked old brain that guided its utterances. "Let her go back to her mother -I want no more girls to die in my service. There are girls enough and to spare in the world, God knows."

"If you ever engage another companion-or take another English girl into your service, Lady Ducayne, I will make all England ring with the story of your wickedness."

"I want no more gir.s. I don't believe in his experiments. They have been full of danger for me as well as for the girls-an air bubble, and I should

be gone. I'll have no more of his dangerous quackery. I'll find some new man-a better man than you, sir, a discoverer like Pasteur, Virchow, a genius -to keep me alive. Take your girl away, young man. Marry her if you like. I'll write her a check for a thousand pounds, and let her go and live on beef and beer, and get strong and plump again. I'll have no more such experiments. Do you hear, Parravicini?" she screamed, vindictively, the yellow, wrinkled face distorted with fury, the eyes glaring at him.

The Staffords carried Bella Rolleston off to Varese next day, she very loth to leave Lady Ducayne, whose liberal salary afforded such help for the dear mother, Herbert Stafford insisted, however, treating Bella as coolly as if he had been the family physician, and she had been given over wholly to his

"Do you suppose your mother would let you stop here to die?" he asked. "If Mrs. Rolleston knew how ill you are, she would come post haste to fetch

"I shall never be well again till I get back to Walworth," answered Bella, who was low-spirited and inclined to tears this morning, a reaction after her good spirits of yesterday.



"A CHECK FOR A THOUSAND!"

"We'll try a week or two at Varese first," said Stafford. "When you can walk half way up Monte Generoso without palpitation of the heart, you shall go back to Walworth."

"Poor mother, how glad she will be to see me, and how sorry that I've lost such a good place."

This conversation took place on the boat when they were leaving Bellagio. Lotta had gone to her friend's room at seven o'clock that morning, long before Lady Ducayne's withered eyelids had opened to the daylight, before even Francine, the French maid, was astir, and had helped to pack a Gladstone bag with essentials, and hustled Bella downstairs and out of doors before she could make any strenuous resistance.

"It's all right," Lotta assured her. Herbert had a good talk with Lady Ducayne last night and it was settled for you to leave this morning. She doesn't like invalids, you see.'

"No," sighed Bella, "she doesn't like invalids. It was very unlucky that I should break down just like Miss Tomson and Miss Blandy."

"At any rate, you are not dead like them," answered Lotts, "and my broth er says you are not going to die.

'it'seemed rather a dreadful thing to be dismissed in that off hand way. without a word of farewell from her employer.

"I wonder what Miss Torpinter will say when I go to her for another situation." Bella speculated ruefully, while she and her friends were breakfasting on board the steamer.

"Perhaps you may never want another situation," said Stafford,

"You mean that I may never be well enough to be useful to anybody?" 'No, I don't mean anything of the

It was after dinner at Varese, when Bella had been induced to take a whole glass of Chianti, and quite sparkled after that unaccustomed stimulant, that Mr. Stafford produced a letter from his

pocket.
"What, did she write to me? I am so glad-I hated to leave her in such a cool way; for after all she was very kind to me, and if I didn't like her it was only because she was too dreadfully old."

She tore open the envelope. The let ter was short and to the point: "Good-by, child. Go and marry your

doctor. I enclose a farewell gift for your trousseau. -- ADELINE DUCAYNE." "A hundred pounds, a whole year's salary-no-why, it's for a-'a check for a thousand!" cried Bella. "What a generous old soul! She really is the

dearest old thing."
"She just missed being very dear to you, Belia," said Stafford,

He had dropped to the use of her Christian name while they were on board the boat. It seemed natural now that she was to be in his charge till they all three went back to England.

"I shall take upon myself the privi-lege of an elder brother till we land at Dover," he said; "after that-well, it must be as you please."

The question of their future relations must have been satisfactorily settled before they crossed the channel, for Bella's next letter to her mother communicated three startling facts. First, that the enclosed check for £1.

000 was to be invested in debenture stock in Mrs. Rolleston's name, and was to be her very own, income and principal, for the rest of her life. Next, that Bella was going home to

Walworth immediately.

And last, that she was going to be married to Mr. Herbert Stafford in the following autumn.

"And I am sure you will adore him mother, as much as I do," w.ote Bella. "It is all good Lady Ducayne's doing. I never could have married if I had not secured that little nest egg for you. He says we will be able to aid to it as the years go by, and that wherever we live there shall always be a room in the house for you. The word 'mother-inlaw' has no terrors for him." THE END.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Russia the First to Accept the Invitation for the Fair of 1900.

Russia is the first among the great European Powers to accept the invitation to the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Since the presentation by M. Bouge of his report on the bill the exhibition has been the object of lively discussion. A struggle is in progress between the Government-which is not satisfied with the left bank of the Seine alone for the exhibition grounds, but would Concorde to the Avenue d'Antin-and M. Bouge and his supporters, who would confine the grounds to the left bank,

with the Trocadero. It is thought that Parliament will adopt M. Bouge's report with slight modifications. The enthusiasm which, at the start, greeted the idea of a universal exhibition to close the century has vanished. It was promoted by the desire to prevent Germany from seizing on 1900 for an exhibition in Berlin. The Figaro denounced Germany as wishing to deprive France of her right to that year. M. Francois Deloncle lost no time in bringing in a bill for an exhi bition in order to steal a march on Germany. Whether she was annoyed or not. Germany did not show it, and her indifference has tended to lessen the enthusiasm. Later on, after time for reflection, French feeling for the exhibition became much cooler. The comand turning Paris upside down for years for the sake of a six months' bazaar. wish to keep within moderate limits. It is possible, however, that the Chamber, thinking France rich enough to pay even for follies, may adopt the original

A Maiden Authoress Says Her Say. Miss Marie Corelli writes to the New York Herald that she is a most modest and retiring person, and that she refuses all requests for her portrait or to appear before the public, though she might make a great deal of money by reading from her own works. She denies that she declined to have her latest | 23. Fifty-two per cent. of the 1897 book, "The Sorrows of Satan," sent to immigrants came from Austria-Hunthe reviewers out of spite, but declares that she wanted to show them that it would sell without their praise or blame; and she adds that she has the pleasure of knowing that 30,000, out of the 50,000 and Scandinava. Thirty six per cent. already disposed of, were sold before a of the 1896 immigrants had no occusingle notice of the book had been pub- pation, whatever and 46 per cent, lished. Miss Corelli admits that she is a fighter, and that she has not scrupled Seventy-two per cent of the immito return the blows aimed at her with interest, "as all should who set value on 'the noble art of self defence.' " concluding her tirade, she says: "I am, happily, unmarried [which is much better than being unhappily married]. and I live, as most young unmarried women live, at home with my relatives. controlled by them in such wise that I certainly should not be allowed either a cigarette or a latch key, were I foolish enough to demand these 'new woman privileges!" She also denies that she is patronized by the royal family of Eng land, though the Queen and the Prince of Wales read her books.

A fearful Experience GRAPHS and

A POSTMASTER LOSES THE USE OF HIS LEGS AND ARMS.

Edwin R. Tripp, of Middlefield Center, Meets with Bloomsburg. a Hazardous Encounter Which Renders Him Helpless.

From Olsego Republican, Cooperstown, N. T.

Mr. Edwin R. Tripp, the postmaster at Middlefield Center, N. Y., recently had a sent for two boxes. I used the pills faith-dangerous experience which left him in a helpless state. His system was so much shattered that it was feared he might never recover.

In an interview with a reporter of the Republican, regarding this experience which had attracted considerable attention, Mr. Tripp stated:

"In March, 1892, I was taken with what I afterward learned was locomotor ataxia, and was unable to walk, and I kept getting worse until I lost the use of my arms. I doctored with two skillful doctors but received no benefit, and also used a galvanic battery but kept getting worse and the doctors told me they could do no more. This was in May and June, 1892. I gave up all hope of ever having the use of my limbs again, and did not expect to live very long. I was unable to dress or undress myself, and could not get around the house unless I was moved in a chair.

"I think it was in June that I read of the case of a man in Saratoga Co., N. Y., who was taken very much as myself. He had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which contained, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves, and had been cured by their lies of the peace of my wood. I consider that my restored here the that the pills were prepared by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Sche.

"I learned that the pills were prepared by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Sche."

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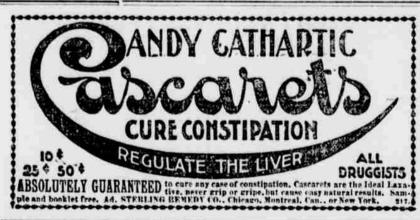
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"I learned that the pills were prepared by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Sche."

"I learned that the pills were prepared by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Scheneetady, N. Y., and only cost 50 cents a box

Ecetady, N. Y., and only cost 50 cents a box



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> W. O. Holmes, Eshleman & Wolf, L. E. Wharey, W. F. Hartman,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Immigration ln 1897.

Only intolerable conditions at home, great hope of improvement elsewhere, or reckless spirit of adventure could lead one to cross the ocean and land upon a foreign shore with only \$15 cash in hand. Yet the data furnished by the Commissioner-General of Immittee, instead of squandering millions migration show that \$15 was the average amount of money in the possession of the 230,832 immigrants who came to the United States in the fiscal year 1897. Even this amount was \$4 more than the average for the year 1896. The fact that 230,832 persons attempted a new life, in a strange country, on an average capital of \$15 is a forcible demonstration of the desperation incited by old world

wretchedness. The decrease of immigration from 1896 is 33 per cent. The percentage of illiterates over 15 years of age is gary, Italy, Poland and Russia. Thirty-eight per cent. came from the were farmers, laborers or servants. grants of 1896 were destined for Illinois, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, and 11 per cent. for the States South of the Potomac and Ohio or West of the Mississippi.

That the volume of immigration swings upon industrial activity in this country is indicated by the fact that the total was one-third larger in 1896 than in 1895 and in 1897 fell below that of 1895 .- Ex.

NIAGARA FALLS.

\$10 Excursions via Pennsylvania

The last two ten-day excursions of the present season to Niagara Falls via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on September 16 and October 12. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each excursion.

Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten days, will be sold at \$10 from Philaall points on the Delaware Division; Patent business conducted for Moderatis all points on the Delaware Division:

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Altoona and Harrisburg; \$8.25 from
Wilkesbarre; \$5.80 from Williamsport; and at proportionate rates
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Dried apples per lb.
Dried cherries, pitted..... .12 Steer " " " Calf Skin..... .80 Sheep pelts..... .75 Shelled corn per bus..... Corn meal, cwt..... Bran, .85 1.00 Middlings "85 Chickens per lb new12 " old..... Turkeys " "..... 126 " " ………… Geese Ducks No. 6, delivered.....

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