

BEYOND!

After the story has been told—
After one's had his little thing
At the world, and found the apples of gold
Are gilt, and rapidly faltering—
After the curtains begin to fall,
Tell me, what is back of it all?

A THOUGHTFUL DOG.

When Paula lost her dog Bronzo,
her chief sympathizer was Aylmer
Rivers, a bald-headed barrister, who had
been her admirer since her debut.

He went so far as to offer to supply
the aching void in Paula's heart by
supplying a pup of undoubted pedigree
in place of the lost.

"Oh, I could not put another in his
place so soon," was the tearful reply.

A day or two after he was at work
over a brief which was marked "Urgent,"
when a tinkle of the telephone
bell roused him from a deep fit of
reflection into which he had fallen over
the presentation of some technical
point in the case before him.

"Are you there, Mr. Rivers?" asked
an impatient voice.

"All right," replied Aylmer, not at
first observing any difference between
the accents he was answering and
those that were in the habit of reaching
him from the office of Messrs.
Blank & Dash.

"Oh, I want to speak to you, Mr.
Rivers," reiterated the voice.

"Well, go on, then," replied Aylmer,
impatiently, anxious to return to the
papers which were scattered all over
his table.

"It's me—Paula," he distinguished
out of the reverberation of the dark
tube.

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied Aylmer.
"I never expected such a pleasure.

"There was a moment's hesitation;
then he could hear a sigh, and a little
nervous laugh.

"Oh, I don't know quite how to tell
you. Do you think anyone can hear us,"
asked the voice hesitatingly.

"Certainly not. Pray go on; I'm listening
intently," was the reply.

There was another pause. Then the
words came with a rush.

"I wanted to tell you that I have
been thinking over what you said to
me the other night, Mr. Rivers," the
voice said, "and that I—er—I accept
your kind offer."

Now Aylmer had completely forgotten
all about the dog and its loss, as
well as his offer to replace the lost
idol with one of his own selection.
The important case upon which he was
engaged held possession of all his thinking
faculties.

But how reply to such a declaration
through a medium? Why could he not
annulate the obstacles that intervened
and clasp his Paula to his heart?
While he paused to put together words
which should fitly acknowledge his happiness
in receiving so unexpected an announcement,
the bell rang again vociferously.

"You won't forget, Mr. Rivers, will
you and come up soon to tell me about
it. I shall expect you this evening."

"Thanks, thanks, awfully," was all
Aylmer had time to reply before he
heard the telephone shut off. I will
not fail, though 'tis twenty years till
thence, he murmured to himself as he
sank back in his chair, bewildered at
what had happened.

He pushed his books from him and
plied them one on top of the other,
closing them without any care as to
the references he had been seeking
when his meditations had been so
unexpectedly broken in upon. He was
possessed by a natural feeling of pleasurable
surprise at so extraordinarily an
attainment of his most cherished
hopes, but, strange to say the pleasure
faded more quickly than the surprise.

He set himself to analyze the reason
of this, and could not conceal from his
inner consciousness the fact that, in
acting as she had just done, Paula did
not seem quite to realize that lofty
idea which the average man is apt to
look for in the ordinary woman when
he has set the seal of his choice upon
her. Yet he endeavored to persuade
himself it was, after all a very easy,
if unusual way of intimating her preference,
and for him that was the main
point at issue.

The modern maiden, he argued,
could not always be expected to follow
the traditions of her maternal ancestors,
and the love affairs of the present
day were bound to be affected by the
environment of the age. And was not
after all, such a means of communication
more prudent than writing a letter,
which his legal instincts warned
him might not always be read without
prejudice, and which might be preserved
as a proof of indiscretion?

Go to-night? Of course he would
was ever time so laggard in his flight?
If she had not specially named the
hour he would have rushed to her
then and there. But he knew she lives
in a whirl of social engagements, and
had to content himself with the reflection
that she would probably be
"not at home" were he to call earlier
than the time appointed.

Unable to stand the confinement of
his rooms, he went for a walk to
work something off his excitement.
Returning he dressed himself with

care, dined earlier than was his
custom, and arrived as soon as he thought
he might decently present himself at
the gate of Surbiton Villa.

The door opened. "Oh, Mr. Rivers
I'm so glad you've come, but I don't
know what you'll think of my changing
my mind so easily," said the girl
shyly.

But Aylmer was not at the other end
of the telephone now—he advanced
boldly toward her.

"My darling, how can I ever thank
you enough?" he exclaimed rapturously,
as he took her in his arms, and in
another moment would have kissed her
but the expression on Paula's face
stopped him.

"Mr. Rivers," she gasped, "how dare
you?"

Aylmer stepped back angry and
relinquished. But Paula spoke first.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary
conduct, may I ask? and
where, oh where is the dog you promised
me?"

But Aylmer's mind was too full of
the repulse he had received rightly to
understand the illusion.

"Dog!" he exclaimed. "What dog?
I—I really don't know what you mean
Miss Lorraine. I can only suppose that
I am the victim of some practical joke
you spoke to me this morning through
the telephone, I thought, and you invited
me here this evening."

Paula nodded assent.

"And you told me," he continued
emphatically, "that you accepted my
offer."

"I accepted your offer of a dog, Mr.
Rivers," she said, as soon as she could
speak.

"I supposed you meant of myself."

"How could I accept you when you
never asked me?" inquired Paula archly,
the smiles still chasing one another
over her mobile lips.

"But you know how much I love
you?" pleaded Aylmer.

"Of course," admitted Paula, with
an air of omniscience. Don't women
always know? But they don't accept
a man before he asks them—usually."

"Then let the exception prove the
rule in this case," pleaded Aylmer.

"And he called Miss Judy Baxter all
the rest of my days," pouted Paula.

"I haven't the honor of that lady's
acquaintance," said Aylmer, looking
mystified, and should prefer you to be
called Mrs. Rivers. But prove your
love for me by suffering that indignity
if it be one, but I thought I was too
old to mate with youth and beauty
such as yours."

"You are quite, quite sure," murmured
Paula coyly, and you won't say it was
all my doing?"

"Never," said Aylmer reassuringly.
"On the contrary, I shall attribute my
happiness to Bronzo, and will always
consider it a proof, if proof were wanting
of his marvelous intelligence and
foresight."

"The darling," sighed Paula.

"My darling!" amended Aylmer.

Improvements at Mount Vernon.

The new foundation of the mansion
and the restoration of the greenhouse
and slave quarters have been regarded
as the most important work of the past
year. Among the plans to be carried
out is the repainting of the entire mansion.

The spacious old hallway, which
is finished in an old design of wall-
papering of a deep brown, is also to
be done over as in time of Washington.

The walls will be tinted yellow, with
white trimmings, and the colonial colors
will be accurately carried out.

One of the most valuable gifts received
during the session of the regents is
the magnificent rug presented by
Mrs. Harrison Whelan, of Philadelphia.

The carpet was a gift of Louis
XVI. to Gen. Washington, and now
after a lapse of a century or more
adorns the floor of the banquet hall
in the center is a striking design of
the American coat-of-arms. The background
of the carpet is a rich leaf
green, studded with seventeen gold
stars. A handsome border completes
the finish.

Another relic received was a sand-
box. Gen. Washington used this to
send upon his letters and documents to
dry the ink. The gift was from Marcus
Clifford Martin, whose grandfather,
William Baker, was one of the minute-
men at Concord, and to whom the relic
had belonged.—Washington Correspondence
Baltimore Sun.

Two Famous Log Cabins.

At the Tennessee Centennial Exposition
are to be exhibited the old cabin
birthplaces of two famous American
citizens. These cabins are genuine, as
certified by affidavits in the possession
of the owner and exhibitor.

The Rev. W. G. Bigham, a Methodist
minister, while traveling a circuit
which embraced parts of Todd and
Hardin Counties, Ky., bought the two
log cabins and the land on which they
stood. One of the cabins was built by
Tom Linkhorn, and in it he lived with
his wife, Nancy Hanks. In this cabin,
without a floor, Abe Lincoln was born
in the year 1809. Every log, except a
few that did not withstand the ravages
of time and the weather, is preserved.

The other cabin is one in which the
President of the late Confederacy was
born. It came from near Fairview,
Todd county, Ky. Mr. Davis was born
here in 1806, and when sixty-six years
old was given a banquet by old citizens
of Fairview in the very same
cabin. In responding to a toast he
referred to the fact that he had stood
in the halls of Congress, and in other
historic places in America and other
countries, but none of these had stirred
his emotions as much as when once
again standing in the old cabin in
which he was born.—Nashville Banner.

Appalling Facts.

Public baths, if one may judge from
a report recently published in England,
are not always, as one would naturally
suppose, conducive to public health.

Professor Ragninsky, who has issued
the report, has been investigating the
condition of the water in several public
baths, and the result is something
appalling. Before any one entered the
water it was, he said, so full of micro-
bes that it hardly seemed possible
that one more could find room. But
twelve hours later, after about two
hundred of all sorts and conditions of
bathers had been in, it contained no
less than ninety thousand germs to
the cubic centimetre, and the germs
were of a distinctly unpleasant character.

MRS. FRANCES H. BURNETT

She Has a Novel Massage Apparatus
Rigged Up in Her Own House.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, most
famous of living American novelists,
author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and
of that very different work, "A Lady of
Quality," is employing a novel, elaborate
and ingenious system of machinery
to reduce her weight and figure to an
ideal standard.

Mrs. Burnett has a parlor in her
house fitted with massage machinery,
which she herself manipulates.

When Mrs. Burnett first discovered
that she was laying on too much soft,
loose flesh, she took to long early
morning walks, so much in vogue in
England. As that availed little, she
learned bicycle riding. Finding the
bicycle did not put her in proper form,
she consulted a masseuse, who put her
through a regular course of treatment.

The authoress liked and seemed to
benefit by massage, but it was not always
convenient for her to leave a story
when her train of thought was good to
keep an engagement at one of these
professional parlors, so she asked herself
why she should not adopt the
Swiss method and obtain just as good
results at home.

The Burnett house in Washington
faces Massachusetts avenue from the
south side, and the rear has all-day
sun. A basement, divided into four
compartments, extends from front to
rear of the house. Putting her massage
ideas into execution, Mrs. Burnett fitted
up with rugs and tapestries a rear
room measuring perhaps sixteen by
eighteen feet, that was well lighted
by a large window, exposed to the
south.

Machine massage consists of infinite
repetitions of rubbings and squeezings
and beatings by rubber balls and pads
upon different portions of the body
that need treatment. The thumpings
and the revolutions of the instruments
that rub run from 500 to 10,000 a minute
and the effect is great. The machines
which administer massage treatment
are of every description. The simplest
of these is the "concursor," made in
Germany, of which kind there is but
one in the United States besides that
of Mrs. Burnett. It resembles almost
identically the foot-power drill which
dentists use when filling teeth.

Instead of the drill a variety of small
instruments, consisting of rubber balls
and corrugated cylinders, are attached
to the tube end of the machine. As
foot power is applied these little instruments
produce various effects from
soft taps to a tattoo of lively blows.

Mrs. Burnett could not obtain a "con-
cursor," but she got a machine after
the pattern of one of Dr. Zander's
Swiss massage machines, and for motive
power she uses a small gas engine.

Her appliance resembles somewhat a
straight-backed chair with a few over-
head contrivances for holding com-
pound machinery and a pneumatic
tube. The gas engine, which is quickly
started and stopped, sets the wheels in
motion and these produce, through the
ball-like instruments, which are detachable
and changeable, precisely this
effect that is desired.

If she has been sitting in a cramped
position writing for several hours
and desires to take the stitch out of
her back, she puts on a loose hous-
gown, starts the gas engine and takes
her position in the chair, and the
throbbing, padded instrument is moved
up and down her back. In treating
obesity other instruments that knead
the flesh are attached to the end of the
machine, and by the rapidity of their
operation and the gentle friction produced
the desired effect is had.

A Queer Wedding.

The oldest house in the township of
New Canaan, Conn., is situated on historic
Carter street, so called, a high
ridge east of the village. This is the
house once occupied by the Rev. John
Ellis, the first pastor of the local Congregational
church, which dates back
to 1731. The fame of Brother Ellis' wit
promises to last longer than his house,
however well preserved the latter. It
was under a window in this house, it
is said, that the minister made use
of the formula also attributed to Dean
Swift, in marrying a couple who appeared
for the ceremony late on a
stormy night. The minister did not
care to rise and dress so late, so he
called the pair under the window and
pronounced this quatrain:

"Under this window, in stormy weather,
I join this man and woman together;
Let none but Him who made this thunder
E'er part this married pair asunder."

Tradition credits the bridegroom
with as nimble a wit as the parson.
The latter had remarked that it was
customary to offer a prayer on such occasions,
but, as the thunder storm was
growing violent, he would omit it, as
it was not essential. The bridegroom
must have thought himself slighted by
such an informal ceremony, for he muttered
something about its being customary
to pay a dollar on such occasions,
but as it was a pretty bad night, it
was not essential; and he dropped
off through the puddles with his bride
under his arm.—Outlook.

Don't Seek Sympathy.

A friend who has had her share of
illness and worry; if not of more tragic
troubles, has an unsympathetic bit of
advice which she is fond of giving in
reason and out of season: "Never let
any one pity you. I have come to think
of it as the distilled essence of wisdom.
Cross the street rather than meet that
irritant who will screw her face up into
an expression of pity and tell you 'how
pale you look.' Hide yourself from
that other who is always bewailing
your hard lot as the oldest sister in
the family to whom all childish woes
gravitate to be comforted, all baby
hearts and dolly heads come to be
mended, while a hundred little house-
hold 'chores' find you the handiest
person in the world to attend to them.
These friends mean well, but they are
making you grow old and wrinkled.
They are drawing down your mouth
corners, pursing up your lips as if for
marry fires, training your brows to
worried wrinkles. Put a stop to it instantly!
Say to yourself a dozen times
a day, 'I am a happy woman—a lucky
girl, if ever there was one!' Aren't
you? Why not? Make it a bit of an
inventory of your bright things."—
Ladies' World.

Had to Jump.

THE FATE OF A PROMINENT
MARINE GROCERYMAN.

P. H. Monahan, one of Detroit's Oldest and Best Known Merchants
Meets with a Serious Experience.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Prominent among the business men of
Detroit, Mich., is Patrick H. Monahan, who
resides at 109 Baker Street.

He has been actively engaged in the
grocery business for the past forty-seven years,
of which forty-two years have been in Detroit.

Coming here nearly half a century ago
he started into business at the corner of Second
and Jefferson Avenues, and for years catered
to the marine trade. From Duluth to Buf-
falo his name as an honorable, honest best
supply man was well known to all boatmen.

No matter what time of day, or night, the
Monahan Marine Grocery was kept open for
the convenience of the lake boats. He is
the best known and oldest retail grocery
dealer in Detroit. He has been successful
in business by his square dealing, and is yet
to be found behind the counter any day at
his large store, corner of Twelfth and Baker
Streets. To a reporter, he recently said:

"When we first opened the Jefferson Avenue
store we had to work day and night. The
vessels that needed supplies, wanted them
right off and we had to jump all the time.
The reason vesselmen patronized us, was be-
cause we filled their orders at once. Every
hour counts with them and we had a double
set of clerks that worked day and night. I
have been hustling all my life. No man
can succeed in business without hustling.
Some people hustle too much, and I was one
of them."

"About four years ago I had to give up
an account of my back giving out. It had
bothered me for years. For a week I sat
ground the house and then had to go to bed.
The family physician said that I had worn
myself out by hard work. I did not do

much for nearly two years, and doctored for
my kidneys. My friends advised me to try
remedies that they had faith in, and I tried
nearly all of them. I was ready for any
remedy that would relieve me, but I did
not receive any benefit.

"I read considerable during my sickness
and in my daily paper I noticed frequently
articles regarding the wonderful cures made
by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,
and how the pills contained, in a condensed
form, all the elements necessary to give new
life and richness to the blood and restore
shattered nerves. One day I read of a case
like mine, in which a complete cure had
been effected. That convinced me that the
pills had merit, and I decided to try them as
they cost only 50 cents a box (never in loose
form) or six boxes for \$2.50, and could be had
at any druggist's, or by mail from the Dr.
Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady,
N.Y. The next day I asked the druggist
regarding them. He said, 'We sell large quantities
of the pills and they are well recom-
mended by the purchasers.' They build up
the blood, and restore the flow of health to
pale and yellow cheeks, and effect a radical
cure in all cases arising from mental worry,
overwork or excess of whatever nature. I
bought a box and took it home, and commenced
to take the pills. Before I had taken one box
that intense pain which for fifteen years
had nearly killed me was gone. I con-
tinued using the pills until I had taken four
boxes, which made me feel as well as I
had for years previous to my sickness. My
friends noticed the change at once and were
more than pleased to see me out again. I
continued using the pills, and in less than
two weeks I was so much improved that I
was able to attend to business."

Advertisement for SANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. Includes a circular logo and text: 'ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the best and most reliable medicine for constipation. Price 25¢ and 50¢. ALL DRUGGISTS.' Below the ad is a quote: 'Better work wisely than work hard.' Great efforts are unnecessary in house cleaning if you use SAPOLIO.

"Better work wisely than work
hard." Great efforts are
unnecessary in house
cleaning if you use
SAPOLIO

STOVE NAPHTHA, the Cheapest and
Best Fuel on the market. With it you
can run a Vapor Stove for one-half
cent per hour. Give us a call and be
convinced.

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

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Stealing Electricity.

It has been stated that a bank
burglar can so heat the walls of a safe
with an electric current as to be able
to get inside without waiting more
than a few minutes. Certain labora-
tory experiments lead some sanction
to such a notion, but electrical journals
pooch pool it. It is much easier to
talk about stealing electricity from live
trolley and lighting wires than it is to
do it—that is, with safety. The Electrical
Engineer, after pointing out
some other difficulties in the way of
such operations, remarks that "men
can take and have taken the current
from supply mains, even more than is
required for melting through safes,
though in numerous instances the
parties maintained perfect silence
about it ever after."

Indigestive poisons are the bane of
the dyspeptic's life. When sick, see
if your sickness is caused by indigestive
poisons. If so, take Shaker Digestive
Cordial. This is the only cer-
tain way of being permanently cured,
because it is the only way that gets
rid of the poisons. You know that
fermented food is poisonous. You
know that poison is unhealthy. Shaker
Digestive Cordial clears the stomach
of fermenting food, and purifies the
blood and system of indigestive poisons.
It cures indigestion and the diseases
that come of it. Headache, dizziness,
nausea, stomach-ache, weakness, flatu-
lence, constipation, loss of appetite,
irritability, etc. These are a few of
the symptoms, caused by indigestive
poisons, cured by Shaker Digestive
Cordial.

At druggists, price 10 cents to
\$1.00 per bottle.

NIAGARA FALLS.
\$10 Excursions via Pennsylvania
Railroad.

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 Phila-
delphia, Baltimore, Washington, and
all points on the Delaware Division;
\$9.70 from Lancaster; \$8.60 from
Altoona and Harrisburg; \$8.25 from
Wilkesbarre; \$5.80 from Williams-
port; and at proportionate rates
from other points. A stop-over will
be allowed at Buffalo, Rochester, and
Watkins returning.

A special train of Pullman parlor
cars and day coaches will be run with
each excursion.

For further information apply to
nearest ticket agent, or address Geo.
W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger
Agent, Broad Street Station, Phila-
delphia. 9-9-5t.

A MAGICAL LIFE SAVER is Dr. Ag-
new's Cure for the Heart. After years
of pain and agony with distressing
heart disease, it gives relief in thirty
minutes. Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que.,
writes: "I had suffered for five years
with a severe form of heart disease. I
was unable to attend to business.
The slightest exertion produced
fatigue. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the
Heart gave me instant relief, four
bottles entirely cured me."—9.

Sold by C. A. Klein.

Fine PHOTO-
GRAPHS and
CRAYONS at

McKillip Bros.,
Bloomsburg.

The best are
the cheapest.

THE MARKETS.
BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CONNECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table of market prices for various goods: Butter per lb. \$.70, Eggs per dozen .20, Lard per lb. .28, Ham per pound .06, Pork, whole, per pound .06, Beef, quarter, per pound .07, Wheat per bushel 1.00, Oats .30, Rye .40, Wheat flour per bbl. 5.40 to 6.00, Hay per ton 12 to 14, Potatoes per bushel, new .70, Turnips .75, Onions .75, Sweet potatoes per peck .20, Tallow per lb. .05, Shoulder .08, Side meat .08, Vinegar, per qt. .05, Dried apples per lb. .05, Dried cherries, pitted .12, Raspberries .12, Cow Hides per lb. .34, Steer .05, Calf Skin .80, Sheep pelts .75, Shelled corn per bus. .50, Corn meal, cwt. 1.50, Bran .85, Chop 1.00, Middlings .85, Chickens per lb. new .10, Turkeys .12, Geese .14, Ducks .08.

Table of coal prices: No. 6, delivered 2.60, " 4 and 5 3.85, " 6 at yard 2.35, " 4 and 5 at yard 3.60.

Advertisement for The Leading Conservatory of America, featuring Carl Fahlten, Director, and New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

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
Malfalera's grocery store.

Advertisement for Johnson's Belladonna Plaster, featuring an illustration of a man and the text: 'Touches the SPOT for PNEUMONIA.'

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath
rooms, hot and cold water, and all modern
conveniences

Advertisement for WRIGHT'S BLOOD PURIFYING PILLS, featuring an illustration of a man and the text: 'For all RHEUMS and NERVOUS DISEASES. They purify the Blood and give HEALTHY action to the entire system. Cure DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION and PIMPLES. 5-27-6m.'

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