#### KITTY'S INTERVIEW. "I had no choice. This represents

"A lady to see you, sir." Jeremy Grigson used very unparliamentary her pocket, and showed it to him lying language, but taking into consideration the fact that his visitor might be close at hand, in compliment to her sex his anathemas were uttered in Ger-man.

"Madam," said Jeremy Grigson, with a severe bow, "I have an excellent memory, but I cannot recollect having made your acquaintance on any previous occasion.'

"You have an excellent memory? Thanks." She made another note. "May I sit down? I am rather tired." "Certainly, madam." Jeremy placed a chair for her.

"I am from the Weekly Chatterer," she said. "Can you let me have a photograph to go in with the inter-

"Never had one taken in my life," said Jeremy. He was not a handsome man, yet there was something in his

face better than good looks. "Not even when you were a baby? Almost anything would do."

"Not even then." "Allow me one question: What have I done that I should be inter-

"Don't you know that the whole town is talking of your book?"

"I don't know anything about it," he said, savagely, "except that I sold the copywright for twenty pounds, and that the twenty pounds is spent." She had got hold of an immense fact but she dropped her pencil, and her dippant, aggressive air with it.

"What a shame!" she said; "what a wicked shame. Your publishers will make hundreds and thousands out of that book. It is creating a furore. Such a case should not be possible, and especially when a man really needs the money."

He looked attentively at her for the first time. He had seen already that she was young and pretty; but he noticed now that there was a worn, pinched look about her small, very pretty face. He had seen the same look growing on other faces in Bohemia: it had grown upon his own; and he knew the meaning of it.

"You understand about needing money?" he asked her. "I should think I do," she answer-

ed, sharply. "Do you suppose I should be here now if I didn't?"

"Sometimes people work at a trade because they like it."

"If it were a trade I liked, everything would be different. I aspired to literature once, but I could not even make dry bread by it. Ever since I have been hanging on to the skirts of Journalism, and sometimes there is a great deal of mud on them. If you only knew how people treat me now and again when I go to interview them! You may thank your stars and your genius for having placed you above all that, at any rate."

"Are they often as brutal as I was?" he asked, gently. "I am awfully porry; won't you forgive me?"

"Don't mind about it," she said huskily. "I know very well what I must have seemed to you-an impudent, brazen, bold wretch, I am horribly nervous by nature, and I put all to elicit a reply." that side on just to cover up the fright, and impress people with the idea that I intend to get any information I want, no matter how reticent they try to be. Often they tell me more than they intend—as you did just now-merely to get rid of me, because they think I am writing down a whole lot that they don't want said about them. I should stand a bad chance if they only knew that I am quite as anxious to get away from them as they are to get away from me.

"If this interview is any object to you," he said, in an awkward, shamefaced way, "I will tell you all you want to know. I am not quite such a churl as I pretended to be. Onlywell, I am proud as well as poor, and suppose there is no need to make the details of my poverty public?" He glanced first at the meagre furnishing of the room, and then at his threadbare clothes.

"Oh!" It was actually a little cry of pain. "Do you think so badly of me as that still? I will go now. I wish I had not come."

She turned very white as she rose, and caught at her chair to steady her-

"For heaven's sake, don't faint!" cried Jeremy, desperately. He made a stride toward her, and, without a word of apology, he caught her by the arm and pushed her back into the chair. "What did you do it for?" he asked, with a great show of indignation. "What is the matter with you?"

"I couldn't help it," she said. "If I had gone on walking I should have been all right, but the short rest finished me. I am very tired, and-" She gave a little gasp, and her eyelids fluttered.

Jeremy dived into a wall cupboard, and came forth with a brandy bottle. There was very little in it, but enough for the purpose. He stood over her in a threatening attitude until she consented to drink a teaspoonful. He tried to insist on a second.

"I cannot, really," she said. "I dare not. It would go to my head at once, because because \_\_\_\_

Jeremy Grigson knelt down beside her and took her hand.

"Is it because you have had no tuncheon?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; and her color began to return. "Do you know how it

He nodded with sympathetic grav-

"Been there dozens of times," he said; and he did not let go her hand. neither did she withdraw it. "Possibly you have walked the whole way from the Chatterer's office to this house?"

my whole fortune until such time as I am paid for the interview."

on the worn palm of her little gray Quite involuntarily he lifted to his lips the hand he was holding. Then

she drew it away and tried to return to her former manner. "Just tell me where you were born," she said, "and how the catral idea of your book first occurred to you, and I

will go." "You will do nothing of the kind," said Jeremy, firmly. "I am just going to have my tea-'high tea' because I am a homely sort of fellow. I will not tell you another word unless you stay and share it with me."

"But I have to write up the Interview now at once. It must be put into type to-night."

"Very well. You can do it here while our cutlets are being cooked. You will find plenty of paper, pens and ink on my writing table, such as it is. Here are a few notes for you." He filled half a sheet of paper quickly, in a small, clear hand, "Now I shall leave you for half an hour to your work, if you will solemnly promise me not to run off while I am away."

least," she said; and she looked away from him to hide the tears in her eyes. But he saw them all the same,

When he came back he was accompanied by a waiter laden with material for a feast brought from the nearest restaurant, and he had letters in his hand, because he had encountered the evening postman on the doorstep.

She wanted to help him to spread the tablecloth and arrange the food, but he said it would make him ill if he did not wait on himself, because he was so used to doing it. So she read her manuscript aloud to him instead, and he criticised it as he stumbled about with plates, knives and forks.

They took their meal together in merry, picnic fashion, like children who had known each other all their lives, and when hunger was satisfied they exchanged some further confidences. They were both alone in the world, both dependent on their pens, although in vastly different lines, and they were both young, notwithstanding the fact that Jeremy's hair had a sprinkling of gray in it. Her name was Kitty, and he told her that had been his mother's name. She was very glad, although she scarcely knew

"I have several literary irons in the fire," he said, presently, "and those letters look like business. May I open them? Thanks. Then, if the news is good, you will be the first to congratulate me; and if it is bad, it will be some consolation to hear you say, 'Poor dev'-I beg your pardon, I mean 'poor fellow.' I have not spoken to a lady for three years."

He opened the first letter.

"Good," he said. "The Tip-Top Magazine accepts Mr. Grigson's serial, the first instalment of which will appear next month. That manuscript has been lying at the office of the Tip-Top for six months, and I have written about three times without being able

"Nothing succeeds like success," said Kitty 'Open the next."

He did so. "Still better!" he exclaimed. "I applled for a post just vacant on the staff of the Pulverizer. It means three hundred a year for a weekly column of criticism. The last man was a great swell, and he gave it up because one of his own books was smashed to atoms by mistake in another part of the pa-

per. Well, I have got the post." "Splendid!" she cried. Now the

last one." "Best of all!" he cried, as he glanced through it. "Because it shows human nature in an agreeable light. My publishers inclose a check for two hundred pounds in consideration of the phenomenal success of 'The Book,' and they will be happy to allow me to make my own terms for the next one. Kitty, I am waiting to be congratu-

He had called her by her Christian name quite unconsciously.

She sprang to her feet, blushing furiously, and began hunting for her gloves.

"I can't say half I mean about it," she stammered. "Wont you take for granted how glad I am? I must go now; the evenings are long, but they don't last forever. I want to thank you and I don't know how."

"When may I come to see you?" he asked, retaining her hand again.

"Oh, never ! I live in such a wretched place, and you are among the great ones of the world now, you know,'

"Of course," he said, coolly, "It does n't matter in the least whether you give me your address or not, because I am going to escort you home, and then shall find it out for myself. Are you ashamed to be seen with me? We could stop at a tailor's on the way, but there would be certain drawbacks to that compromise."

"My clothes are infinitely worse than

yours," she said, humbly. "Quite a different case," he assured her, "I believe you would look well dressed in a 'gunny sack.'"

Then they set out together. He did not offer to take a cab. An hour earlier he would have done so, but he was, comparatively speaking, a rich man now, and he dared not run the risk of seem ing to patronize her poverty. She un-derstood, and liked him all the better

This was a day to be remembered in both their ilves.

Three months later there was a much talked-of little wedding breakfast, at which most of the guests were literary celebrities, but another interviewer "wrote it up"for the Weekly Chatterer. Jeremy had married Kitty.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



that's the way of the world! Yesterday I had chicking in my basket an' he was my widin' slave; to-day she's got turkey and cold puddin' in her basket "I don't want to run off in the very an' he don't reckernise me!-Truth.

HIS RULING PASSION.



Pat-Oi only have wan objection. Proprietor-What is that? Pat-Oi can't get in it.-New York

JUST CAUSE FOR A KICK.



Office Boy-Please, sir, I've a complaint to make. The bookkeeper kicked me, sir. I don't want no bookkeeper to kick me.

Boss-Of course, he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after every little detail in the business myself.

NEVER ACCEPTED PRESENTS.



"What you you do if I were to give you a kiss?' "Give it back at once; I never take

presents from gentlemen."-Pick-Me-

LEGAL NOTE.



Mr. Henpeck has begun action for immediate separation from his wife, Lily .- Ocean.



Old Spurhumper.-Speaking of coast-Well, say!

# A SPADE A SPADE."

Some People too Modest to Confide in their Physician-A Woman Cured of a Serious Disease by a Certain Method, the Only Drawback of which was, it "Made Her Too Fat."

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

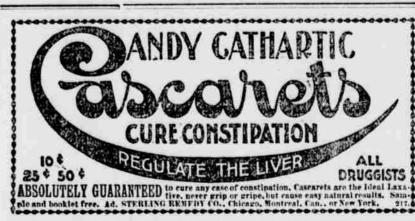
The dector came in haste and found his patient again in great agony from a spitting headache. It was his fifth call on the same patient, and each time to treat the same trouble. With a suspicion that his diagues is was incorrect and that he was treating a symptom and not the disease, he said to her: "Madam, it is useless for me to visit you again. You are keeping from me facts and symptoms which it is necessary I should know. The patient finally acknowledged that, through a false modesty, she had not told him all. Then she told how she had suffered from female weakness but had kept it from him—too modest to speak. The old doctor was disgusted at such prudishness, but when he knew the facts, cured her easily and quickly.

The following case differs from the above, only in the fact that the patient is not afraid to speak, and to "call a spade a spade."

"Words fail to describe the suffering I endured before I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it told Mr. Murphy so, but he suggested that I give that hospital, and seemed to grow worse instead of better. I shad the best octors and the best nursing, but for nearly five years was not free for one single day from the most fearful headaches and intense twitching palins in my neck and shoulders.

"You would scarcely believe, to look at me now, that for about three days every week fog nearly six years, I have days every week for nearly six years, I had to stay in bed. Those headaches would come on me every week regularly. First I would notice black spots before my eyes, and then I would go blind, and seemed to grow worse instead of better. I shad the best doctors and the best nursing, but for nearly five years law and the best nursing, but for nearly five years was not free for one single day from the most fearful headaches and lineuse twiching palins in my neck and shoulders.

"You would scarcely believe, to look at me now, that for about three days every week fog nearly six years, I have gained twenty-six pounds. I research the most fearful headaches would come on me ev



"Brevity is the soul of wit." Good wife, you need

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Bloomsburg, Pa.

Christmas Bells.

The story of the bell is a part of the history of the Church further back than the beginning of the Christian

era, for we read that the robe of the high priest in the tabernacle was trimmed with little gold and silver bells. These must, of course, have been very small, and of use chiefly as ornament. Just when or by whom the church bell, as we know it now, was introduced into Europe, is a matter of dispute. This distinction is claimed for Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, who lived about 400 A. D., but it has also been attributed to one of the early popes. In England the Venerable Bede refers to church bells, and it is a matter of record that in 980 the Abbot of Croyland placed a peal of bells in his abbey; but it was not until after the Reformation that bells were placed in all the churches, and the custom of ringing them on all Church festivals caused England to be known as the land of bells and bellringers.

Bell music seems to have a particular charm for northern peoples, and the great bell countries of Europe are Russia, Belgium and England. Russta is the land of big bells. In the city of Moscow there are over four hundred bells, which join their voices in a single grand harmony on the great festivals of the Church. They range from the little two-foot bells of some of the smaller peals to the mighty bell of St. Ivan's Church, which weighs fifty-seven tons. Its clapper weighs 4,200 pounds, and requires three men to move it. The bell is rung but three times a year. Larger even than this, though it has long been silent, is the great bell which stands in the courtyard of the Kremlin, the largest ever cast. This bell was made for the Empress Anne in 1734. It is 21 feet high, 67 teet in circumference, and weighs 198 tons. While it was being hung it crashed to the ground, and a huge piece was cracked from one side. The bell is now used as a chapel, the

broken piece doing service as a door. - From " Christmas Chimes," in Demorest's Magazine for December.

A New One Dollar Greenback.

A new \$1 greenback will soon make its appearance. It is a radical departure from all previous designs, showing a large space of white paper front and back. An eagle with extended wings hovering over the flag and capital is the only illustration on the face, and in the corners is the figure in scroll work. The back is very plain, consisting largely of a border in geometrical designs.

To Test a Rabbit Question.

The question as to whether rabbits may be legally exposed for sate will be settled in court at Norristown in a case growing out of the arrest of William K. Cassel and Harvey Hartenstine for offering cottontails for sale. The accused have also caused the arrest of Game Warden Cooper for confiscating a half dozen rabbits.

He Was Made a Sorgeant.

A presty story, savoring of the re-mantic, is cold in the French press about the kalser. Recently his majesty went to the Berlin barracks alone. The corporal on guard recognized the kaiser immediately, and saluted him. The kalser was pleased, and, approaching the soldier, said: "Why do you look so sad, corporal?" The corporal did not reply. The emperor then asked if he was disappointed in love. At this the corporal found his tongue, and replied that he wished to marry Marguerite, the daughter of his sergeant-major, but that her fathor would not give his consent until he became a sergeant. "And do you love her very much?" asked the kaiser. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Then," said the emperor, "go and tell your future father-in-law that William II. makes you a sergeant."

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Dried cherries, pitted..... .12 -31 .80 Sheep pelts..... .75 Shelled corn per bus..... .50 Corn meal, cwt..... " ........ Bran, Chop Middlings " ..... Chickens per lb new..... .10 " " old ..... Turkeys " "..... " " ...... Geese Ducks No. 6, delivered..... " 4 and 5" ..... 

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