

OLD LOVERS.

Heart of my heart, when the day was young,
 Hope sang to life with a silver tongue;
 Hope beckoned Love down a flowery way,
 Where 'twas always morning and always May,
 And two true Lovers need never part—
 Do you remember, heart of my heart?
 Heart of my heart, when the moon was high,
 Work showed the way we must travel by;
 Duty spoke cold and stern in our ears,
 Bidding us bear all the toll and tears,
 Partings and losses, sorrow and smart
 Have you forgotten, heart of my heart?
 Heart of my heart, in the setting sun,
 We sit at peace, with our day's work done;
 In the cool of the evening we two look back
 On the winding pathway, the moon's rough track,
 And the morn's green pleasure, where roses twine,
 Heart of my heart—with your hand in mine.
 Heart of my heart, when the night is here,
 Love will sing songs of life in our ear;
 We shall sleep awhile 'neath the daisied grass,
 Till we put on the glory and rise and pass,
 To walk where eternal splendors shine,
 Heart of my heart—with your hand in mine.
 —E. Nesbit.

IN A TIGER'S CLUTCHES.

"It is one thing to hunt the tiger, and quite another thing to have the tiger hunt you. When 'Stripes,' hunting on his own account, pounces on a man, the victim has a poor chance for his life. That there are few men who can tell of such experience is needless to say," said Captain E. A. Arbuthnot. After the cigars had been lighted, a guest who had known him twenty years before in India had pressed him to tell the story of his tiger adventure there, and the captain had consented. "The thing occurred in Dabrah Doolah district in Assam, where I had gone with the idea of becoming a tea planter," continued the captain. "The beginning of the adventure, to tell the story completely, was my meeting a shikari named Dassa Balhua on the morning of the day when I fell in with the tiger. The word shikari, you will understand, means native hunter, a tiger hunter in particular. I was on my way that day to look over a tract of jungle land which I thought of buying and clearing for cultivation, when on passing Dassa Balhua's house I saw him sitting in the doorway, and he was in a peck of trouble. "His old East Indian Company's army musket, the gun with which he hunted, was lying across his lap, and he was fumbling at the lock. He wanted to go out into the jungle that day, and here his gun hammer out of gear, so that when he pulled it back it would not catch and stay at full cock. I saw at once what was wrong with the lock, and chancing to have with me a watchmaker's file, I set the thing right in five minutes. Balhua was very grateful, and I rode on, leaving him carefully loading the gun. I don't wish to get ahead of my story, but will say here that my stopping to help Balhua out of trouble was the means of saving my own life that day. "This meeting with the shikari occurred about an hour after day-break. I went on my way, and by the middle of the afternoon I had seen all I cared to of the tract of land I came to view, and was ready to return to my bungalow. Of two servants who accompanied me I had left one with my horse a mile back, where there was some shade and grass. The other, who was with me, I sent to the man in the rear, directing that they bring the horse round by the road to a point where I would meet them. The man started off on a run, and after watching him out of sight, I took my way along a jungle path toward the point on the road where I had appointed to meet them. "The jungle growth through which the path led was made up largely of bamboo grass taller than my head. Interspersed with the grass were clumps of bushes, low-topped korinda trees, and here and there a taller tree. Now that I was alone, the thought came to me that I should feel more comfortable if I had kept my rifle by me, for, it being rather heavy to carry, I had left it with the servant, who had charge of the horse. But I was not much disturbed by anticipations of danger as I stroled along the path, taking my time, for I expected to have to wait for my men at the roadside. "The thing came suddenly, without warning. There was a strange moving of the grass and bushes a few feet away to one side of the path, the tall grass parted to left and right in a furrow that came straight toward me, there was a loud, deep-throated roar—and the tiger had me. I was standing stock still staring at the moving grass, for there was no use in running away, as he came out on me. There was one glimpse of paws, jaws, and white breast all plunging for me, and then I was flat on my back in the path, with the tiger crouching upon me, his claws set in my left shoulder and right side. The long feelers at his nose brushed my face as he set his teeth into my shoulder in one sharp, crushing bite, apparently to make sure that I would lie still. "If the tiger had been alarmed or wounded, if he had overtaken me running away, or had I struggled—I should have been killed outright. I certainly expected nothing else, but the tiger, not repeating the bite, lifted his head as if listening. Some sound in the road may have made him fearful of losing his prey, for seizing me by the shoulder, he swung me clear of the ground and started away through the jungle in long, swift leaps. I weighed at that time one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and the tiger carried me along as easily as a cat would carry a squirrel. "It will probably sound strange to you, although a similar experience has been related by others, when I say that from the moment the tiger

leaped on me I felt no pain from teeth or claw. Neither did I, after once the brute seized me, feel any keen sense of fear, although perfectly conscious of all that was going on, and of what seemed the certainty that I should be immediately killed. Perhaps the best expression of my condition while I was in the tiger's power would be to say that I was in a hypnotic state, for I can compare my sensation with nothing else. "The tiger ran perhaps fifty yards, then stopped, laid me down and crouched, watching me. Presently he picked me up again and started on through the jungle, this time walking, bearing me along with my legs dragging upon the ground. Coming to an open space he laid me down and, backing away a distance of two or three yards, lay crouched watching me intently, after the manner of a cat that plays with a mouse. "From the position in which I lay I could look straight into his yellow eyes, and could see the curling in and out of the tip of the snout. Then, as with every second I expected the tiger to leap upon me and tear me, there crashed in the jungle's stillness, the loud report of a gun, close at hand. I saw the tiger leap to his feet, whirl toward the sound, and he roared as he reared himself almost upright on his hind legs; then fell over on his side struggling. "It was from the old firelock that I had set in order that morning—the East Indian Company musket of Dassa Balhua that the shot had come which saved my life. The shikari had found the path the tiger was accustomed to take in going from his den to the nearest watercourse to drink. In a thick-leaved tree overlooking this path he had built a platform, and from this he had watched daily for a chance to shoot the brute. Waiting here this day, he saw the tiger come into view from an unexpected quarter, dragging me along by the shoulder. When he saw the tiger drop me in the open space and lay himself down at a little distance away, the shikari fired at him, aiming at the head, for he knew that if not killed outright, the first act of the brute would be to kill me. The tiger, struck in the ear by the heavy bullet, died almost in his tracks. "After the shot was fired, I lay still, not feeling sure that the tiger really was done for, until I saw Dassa Balhua come toward me from the tree. When I lifted my head the shikari was startled, for he thought that I was dead. But he came to me and lifted me by the shoulders, so that by turning my head I could see the tiger lying stretched on his side. "He can trouble you no more, sahib," said the shikari. "The tiger is dead." "The shikari opened my jacket and examined my wounds, and then went down to the road to intercept my servants. By the time he came back with them, my wounds were getting painful. While one of the servants rode to the nearest bungalow for men and a litter, I lay watching the shikari skin the tiger. It was a young animal, full grown, with a glossy, beautifully marked skin, and terrible teeth and claws. With the skin and the Government bounty and the hundred rupees that I gave him, Dassa Balhua had no reason to complain of his day's fortune. I was taken out of the jungle that night, and to my home the next day. I had a bad shoulder, with fever that kept me laid up for three or four weeks, and I did not regain the full use of my right arm for years. But I think I got off well."

Curious Old Ceremony.
 For nearly seven centuries a curious old ceremony has annually taken place in the exchequer on the rendering of quitrents for certain lands in the Counties of Salop and Middlesex, consisting of the chopping in twain of two small fagots of wood, one with a hatchet and another with a bill-hook, and counting a certain number of horseshoes and nails. These are probably the most ancient rent services now rendered in this country. The earliest known record of the first service is found on the roll of Shropshire serjeanties of the date of 13th John, 1211, which merely says: "Richard de Medier holds one virgate of land, and renders for the same, at the Feast of St. Michael, two knives." On Wednesday last the City Solicitor and secondary, as representing the corporation, into whose possession the properties came nearly three centuries ago, attended before Mr. George F. Pollock, the Queen's remembrancer, when proclamation was made thus: "Tenants and occupiers of the piece of waste ground called the 'Moors,' in the County of Salop, come forth and do your service." Thereupon the City Solicitor rendered a hatchet and a billhook, which have been long since substituted in lieu of two knives and there severed two small fagots of wood. Further proclamation was then made thus: "Tenants and occupants of a certain tenement called the 'Forge,' in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, come forth and do your service." The City Solicitor thereupon counted six horseshoes and sixty-one hobnails. The Queen's remembrancer pronounced them "Good numbers." The horseshoes and nails, which are very ancient, are retained in the custody of the Queen's remembrancer, and are used from year to year. Some people may think that such a very antiquated ceremonial should be allowed to cease; but the corporation of London wisely thinks otherwise, and prefers to keep in touch with bygone ages in retaining this very interesting and quaint old quitrent service. Her Majesty took so much interest in it that last year she desired this occasion should be sent to her, and they were accordingly forwarded to the Queen through Lord Chamberlain, enclosed in a handsome oak case, with silver shield thereon, upon which was engraved an account of the service upon which they had been used.—London Times.

The Colonel's Guess.
 The little girl was telling what she had learned at school. "To-morrow's lesson will be about the passive voice," she said. "You know what that is, don't you, Colonel Stilwell?" "I can't say that my recollection on the subject is exact," he replied. "But I should like to hear what you use when you happen to have a passive." —Washington Star.

THE CAUSE OF THE SHIVERS

He Was Not Reading for the Sake of It
Spiritual Welfare.
 Deputy Sheriff Winslow sat in his office perusing the account of David's interview with Goliath. He was not reading for the sake of his spiritual welfare. He was about to venture forth upon an undertaking beside which that of David paled into insignificance. He was going to serve a writ upon the body of John L. Sullivan. Therefore he was seeking tips, and his memory being somewhat hazy in regard to the manner in which David did up Goliath he read the story to see if he could vanquish the terrible John L. in the same manner should the latter take it into his head to swat the majesty of the law. He stuffed a revolver in each hip pocket, stuffed three or four bludgeons and spring billies about his person and started forth. He started in business at the box office of the Olympic and was told that he would find John L. in his dressing room. It is needless to state that the sheriff is a brave man. Otherwise he would not take his life in his hand as he did at that time. He approached the dressing room and halted outside the door. "I forgot to take my will and bid those at home farewell," he thought. "Well, here goes. If he don't reach me the first time and I can't get at my guns or blackjacks I'll kick him in the stomach." He surveyed his feet with pride. He knocked on the door and asked if he could see Mr. Sullivan. "Come in," yelled the terrific voice. The big fellow had just left the stage and was in his sparring rig. Without waiting, and dodging an imaginary blow, Winslow read the writ of arrest. He knew it by heart and accordingly had his eyes peeled for the blow he expected. It didn't come. There was no explosion of the leonine wrath he had looked for. John L. intimated that his former manager, Mr. Dunn, who had the writ issued, was not a friend of his, and repeated the blood-curdling assertions which the sheriff had thought were meant for him. Sullivan sent for Steve McMaugh to furnish bail for him, and Steve furnished it as soon as he could get to the theatre. Winslow, who, by the way, is rather thin and of light weight, could not contain himself for joy, and walked out with a halo around his head. No one saw it there, but he knew it was there because he felt it.—Providence Journal.

Trained Nurses.
 According to the superintendent of one of the largest schools for trained nurses in New York, their occupation is not the easiest work in the world. It requires almost an ideal woman to make a good nurse. She must not only have all the qualities that go to make up the good woman, but she must have in addition the special qualities that are necessary for the nurse. She must, in the first place, have perfect self-control and patience. There is much that is disheartening about nursing the sick. The man or woman who is suffering from disease is a transformed being. Sick folk lose control of themselves, and do and say things for which they cannot be held responsible. Particularly is this so in the case of the very poor—to say nothing of the depraived classes, who are often treated in great hospitals. A nurse must always be cheerful, always sympathetic, capable of mentally putting herself in her patient's place. Under her pleasant exterior she must also have a will of iron that compels the obedience of her charges. Women who have been teachers make the best nurses, and in fact a large percentage of the nurses have been teachers. A curious fact is that there are few New York girls among the trained nurses serving in New York hospitals. Most of them are from the country or smaller cities. One reason for this, of course, is that many girls born and brought up in a large city are not up to the physical standard required of a trained nurse.

The Size of Pearls.
 Pearls are named according to their size. The very large are called paragon pearls; when the size of a cherry, cherry pearls; medium are called piece pearls; smallest, dust pearls; while badly formed specimens are known as baroque. The value of pearls varies, of course, with the quality and general colors, but the piece, seed, and dust pearls always have a market price. The cherry and paragon are sold on an entirely different basis. If many fine ones are on the market at a time, they may be had at reasonable rates. Some years they bring almost any price. The last two years, especially, the dealers say, there has been a great scarcity of fine pearls, although there is no falling off in the supply of the small stuff. When a pearl exceeds one carat in weight it is sold separately. Under that weight they are sold in parcels, and become less valuable as they become smaller. The smallest dust pearls collected average about five thousand to the Troy ounce, and are at present rated at about nine dollars an ounce. If, on the contrary, one paragon weighing an ounce, or one hundred and fifty carats, was on sale it would bring any amount from thirty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars, according to quality.

All Our Chalk From England.
 One of the few exclusively important imported British products used in our country is chalk. It comes from the banks of the River Thames, being obtainable nowhere else in large quantities. In its crude form, remarkable flint fossils are sometimes found, usually the remains of fish. The process of manufacture from the natural state to that of a form when it can be utilized is simple. When received at the mill the chalk is put into great machines and ground with water, then floated off into vats of water, where all the impurities and foreign substances are precipitated, the water being afterward drawn off by a series of filtering operations, and the soft residuum dried by steam heat and exposure to the air; the substance is then reduced to a powder of different degrees of fineness by grinding in burr mills and belting, when it is ready to be packed in barrels and sold for use among the different stores throughout the country.

Santa Claus

HEADQUARTERS AT
HESS BROS'.



Pretty Gifts! Useful Gifts! Popular Gifts!
 Everybody is delighted with our Holiday Display.

SEE IT.

The Best of Everything for Christmas.

A thoroughly first-class stock combining Novelty, Quality and Elegance, with prices strictly fair.

While we cannot describe or enumerate our variety of elegant attractions, we are very glad to show them to all visitors.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL and now is the time to buy.

We open our doors to the Holiday Trade with the firm determination to make this

The Best Christmas Up to Date.

Are you coming in for your share?

You are invited to give our store a call before making your Christmas purchases.



HESS BROS.,

Jewelers, Opticians and Stationers,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Telephone.

Lamps! Lamps!

Largest and most complete line in town.

We handle the celebrated

MILLER LAMPS,

fitted with beautiful lace and decorated globes.

See the handsome gold plated lamps.

Every Penny Counts

in your Christmas buying here.

You can easily select a very acceptable gift from our fine line of

Teachers' Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals, Perfume in cut glass bottles, Gold Pens and Pencils,

HOLIDAY BOOKS

of all kinds, Handkerchief Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes.

We extend you an invitation to visit our store.



James H. Mercer,

Opposite Episcopal Church.