

A NEW WOMAN.

She's up to date and strictly new, And yet she's not a dame with seal. She wears no skirt that's sewed in two, She is not skilled to ride a wheel. Her sex's wrong she does not feel. No public scheme her thoughts pursue, And yet, the fact I can't conceal, She's very new.

Her soul's ideals are scant and few, Yet not by man is she controlled, And though her eyes are deeply blue, No occult force her glances hold. She cares not for the days of old, Nor does the future charm her view, She does not work for fame or gold, And yet she's new.

All homage at her shrine is due, Her claim no mortal dares to scorn. She from the infinite takes her cue, She's fresh as earth's primeval morn. She faces life with powers unorn, For, now to prove my statements true, It's scarce one moon since she was born. You see, she's new!

—Marion Conthony Smith in New York Sun.

A YOUTHFUL EXEGETE.

His Interpretation of the Scriptures Was Not Orthodox. Strange are the workings of the infant mind. The little son of a well known naval officer stationed here has advanced a new version of an old text. The wife's mother, who makes her home with her daughter, is of the old school, a dear creature, with puffs and caps, who reads her Bible from preference. It is a custom for her to teach her little grandson every day a verse from the Bible, and on Saturday of last week selected was:

"The Sabbath day to keep thou shalt have, and had unusual difficulty in learning the verse, but, once mastered, it must have settled deep into the largest brain cell possessed by the fellow.

Monday morning the youngster came, fresh, white and starched, from his nurse's hands and was deposited on the front porch until the family assembled for church. Emerging at the last moment, the mother was horrified at the sight of her small offspring seated upon the terrace, digging with all his might into the moist ground.

"Baby, baby, come here this minute. Don't you know it is naughty to play on Sunday and get yourself all dirt?" cried the mother.

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled air and made answer, "Why, muvver, dear, I is digging holes for Sunday."

"Digging holes for Sunday? What nonsense! You had, had little son," returned the mother, none too gently, trying to rescue the once immaculate suit.

"Now, muvver, dear, I did learn ye verse from grandma, and it was 'Remember ye Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and I is only digging ye holes for Sunday to make it holy, and I isn't a bad little son at all."

There was a suspicious trembling about the mouth, but it is needless to relate that the little philosopher was caught in his mother's arms and kissed before the cry developed and that he was given two plates of dessert for his Sunday dinner, all because of his original theory.—Washington Star.

In Sir Walter Scott's Mail Bag.

Some letters from the fair sex caused Sir Walter Scott at least as much amusement as annoyance. In his earlier years "a mad woman from about Alnwick," by dint of letters and plans, first extracted from him a guinea for a charity, then sent him the manuscript of a curious novel, which he was to publish in his own name, and of which he was to take half the profits. Finally, on his declining the partnership, she suggested he should take shares in a medicine for babies, her own invention. Dread of participation in "such a Herodlike" venture drove Scott to decline the honor of future correspondence with the lady. On a March day in his fatal year, 1826, Sir Walter answered two modest requests from widow ladies. One of these, presuming on a former slight acquaintance with his mother, desired that he should impress on Peel, then home secretary, the merits of her second son, whom he was to represent as "fit for any situation in a public office." The second lady, who had already perused "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," engaged, in return for a suitable provision for her son's education, to read all her benefactor's other works. After dealing with these letters, Scott felt himself constrained to record his conviction that "your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living."—Temple Bar.

Reward of Literature.

Among the women writers of the capital there is one young matron whose name is very well known. A few months ago she sent a short story to a magazine which presented itself as an untried field. By and by she received notification that the story had been accepted and that in payment thereof her name had been put on the subscription list for one year. The author immediately returned answer that the compensation was not adequate.

"Dear madam," the editor wrote back, "yours of such a date received. We have put your name on the subscription list for two copies each month."

And for fear that further correspondence would burden her with three copies of the magazine she was forced to be content with that.—Washington Post.

Cement Pipes.

Cement pipes are made cheaply by an ingenious process devised by a French inventor. A trench is dug and the bottom filled with cement mortar. On this is placed a rubber tube covered with canvas and inflated. The trench is then filled up with cement. As soon as this is set the air is let out of the rubber tube, which is then removed and used again in another section. By this method 6 inch pipes have been made at a cost of 32 cents a yard.

A FAMOUS MULBERRY TREE.

Planted by Milton in Christ's College Gardens, Cambridge. In the gardens of Christ's college, Cambridge, stands a venerable mulberry tree, which, tradition says, was planted by Milton during the time when he was a student at the university. This would be between the years 1624 and 1632, for the following copy, from the Latin of his entry of admission, accurately fixes the former date, and his admission to the degree of M. A., to which he proceeded in the latter year, ended his intimate connection with the university: "John Milton, native of London, son of John Milton, was initiated in the elements of letters under Mr. Gill, master of St. Paul's school; was admitted a lesser pensioner Feb. 12, 1624, under Mr. Chappell and paid entrance fee, 10s." He was then 16 years and 2 months old.

The tree so intimately associated with his name is now much decayed, but in order to preserve it as much as possible from the ravages of time many of the branches have been covered with sheet lead and are further supported by stout wooden props, while the trunk has been buried in a mound of earth. The luxuriance of the foliage and the crop of fruit which it annually bears are proof of its vitality, but to insure against accidents and perpetuate the tree an offshoot has been planted close by. In the event of a bough breaking and falling it is divided with even justice among the fellows of the college, and many pieces are thus preserved as mementos of the poet. It was during his residence at Cambridge that he composed his ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." "Lycidas," too, is intimately connected with Milton's life at the university, since it was written in memory of Edward King, his college friend and contemporary, with whom he doubtless shared the same rooms.

In those days students did not, as now, occupy separate apartments, as witness the original statutes of the college, "In which chambers our wish is that the fellows sleep two and two, but the scholars four and four," in consequence of which a much closer intimacy was formed among them than is now possible. Dr. Johnson relates that Milton was fogged at Cambridge, but the fact is doubtful, though there is reason to suppose that he had differences with the authorities in the earlier part of his college career, since he was transferred from his original tutor. This tree is still pointed out to visitors and was until recent years especially marked by a bough of mistletoe growing upon it.—Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.

Poet and Queen.

Dr. Max Muller relates that the late queen of Holland frequently came to England and was fond of meeting while there distinguished literary people. On one occasion she lunched with Dean Stanley and asked him to invite several literary men, among whom were Tennyson, Lord Houghton, Huxley and Max Muller himself.

Luncheon was ready, and everybody had come to the deanery except Tennyson. Dean Stanley suggested that the party should wait no longer, but the queen refused to sit down before the laureate's arrival. There was another period of waiting, painful to all the company.

Finally some one suggested that probably Tennyson was "mooching about in the cloisters somewhere." One was sent to see, and the poet was indeed found there, apparently oblivious that anything was going on. He was brought in and placed at the table next the queen of the Netherlands.

The queen took the conversation into her own hands and in particular tried to draw Tennyson out. He was not in talking mood. She addressed him a question.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

Then there was another question.

"No, ma'am," came from Tennyson.

Again she asked his opinion about something. The question was not susceptible of answer by "Yes" or "No."

"Ma'am," said Tennyson after a great effort, "there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question."

Presently he turned and whispered to Max Muller, "I wish they had put some of you talking fellows next to regina."

Anglo-Saxon Common Sense.

I had occasion at Coolgardie to be present at a public meeting gathered to protest strongly against the actions of the Western Australian government with regard to the mining population and the insufficiency of its political representation. Several speakers held forth. One declared that he was neither democrat nor socialist, another that he was a democrat, but not a socialist; a third at last professed himself a socialist. Sometimes groans, sometimes applause, underlined certain phrases, but in the midst of these gold miners, in this town but three years old, in spite of the relaxing influence of a torrid heat, the most perfect order reigned throughout. Thanks were voted at the end of the meeting to all the speakers without distinction of opinion, a motion of protest was adopted, and the crowd retired in the greatest tranquillity. I thought, not without shame, of the manner in which meetings of this kind are often conducted in France.—Les Nouvelles Societes Anglo-Saxonnes, Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu.

Naturally Inferred.

"What's the name of the girl across the street?"

"I've forgotten her last name, but I know she is Mame somebody."

"Maim somebody! What an ideal name for a footballer's sweetheart!"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Long Felt Want.

Bright—I've got an idea that will be worth millions if I succeed in perfecting it.

Wright—What's the scheme? Bright—A smokeless cigarette.—Chicago News.

LEFT ON TRAINS.

All Sorts of Articles Are Forgotten by Absentminded Passengers.

Recently a Chicago railroad displayed in its unclaimed parcel room five barrels of rubber overshoes and a box full of false teeth. All this property and more during a period of six months had been left on the suburban and through trains by absent minded passengers. The general baggage agent, upon being asked what was the oddest occurrence of this kind, said that a woman once left on a train a 6-months-old baby, and she did not miss it until a trainman overtook her with the little bundle of humanity before she got outside of the train shed. It was not a case of abandonment. She had forgotten to take up her own offspring.

Only one-half of the articles left on trains are claimed and returned to owners. At all the railroad offices in Chicago there are to be found motley collections of about all the articles which man or woman ever owned. It would be impossible to list them in a whole page of a newspaper.

The article which figures most extensively among the lost and found of the big railroads is the umbrella. An official of the Illinois Central says he received in the baggage department 1,500 umbrellas a year. General Agent Sudd of the Burlington says his records show about 600 a year, and the other lines report large collections of this serviceable article, which are left on trains in all kinds of weather. On a recent fine, sunshiny day the Burlington railroad showed on its record a whole page of abandoned umbrellas.

Next come the overshoes, which are daily found, singly and in pairs and oftentimes odd in size and kind. At all the offices they are accumulated to the extent of barrels and barrels. It is a common occurrence to find upper, lower and partial sets of false teeth. Some give evidence of long service, others have been too new and have been "laid out" to give relief. But they come in all shapes and sizes.

Wearing apparel in large quantities is to be found in the lost parcel rooms. The clerks in the Alton's quarters at the Union station fitted out a dummy figure with every single article that a man is likely to wear from head to foot. The articles were all left piece by piece on the train and gathered up by the employees until the figure was togged out in newest fashion.

The young woman stenographer in Baggage Agent Sudd's office has a pet kitten which was found in an envelope box on a train, and, there being no claimant, young Tom is being taught to earn his board by mousing in the baggage room.

Cripples frequently leave their crutches on trains. There is a collection of them at all the offices. Hanging up in the parcel room of the Illinois Central is a big anchor made of moss gathered from trees in the far south. The maker had taken care of it until Chicago was reached, only to abandon it to the care of the parcel man.—Chicago Tribune.

Free In Spite of Himself.

Under the first French empire the administration of the prison of Sainte-Pelagie was so loose that it was not rare for accused persons to lie there six months without knowing the cause of their incarceration. The following adventure, narrated in "The Dungeons of Old Paris," discloses the fact that release under similar conditions of ignorance was not impossible:

The doctor had given to a prisoner who was slightly ill an order for the baths. Not knowing in what part of the prison the infirmary was situated, he presented his order to a tipsy turnkey, who opened the outer door of the prison.

M. Guillon, a free man without being aware of it, took the narrow street to a sentry's walk and went a few paces without finding any one to direct him. Returning to the sentry at the door, he inquired where were the baths.

"The baths?" said the sentinel.

"The prison baths," said the sentinel.

"The prison baths," said the sentinel, "are probably in the prison, but you can't get in there."

"What—I can't get into the prison? Am I outside it, then?"

"Why, yes, you're in the street. You ought to know that, I should think."

"I did not know it, I assure you," said M. Guillon, "and this won't suit me at all."

He rang the prison bell and was readmitted, and his recital of his adventure restored to sobriety the turnkey who had given him his freedom.

Sheridan and the Joke.

Sheridan, himself a brilliant orator as well as a shrewd observer, was one day asked how it was he got on so well in the house of commons. "Well," he said, "I soon found out that the majority were fools, but all loved a joke, and I determined to give them what they liked." The great advantage of a joke is that it puts the speaker at once on good terms with his audience. Hence Cicero recommends it for an orator. A common way of winning the good will of an audience is flattery. When the Jews brought down the orator Tertullus to accuse Paul, Tertullus began his speech with flattery of King Agrippa. "Since by thee we enjoy," and so on. Another way, a subtle form of flattery, is to describe yourself as a native of the same place or county as those you are addressing. The forensic formula, the fulstian apostrophe to the 12 "intelligent and patriotic and high minded men" whom the rhetorical Buzfuz sees before him, is played out, but it has its modern equivalents.—Westminster Review.

Disconcerting.

Mrs. Manycooks (severely)—Didn't I hear a man talking loudly with you in the kitchen just now, Mary?

Mary (compunctly)—O! hope so, mam, for thin Oi can call ye as a witness in a case av traich av promise suit, ma'am.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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QUAINT AND CURIOUS. The Month of Bloodshed. A London general omnibus is supposed to earn \$35 per week. Ant hills in West Africa sometimes reach the height of fifteen feet. Five feet is the minimum height of the Russian and French conscript. In the towns of Chile most shops are open till midnight, and during the hot afternoons, when everybody takes a siesta, they are locked up. The King of Siam has a bodyguard of female warriors—i. e., 400 girls, chosen from among the strongest and most handsome of all the women in the land. In northern China one of the principal occupations is raising dogs for their fur, which is fine and dense and much used for clothing. They cost only 40 cents apiece. With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindoo convicts recently sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail. Just as a letter was being read in a Farmington (Me.) household from a daughter in California announcing her good health and well being, a telegram came announcing her death. Garlic came from Asia and has been used since the earliest times. It formed part of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt, was used by Greek and Roman soldiers and African peasants. The quaint little chimney sweeps add to the picturesque of Charleston, N. C., where they are still in constant demand to clean chimneys of the soot from the soft pine wood so largely in use. The skin of the reindeer is so impervious to the cold that any one clothed in such a dress, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, may bear the intensest rigors of an Arctic winter's night. As soon as a man falls into debt in Siam the creditor can seize his person and keep him as a slave. Should the debtor run away, his wife and children, his father, or other relatives are liable to be seized.

April Figures Pre-eminently in All Our Wars. Many of the most stirring events in American history have occurred in April, including the first conflicts of the War of the Revolution and the beginning of the war of secession. The formal order to Spain to relinquish the island of Cuba was made on April 19, a date already notable in our military annals. It was on April 19, 1775, at Lexington and at Concord, that the first armed resistance was made by the minute men to the British troops. The excitement of April 19, 1861, is still remembered by many persons. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was attacked by a mob in Baltimore, and that city was turned over to the secessionists. North Carolina was the first colony to declare for independence, in April, 1776, and Rhode Island almost immediately followed with a similar declaration. Six years later, in April, 1782, the recognition of our independence was made by the Dutch Republic. April 18, 1775—Paul Revere's famous midnight ride. April 19, 1775—Beginning of the revolution by battle of Lexington. April 11, 1783—Congress proclaims cessation of hostilities. April 15, 1783—Congress ratifies preliminary treaty of peace with Great Britain. April 4, 1812—Congress establishes the embargo that begins the War of 1812. April 21, 1835—Santa Ana suffers his great defeat at San Jacinto. April 25, 1846—Hostilities open between the United States and Mexico. April 12, 1861—War of the Rebellion begun by General Beauregard firing on Fort Sumpter. April 19, 1861—First bloodshed of the war, in conflict between United States troops and mob at Baltimore. April 9, 1865—Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox. April 19, 1898—Congress of the United States declares "that the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

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