UNJUST SUSPICIONS. looking rather pale and disturbe

train from Namuf lumbered The train from Namur lumbered heavily into the station at Melreux and yakened into momentary life its "sleepy stagnation. About haif a doz-en passengers alighted, among whom was a tall, bronzed Englishman. His scarching glance warmed into a smile of pleasure as he strode hastily toward a Baltan continues, who yushed to searching glance warned into a smill of pleasure as he strode hastily toward a Belgian gentleman who rushed to greet him with outstretched arms. With a string of questions the Bel-glan led the way into the station yard. Where an English dog cart was wait-ing. They got in and away they dashed in a cloud of white due to-ward the little village of Durbay. Af-ter half an hour's brisk run they rat-tiled noisily through the village and drew up before a pair of massivo wrought-iron gates. The house lay at the farther end of a short avenue of elms, along which they drove smartly. As the Belgian alighted a clock chimed musically. "As under to tweive," said he. "You will just have time to get rid of your taxets. M. Barvaux, I should like to make myself rather more presentable before meeting the ladles," replied his friend, Jack Hagye. In less than ten minutes he was once more spick and spin, and as he went down-stairs he found M. Barvaux waiting him. As they entered the morning-room in which lanch was introduced as his wife and her niece, Mile. Rivent.

which and her niece, Mile, Richert. The charming manner of his host

The charming manner of his host soon made Jack perfectly at home. M. Barvaux spoke English quite fluently, and was rather proud of his accom-plishment, but Jack was rather shy with his French at first, although the kind way in which the girl beiped him over his diffeulties enabled him to get along smoothly encough. But he found it much more pleasant to listen than to talk, and when Mile. Richert began to speak of her love for the Ardennes he instantly became all eyes and cars. It was quite a jolly little luncheon party, but amid the pleasantness there

at was dule a joby fille inneheon party, but amid the pleasantness there was something which Jack could not understand. Ever and anon the gift 2phonred abstracted and scemed to be watching M. Barvaux with a look of lease ancienty and cases when there appeared abstracted and seemed to be watching M. Barvaux with a look of deep anxiety, and once when his wife placed her arm round the girl's neck affectionately Jack thought he per-ceived an expression of mingled inte and fear on the ince of the Belgian as he gazed under his heavy cyclorows at the girl. At first Jack put it down as metroly bis fancy, but further ob-zervation convinced him that there was something wrong.

servation convinced him that there was something wrong. The days sped by all too quickly. Fishing in the Ourthe, which ran close by, sor long rambies in the woods, gathering bli-berries, occupied the hours of daylight, and in the evenings Jack sat as though under a spell while Mile. Richert sang dainty old French love songs or extemporized dreamy melodies on the piano. But still the jairing note which had

But still the jaring note which had struck Jack disturbed the pleasant harmony, and as day followed day his irst suspleions were confirmed and in-tensified. However, he could discover no intelligible explanation of the num-beless trillal indicate which had not No inteligible explanation of the num-berless trivial incidents which, had not his attention beez roused, would have entirely escaped him. All he could be certain about was that his host un-mistakably manifested a strange an-tipathy toward his nice. This how-ever, did not prevent Jack and the girl from becoming close friends and he ever, did not prevent Jack and the girl from becoming close friends, and it seemed, at least to M. Barvaux, that their friendship was rapidly ripening into a much stronger feeling. Jack feit that his host was displeased at the turn of affairs, and he was there-fore not very much surprised when M. Barvaux, seizing a cuitable opportun-ity, asked him point biank what were his feelings toward the young lady. He replied with perfect frankness that he was over head and ears in love with her. love with ber.

love with her. "Ah, my friend." replied M. Bar-vaux. "I an very sorry for you. I should have warned you enrier." Sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper be cardinated "She is a mandrages." Sinking its voice to a hoarse whisper he continued. "She is a murderess." Jack stared at him in amazement. Had he suddenly taken leave of his senses? No, he seemed perfectly ra-tional, although very agitated. In an exicited voice he went on to describe how the full was trained to the section existent voice no went on to describe how the girl was trying to poison him. Jack came to the conclusion that his friend was the victim of a hallucina-diou and resolved to humor him. "But she is so devoted to your wife,"

said be

"Yes, and that is why I dare not peak. My wife thinks Angeline is an ngel, and I am afraid to say anyangel. thing

. On the next evening, the last one of Jack's stay, he was sitting in an easy chair among the window curtains when suddenly he heard the soft

walked in from he did so his wife and Angeine tered the room, and dinner was served. The girl was dressed in white, and a couple of glorious red roses gleamed in her black hair. Never before had she seemed so beautiful to Jack. He asked hinself if it were possible that are divine a creature could nurse so divine a creature could nurse so divine a creature could nurse thoughts of murder in her soul. But he could not forget what he had just witnessed, and he resolved to be on his guard and prevent M. Barvaux drinking the wine.

withessed, and he resolved to be on his guard and prevent M. Barvaux drinking the wine. Supposing, after all, he were to be wrong, how could he face the girl he loved after accushing her of such a foul and unnatural deed? He was too agitated to eat, and he observed that both M. Barvaux and Angeline seemed also preoccupied and ill at case. At length he manageat to make his host understand that he was not to touch the wine. The Beigian smithed with an almost surdonic expression and eyed Angeline curiously. Presently he raised the decanter and traved over the table, looking at her the while with his deep set black eyes. "Allow me, Angelikes," he cald, "to pour you out a glass of wine." "Come-I insist. I will take no re-fusal," he cried, springing to his feet and filling her glass. The girl turned pale as death and seemed to lose her power of self. will. Helf mechanically she took the glass of wine and raised it to her lips. She empiled it at one gulp, and then sank back in her chair, where she hay still and white. With a cry of terror Mine, Barvaux rushed to her assistance, but her husbind commanded her not to touch the girl. Jack was on his feet in an instant, but too bewildered to know how to act. With a sickening zense of the con-firmation of his worst suspleions he formation of his worst suspicions he concluded that the girl was poisoned, and off he rushed for the doctor. By good fortune he rat across the very person he was seeking. In a few words he told him his errand and implored him to return with him in all haste

"It is a matter of life and death," be cried. "Let us ran." "Certainly, if you wish it," replied the doctor, "aiticagh 1 may tell you matters are not so serious as you imagine." "But-__"

"Permit me to explain, monsieur. The young heldy is not poisoned at all, as you will see. The wine she drank was intended for M. Bazvaux, was it not?"

was intended for M. Barvaux, was it not?" "Yes, I believe so." "Well, you must know that he is subject to periodical fits of homieldal madness, and when these attacks are coming on it becomes necessary to ad-minister powerful opiates to him with-out his knowledge. The paroxysm passed, he is our? dangroug, and but for my treatment it would probably become necessary to put him under re-straint. I was just about to pay my customary visit to-night when you met me, for I was expecting an outbreak." Jack was relieved beyond measure on hearing the doctor's story, but the thought that he had left the girl he loved with a man subject to homieldal mania moderated his feelings of sat-isfaction. and, anxions to get back to assure himself of her safety, he tore away from the doctor, for he felt that, if an attack sudionly manifested it-self in M. Barvanz, Angeline, as being the person who had raised his sus-picions, would probably be the first victim of his made rage. Indeed, he arriced none to soon.

victim of his made rage. Indeed, he arrived none to soon. Mme. Barvaux was crouching in an agony of terror at the feet of the un-conscious girl, while her hushand was standing over them gestieulating wildly. Jack speedily overpowered him, and a few minutes afterward the doctor arrived, whose presence had a wonderfully soothing effect on the un-fortunate gentleman. Under the doc-tor's care Angeline soon recovered, but both she and Mme. Barvaux were very much upset and were glad when Jack decided to stay a few days long. but both she and Mme. Barvaux were very much upset and were glad when Jack decided to stay a few days long-er. They were days of infinite hap-pineas for both bin and Angeline, and when at length his stay came to its end the Brussels express bore away a relucing thut yery happy man, to whose ears the raythmic runble of the wheels seemed to say, "Angeline, Angeline, Angeline,"

A Playground on a Roof.

The boys of St. Paul's Cathedral choir, says Quiver, have a cricket and football field out of London, where, on the weekly half holidays they play among themselves, and with other schools and choir schools. For the rest of the week they possess what is cer-tainly the strangest playground in England. The top of the roof of the England. The top of the roof of the school is enclosed by means of strong beams and wire netting, so that balls cannof tall upon the ussuspecting pas-sersby. Here on the leads, hockey, stump cricket and the like go briskly series). Here on the leads, hockey, stump cricket and the like go briskly forward in any of the odd moments which they have to themselves. In what a thin sheet of water, which quickly freezes, converts the roof into a skating pond, whereon the most and lous parent could trust he son with-out fear of his "falling through." Those who know choir boys only with those solemn faces which they inva-riably assume when seated in their stalls in the oxthefach, would be as-tonished to find what remarkable light-hearted youngsters they are when skipping about or this roof of theirs, despite the smuth an occasional whilf of smoke from a neighboring chilmey. chimney.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Confidence often begets confidence Potters are not the only people

no make family jars. Fuzzless peaches are more plentiful than fuzzless women.

than luzzless women. Fools wait for things to turn up; wise men go and turn them up. Boarding-house beefsteak is apt to be rare, because one seldom gets it. When a man can't do anything else he can develop into a chronic kicker. Art may be long, but time is too short for some neenle to become short for some people to become artists.

The small boy with a tin can doesn't worry the bob tailed dog very much.

A matinee girl says that it's a poor villain who doesn't attempt to kiss the heroine when he gets a good op-

About the time a man gets a large family of children off his hands he has to begin setting his sons in-law on their feet.

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When you feel tired, languid, ner-yous and are troubled with pimples and eruptions, you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla exactly meets your needs. It purifies and enriches the blood and imparts to it the qualities needed to tone the nerves and nourish the whole system. It cures all blood humors

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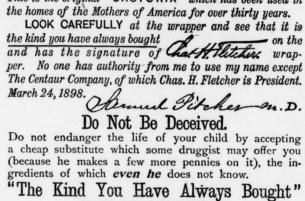
Hoax—"He's an idiot. He's crazy over cornet solos." Joax— "Likes 'em, eh?" Hoax—"Yes. I'll bet he'll rise up from his grave on the last day and insist on an encore from Gabriel.

Ruby lips and a clear complexion, the pride of woman. Have you lost these charms through torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, or nervous-ness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you-40 Little "Ru-bies" in a vial to come. At line bies " in a vial-10 cents. Act like a charm. Never gripe. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

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duels over this Dreyfus business."





AN OPEN LETTER

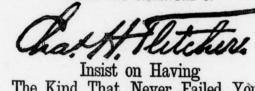
To MOTHERS.

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I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "CASTORIA," the same that

has borne and does now bear for the fac-simile signature of farth. Thither wrapper. This is the original "CASTORIA" which has been used in

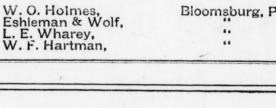
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Beef, quarter, per pound	.07
Wheat ner buchel	.80
Oats "" Rye "" Wheat flour per bbl	35
Wheat flour ner hhl	.50
Hay per top	4.80
Hay per ton	.80
Turnips " "	.25
Turnips " " Onions " "	1 00
Sweet potatoes per peck	.25
Tallow per lb.	.05
Shoulder " "	.09
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Vinegar, per qt. Dried apples per 1b.	,05
Dried cherries, pitted	.05
Raspberries	.12
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Call Skin	.80
	.75
Shelled corn per bus	.60
Corn meal, cwt Bran, "	1 25
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Middlings "	.95
Chickens per lb new	.12
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COAL.	
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THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA

"Johnnie," esid a mother to her six year old son, "is it possible that I over-hear you teaching the parrot to swear?" "No, nearma," replied Johnnie. "4 was just telling it what it musin't say."

We will mail THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, beginning with the next issue (October number), to January I, 1899, also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, every week, from the time subscription is received to January 1, 1899, for Twenty-five Cents, for the purpose of introducing our weekly with our well-known monthly.

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