

UNJUST SUSPICIONS.

The train from Namur lumbered heavily into the station at Melreux and yawned into momentary life its sleepy stagnation. About half a dozen passengers alighted, among whom was a tall, bronzed Englishman. His searching glance warmed into a smile of pleasure as he strode hastily toward a Belgian gentleman who rushed to greet him with outstretched arms. With a string of questions the Belgian led the way into the station yard, where an English dog cart was waiting. They got in and away they dashed in a cloud of white dust toward the little village of Durbuy. After half an hour's brisk run they rattled noisily through the village and drew up before a pair of massive wrought-iron gates. The house lay at the farther end of a short avenue of elms, among which they drove smartly. As the Belgian alighted a clock chimed musically.

"A quarter to twelve," said he. "You will just have time to get rid of your travel stains before lunch."

"Yes, M. Barvaux, I should like to make myself rather more presentable before meeting the ladies," replied his friend, Jack Hague. In less than ten minutes he was once more spick and span, and as he went down-stairs he found M. Barvaux awaiting him. As they entered the morning-room in which lunch was to be served they were greeted by a couple of ladies, whom M. Barvaux introduced as his wife and her niece, Mile. Richert.

The charming manner of his host soon made Jack perfectly at home. M. Barvaux spoke English quite fluently, and was rather proud of his accomplishment, but Jack was rather shy with his French at first, although the kind way in which the girl helped him over his difficulties enabled him to get along smoothly enough. 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 ears.

It was quite a jolly little luncheon party, but amid the pleasantness there was something which Jack could not understand. Ever and anon the girl 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 perceived an expression of mingled hate and fear on the face of the Belgian as he gazed under his heavy eyebrows at the girl. At first Jack put it down as merely his fancy, but further observation convinced him that there was something wrong.

The days sped by all too quickly. Fishing in the Ourthe, which ran close by, or long rambles in the woods, gathering bil-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 jarring note which had struck Jack disturbed the pleasant harmony, and as day followed day his first suspicions were confirmed and intensified. However, he could discover no intelligible explanation of the numberless trivial incidents which had not his attention been roused, would have entirely escaped him. All he could be certain about was that his host unmistakably manifested a strange antipathy toward his niece. This however, 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 felt that his host was displeased at the turn of affairs, and he was therefore not very much surprised when M. Barvaux, seizing a suitable opportunity, asked him point blank what were his feelings toward the young lady. He replied with perfect frankness that he was over her head and ears in love with her.

"Ah, my friend," replied M. Barvaux, "I am very sorry for you. I should have warned you earlier. Sinking his 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 rational, although very agitated. In an excited voice he 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 hallucination and resolved to humor him.

"But she is so devoted to your wife," said he.

"Yes, and that is why I dare not speak. My wife thinks Angeline is an angel, and I am afraid to say anything."

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 sweep of a woman's dress in the room. He turned and saw a figure in white.

"Angeline," was on his lips, and he was about to spring to his feet when he saw something which turned him to stone. She was standing at the sideboard with a thick, green glass vial, the contents of which she was pouring into the decanter of wine specially reserved for M. Barvaux.

His host's suspicions were, then, correct. Oh, the horror of it! The girl he loved a poisoner! He could scarcely believe his senses, but after what M. Barvaux had told him doubt seemed no longer possible. The girl left the room as quietly as she had entered, closing the door as though afraid of being heard. Jack rushed to the sideboard. He unstopped the decanter. Yes, there was certainly a strange smell, which was not that of wine. What should he do—call Angeline an accuser on the spot? He could not. Should he tell his host? Should he pour away the poisoned wine?

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

looking rather pale and disordered, walked in from the garden, and as he did so his wife and Angeline entered 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 himself if it were possible that 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.

Supposing, after all, he were to be wrong, how could he face the girl he loved after accusing 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 ease. At length he managed to make his host understand that he was not to touch the wine. The Belgian smiled with an almost sardonic expression and eyed Angeline curiously. Presently he raised the decanter and leaned over the table, looking at her the while with his deep set black eyes.

"Allow me, Angeline," he said, "to pour you out a glass of wine."

"No—no, thank you," stammered the girl in an agitated manner.

"Come—I insist. I will take no refusal," 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. Half mechanically she took the glass of wine and raised it to her lips. She emptied it at one gulp, and then sank back in her chair, where she lay still and white. With a cry of terror M. Barvaux rushed to her assistance, but her husband 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 sense of the confirmation of his worst suspicions he concluded that the girl was poisoned, and off he rushed for the doctor. By good fortune he ran 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," he cried. "Let us run."

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied the doctor, "although I may tell you matters are not so serious as you imagine."

"But—"

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

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, you must know that she is subject to periodical fits of homicidal madness, and when these attacks are coming on it becomes necessary to administer powerful opiates to him without his knowledge. The paroxysm passed, he is once more the calm and cultured gentleman you know, but at times he is very dangerous, and but for my treatment it would probably become necessary to put him under restraint. 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 homicidal mania moderated his feelings of satisfaction, and, anxious to get back to assure himself of her safety, he tore away from the doctor, for he felt that, if an attack suddenly manifested itself in M. Barvaux, Angeline, as being the person who had raised his suspicions, would probably be the first victim of his mad rage. Indeed, he arrived none to soon. Mme. Barvaux was crouching in an agony of terror at the feet of the unconscious girl, while her husband was standing over them gesticulating wildly. Jack speedily overpowered him, and a few minutes afterward the doctor arrived, whose presence had a wonderfully soothing effect on the unfortunate gentleman. Under the doctor'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 longer. They were days of infinite happiness for both him and Angeline, and when at length his stay came to its end the Brussels express bore away a reluctant but very happy man, to whose ears the rhythmic rumble 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 certainly the strangest playground in England. The top of the roof of the school is enclosed by means of strong beams and wire netting, so that balls cannot fall upon the unsuspecting passerby. 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 winter a thin sheet of water, which quickly freezes, converts the roof into a skating pond, whereon the most anxious parent could trust his son without fear of his "falling through." Those who know choir boys only with those solemn faces which they invariably assume when seated in their stalls in the cathedral, would be astonished to find what remarkable light-hearted youngsters they are when slipping about on this roof of theirs, despite the smuts and an occasional whiff of smoke from a neighboring chimney.

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

Pointed Paragraphs.

Confidence often begets confidence—men.

Potters are not the only people who make family jars.

Fuzzless peaches are more plentiful than fuzzless 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 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 opportunity.

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.

Meets Your Needs.

When you feel tired, languid, nervous 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.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, nausea, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Hoax—"He's an idiot. He's crazy over cornet solos." Hoax—"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 nervousness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 Little "Rubies" in a vial—10 cents. Act like a charm. Never gripe. Sold by C. A. Klein.

"We want to rush one of our men over to France right away," remarked the head of the firm. "Why?" asked the silent partner. "To introduce our armor-clad undershirt. There's bound to be a number of duels over this Dreyfus business."

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear on every the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. This is the original "CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.

LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. March 24, 1898.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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.

OUR TWO PUBLICATIONS BALANCE OF THE YEAR



FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

We will mail THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, beginning with the next issue (October number), to January 1, 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.

The regular subscription price to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is \$2.50 per year. It was founded in 1728, and published by Benjamin Franklin up to 1765, and has been regularly published for 170 years—the oldest paper in the United States. Everybody knows THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, with its 800,000 subscription list. The Post will be just as high a grade of literature and illustration, but entirely distinctive in treatment and in kind. The best writers of the world contribute to both of our publications, and the illustrations are from the best-known artists.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Fine PHOTO-GRAPHS and CRAYONS at R. B. GROTZ, Bloomsburg. The best are the cheapest.



TID-BITS FOR MA' HONEY! and tender little juicelets for the children, are all right, but papa and "the boys" want a good, big, juicy steak, roast or chop when business or school duties are over, and we can cater to them all. Our stock of prime meats is unexcelled for quality, and we send them home in fine shape. J. E. KEFFER.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CONNECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods like Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Pork, Beef, Wheat, Oats, Rye, etc.

Table listing COAL prices for No. 6, 4 and 5 at different yardages.

The Leading Conservatory of America CARL FARLTON, Director. Founded in 1833 by M. Tourjée. NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, MASS. Send for Prospectus giving full information. FRANK W. HALL, General Manager.

Halfbacks, fullbacks & weakbacks are relieved by Johnson's Belladonna Plaster. IT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

PATENTS

Caueats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEE. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at Less Cost than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, County, or town sent free. Address

G. A. SNOW & CO., Washington, D. C. (Opposite U. S. Patent Office.)

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN