

A CHANGE OF MIND.

Miss Dubarle was five-and-forty years of age on the nineteenth of March, 18—, well, no matter what year.

And that was, without doubt, the reason that her relatives sent her pressing invitations to "come and visit them," and dispatched cases of wine and hampers of game and boxes of new books down to Dubarle Farm;

It was a bleak afternoon, the red and brown leaves whirling round and round in the blast, and the great wood fire upon the hearth sending, every now and then, spiteful little gusts of smoke into the room where Miss Dubarle and her second cousin and companion, Janet Heath, sat together, working roses for a counterpane.

"Janet," said Miss Dubarle, politely, "you're a fool!" Janet looked up with a flush of color on her pale, pretty cheek.

"Be a sensible girl," added the elder female. "Give him up, and I'll buy you a blue silk dress and a black lace shawl."

"Oh, pshaw-a-aw!" grimaced the spinner. "Love, indeed! I never was in love!" "And," added Janet, growing more rosy than ever, as she stooped to pick up her ivory needle, "he says he would be miserable without me. Don't, please, be angry, Miss Dubarle; but indeed, indeed, I must marry him!"

Miss Dubarle jumped up so suddenly that the dozing blackbird in its cage uttered a shrill note of consternation. "Very well," she said—"very well, Janet Heath. Pack your trunk as soon as you please. I can dispense with your services at once. And pack mine first, if you please, Janet Heath."

"You are not going away, Miss Dubarle?" queried poor Janet, in consternation. "I'm going to visit my relatives," said Miss Dubarle, with pursed-up lips. And then little Janet knew that her own fate as far as any worldly advantages to be derived from her kinship to the heiress, was sealed.

"Put in the black silk gown, Janet," said Miss Dubarle, in a tone as luxurious as if she were giving orders for her own funeral. "Of all sins, I regard ingratitude as the basest—and the China crape scarf—to think that I have nursed a viper to turn and sting me at last! And don't forget my easy slippers—though I don't know either why my corns should be entitled to any more consideration than my poor bruised heart."

And then, as Janet Heath began to cry, Miss Dubarle marched out of the room. "I never could endure the vapors," said Miss Dubarle. "I'll go to my niece Maria, or maybe I'll make Herbert Smythe a little bit of a visit; he's always saying how delighted he would be to entertain me in his bachelor quarters. They both love me, although I haven't done half for them that I have for this little serpent's tooth of a Janet. I dare say she expects to be my heiress, but she'll find out her mistake, I guess."

And Miss Dubarle, who allowed no suns to go down upon her wrath, took the first train for New York, and slept that night in the fifth story of a marble-fronted hotel.

"I didn't think I should miss that child Janet so much," she said rather dolefully to herself the next morning, as she tried to comb out her tangled "back-hair," and nearly strangled herself trying to button up her own boots—"but I don't care! I won't give up to her love-sick whims, and I will go to see Maria Brooks and Herbert Smythe. Maria's little girl wrote me a beautiful letter last month, and all out of her own head, her mother said. Let me see—Eudocia her name was. Perhaps I'll adopt Eudocia."

And Miss Dubarle ordered a carriage and drove to the mansion of Mr. Secor Brooks, on an aristocratic side street. "They seem to live very nicely," thought the rich relation. "I didn't know Secor's income justified such style as this."

The servant showed Miss Dubarle into a reception-room, furnished after the style of Louis Quinze. His mistress was out, but would return presently, he explained. "Till wait," said Miss Dubarle. A wizened little girl, with her hair braided in long Chinese plaits, and red, chill-looking elbows, was tinkling away at the piano. She looked round as the guest entered. "You are Eudocia, I suppose," said Miss Dubarle, affably. "Yes," said the child. "I'm Eudocia. And who are you?" "I am Miss Dubarle," said the heiress, graciously. "You have heard your mamma tell about Miss Dubarle, haven't you?" "Oh, yes!" said Eudocia, her small fishy eyes lighting up. "You're the old maid that mamma says is so out-

"Out of health?"

"No; some very big word." "Outrageous?" suggested Miss Dubarle, somewhat discomfited. "No—not that—outlandish! And you're going to die and leave me all your money and then we are to travel in Europe. But papa says he don't see but what you're going to hold on forever. What is it you are holding on to, Miss Dubarle?"

"Hem!" said Miss Dubarle. "So your mamma's kind enough to consider me outlandish, is she?" "Mamma's going to invite you to visit us," went on the unwisely communicative Eudocia, "when the Fitz-Roy Fortesques are gone. She says she don't want them to be shocked with your Noah's-Ark ways. I had a Noah's Ark once," added the enfant terrible, "with a dog in it and Sheem, Ham and Japhet."

"I dare say," said Miss Dubarle, checking a strong inclination to laugh, although she felt herself growing purple in the fact with indignation. "I think I won't wait any longer, Eudocia; good-by."

And Miss Dubarle shook the dust of the Secor Brooks mansion off her feet. "A pretty hypocrite's nest I should have got into there!" she said, half aloud, as she entered the vehicle she had been wise enough to bid wait. "Janet Heath, with all her faults, was at least frank and truthful enough. Drive to twenty-seven Bachelor Square, coachman!"

Twenty-seven Bachelor Square was a tall, brown-stone building, full of studios, officers and sets of chambers, and Miss Dubarle was well-nigh out of breath before she reached a door at the very top, on which a card, neatly tacked, bore the inscription, "Herbert Smythe, Artist."

She beat a brisk tattoo on the panels with the handle of her sun umbrella, and a voice answered,— "Come in."

But to her amazement, the occupant of the apartment, instead of a young artist in a black velvet painting-robe, was a grim female, sitting very upright on a gothic chair, with tattered gloves and a bonnet bent on the side. "Is Mr. Smythe in?" asked Miss Dubarle.

"No," answered the stony female; "he ain't. But if you're wise you'll sit down, like me, and wait until he does come in. I s'pose you've come after your bill?" "Have you?" asked Miss Dubarle, taking the first part of the hint, by depositing herself on a sofa.

"Yes—for the seventh time. He owes everybody—Smythe does. I'm his laundress, but you can ask the landlord and the wine merchant, and the tailor and the hatter, and—"

"Then," curly observed Miss Dubarle, "I should think you were all great fools for trusting him!" "So we be," said the woman, grimly; "and I ain't a denyrin' of that, but you see he's kept us on the string all along with stories of his rich cousin, Miss Dubarle, as has made her will in his favor, and is goin' to leave him no end of money."

"Oh!" said Miss Dubarle, rubbing her nose vehemently with the end of the sun-umbrella handle. "He says," added the unconscious traitress, "that she's as old as Methuselah, and can't live but a few days, anyhow; but I, for one, don't believe a word of it. But you ain't agoin' be you?" "Yes," said Miss Dubarle, rising. "Please to give him this card when he comes in and tell him, if you like, the little conversation we have had."

And she was nearly down-stairs before the laundress, fitting on a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, had read the two words inscribed upon the card—"Miss Dubarle."

The heiress was very silent during her drive back to the hotel. Perhaps she was engaged in rendering the funeral rites on her dear departed delusion! All that she said to herself was contained in one sentence,— "I don't like being made a fool of," she mentally enunciated, "and I believe I've come very near it."

Janet Heath sat by the fire in the next evening's twilight, musing, perchance, half in sadness, half in shy pleasure, when the door clicked on its latch and in walked Miss Dubarle. Janet started to her feet with a slight cry.

"Don't be alarmed," said Miss Dubarle, stroking the soft, brown hair with a kindly, reassuring touch. "I've come back to you, Janet Heath; for I believe, in spite of everything, you are the truest friend I've got, and that you love me, after—all!"

"Indeed, indeed," Miss Dubarle, "I do!" sobbed Janet, with her old foolish trick of tears. "And so," said Miss Dubarle, "you can marry that Harry Dart of yours, and he can come here to live, and we'll all be a happy family together. Untie my bonnet-strings, Janet—they've got somehow into a knot—and make me a cup of tea. These railroads are enough to shake one into a jelly!"

So Miss Dubarle settled back into the old groove again, and when the letters from New York came she sent them back unopened. And when Mr. Herbert Smythe and the Secor Brooks family arrived in propria personae she obstinately refused to see them. "I won't be bothered!" said Miss Dubarle; "Janet's my heiress, and there's an end to the matter."

And the relatives discovered that they might as well attempt to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to alter Miss Dubarle's resolve!—New York News.

A Russian chemist has discovered a most powerful anaesthetic, several thousand times more powerful than chloroform. Experiments are being made at St. Petersburg to see if it cannot be enclosed in bombs, which would have the extraordinary effect of anaesthetizing instead of wounding the enemy.

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known—He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, and assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him unfit for his engagements, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the public and frequently when conducting service he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Yonge Street Church, Toronto; the Baptist Church, Woodstock, N. B.; the Methodist Church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 2,500

people in the Franklin Street Congregational Church, at Manchester, N. H. Five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1895, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall Street Methodist Church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen series of the pills. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all gone now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in simple conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health to-day than I do." At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21st, from Fitchburg, Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says: "I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes, I have health to go with the Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of F. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1898,

at two o'clock p. m., all that message or piece of land situate in the town of Bloomsburg, county of Columbia and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Market street and Sixth street, thence along the south side of Sixth street north sixty-four degrees and fifty-six minutes east seventy-seven and two-tenths feet, thence north sixty and one-half degrees, east one hundred and twenty-one feet and two inches to Whitman's alley; thence south twenty-four degrees and fifty-six minutes, east fifty-four feet to land conveyed to Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Co. by D. J. Waller and Julia Waller, his wife; thence fifty-seven and one-half degrees west one hundred and ninety-eight and one-half feet to Market street; thence north twenty-two degrees and fifty-six minutes, west seventy and one-third feet to the place of beginning, whereon are erected a

3-STORY BRICK STORE AND OFFICE BUILDING,

a frame warehouse and other frame buildings. Seized and taken into execution at the suit of H. G. Supplee and Alfred Girton, executors of the estate of G. W. Supplee, deceased, vs. The Farmers' Produce Exchange, Limited, and to be sold as the property of the Farmers' Produce Exchange, Limited. W. W. BLACK, Sheriff.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.

The following Widows' Appraisements will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Sept. 26, 1898, and confirmed nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within four days will be confirmed final. Est. of Christian M. Fedder, late of Scott Twp., deceased. Personalty \$300. Est. of Samuel Thomas, late of Fishing Creek Twp., deceased. Personalty \$300. Est. of Peter Sponeberg, late of Centre Twp., deceased. Personalty \$75.00. Est. of John Singley, late of Main Twp., deceased. Personalty \$127.50. Est. of William Shultz, late of Madison Twp., deceased. Personalty \$300. Est. of Samuel Young, late of Jackson Twp., deceased. Personalty \$300. Est. of George Russel, late of Hemlock Twp., deceased. Personalty \$154.44. Est. of William G. Girton, late of Town of Bloomsburg, deceased. Personalty \$294.15. Clerk's Office Bloomsburg, Pa., Sept. 1, 1898. W. H. HENRIE, Clerk O. C.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, on the fifth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, under Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by George A. Mason, D. T. Elie Amasa Whitnought, Charles R. Riebel and John Mellick, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "Camp No. 23, Patriotic Order Sons of America," for the purpose and object of which is fostering and cultivating a spirit of patriotism and love of country among themselves and others, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy, at all the rights, benefits and privileges, conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid, and its supplements. ISABEL KELLER, BLOOMSBURG, PA., SEPT. 13, 1898. SOLICITORS.

NOTICE OF INSOLVENCE.

In the matter of the petition of William Heffron, an insolvent. To the creditors of said petitioner: Notice is hereby given that a petition of William Heffron, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, praying the Court for the benefit of the insolvent laws of this Commonwealth, and for a discharge thereunder. The said Court has fixed the Court as the place, and on Monday, September 25, A. D. 1898 at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time for hearing the said petition. W. A. EVERT, Attorney for Petitioner, Sept. 1, 1898.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of Peter Solleder, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Solleder, late of the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Harry B. Solleder, resident of said town, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. MARY E. SOLLEDER, Executrix. 9-1-98.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of E. R. Keler, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of E. R. Keler, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., Columbia county, deceased, have been granted to Frank Keler and Fred Keler, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. FRANK KELER, FRED KELER, Executors. 9-1-98.

Jurors for September Court.

GRAND JURORS. Benton twp.—C. B. Meyers, Berwick—Fred Christianman, Bloom—E. F. Dieterick, William Kramer, Edward Myers, J. H. Mercer, Charles Quick, Joseph Wits, Thos. E. Wildsmith. Briarclark—Charlie Maria, Catawissa boro.—I. G. Ervin, Catawissa twp.—W. H. Roberts, Centralia boro.—James Keccc, Centre—John Scott, Conyngham—John Frash, Wm. Riley, Fishingcreek—Henry S. Hummel, O. S. McHenry, O. S. Pealer, Millville boro.—Frank Stadler, Orange—Harrison Brenner, Pine—William Swartz, Scott—J. E. White, Sugarloaf—I. A. Ruckle.

TRAVERSE JURORS, FIRST WEEK.

Beaver—Samuel Clingerman, Benton twp.—Bruce Ash, Berwick—Chas. Haas, Miles Marteeny, Geo. S. Mooney, Bloom—W. B. Allen, Frank Derr, Wm. Dentler, Edward Geringer, Wm. Herbine, B. F. Hicks, Frank Knorr, Jas. Magee 1st, J. B. McHenry, Wm. Pugh, J. M. Walter, Briarclark—George W. Miller, Catawissa boro.—Charles Brown, John R. Deemer, Harp M. Handlin, Centralia boro.—John B. Laughlin, Mike Madlon, Robert White, Jr., Cleveland—E. Clever, Conyngham—Charles Emmis, Lewis Fetzer, Emanuel Levan, Wm. Rhoads, Fishingcreek—A. W. Buckalew, Amos Hartman, Greenwood—George W. Derr, Jackson—John Savage, J. H. Shultz, Madison—Howard Greenly Thoms Kinlin, George Mausteller, Main—C. F. Hartzell, Millville boro.—V. P. Eves, Alfred Hunter, John Kingston, Mt. Pleasant—Samuel English, Roaringcreek—Isaac W. Ch.rrington, Scott—N. W. Fowler, George P. Hess, John Jones, I. J. Musselman, H. C. Ruckle, John Wanich.

TRAVERSE JURORS, SECOND WEEK.

Beaver—John Clingerman, Benton boro.—H. O. McHenry, Benton twp.—R. M. Shultz, Berwick—James W. Basom, MacCrea Evans, H. C. Laubach, Bloom—A. H. Corell, George W. Hartzel, B. Fred Hartman, Jacob Stiner, E. J. Stetler, C. M. Terwilliger, Briarclark—Samuel Rinard, Alfred Stiner, Catawissa boro.—Jas. A. Guy, Chas. Heist, Centralia boro.—James J. Colihan, Robt. P. Farrel, Greenwood—Lewis Robbins, Hemlock—John Moore, Barton Purcell, Jackson—Earl Derr Michael Hartman, Locust—Daniel Knorr, Madison—Latimer Whipple, Main—Boyd Hartzell, Millfin—J. D. Houck, Mt. Pleasant—Clinton Crawford, Orange—Josiah Lowery, Pine—J. F. Fenstermacher, Scott—Jacob Hirlman, H. C. Millard, Charles Shaffer, Jerry Welliver, Sugarloaf—Andrew Lewis, Ale Park.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of C. E. Winner deceased late of Bloomsburg, Pa. The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County to distribute the balance of the hands of the accountants in the estate of C. E. Winner deceased, late of Bloomsburg, Pa. will sit at the office of C. W. Miller Esq. in the town of Bloomsburg for the performance of his duties on Friday, September 25, 1898 at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear and present their claims or be forever barred from coming in for a share of said fund. August 24 98 A. C. PEA COCK, Auditor.

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G. M. QUICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office over First National Bank.

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