

A WOMAN'S WILL.

"It's no use trying," said Phemie, "mother hates me, and everything I do is wrong."

"Your mother can't help it, Phemie," said Doctor Jasper. He was the new medical man, in huge favor with Mrs. Albatross, Phemie's mother.

"Look here," said the girl—she was just past twenty—"you and mother are always croaking about me, I know, but you do nothing to help me. At least I think you would, but you're afraid."

"Your mother used to take an interest in you, but you did not meet her half way. Is not that so?"

"No, it isn't. When I was sixteen she had a fad of dressing me up in last century costume and making a doll of me—not my style at all—just to show off her own cleverness and querness at my expense. She said I was ugly and only dressing could make me fit to be seen."

"Well?" said Doctor Jasper, who was a rising young medico of thirty, as he looked gravely and judiciously at the pretty, much tried girl, who only half believed in his good will.

"Well," said Phemie, "every one laughed, and I showed mother I would not stand it."

"And then?"

"Then she packed me off to school. The mistress said I was sort of dazed for a time, as if I had been ill treated—and so I had—and quite neglected, but they were kind to me there, and I was very happy for more than a year except in the holidays, which were always odious. Then you came along."

And Phemie paused and stole a doubtful glance at the doctor.

"What then?" said the doctor, like a person coldly inquiring for ordinary information, yet with a certain little twinkle in his eye which did not escape the aggrieved Phemie.

"Then," said the girl, "I thought you were my friend at first, but I don't now. At least—"

At this moment Mrs. Albatross entered, and, turning sharply on Phemie, said with a snap:

"I suppose you haven't fed the fowls or sorted the linen or done anything but idle away your time, as usual?"

"I was called when Doctor Jasper came, because you could not be found."

"I'm sick of your excuses. Doctor Jasper does not wish to see you."

Then, in quite an altered tone, as Phemie shrunk away out of the room: "Do you mind coming up to my sitting room? I want to have a talk with you about those changes at the infirmary. I am sure that you will agree with me and you will be most useful. We can't allow things to go on," etcetera.

Dr. Jasper always did agree with Mrs. Albatross, but somehow he molded her, and she usually came round to his opinion. He listened and she talked. He could wait, and when he had taken her bearings—without ever interrupting or contradicting—she listened and he talked, and not then, but next time, she echoed his opinions and fancied they were all her own.

"It is such a comfort to find a sensible man to talk to in a stupid place like this," said she, laying her arm confidently upon the doctor's as he sat smiling and agreeing with her.

Mrs. Albatross had worried one husband into the grave—she was too clever for him—but her intellectual vivacity, imagination and enterprise made her an interesting companion. She was only a little past forty, and very well preserved, and she meant to marry Doctor Jasper.

Whether it was hypnotism or will power, the doctor came again and again and would not send in his bill, and the doctor's bill never was paid. He paid himself.

"Don't speak to me," said Phemie hurriedly, as she met the doctor coming down stairs after a long confab with her mother. "Mother's about. She's out all to-morrow afternoon. I've got to paint the doors." And Jasper passed out with a sympathetic smile. She knew he would call and advise her about painting the doors. He did call.

"What a deal you know about mixing paints and things! I'm sure I want good advice a great deal more than mother does. But then, I'm not clever like mother," added Phemie, with a little aggrieved pout. "So it's not worth while talking to me."

"I do feel for you," said the doctor, with an unusual warmth of manner. "I have done all I could to get your mother to be fair to you, Phemie—she had never called her Phemie before, and she felt her color."

"What's the matter?" he added hastily, for suddenly Phemie's eyes filled with tears, and she just went off then and there and left the paint pots and things without saying another word.

Doctor Jasper's visits became more frequent. Mrs. Albatross was constantly seen about the village with him. They met in cottages. She was devoted, so she said, to nursing the sick. It was certainly a new development. She was never seen with her daughter, nor was Jasper, but he saw her—daughter oftener than she knew still it seemed less and less possible to do without Mrs. Albatross. Her ability, her cooked foods and port wine in "cases," her influence with the squire, who disliked and obeyed her; with the parson, whose good will was important to the doctor, and who was afraid of Mrs. Albatross, for she

browbeat him in the chair at parish meetings, picked holes in his sermons and organized the penny readings, which he disliked, under his very nose—all this and a good deal more—for Mrs. Albatross was a woman and not above feminine arts—put Jasper in rather a tight place.

He knew that Mrs. Albatross wanted to marry him, and there were days—yes, whole days—when he really thought he should be obliged to marry Mrs. Albatross.

The moment came. It was in the little sitting room up stairs.

Something had happened. Doctor Jasper saw that plainly enough.

The lady was flushed and excited, and he missed the usual confidential hand squeeze.

"I—I wanted to see you," she said, and paused. "Nothing has come to your ears, I suppose?"

The doctor looked inquiringly.

"Well, then, I'm dreadfully troubled, annoyed beyond measure, put out. Of course, you know my maid, Susan. She has been with me ten years, and is not a gossip—"

"What on earth do you mean? De be plain. Surely with me you might be quite plain." And he moved a little nearer, feeling at that moment a curious kind of attraction which almost compelled him to lay his hand upon her arm and force her to be quite honest. "Don't keep me on tenterhooks," he said eagerly. "Tell me."

"I will," said the lady. "I feel I can tell you anything. I don't think I have any other friend in the world—at least, not like you. No one understands me, no one has helped me as you have, and we've got to part. What is all—"

"What on earth?" said Jasper, really shaken and troubled—he had never seen her grow pale like that, or her lips quiver like that, and she was not of the crying sort, and she did not cry now—"what—what has Susan been saying?"

"Only that it's all over the place and that she thought at last she ought to tell me—"

"You don't mean, you don't mean"—He couldn't quite say it.

"Yes I do," she said. And she rose and walked up and down the room full of a sort of angry vexation, mingled evidently with a conflict of passionate feeling she could neither conceal nor subdue.

"Sit down," he said.

He had risen. He took her arm. She was positively trembling. He led her to the sofa by the fire.

"I shall have to leave this place," she said in a sort of hard voice.

The angry tears came into her eyes. He had never seen her weep. This was the nearest approach to it.

"I know what you are going to say. Don't say it. No, you shan't go. You are useful. The people trust you. It is your sphere. I am the marplot. Why should you go?" said Jasper, hardly measuring his words. "Why should either of us go? Why not stay—and stay—stay together?"

"You don't mean it?"

Men at such times are more fools than knaves.

"Yes, yes—I do."

Jasper had taken her hand. The woman with the iron will, the keen intellect, the nature self-contained, which seemed at times as hard as nails, turned toward him, and in another moment fell crying and laughing hysterically into his arms. At that moment, as ill luck would have it, Phemie, hearing unusual sounds, and thinking some one needed assistance, entered.

"Go and fetch some sal volatile. Your mother is not very well."

Indeed, at that moment Mrs. Albatross seemed to have really fainted away. Whether she fainted or not no one will ever know. The doctor himself was doubtful.

Jasper never entered the house again. He went home, packed up his things, wrote a hurried note in a disguised hand to Phemie, who on the following day would be twenty-one years old, and come into five hundred pounds a year, which had been left her, to the disgust of her mother, by her fond father—and Jasper went to bed.

He must have risen early. No one at his lodgings saw him go out. His hot water was brought up at eight o'clock. His boots had not been put out over night.

The servant knocked again at nine. The door was not locked. She entered. She saw boxes packed and labeled "Left till called for." The bed was empty.

The station was a mile off. There were only two passengers by the early train.

When Mrs. Albatross came down to breakfast she inquired for Phemie. Phemie was gone.

A Beggar's Retort.

An anecdote of Bishop Thomas W. Dudley reveals in his own words the secrets of his success:

When it was first known in the city in which he was settled that he was to go to Kentucky some of his friends were disposed to be critical.

"You are not going to Kentucky, are you?" asked one.

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you know what kind of a state that is? I saw in a paper that one man killed another in a Kentucky town for treading on a dog."

The bishop said nothing and the man continued impatiently:

"What are you going to do in a place like that?"

"I'm not going to tread on the dogs," was the calm reply.—St. Louis City Journal.

How Relief Came.

This is the sequel of a terrible calamity which affected many sections of the country some years ago. A host of victims suffered disease and death. The survivors have now a new reason to rejoice.

About seven years ago the La Grippe visited various sections of the country in its deadly might scattering disease and death among its hosts of victims.

Most of those afflicted who escaped death then, have lived on in suffering, broken in health and ambition; for the after-effects of this disease are dangerous.

A large portion of the survivors have a feeling of oppression in the chest.

A little exertion causes a violent action of the heart, described as "palpitation."

There is mental anxiety, depression, blueness of the skin, indicating impaired circulation of the blood.

The sluggishness of its circulation impairs the functions of most of the organs; the stomach and intestines fail to perform their work, while the appetite and digestion become seriously affected.

This complaint has baffled eminent physicians and exhausted the results of pharmacopoeia.

Recently, however, a means for a cure has been obtained.

Among those who have been restored to health by it is Herman H. Evler, of 811 W. Main Street, Jefferson, Mo., a resident of that city for thirty-eight years, well known as a successful contractor.

He was one of the victims of the "Grippe" seven years ago and has since been troubled with its after-effects.

"That he lives to-day," he says, "is due to a remarkable occurrence."

"I was taken with a malady just after the 'Grippe' visited this section and caused so

many fatalities about seven years ago.

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely."

"I tried different doctors and carefully followed their directions, but no benefit was apparent. I used numerous remedies that were highly recommended but no satisfactory results were obtained."

"I began to give up all hope of receiving relief. My condition was deplorable."

"In reading a St. Louis newspaper I noticed an article extolling Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"After making inquiries regarding them I concluded to give the pills a thorough trial."

"I used the first box and was wonderfully relieved."

"I bought two more boxes and continued taking them."

"A marked improvement was soon noticeable; the shortness of breath, the palpitation of my heart and kindred ailments began to abate."

"After taking four boxes of these pills, I was restored to good health."

"I feel like a new man now, and can transact my business with increased ambition."

To add strength to his story Mr. Evler made affidavit before Notary Public Adam Poutsong and he will gladly answer inquiries to those enclosing stamp for reply.

The reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are helpful in such cases as this, is that they are composed of vegetable remedies which act directly on the impure blood, the foundation of disease.

The Bogus Check Game.

The swindler who gulled a number of Shenandoah and Shamokin merchants by presenting checks for purchase of goods, disappearing after receiving the excess in cash, has been heard from in Selinsgrove.

The fellow, who travels under the name of Baker, called upon George F. Stetler, an undertaker, and stated that his sister died at Paxtonville at the home of Mrs. Dobson, and he wanted to buy a coffin.

Undertaker Stetler showed him the different styles and prices of the caskets and Baker finally selected one for \$55. Stetler made out a bill for it and was handed a check for \$65 on the Lewistown bank.

He suspected something and telephoned to Paxtonville to ascertain whether there was a corpse at the Dobson house. The answer was that there was no corpse in town. On this Baker then unceremoniously ran away and has not been heard from since.

How IT HURTS! Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints.

The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's PILLS cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

The Coffee Heart.

The coffee heart is the latest to be added to the classifications of the functional derangements of that organ. The coffee heart is due to an over indulgence in that beverage, just as the tobacco heart is credited to the use of tobacco, or the bicycle heart to extravagance in wheeling.

A medical director in a life insurance company avers that over-indulgence in the use of coffee shortens the beat of the heart, and that the excessive use of it hereafter will be regarded as risks in life insurance.

IT HAS BEEN FULLY demonstrated that Ely's Cream Balm is a specific for Nasal Catarrh and cold in the head. This distinction has been achieved only as the result of continued successful use.

A morbid condition of the membrane in the nasal passages can be cured by this purifying and healing treatment. Sold by druggists it will be mailed for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York. Spreads over the membrane, is absorbed and relief is immediate.

Loaded With Germs.

Physicians declare that the pens and pencils used in the school rooms are loaded with deadly disease germs. They say that parents should caution their children not to put the end of a pen or pencil in the mouth.

A pen or pencil furnished by the school, is in time passed through the hands of every scholar in the room, and by the time each has taken a chew at the end, the germs, if they exist, will be thoroughly distributed.

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Bloomsburg Land Improvement Company. J. S. WOODS, Sales Agent. N. U. FUNK, Secretary. 10-6-mos.

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, OCT. 22, 1898, at two o'clock p. m., all that lot or piece of ground, situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point in the eastward line of Market street, one hundred and sixty feet northward from the northward line of Eighth street, and running thence eastwardly parallel with the northward line of Eighth street one hundred and forty feet, and running thence southwardly parallel with the eastward line of Market street forty feet, and running thence westwardly parallel with the northward line of Eighth street one hundred and forty feet to the eastward line of Market street, and running thence along the eastward line of Market street northwardly forty feet to the place of beginning, whereon are erected a nearly new two and one-half story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE and other outbuildings.

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