

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Duke Carlton paced restlessly back and forth on the platform at the station of D...

Presently he walked back to the little ticket office, where the agent was laboriously writing.

"Do you know if there is any sort of conveyance around here that I could get to take me to the next village?"

The agent calmly finished the sentence he was writing, pushed the cap he was wearing on the back of his head still further back...

Duke walked rapidly from the depot and hastened in the direction of the "tavern," keeping the chimney in view as a guard against mistake...

After a prolonged stare, as if mentally digesting the word, she answered with a half grunt:

"No, thank you," said Duke: "If I cannot find a vehicle of some description I suppose I must walk, for I must certainly get there to-night."

"It's four mile an' a half by the railroad, an' eight or seven if you take the road," was the surly answer, as she saw there was not even a remote chance of "Abe's" making something in the morning.

"Thanks. Then if I take to the track here and go straight ahead I shall come out at the village at the end of about four miles?"

"Ah!" he said aloud. "Here is the tunnel of which she warned me. I wonder how long it is? What a dunce I was not to ask. It does look like a ticklish place, that's a fact—small, one track affair. I don't half like the idea of going through it."

He had groped along for a short quarter of a mile, feeling his way carefully by the wall. Not a thought of any actual danger had entered his head—so full of his fair bride to be until suddenly a dull rattle struck his ears...

He listened, laying his ear to the rail; it was coming in the rear. He quickened his steps—he ran—ran as rapidly as he dared for fear of a misstep which would hinder instead of advance his ends.

Now the roar comes nearer; he can imagine the train as it is tearing along, carrying death to him. He thinks each individual hair is standing on end.

At last a gleam of light greets him at the farther end of the tunnel. Oh, what hope it inspires! He thinks of the races he has won at college, and determines to take a fresh start.

The light ahead grows more and more distinct, but his breath is going, and the train behind is rushing on fast; it seems quite close now; he can almost feel its breath upon him; still he runs.

But the engineer had seen him jump, and not being able to ascertain whether he had been struck by the cowcatcher or not, stopped the train and went back in search of him; and when Duke Carlton regained consciousness he was lying on a seat in the depot in the village for which he had started some hours before.

He was not seriously injured. His fall had but stunned him, and in an hour he was quite ready to proceed on his journey, a little pale, it is true, and shaky in the lower extremities, but otherwise rejoicing that he had succeeded in his quest, and would be in time for his wedding, with thirty minutes to spare.

Duke Carlton does not believe in the theory that a person's hair turns white in a night from sudden fright or sorrow, for his own raven locks show not a trace of silver; and surely no one ever had a more terrible fright or a narrower escape than did he on his wedding day, when he ran a race for his bride.

THE FRENCH HONOR.

In the Army It is of a Particular Variegated Kind.

"No," said the French artillery officer quoted by the Cleveland Leader. "I have never done a thing that any man should be ashamed of."

"You have never told a lie?" the advocate demanded. "Never."

"You have never robbed a chicken coop?" "Never, as I am a gentleman and a scholar."

"You have never violated the sanctity of an oath?" "No, I have never thought of doing such a thing."

"You have never gone into your friend's house and abused his hospitality?" "Of course not."

"You swear that you are guiltless of all these things, do you?" "I swear it."

"You have never cheated your landlady?" "Never."

"Now, on your honor as a soldier, tell me, are you not guilty of all the crimes that I have mentioned?" The officer went pale, and replied: "Ah, monsieur, why have you appealed to my soldierly honor? Why do you compel me to confess that I have lied, robbed hen coops, abused my friends' confidence, perjured myself, and left my board bill unpaid? As a soldier of France I could do these things and still remain unsullied; but upon my honor as a soldier I may not deny them. Hand me the six-shooter."

Befo' de Wah Style.

In these days of crazy fads almost any price will be paid for the gratification of a sense of novelty is presented by a middle-aged man of wealth who lives in a handsome house near the lower end of Central Park.

His father was a slaveholder, and old times are recalled by a daily return to ante-bellum conditions. Negro servants are employed with the understanding that when there are no visitors in the house they shall call the owner "Master" or "Mars John."

"Ah!" he said aloud. "Here is the tunnel of which she warned me. I wonder how long it is? What a dunce I was not to ask. It does look like a ticklish place, that's a fact—small, one track affair. I don't half like the idea of going through it."

He had groped along for a short quarter of a mile, feeling his way carefully by the wall. Not a thought of any actual danger had entered his head—so full of his fair bride to be until suddenly a dull rattle struck his ears, and caused him to wonder from whence the sound proceeded.

THE MAJOR'S EXPERIENCE.

How He Spent the Greater Part of His Life—A Time When His Life was in Danger.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

One of the staunchest supporters of the deep-water way from the Great Lakes to the ocean is Maj. A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Major Bishop has had unusual experience in that line of work and probably few are so well qualified to speak intelligently of it as he. For the greater part of his life he has been engaged in water ways, and is one of the oldest and best known civil engineers north of the Ohio river.

He has been superintendent of large mining operations and when the State Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., was built, he was superintendent and engineer in charge of the construction.

Major Bishop was attached to the staff of Brigadier General Chamberlain, of the National Guard of New York, with the rank of Major from 1857 to 1865.

He has been located in Detroit since 1865, and has a large acquaintance among the business men and citizens of this city.

Two years ago, for the first time, Major Bishop was in the hospital. For two months he had the best of medical attendance but when he was discharged he was not like the Major Bishop of old.

When asked regarding his health, he said: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight, I could not gain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks."

I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution."

When you want to look on the bright side of things, use

SAPOLIO

To Re-issue Excess Checks.

Shortly after the war revenue law went into effect, both the P. & R. and Penna. Railroads discontinued the issuance of excess checks to all passengers who purchased their tickets from the conductor, as under a ruling of the Internal Revenue Department, it was compulsory to affix a 2-cent stamp on all checks of this nature issued.

The Homeliest Man in Bloomsburg as well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get FREE a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 25c. and 50c. 11 1044

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Penna. and will be presented to the said court on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1898, and confirmed nisi, unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute:

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order, issued out of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., the undersigned executor of Elias Kieckhefer, late of the Borough of Benton, Columbia county, Pa., deceased, will expose to public sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1898, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain lot of land, situated in the Borough of Benton, Columbia County, Pa., and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 25, on the east side of Main street, thence along said street north twenty-eight and one-fourth degrees east three rods to a corner at an alley; thence by said alley south sixty-one and three-fourths degrees east, thirteen and four-tenths rods to a corner at the intersection of said alley with the east side of one-fourth degree east three rods to a corner of lot No. 25; thence by said lot north sixty-one and three-fourths degrees, west thirteen and four-tenths rods to the place of beginning, containing

40 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND strict measure, being lot No. 24 in the plan or draft of the north part of Benton, laid out by Richard Stiles, on which are erected a two-story DWELLING HOUSE, barn and outbuildings.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of John A. Funston, deceased. Notice is hereby given of administration, with the will annexed, on the estate of John A. Funston, late of the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to Charles W. Funston, resident of said town, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to make known the same without delay.

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