

A WINTER'S EVENING.

The short December day was closing in. The twilight mingled pleasantly with the ruddy glow of the fire, and the girl at the window could no longer see to read.

"Maisy," she began, hesitatingly. "I want to speak to you again about—" (the girl knew the particular tone of voice, and broke in quickly with "Oh, mother, please not that!")

"At present," the mother went on relentlessly, "I am besieged on all sides by men who wish to marry you, for you are a pretty girl, Maisie—prettier than any of your sisters, and more like your dear grandmother, who was quite a belle in her time—but in a few years nobody will look at you, your chances of happiness and of making a good match will be over forever."

"You mean of a rich man," the girl said languidly, folding her hands and again turning her eyes to the garden.

A tall man, with bowed head and hands clasped behind him, was walking restlessly over the little lawn, a few inches of freshly fallen snow deadening the sound of his quick footsteps, and the girl watched with unconscious fascination the dark shadowy prints left in the flat whiteness.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered, rising, and leaning against the mantelpiece, he looked down at her with yearning, dreamy eyes. "Shall I tell you the riddle of my life?" he asked. She assented.

"Ten years ago I married the girl my father chose for me—an heiress, the only child of rich and indulgent parents. We did not love each other—a punishment at which I doubtless deserved. Less than a year after our marriage I first noticed a strange expression in my wife's face, which day by day became more apparent, and then she began to talk strangely and to say senseless things. Vainly I strove to fight the fear which was fast growing to certainty, till at last the violence of a mad woman left me in doubt no longer as to the terrible thing which had come upon me.

"I won't describe to you the horror of the next few months, when the best brain doctors in London pronounced her case hopelessly incurable, and when I had done all I could to restore the balance of her disordered mind, without avail. I did not want to send the poor thing away; but the matter was taken out of my hands. When I was recovering from a knife wound in my left temple—you see I am destined to carry a reminder of her to my grave—the doctors insisted on removing her to an asylum, and there I have been obliged to leave her ever since."

"The girl had drawn nearer to him; his story had been a shock to her, but her thoughts were not of herself. "How dreadful!" she said, "and how lonely you must often be! Why have you never let me know you all these years?"

"I-I dared not!"—he turned away. He did not see the glory of love and suffering that shone in her soft, dark eyes. Maybe he heard both in her voice, for there stole into his eyes the light of happiness.

"It was unkind of you," she said; "I might have been better than nothing." She crept close to him, and shyly put her hands in one of his; he bent over them, holding them to his brow. "Little girl, you don't understand," he said softly. "Better than nothing!—it was just because you are better than everything that I could not say to you, 'Come!' Every day since I first came here I think I would have given my soul to see you come in at that door as you did to-night. I was often lonely, but it satisfied me to know that you were near. It amused me to wonder what you should say to each other if we ever met."

"Yet," said the girl, "I wonder that you can hold such happy theories about life! Do you really believe that your riddle will be solved?" "I think," he answered gravely, "it was solved by the telegram you saw me open in the garden; it brought me the news of my poor wife's death—and you came to save me from the horror of my thoughts."

The girl would have drawn away her hands, but he detained them; she swayed a little, and he supported her with his arm. "I must go back," she said faintly. He folded her cloak about her tenderly. "I am going to take you home," he said.—Max Hamilton in St. James' Budget.

"Come in and shut the door," was his greeting. "I have been waiting for you." "You are alone, as usual," she asked, drawing nearer. "I am always alone. Why in the world did you come?"

"You had a telegram just now, in the garden," she explained; "I feared it might be bad news." He gave a little hard, mirthless laugh. "Bad news has long ceased to be possible in my life," he said, coldly. "Was that why you came?"

"Reason enough to keep most people away," he remarked, drily. At last she asked: "Why do you walk round and round your lawn every evening?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Force of habit, I suppose; it is the way I think."

"I don't think it will occur to her to ask. Her thoughts are taken up at the present moment"—she glanced at the clock—"in accepting an offer of marriage on my behalf. She is an admirable woman; I am her sixth daughter, and when she has disposed of me we shall all have been married before the age of 24."

The girl was gazing at him steadily and without flinching; vaguely she found herself wondering if there had ever been a time in her life when she had not known him—when, in fact this stranger had not been her first and greatest thought, the supreme interest which completely filled the emptiness of her world. So had love come to her unsought, and as yet she knew it not by that name. When she spoke her voice was low and appealing: "Well, it can matter little how one works out one's destiny, if in the end all will infallibly turn out well. For instance, I shall marry this man of my mother's choice, and perhaps for a few years we will be miserable together; but at last death will free one of us and then life's object will become clear and I will view it from the impartiality of my last hour, from the standpoint of a calm, experience or resignation, as a charming picture in a circular frame, and shall smile to see how well the colors blend." She laughed hopelessly.

"I should like you to see him by yourself, mother," said the girl, rising and wondering with complete disinterest what would be the outcome of her mental aberration and wandering response.

"And I may tell him—" said the mother, eagerly. "Anything you like," her daughter answered as she disappeared.

The servant entered with a tea tray, made up the fire, and lowered the blinds. The girl passed swiftly through the hall, wrapping a soft gray cloak about her as she went, and then, opening a side door and closing it quietly behind her, she slipped out into the snow covered garden. In the low hedge which divided it from the neighboring patch there was a broken space large enough to squeeze through and a moment later she was skimming across the very lawn where she had just seen the owner's footsteps multiplying in the snow. As she had expected, he had left his garden door open, and through this she made her way into the hall, and thence into the only room from which as yet a light emerged. A cozy fire and a red-shaded lamp showed her a charming study, lined from floor to ceiling with books, and in a deep arm-chair before the fire she beheld her three years' neighbor, the owner of this delightful sanctum.

On the threshold she stood still with astonishment. From what she had seen of his face she had not thought him remarkable in appearance—this man was without doubt singularly handsome. She had believed the bowed form belonged to a man of 50 at least, whereas this man could not have been more, and was probably less than 35. A vague sense of vexation filled her, and she wished she had not yielded to the ridiculous impulse which had brought her thither. Then, in a moment, a revulsion of feeling made her glad, with a great throbbing of gladness, that she had obeyed the dictates of her folly. He looked up from the fire, gazed at her abstractedly for half a second, and when he spoke his voice showed no surprise.

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When you see a sky of blue, Think that sky was made for you! When the breeze bends down the trees, You just think that that's your breeze. Every blessed drop of dew Falls upon a rose for you! —FRANK L. STANTON.

SICK HEADACHE Is the Bane of Many a Woman's Life—How the Disease may be Cured. A Case Cited.

From the Republican, Bethany, Mo. Mrs. Fannie B. Stoffle, of Martinsville, Mo., was lately rescued from a fate which nearly wrecked her life. It seems she has for many years been severely afflicted with a complication of diseases and frequently would have fearful attacks in which she would become unconscious for hours. In one of these, she was unconscious for many hours. Her condition became alarming; the usual restoratives failed to bring relief; the physician's aid proved unavailing and death seemed imminent. She recovered, however, and that she lives to-day is wonderful. A reporter who was sent to investigate, when he met Mrs. Stoffle could not help but remark "how well she was looking" and could scarcely realize that she had passed through such a trying ordeal as had been represented. In speaking of her experience, Mrs. Stoffle said: "I used to have terrible sick headaches, which I had as far back as I can remember. In recent years they were getting worse. I would suffer so that I would become unconscious, and the last one I had I was unconscious from seven in the evening until after midnight. I was so bad that the doctor could not get the medicine in my mouth, but had to give me a hypodermic injection. The doctor said I was likely to die in one of those spells. "A few years ago, I took treatment of a specialist in Kansas City, but it only relieved me for a while. "When I came here two years ago my health was miserable. My husband who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, insisted that I commence using them. I finally consented to try them. After taking a few doses I could see an improvement and my headache spells were not so severe. I kept taking the pills until I had used four boxes, and since that time I have not had any of those attacks and I never felt so well in my life. "I have recommended the pills to my friends and several have used them with good results. "I am always glad to tell of the great benefit I received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for now I feel as though I was the happiest, most contented woman in the world, for with good health who cannot but be happy?" Mrs. Stoffle is a sister of Joseph Holland, of Bethany, who is well known throughout the county, having been a candidate for sheriff at the election of 1896. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Curless, of Eagleville, also well known in this county. No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are recognized everywhere as a specific for diseases of the blood and nerves. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases. Truly they are one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. The undersigned, administrator of the estate of Hiram R. Kline, late of the Township of Orange, County of Columbia, and State of Pennsylvania, will sell, on the premises, on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2d, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, situate in the village of Orangeville, township, county and state as aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Pine street, on the east by an alley, on the south by lot of — and on the west by Mill street, whereon are erected a TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, barn and out buildings, with all the necessary improvements to make it a first class home, and being centrally located with reference to the town makes it a desirable investment. TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. upon striking down of the property, one-fourth less the ten per cent upon confirmation of the sale, and balance in one year thereafter with interest from confirmation. ALFRED HOUTZ, Administrator. C. W. MILLER, Attorney. 11-11 ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of Vend. Ex., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bloomsburg, Pa., on WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30, 1893, at two o'clock p. m., all these sundry lots and premises, situate in the village of Millville, in the Township of Millin, in Columbia County, Pennsylvania, as follows, to wit: Three out lots in the said village, marked, numbered and described in the general plan of said village, as out lots Nos. 12, 43 and 105, and in lots Nos. 109, 162, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168 and 115, property of the said Hiram Eckroth, and also on all the right, title and interest, of the said Hiram Eckroth in the following described real estate, situate in the same village and plot of ground, to wit: The house and ground comprising the late residence of Lewis Eckroth, deceased, being in lot No. 21, and part in lot No. 25, whereon are erected a large two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE and a frame barn and out buildings, with fruit and water on the premises, with the appurtenances, and also on all the right, title and interest, of said Hiram Eckroth, in lots on Front street, in said village, Nos. 74 and 75. Also on all that piece and tract of land adjoining lands of S. Kuecht and D. H. Hess, containing TWO ACRES, more or less. Also one piece of WOOD LAND, containing SIX ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of George Fry, J. S. Yohe, also, one in lot No. 29. Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of A. W. Snyder, executor of Samuel Snyder, deceased, vs. Hiram Eckroth, and to be sold as the property of Hiram Eckroth. FREEZE & HARMAN, W. W. BLACK, Attorneys. Sheriff.

REGISTER'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given to all legatees, creditors and other persons interested in the estates of the respective decedents and minors that the following administrations, executorships and estates accounts have been filed in the office of the Register of Columbia county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance in the Orphans' Court to be held in Bloomsburg, Monday, December 5th, 1898, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day. No. 1. First and final account of Frank L. Freas, Executor of the estate of Elizabeth Fowler, deceased, late of Scott township. No. 2. First and final account of John E. Evans, administrator of the estate of John E. Evans, deceased. W. H. HENRIE, Register and Recorder, Bloomsburg, Pa., Nov. 10th, 1898.

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENTS. The following Widow's Appraisements will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Columbia County on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1898, and confirmed nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute. Estate of B. F. Edgar, late of Bloomsburg. Personally \$300. Estate of Samuel H. Sittler, dec'd, late of Center township. Personally \$61.30. Realty \$28.50. Estate of Jonathan L. Gortner, late of the Borough of Berwick. Personally \$27.50. W. H. HENRIE, Clerk of Orphans' Court.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of John A. Funston, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, with the will annexed, on the estate of John A. Funston, late of the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa., deceased, have 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 will make known the same without delay. CHARLES W. FUNSTON, e. l. a., 10 20-8t. Administrator.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Earle Hess, Deceased. The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., to pass upon exceptions and make distribution, will sit, to perform the duties of his appointment, at the office of Robert Buckingham, Esq., in the Town of Bloomsburg, Pa., on Thursday, November 21, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested must appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. 11-24-98 W. H. KILWAN, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. ESTATE OF WM. H. YORNG, DEC'D. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., to pass upon exceptions, &c., and make distribution of the funds in hands of administrators, as shown by the first and final account filed, will sit, for the purposes of his appointment, at the office of Freeze & Harman, on Centre street, Bloomsburg, Pa., on Friday, Nov. 23rd, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested may appear and support their exceptions, or prove their claims, as the case may be, or be forever debarred. JOHN G. HARMAN, Auditor. 11-24-98.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mrs. Ent's Building, Court House Alley, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Post Office Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wirt's Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FREEZE & HARMAN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Offices: Centre St., first door below Opera House

GEO. E. ELWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

WM. H. MAGILL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Lockard's building, Corner Main and Centre Sts.

W. H. SNYDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office 2nd floor Mrs. Ent's building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ROBERT R. LITTLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. N. YOST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wirt Building, Court House Square, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. A. MCKILLIP, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd Floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

RALPH R. JOHN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hartman Building, Market Square, Bloomsburg, Pa.

IKELER & IKELER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office back of Farmers' National Bank, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

R. RUSH ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Clark's Block, corner of 2nd and Centre Streets, 1-12-'94

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JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SUCCESSION OF THE PEACE, Moyer Bros. Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office in Lockard's Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

B. FRANK ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clark's Building, cor. Main and Centre Sts., BLOOMSBURG, PA. Can be consulted in German.

W. H. RHAWN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office, corner of Third and Main Streets, CATAWISSA, PA.

J. S. JOHN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and residence, 410 Main St., 3-70-14 BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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