THE OLD YELLOW PUMPKIN.

How dear to the heart is the old yellow when orchards are barren of stuffing for

When apples and peaches have both been a failure, And berries of no kind have greeted the

How fondly we turn to the fruit of the The fruit that our children were taught to

The old yellow pumpkin, the mud-covered pumpkin, The big-bellied pumpkin that makes such good ples.

Oh! golden-hued pumpkin, you surely are You jolly old rascal so recently spurned; ask your forgivenness for thus having

wronged you, When from your dear presence we scorn-

Your bulk is a feast to our fruit-hungry

We love you, old pumpkin, so much we could eat you,

For you are a dandy when made into ples.

Oh! dear yellow pumpkin, the highly prized pumpkin, Around which our memory doth lovingly

May we never forget to plant you and hos The time-honored pumpkin that grows on

And may we all ever kindly remember The friends of our youth that are passing

And when our life's journey in triumph is ended. May we be remembered as sweetly as

-A. C. Sisson, in Philadelphia Press.

AN ECHO FROM EL CANEY.

By Anna Northend Benjamin.

S THE fortunes of reporting and A of war would have it, I was orof war would have it, I was delate contest with Spain. With a pass signed by Secretary Alger in my breast pocket, I journeyed south to Tampa carly in May, a full-fledged war correspondent. It was a dangerous honor, but one that filled me with delight.

Most of the correspondents and artists were at the Tampa Bay hotel. I remained there for a few days, but I was impatient to get into the full swing of army life. With this end in view, I managed to fall into the good graces of , of the -th infantry, and obtained from him a willing permission to pitch my tent at the end of the row of company officers and to join the colonel's own mess.

The term "messmates means a great deal. If you mess with men, you know them as they are. You may sit at table with a man at a hotel or at a city boarding house for years and never see anything but an alternation of business and evening clothes. But in camp those who eat together have the same intense, confined interest, the same ambitions, the same love-of the regiment-and are often drawn together by bonds that can never be sundered. And thus began my friendship with Allan Clave. He was a first Heutenant and adjutant of the regiment. West Point never graduated a boy who was more heart and soul a soldier-it was in his blood and he looked it. Yet he was one of that chivalrous type of manhood which combines the highest courage with gentleness. He would have been miserable in business, fairly successful in professional tife; as a soldier I thought him perfect.

In appearance he was thoroughly manly. He had a fine, clear eye that looked at you honestly. There were no subtleties about him. He tied to the regulations, but in everything left to his discretion it was his instinct to simplify. He never became involved in speech or in action, and was unsympathetic with the entaglements of others. He felt for me the same really tender regard that I felt for him. We were friends naturally, and, both recognizing this from the first, we waived the usual more or less formal processes which lead to an established friendship.

Week after week we waited in heat and suspense. Day after day the sun poured its blistering rays from above, and the sand sent the heat up again. There was no escape from it. When a breeze blew refreshingly it brought sand with it, and our dinner was well peppered. But the young adjutant was unconscious of discomfort. He labored early and late in the service of his colonel. The men knew him and loved him, for he had gained their respect. I remonstrated with him one day about the work that he was doing in that hot elimate.

"Andy," he said, smiling, "this is war!" But there was in his eyes an intense gleam of happiness which puz-

zled me. Finally marching orders came from headquarters. In the dead of night the regiment was loaded on cattle cars and transported to the pier where lay the transports-30 of them. We shared the same stateroom and made the most of such cheer as was provided for us. I shall never forget that miserable voyage nor how we felt when, with the rest of the fleet, we came to a drift in the Caribbean, under the lee of those grand and desolate peaks of Cuba with-

in sight of Morro. The fleet bombarded, the castle an swered back, and finally we were landed at Daquiri and marched overland to Siboney, where the remainder of the

transports unloaded. The temptation to launch forth into descriptions which do not relate to my story assails me as I write. When my thoughts revert to that time overwhelming memories flock to my penmemories of suffering, horror and hardship, memories of heroism and of selfsacrifice, of sickness and of sudden death, of weariness of body and of soul, of glimpses into the jaws of hell. But I will brush all this aside to recount one little incident out of the thousands enacted there worthy of a record throughout eternity.

We had reduced life to the simpler, equation. We had fived as the wild beasts. Our faces were bronzed and bearded. We had faced hidden fire and had stood unflinchingly by the side of falling comrades. It was the night before the onslaught of El Cancy. Many f our messmates had fallen. Allan was in command of a battalion. We had a poncho and a blanket between us. 1 ny down, but Allan walked slowly back and forth near me, his hands clasped bebind, his face turned upward toward those glittering stars that shine with such brilliancy in the southern sky. Then he turned and looked toward his sleeping men. Finally he sat beside me and peered into my face.

"You're not asleep?" he whispered. stretched forth my hand and he fully turned.

Come rolling down the hill till we meet you clasped it for a minute. "Andy," he said, and his voice, usually so calm and matter-of-fact, quivered, "I have received my summons from Heaven. I shall be shot to-morrow!"

I lifted myself on my elbow.

"Don't!" I exclaimed. "There is one thing that I wish to speak of to you to-night." He fumbled inside the breast of his blouse. I gazed at him wondering and with a slow horror creeping through my veins. How many true soldiers and brave men had received notice the night before! He brought forth a small package wrapped in tissue paper and unfolded it. It contained a photograph, four letters and a tiny Testament. He silently handed me the first, and, leaning forward, struck a match so that I could see it the better. The flickering light disclosed the face of a beautiful woman-a woman whom I knew.

"We are engaged," he said, simply. I looked at him, astonished. Despite our intimacy, this was the first time he had spoken of it. He read my glance. "It has been too sacred to speak of,

even to you. I have not been able to cealize it"-his voice fultered-"but now I want you to send them to herof 1 fall."

He replaced the packet within his

"It only happened the night before I left," he explained. "I had not dared to dream of it before. I hope-1 hope that she will not remain unmarriedshe was born to be happy. This must

not mar her life-tell her so.' I grasped his hand in mine, and then he lay down beside me and turned his boyish face once more to the twinkling stars. Though we neither of us slept, we lay silent on that Cuban hillside till

the dawn of day. How calm he was, and forgetful of all save duty, as he received his orders and formed his men for that bloody charge! We found him at night after the guns were still and the rattle of the musketry had ceased, lying on his back where he had fallen, the cold starlight bathing his still, upturned face. He clutched his breast with his left hand, his right, grasping his sword, was outstretched, straight. I removed the package. It was blood-stained-a bul-

let had passed through it. The fever took hold of me, and, heartsick and footsore, I crawled down to Siboney and boarded the first returning transport. At the post office on shore—composed of a tent and attended by a government official, who, poor fellow, died soon of the wellow fever-I found some letters and carried them on board ship with me to enjoy the rent of reading them at leisure, and hen I noticed that one was addressed in the same handwriting as that of the letters to Allan Clave, written by the woman to whom he was engaged. I said that I knew her-that explains it. The letter had been forwarded to me from Tampa, and this is what it said:

"New York, June 10, 1808.—Dear Cousin Andrew: As usual, I have gotten myselt into a horrible mess and turn to you to help me out. You remember last spring I visited an army post, where the —th infantry were stationed? I had a desperate firstation with an expelly dear fallows. tation with an awfully dear fellow named Lieut. Alian Clave. The regiment was or-dered to the front. He was fearfully in earnest, and I suppose I was carried away by the excitement and glory—at any rate, you know that I am impressionable. But you know, too, that I cannot keep that sort of thing up long—don't blame me, I can't help it, it's the way I'm made. I have tried to write him regularly at Tampa, and his letters—well, it's got to be stopped, for his anke. Now, I thought you might be able to see him, and perhaps you could explain. I simply can't write. Faint me jet black if it will do any good, only do it, and I shall be everlastingly grateful. Tell him that it was all a foolish mistake. I—"

I dropped the letter as if it had stung me. I was almost alone on the after deck of the transport. We were slowly working our way along the Cuban coast. I took Allan's blood-stained packet from the inner pocket of my coat and slowly unrolled it. I looked at the photograph a minute, then struck a match and lit it and the letters, including the one that I had just been reading-one by one, and let them consume in my hand till but a fragment rewhich the copper rays of the setting sun mingled, and then they disappeared

"She was born to be happy, this must not mar her life-tell her so!" I whispered to myself. And then, "Thank God

he is dead!" The little Testament with the clean hole bored through it I still have.-Les-

lie's Popular Monthly.

He Feared to Presume.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence. "What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship. "Twenty francs, monsieur," said ale cierk. "That's altogether too much, said the young American. "It's for 1 present to my sister; I'll give you flow francs for it." "Zen it would be I zul gave ze present to your sister," sall the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know ze young mademoiselle!"-Youth's Companion.

An Unfortunate Blunder. Mrs. D'Avneo-Oh, the awfullest

thing has happened! Clara de Style, who never could deign to look at anyone in trade, has just discovered that the man she has married is a dry goods

Mrs. D'Fashion-Horrors! I should think she might have found him out by

Mrs. D'Avnoo-That's just how the poor girl was deceived. He never seemed to know anything about anything, and she supposed of course he was a millionaire's son.-N. Y. Weekly.

Household Frugality.

Mrs. Younghusband-Do you notice any difference in the milk, ecar? Mr. Younghusband-I should say so; this is a much better quality than we

have been getting lately. Mrs. Younghusband-Indeed it is, I got it of a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, so 1 gotenough to last for a couple of weeks. -Chicago Dally News.

He Knew That One.

A little fellow who has not, as yet, succeeded in learning the name of the three daily meals, came down to breakfast the other morning, when his mam-

"Well, Rollo, what meal is this?" "Oatmeal," was the confident reply .-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trencherous. Mr. Broadstairs-I have 300 hens on

my place. Young Quigley (solemnly) - Well, you want to look out for them.

out for them! Why? Young Quigley (still solemnly)-Because they are laying for you.-N. Y.

Mr. Broadstairs (astonished)-Look

Exasperating.

Quinn-When women imagine themselves wits they are a menace to the community

DeFonte-You must have met some of late.

Quinn-Yes, my wife. She asked me If a sea horse was in any way related to a bay mare.-Chicago Daily News.

He Got the Change.

Judge-Why did you pick this physiclan's pocket? Prisoner-I was only follerin' his ad-

vice, your honor. Judge-What do you mean?

Prisoner - Well, I consulted him about my healt', an' he told me that I had to have change or die .- N. Y. World.

What He Might Become. "What do you expect your boy to be when he grows up?"

"From present indications," returned the fond father, who had just heard of the youngster's getting into another scrape. "I should say that there was every likelihood that he would be a disappointment."--Chicago Post.

His Impression.

Uncle Silas-Josh and I was argyin' about what's the first thing they teach the young fellers that studies law-Uncle Hiram-Well, judgin' by what

ye see in the papers, the first thing they learn must be how to get out an injunction.-Puck.

> Chewing Family. The brother chewed tobacco And owned it with a brag: The sister chewed the "tutti"
> And the father chewed the rag,
> -Chicago Daily News.

LESSON IN TABLE MANNERS.



Mother-Peggie! darling! you should not scratch your nose with a spoon! Peggie-O! mother-ought I to have used a fork ?- Moonshine.

Political Uncertainties.

In serious things change still holds sway
And fills the heart with sorrow.
The map which all respect to-day Is out of style to-morrow. - Washington Star.

Original.

Markham-Your wife is full of social devices, Lumley. Lumley-Right you are. The other day she noticed my hair was getting

thin and proposed giving a "comingout" party for it .- N. Y. World.

Diplomatic. "You flatter me," she said. "After all, beauty is but skin deep, you know." mained, when I threw them out into the swirling wake of the ship, where for a of the vast number of girls who haven't moment they made a fiery trail with got it half that deep."—Chicago Daily

Cause and Effect.

Lecturer-The acoustics of your hall are very bad, sir. Proprietor-No! sir. They're all

right. It was the soap factory you smelt.-Brooklyn Eagle.

Determining Status. The Foot-I know that I'm not worthy of you, my dear. The Fairy-Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy. -N. Y. Journal.

An Unkind Busband. Mrs. Gazzam-Woman's work is never done.

Gazzam-Why don't you do it, then, and stop talking about it?-Judge. Rightly Called. "Isn't her new gown stunning?" "Yes; her husband must have been

tunned when he got the bill."-Philafelphia Bulletin. Information, Friend-How came you to know your

Mr. Sourby-I married her!-Puck. K&K K&K K&K K&

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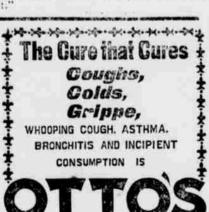
He Is Lieut. Hugh J. McElgin, of the Forty-Seventh Infuntry.

Licut, Hugh J. McElgla, of the Fortyseventh Infantry, now in Manila, is, it is asserted, the youngest officer in the volunteer service. He has only just passed his nineteenth birthday, says the New York Herald.

He belongs in Brooklyn, N. Y. When the war began he enlisted with his brother in Col. Grant's regiment, the Fourteenth. As he had been trained in the College cadet corps of St. Francis Xavier's, this city, he had charge of recruits at Camp Black and Chickamauga. In the latter camp he was stricken with typhoid fever and was sent back to Brooklyn unattended and in a seemingly dying state, under conditions of the most shocking inhumanity. He recovered at home and was mustered out with the regiment.

He then stood a competitive examination for Representative Clayton's cadetship at Annapolis and came out as the alternate. When the Forty-seventh regiment was organized he got his commission. In his company there are men who have served in half a dozen wars, and they regard him as a baby soldier. On the way out to San Francisco he was officer of the day and went through the train confiscating the flasks that too hospitable friends gave the men. One old toper, who was caught in the act, when he saw the bottle flying out of the car window turned on him and with withering scorp said:

"You miserable little kid, if it was milk I'd have given it to you. You need



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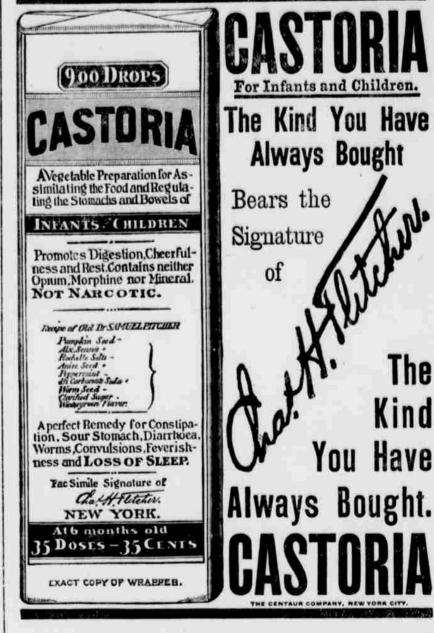
Young Man—You are pale, feeble
and haggard; nervous, irritable and exelitable. You become fergetful, morese,
and despondent; bloiches and pimples,
sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping
form and downenst countenance reveal
the blight of your existence.

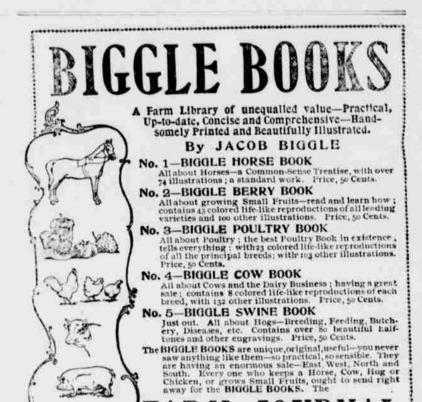
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