

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

There is hope on the darkened highway— Hope for the feet that roam; The black storm ceases, and the bells ring "Peace!" For the feet are nearing Home. But one, in the darkness ever— In the thrall of a mute despair— O'er the hills and dells hears the sweet home-bells— Sees the lights in the windows there. The beautiful lights in the windows— The lights that sing and say: "At Home is rest for the weary breast, Where the dark is as the day. After the toll and sorrow— After the storm and foam, There is ever a light in the dreary night In the beautiful windows of Home!" And man with the burdened bosoms Leave the heights that gloom above For the valleys sweet, where the true hearts beat— For the cot where the Dark sings: "Love!" But out in the ever darkness There is still a soul to roam— Who weeps in the nights for the dear Home-lights— Who only dreams of Home. Surely, the lights are many In calm white cot and hall; Why should they leave one soul to grieve When there's light enough for all? The ships to the tranquil haven— Over the wild seafoam! But ships are lost—by the mad seas tossed, In sight of the lights of Home. What is the saintly singing Of a beautiful world above— Of a Cross to bear and a Crown to wear? It is here that a soul needs Love! We need the breath of the flower That springs from the yielding sod; Earth's Love we need in dream and deed— We can leave the rest to God. O Home-lights on the highway Where some must faint and fall, When the day is done shine still for one Who hath loved you best of all! Who hath said, in a solemn midnight, With never a star's faint beam: "If the Darkness still be God's own will, I shall love the Light in my dreams!" O Home-lights on the highway! The flower makes the honeycomb, And the seed in the mold makes the harvest's gold, But only Love makes Home. And if ever a dream of Heaven Shine through the darkness fair, Sing this, Home-lights: In the lonesome nights It is Love that must lead us There! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

WHY A BOOK-KEEPER MARRIED

By Wilson Thayer Stanley.

THE interesting discussion carried on in the Book-Keeper lately, as to "Why book-keepers do not marry," has awakened in me a desire to relate to you why I did not marry as a book-keeper, and if you find it worth publishing, go ahead. I had passed the flower of my youth in the employ of a large manufacturing concern and had worked my way to the position of book-keeper, when the trade combinations, or "trusts," began to be formed all over the country. For four years I was kept on the anxious seat, and then at the age of 28 I found myself the recipient of a letter from the firm advising me that as the factory had been disposed of to the trust, there would be no necessity of commanding my services after the 15th, and that with regrets, good wishes, etc., they remained sincerely mine. "Beware the dog," I read mechanically, with a vague comprehension of its import, as a short time after this I passed before the carriage gate of an elegant, commodious mansion in a pretty suburb of the city, where I was taking a walk. My mind was full of my prospects, or rather, lack of them, and I suppose that my appearance was no more cheerful than my thoughts. Suddenly my reverie was broken by a cry from the house. "Run for your life, the dog is loose," called a young girl, coming out of the conservatory. Then I saw cutting across the lawn toward me a large, vicious-looking bulldog, his red eyes seeming ready to start from their sockets and the hair about his neck bristling with rage that was burning within him. I felt the blood leaving my face and a shiver ran over me. That to run would have been but to change the place of the struggle and to give the dog the advantage of a rear attack, and that the light walking cane I had in my hand was useless in such an emergency, were facts that flashed rapidly through my mind. So, dropping the cane, I took from my vest pocket with feverish haste a little penknife and opened its two-inch blade. With a bound the dog cleared the fence and with another he came straight for my throat. Jumping aside with an agility of which I had hardly known myself capable, I made a wild lunge at him with the knife as he assailed me. It struck him in the side and broke off short at the handle, leaving the blade in his body. Ripping off my light overcoat, I threw it over my arm just in time to receive a second attack. His jaws closed over my forearm and the force of his cap threw me to the ground. His cold never relaxed. Rolling over and over, I managed to grip his throat with my free hand, and, throwing all the force of which I was capable into the effort, I gradually choked him to insensibility. All this had transpired in so short a time that as I was getting up from behind the young lady whom I had seen coming from the conservatory and just reached the fence. "Are you hurt?" she gasped, breathlessly. "Not at all," I replied. "But you are covered with blood." "The other dogs," I answered, inconspicuously, with an attempt at facetiousness which she seemed not to notice. "Oh, I hope you will forgive me," she cried. "It was all my fault. I wanted

to see you run, and I sent Jack to chase you. I had no idea you would stop to fight him, you looked so spiritless, or that he would attack you on the street. I am so sorry—but you will forgive me, won't you?" I assured her that I did, fully, thinking meanwhile how rarely nature combined that lovely tint of red hair, with such velvety black eyes; the combination that Titian loved, that Eugene Sue described so charmingly in his "Wandering Jew," and that Lew Wallace copied in "The Prince of India." My reflections were interrupted by the gruff voice of a tall, gray-whiskered and fierce-eyed gentleman whom I had not seen approach. "Pick up that dog, Joseph," said he to the coachman at his side, "take him to the stable and see if you can bring him around." Then, turning to me, he continued: "Before I offer you any apologies, sir, come into my office and let me attend to that wrist of yours. It is much swollen." I had not noticed it before, but he was right. The pressure of the dog's jaws had left it numb, but with the return of feeling came intense shooting pains that I could scarce keep from showing in my face as I followed him up the walk to the door of the house, where I saw a little sign that read: "Dr. Pemberton, Surgeon." After bathing and dressing my wrist, on which he had found the skin broken in two places, the doctor asked me to tell him all about the affair. As I told him, leaving out, however, the young lady's part in the occurrence, his face grew serious. "And you didn't provoke him in any way?" he asked. "No," I answered; "he was nearly upon me before I saw him, my mind being greatly distracted at the time." "What with?" It was a peculiar question, but he was the kind of a man to whom everybody takes at first sight, and his kindness and evident sympathy impelled me to relate to him my circumstances, and I did so without reserve. "Strange," he said, after a moment's silence. "I have never known that dog to attack any but a trespasser before. I must see him. Wait here a moment." In a few minutes he returned, unwound the bandages on my wrist, examined the wounds, then said: "It will be best not to take any risk. For a dog of Jack's intelligence to attack a well-dressed stranger on the sidewalk, and unprovoked, can only be interpreted in one way. I must cauterize those wounds." I had scarce resumed my coat after he had completed the painful task when there was a light tap at the door and Miss Pemberton entered, but as she caught sight of me she suddenly exclaimed: "What makes you so pale?" The doctor answered for me. "I have just cauterized the wounds on his arm. We both thought it best, as I could ascribe no reason why Jack should attack him." "And," I added, quickly, seeing she was about to tell her part of it, "I did not care to take any risks, whatever might be the cause." Whether it was at what I had said, or the way I looked at her when I said it, at any rate, she turned her head to hide a blush that covered her face. However, I must confess that my apparent magnanimity was not so unselfish as she thought it, for I realized that there could be no more efficacious or rapid vehicle to the intimacy I hoped to acquire with her than the possession of a common secret. So when she changed the subject by asking me to take supper with the family I consented with as much reluctance as I could simulate. At supper the intoxicating nearness of her presence and the little assistance she gave me as she insisted upon my using but one hand completed my downfall, and I left the house that night considerably more in love than a bookkeeper without a position can well dare to be. A few days later I was surprised to receive the following laconic letter: "My Dear Young Friend: I am getting old enough to want to retire in a few years and I want somebody to fill the niche that I shall leave. I want a follower of my own training. A surgeon must be a man of great presence of mind, strong of nerve and of hand. That you fill this bill I know, and that your character and habits are satisfactory I have ascertained. If you are willing to come to-morrow and we will complete the arrangements. Sincerely yours, "ROBERT PEMBERTON." After the doctor had explained his plans to me further, and they were certainly magnanimous, I said: "Doctor, I need not say how much I appreciate your kindness, and I will gladly agree to everything; but before we close the agreement I want to give you a warning that may make you withdraw your offer. My presence in this house will necessarily throw me much into contact with your daughter, and the consequences, to me, at least, may be disastrous." For once in his life the doctor was nonplused, but after a few moments' thought he took my hand and said: "I am thankful to you for your candor. I have always put off as an evil the thought of some day having to give up my daughter; but if she marries you I will not lose her, will I?" I thought how very seldom the young men of to-day take into account the feelings of the fathers whose homes they deprive of their brightest light and in whose hearts the loss of a daughter even by a happy marriage leaves an aching void. My answer to him was commonplace, but it was sincere, and I certainly felt that in giving me his daughter he would gain a son. And so it was.—Bookkeeper.

Naturally Made Him Suspicious. "I've given a little attention to that new clerk of yours," remarked the man who wanted to do the clerk a favor, "and I want to say that I consider him a youth who will succeed. I notice he is the kind who puts something aside for a rainy day." "Dear me! and I've missed two umbrellas already," returned the merchant. "Much obliged for your tip, I'll watch him."—Chicago Post.

GREAT MOUNTAIN OF MUD.

Costa Rica's Leading Railway is Engaged in the Labor of Washing it Away. The principal railroad of Costa Rica, now but 117 miles long, is just being extended to reach from San Jose to the Pacific coast. The general manager of the road in speaking of the enterprise recently said: "There is one place on the road which has given the engineers a great deal of trouble, and which has cost many thousands of dollars every year since the road was built. This place is about 45 miles from Port Limon, and is called Blue mud. For about 600 feet the track runs along a ledge on the side of a mountain, with the river Reventa Zon below. The mountain is composed of a bluish clay, which turns into mud during the rainy season and keeps constantly sliding down on the tracks. We have to keep a big gang of men at work day and night cleaning the road of this blue mud, and when the rains are very heavy traffic has to be suspended. In July so much of the mud slid down over the roadbed that we could not run trains there for three weeks. "To add to the difficulty there is a lake back of the mountain and the water from this lake percolates through the mountain and keeps it constantly wet. The lake was drained by the engineers, but they discovered that it was fed by springs, and still the mountain was kept in a wet state and the mud kept sliding down over the tracks. At last they obtained what is known in California as a hydraulic giant, and which throws a very powerful stream of water with great force. They rigged up this hydraulic giant, and when I left Costa Rica they were actually washing the mountain away with it into the river." Silken Garments in Ancient Days. Silken garments have a standing among the oldest garments in the world. Robes of that material were worn by men and women alike 2,500 years before the birth of Christ. The Farmer's Wife is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are exactly akin to the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach churn is "sour" it sours all which is put into it? The evil of a foul stomach is not the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of the blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every taint or corrupting element. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant and no narcotic. "I pine for you," sighed the lover. "Then you ought to spruce up," replied the girl; which disproves the theory that women have no sense of humor. WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESERT?—This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious dessert. Prepared in two minutes and hot water and set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, orange, raspberry and strawberry. At your grocers. 10c. 1 179 The people who are proudest of their ancestors seldom do anything to make their ancestors proud of them. RAILROAD NOTES. CALIFORNIA—35 DAYS' TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally-conducted tour through California, to leave New York and Philadelphia on February 14, by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Pullman parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room, sleeping, compartment and observation cars, returning by March 20. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party. Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses, \$450 from all points on Pennsylvania Railroad, except Pittsburg, from which point the rate will be \$445. For further information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; a Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; B. C. Urdender, Jr., Passenger Agent, Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studts, Passenger Agent Southeastern district, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia. FLORIDA—PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. The first Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia, and Washington by special train February 5. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meal en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50.00; Buffalo, \$54.25; Rochester, \$54.00; Elmira, \$51.45; Erie, \$54.85; Williamsport, \$50.00; Wilkes-Barre, \$50.35; and at proportionate rates from other points. For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents, B. F. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo district, 307 Main street, Ellipton square, Buffalo, N. Y.; F. Palmater, City Ticket Agent, 20 State St., corner Corbinian, Rochester, N. Y.; E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 2t Railways use up over 20,000,000 tons of steel a year, almost half the world's product. JELL-O, THE NEW DESSERT, pleases all the family. Four flavors: Lemon, Orange Raspberry and strawberry. At your grocers 10c. 1 174a Sillius—"Clothes don't make the man." Cynicus—"Nor the woman. The new woman often wears old clothes." BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

IF you want the news of the world written and pictured, the finest art and the best literature, then you must read COLLIER'S WEEKLY America's Foremost Illustrated Journal Hall Caine's Latest and greatest novel, "The Eternal City," begins soon, Send for free copy of the opening chapters. Address COLLIER'S WEEKLY, 555 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A Beautiful Genuine Diamond Ring Free DON'T SEND US A CENT! Think of it, you can get this magnificent Solid 14-K. Gold Ring, set with a Genuine Diamond, and one half dozen Sterling Silver Plated Tea Spoons FREE. There is no chance or deception about this advertisement. We speak the truth and nothing but the truth. We are determined to introduce "QUICK-MAID" Rennet Tablets for making Delicious Desserts into every household, and every person who will sell only twelve packages will receive our generous offer of this magnificent Diamond Ring, with one half dozen Sterling Silver Plated Tea or Dessert Spoons, which we give absolutely free for selling only twelve packages at 25 cents a package. If you agree to sell the Tablets, write to-day and we will send them by mail. When sold you send us the \$1.50 and we guarantee to send your Premium the same day absolutely FREE. If you wish us to send the premium at once with the 12 packages of Rennet Tablets, remit \$1.50 with the order and premium will be sent immediately. We are an old, reliable concern, with a reputation for square and honest dealing, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. The Silverware is guaranteed silver plated on pure metal. The Ring is solid 14-K. Gold set with 1/2-K. pure white genuine Diamond. Measure your finger with a strip of paper for size wanted. FRANKLIN CHEMICAL CO., 830 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DISMISSING STOMACH DISEASE—Permanently cured by the mastery power of South American Nerve Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer, because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvelous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving force. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by C. A. Kleim, druggist, 128 West Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa. 174 19 MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS—Rev. Bochner of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application." 50 cents—77 Sold by C. A. Kleim. On the island of Awa-ka, 10 miles west of Juneau, a large deposit of typosium has been discovered.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF *Chas. H. Fletcher* SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pennsylvania, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain lot of ground, lying and being on the south side of Glen Avenue, in what is known as Pursell's Addition to the Town of Bloomsburg, according to the draft or plan of said Addition, as compiled by James C. Brown and W. H. Eyer, civil engineers, December 19th, A. D. 1894, to wit: Being forty (40) feet in front on the south side of Glen Avenue and running back an equal width one hundred and forty (140) feet to line of Michael Casey, being lot No. 19 in Block No. 1, in Pursell's Addition aforesaid; having thereon erected a two-and-one-half-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, being part of the same premises which Creasy & Wells, by their deed, dated the — day of December, A. D. 1899, sold to J. Nelson Webb, party hereto. Seized, taken in execution at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association vs. J. Nelson Webb and Hattie L. Webb, and to be sold as the property of J. Nelson Webb and Hattie L. Webb. DANIEL KNORR, Sheriff. SWARTZ & HARMAN, Attys.

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