**** FOILS.

By Oliver Beatrice Muir. •••••••••

Bull when you talk this way, vance. And it isn't fair to women generally and my friend particularly for you to continue this same old line of argument."

Winifred followed her brother into the room set apart for their fencing encounters and sat down rather dispiritedly upon the edge of a divan.

"Your defense of your friend is very loyal, my dear child," was the grandly patronizing reply, "but it does not invalidate in the least what I have said. A woman practicing medicine is as incongruous as a man trimming hats. Feminine hands were never meant for surgical operations."

You are prejudiced, Vance," sald Winifred, as she listlessly took the foil her brother offered her; "you didn't get a diploma, and I believe you're mad at all creation to think that Millicent succeeded where you

A wave of crimson receded from Vance Bishop's face, leaving it quite

"Must narrowness of vision be added to your shortcomings, Win?" he asked, with an evenness of tone his sister suspected.

"I don't care what you say to me," Winifred retorted; "you've tried to sit on me, more or less, all your life. But it's different with Millicent. She has been here four weeks now, and you are just as stubborn and rude as when she came. And though it has been hard work, with that little cripple sister of hers to support, the kindness of others in a measure helps her to forget the rough parts of her daily routine. But with it all she has seen your dislike of her, your pointed avoidance, your persistent snuhs. I only hope she doesn't know the reason. I would rather have her think it was your aversion to her as a woman rather than your dislike of her beloved profession."

"As women practice it," said Vance, imperturbably.

Science, as well as art, is sexless," was Winifred's rejoinder, with an air of superiority.

"It's a tiresome subject, Win. Let's drop it. We always quarrel."

And with a smile meant to be conciliatory Vance thrust a face guard into his sister's lap.

But Winifred was in no mood for such summary treatment. This diseussion of Millicent was her hobbyhorse, and the little animal, once trotted out for riding, pranced grandly at Winifred's slightest spur. Just now Winifred was inclined to curvet and execute possibly a pas seul, so irritable had she become through the

evidenced toward her dearest friend. It was very tiresome, for the circumstance made matters somewhat awkward whenever an evening gathering of young folks was in order and Millicent could arrange to be one of Oakland's froliesome set.

persistent coldness her brother had

Winifred watched her brother make a number of passes in silence. Then she returned to the attack.

"Millicent has noticed your ungentlemanly attitude," pursued Winifred, in a tone of injured dignity.

"Has she complained to you?" His sister shot him an indignant glance, was about to retort hotly, changed her mind and maintained a

severe silence. "For if she has," continued Vance, with unmistakable emphasis, "she further proves she is no doctor. Physicians don't talk much, Win. You know that."

"Then it's a good thing you failed to get your diploma," returned his

sister, sharply.
"See here," said Vance, good-nacuredly, "what's the use of losing your temper over this-er-young woman? She-"

"She is my friend. She was my roommate at college, Vance. She has sacrificed her life to her little sister, and she is the dearest girl in the

Winifred's words poured forth with the vehemence of an inciplent vol-

Vance made a lunge at an unseen enemy, following it with such rapid movements that Winifred changed her position involuntarily. Her momentary trepidation turned to one of fierce indignation as Vance, between his rapid movements, jerked out:

"I can't-tolerate-women doctors. They never-know their businesslack courage-and impose upon human credulity."

Winifred bounded from her position, her cheeks aflame, her eyes daneing like some living light. She opened her mouth to speak, but ere one word could issue the expression upon her brother's face caused her to turn toward the hanging draperies in the door to their right. For a moment a great calm seemed to rest upon her.

In the front of these curtains stood a tall girl whose striking characteristics seemed to be her clear eyes, limpid as fresh pools of water in the early spring, and her crown of nutbrown hair arranged coronal fashion upon a very womanly head,

It was Millicent, and Winifred struggled to stiffe the gasp which

had risen in her throat. But Millicent's first words reas

sured her. "Your mother said I'd find you here, Win," came in a voice which held no tremor; "I wanted to ask you if you would mind going with me on my rounds this morning's

paren nurt his hand last hight and man't manage the horses, I'm afraid." "With alacrity and pleasure," said Winifred, seeing a pleasant finale to what might have been a disagreeable contretemps; "and here is Ned to take my place with you, Vance. I'll be ten minutes dressing, Millisent," and, nodding to her brother's friend, who had thus opportunely appeared, she went out. Millicent fol-

lowed her. Ned Price laughed as soon as he was alone with his friend.

"The warfare still rages, I see," he observed, as he proceeded to array himself for the fencing bout; "eandidly, I think you're an ass. Vance. There is nothing of the 'new woman' •bout Miss-er-Dr. Millicent Trevor; you must admit that."

"Oh, I admit anything if it dismisses the subject," said Vance, with a shrug of annoyance; "come, I'm ready for a good tilt. Don't put the guard on your foil. It's much more exciting without."

"Exciting? Yes-but-" "But me no buts, Let's see what

stuff you're made of this morning." And, following instructions, as he invariably did with Vance, Ned entered into the fray with his accustomed zest. For a few minutes' the young men played with great deliberation, making their thrusts with care, lunging with caution and running no risks.

But presently the heat of contest rose in their veins. Forgetting caution, disregarding the fact that they were playing without guards, Ned made a violent lunge, his foil missed the wide aim he had intended and in an instant had swerved to its resting place in Vance's side.

The young man dropped to the floor with barely a groan. Ned stood gazing stupidly at the prostrate figure. The crimson staining Vance's jacket brought him to his senses. He hurriedly bent over his friend, tearng open his shirt. The wound spouted out its warm, red stream.

"Good heavens! Vance, old fellow, this is awful-1 didn't mean-"

Vance opened his eyes. "That's all-right-Ned. It doesn't amount-to much," he murmured;

Winifred-' Then he lapsed into unconscious-

Ned gave a frightened call for help and rushed to the door. Winifred and Millicent, with their outside wraps on, were passing through the hall on their way out.

"What is it? Anything wrong?" demanded Winifred.

"Yes. Vance. I'm afraid-I've hurt him-he would play without the guards-there's a wound-"

But Winifred, with a cry, had flown to her brother's side. Her distracted cries pierced the ears of the other two, who had followed her.

"Oh! he's dying, he's dying! Millient, Millicent! can't you do something? Oh, what shall we do?" Millicent approached quickly but

quietly. She knelt and unfastened Vance's cravat. "He is not dead, dear," she said to

Winifred: "he has simply fainted. That is natural. He is losing blood while you are talking." "Tell me what to do and I'll de

it. Oh, if he dies-" "In the name of common humanity," interposed Ned, impatiently, "can't you do something?"

"It isn't a case of 'can' or 'will,' Mr. Price," said ,Millicent, quietly; "it is a case of whether I am to be allowed. I shouldn't care to begin and then find resistance. Mr. Bishop has an antipathy to women physicians. Better send for your physician, Winnie."

"I'll go," said Ned, and hurried out-Winifred turned almost savagely upon her friend.

"And in the meantime is he die? And because you won't help him? Oh, Millicent—" A sob choked the further utter-

ance of words. Millicent restrained an impulse to laugh.

"My dear, I've been holding the wound together. Your brother will not die-at least not from this. If you'll get me some bandages and my box of implements in my room, the bottom bureau drawer-

"God bless you!" Winifred rose with alacrity, but she paused to say: "You don't think he'll

"No, of course not."

Winifred vanished. And with her went Millicent's in-She glanced hastily difference. around, and upon assuring herself that no one was in the room, she examined the wound with far greater care than she had at first displayed. She listened eagerly to the heart beats. Her whole manner betrayed the keenest auxiety. A look of tenderness her friends had never seen crept into her luminous eyes. She bent over the impassive face with unmistakable yearning, but she drew back quickly as Vance stirred uneasily and opened his eyes.

He strove mechanically to draw away from the firm hand holding

the wound together. "I know you can't tolerate women doctors, Mr. Bishop. I feel your position as keenly as you do. Nevertheless you must admit my assistance is better than none, though possibly 'lacking in courage and not knowing my business.'"

"I didn't say that for you to overhear," he said.

And it was with almost a sigh that she turned as Dr. Olds entered with Ned and Winifred.

A Self-Made Victory. "I can't understand how Dooberby got reelected treasurer of our club.

"Why can't you?" "Well, he got more votes than there were members present, and 1 United States has a right to divert it know eight that didn't vote for him." -Chicago Record-Herald.

WELSH TONGUE IN AMERICA.

Expectations Are That It Will Go Down Through Passing of Old Promoters.

As far as this country and the Welsh are concerned it looks dark and hopeless. From a quarter to a half century go there arose a large number of literary men and poets in the United States who served the Welsh newspapers and periodicals well and faithfully. Although some of them could speak English, Welsh and Welsh literature was their pleasure, which they sought, night and day, says Y Drych, of Utien.

That class of Welshmen is passing tway, one by one, and none with literary tendencies arises to take their place and continue the progress of Welsh literature. We can say without any doubt that the vast majority of the contributors to the Drych to-day are 40 years of age and upward, and many of the best are over 50. There are but a few young who are treading in the footsteps of the fathers. The vast majority of young Welsh people stand at the dividing line between Welsh and English, and are rapidly going over to the latter, to be separated completely in language and spirit from the civilization of the fathers. And many of the fathers, who are faithful to the Welsh, and earnest in speech in its behalf, are bringing up their children in a manner entirely un-Welsh.

So, the expectations are that Welsh will go down in the United States when the fathers and mothers go the way of all the earth, for a crop of anything cannot be expected where there has been no sowing. Many hope and expect the old language to live by miraele. as it were, by Divine interference in its behalf, without realizing the natural fact that the Welsh must be planted and watered before progress may be expected. The Drych, like Apolle, week after week, continues the watering process, but what has not been planted cannot be watered, for there is no Paul a planting.

A VERITABLE WHITE CITY.

Archangel, in Western Russin, Covered by a Mantle of Snow Most of the Year.

For three months in the winter Archangel, now to become the great western port of Russia, scarcely sees the sun, and for three months in the summer seldom loses sight of it. Yet there is no city in the whole of Europe which lies for so many months-for the greater part of the year, in factunder a mantle of snow; and because of this, the Russian fondly calls it "The White City," says Pearson's Magazine,

White, too, it is in other ways. All the chief buildings glare with white paint and blink with white blinds. The churches-and in a Russian city they are not few-are also of pure white; only the cupolas are green, and the crosses on their summits gold. And white are the private houses of the better sort-except where Norwegians. and Germans live, for buff and blue and red then streak and diaper the pine walls and edge of the gable ends. But street posts, gates, pillars, walls, fences-these are all white. And in the summer, for every official you see in a blue or a gray tunic, you see ten in white caps and white uniforms.

Bright color alone is left to the women and children; pink blouses, green skirts, scarlet petticonts, orange aprons, and blue kerchiefs are common enough; while a group of children will always look like a cluster of old English flowers. But otherwise, in summer as in winter, this old city of Archangel, now destined to be the capital of a new Russia in the near west, is a White city indeed.

TO PREVENT BURIAL ALIVE.

Suggestion of a Life Insurance Man That May Be of Considerable Value.

Several insurance men were talking lately about new wrinkles in the business. "I firmly believe," said one, reports the New York Mail and Express, "that insurance against being buried alive would pay. It is surprising how many people have a dread that suspended animation may be mistaken for death. I know a woman who has actually made her husband promise that if he survives her he will stick a hatpin through her heart before she is buried to make sure that no spark of life remains. In certain parts of Europe they have what are known as mortuary houses, where the dead are taken and subjected to various tests to make sure that death is absolutely certain. I believe there is a bill providing for a somewhat similar course now before the Massachusetts legislature. If such a mortuary building is established multitudes of people would gladly pay, say, \$100 to be insured in a company that would guarantee to make the necessary tests before burial or cremation."

"But suppose the alleged corpse should come to life under the treatment?" asked a listener.

"In that case," said the man who had previously spoken, "it ought to be worth something to the company,"

An International River.

In northwestern Montana, near the British line, there is a lake the waters of which flow through the St. Mary river to Hudson bay. The ditide between the lake and the head waters of the Milk river, an affluent of the Missouri, is so low that engineers say it would be feasible to divert the outlet from Canadian to American territory. As water for Irrigation is highly valued on both sides of the line, the question whether the is one of international interest, and may yet become important.

Just a Little Hint,

He had been waiting to see the doctor for some time, and when he was finally ushered into the consultationroom he seemed doubtful about some

"Doctor," he said at last, "are your methods in keeping with your sur-

"What do you mean?" demanded the

"Well," replied the prospective pa tient, "if your methods are as antiquated as the reading matter you keep in the waiting-room I think I will try some one cise."-Chicago Post.

A Suggestion.

"Don't you know," said the kindfaced old gentleman who stops to talk with the children, "that it is very wrong for you to fight a boy smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," was the reflective reply. "I'm willing to take my share of the blame. But I think he ought to have a lecture, too, on the imprudence of speaking rudely to boys who are big-ger than he is."—Washington Star.

More Than Good.

"Entre nous," said Miss Ayers, who delights in talking dictionary French. "are you very fond of Mr. Goodhart?" "Well." replied May Brightley, "he's a very good friend of mine.

"Ah! Your bon ami?" "Better than that. He's my bonbon ami. He brings me a box every time he calls."-Catholic Standard and

The Arithmetic of Love. Gladys Beautigirl-I insisted last night that Jack and I should count the

kisses we exchanged. Maud Askington-What was the result?

Gladys Beautigirl - Why, after awhile we disagreed as to whether we were in the sixth or seventh hundred, and we had to begin all over again .-Town Topics.

In a Tight Place. "You look thoughtful to-night,

Smith," remarked Brown, as he stretched himself on the bed. "Yes," sighed Smith; "I have just got a note from the landlady."

"What does she say?" "She says that I must pay my back board at once, or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm think ing what I'd better do,"-Tit-Bits.

Unineky Thirteen. She-Do you think there is anything unlucky about the figure 13?

a rocking-chair on her birthday, which occurred on the 13th of this month; it cost me \$13, and I have

He-Do 1? Why, I bought my wife

already stubbed my toe against it in the dark 13 times .- Yonkers States-His Mistake. Ethel-He telegraphed his proposal to her. Maude-And did she accept him?

use for a man who would waste his

Ethel-No; she said that she had no

money on telegraph tolls instead of spending it for caramels.-Somerville Unlooked-For. He-There's one thing I'm glad of. If anything should happen to me my

wife's father would always take care She-But suppose something should happen to your wife's father?-Leslie's Weekly.

Two Different Views.

Said a physician to a friend:
"Of all the patients I attend
None say my method fails."
Replied the friend: "I'm not led
To doubt it, for 'tis often said,
That dend men tell no tales."
Chierca Dails News -Chicago Daily News.

THE TEASING THING,



He-I have spoken to your mother. She-Have you! And did she accept you?-Ally Sloper.

Vanity, All Is Vanity. Mrs. Howler-Asbury, that was a most excellent sermon you preached

on "vanity" this morning. Rev. Howler-Well, I think, my dear that I can flatter myself that there are very few men in this universe who could have done better .- Puck.

Woman's Mental Complexity, "Harriet, you spend ten dollars lavishly, and then economize on a

"That's all right, Harry; I feel ten dollars' worth of virtuous complacency over saving the ten cents."-Chicago Times-Herald.

Face Value, "My face is my fortune," she

quoted. "It's no crime to be poor," commented her dearest chum,-Philadelphia Times.

Quite Another Story. "Some men hold their age well," remarked the observer of events and things; "but when it comes to holding a baby, that's another story."

A Social Shuffle. "George, I can't think of a new menu for our dinner." "Well-have the old menu and some

new people."-Detroit Free Press.

Yonkers Statesman.

WE CAN CHOOSE OUR ENEMIES.

When It Comes to Choosing Our Friends It Is Somewhat Different.

An open enemy is better than a gossiping friend. The story is told of a man in public life in Washington who once found himself surrounded by a host of self-appointed counselors, continually advising him, "as friends," of many astounding things, which a valued and lifelong intimate, also in publie life, was alleged to be doing against him, says the Boston Globe. Bitterness beset the heart of the man when he heard that his friend had turned against him and he grieved.

Strangely enough, the friend was also grieving, for he had received tales which filled his heart with doubt of the loyalty of his lifelong friend, "The dog that will fetch will earry," says the old proverb; and the "friends" who had told tales to one of these men told the same sort to the other. They were politicians, place-seekers, hangers-on, who for their own ends employed gossip, and malicious goosip at that, to keep apart these two men.

But the plan did not work. The two men met, charged each other with coolness and finally learned that they had been the victims of tale-bearers. Then one of them said: "We can choose our enemies, but not our friends," and in saying it he enunciated a truth.

Her Idea of It, He (willing but bashful)-Slow but

sure is my motto. She (almost discouraged)-Well, you could not have selected a more appropriate one. You are slow enough, that's sure.—Chicago Daily

Misgivings.

"That was a very lucid document you prepared," said the friend.

'Yes," answered the statesman, dubiously. "I made it so lucid that I am afraid the public will fail to regard it as able and profound."-Wash-

A Child's CPy

Often the mother who would do every-thing for the little one she loves, is ut-terly impotent to help and finds no help in physicians. That was the case with Mrs. Duncan, whose little one was

almost blind with scrofula. But fortunately she fortunately was led to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovresorting to

ery and so cured the child without painful operation.
The great bloodpurifying proper-ties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have been proved over and over again in cases of scrofula. eczema, eruptions

and other diseases which are caused by an impure condition of the blood. It entirely eradicates the poisons which feed disease, and builds up the body

with sound, healthy flesh. with sound, healthy fiesh.

"My little daughter became afflicted with scrofula, which affected her eyes," writes Mrs. Agnes L. Duncan, of Mansfield. Sebastian Co., Ark. "She could not bear the light for over a year. We tried to cure, her eyes, but nothing did any good. We had our home physician and he advised us to take her to an ocullat, as her cyclids would have to be 'scraped.' They had become so thick he thought she would never recover her sight. As there was no one else to whom we could apply my heart sank within me. I went to your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' read your treatment on scrofula getting the properties of medicines there advised, with five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have entirely cured my child.

"Hoping this will be of some use to you and a blessing to other sufferers, with heartfelt thanks, I remain."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an excellent laxative for children. They are easy to take and thorough

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF ISAAC J. FISHER, LATE OF CLEVELAND
TOWNSHI', COL. CO., PA. DECEASED.

The undersigned appointed an auditor by the
Orphans' Court of Columbia County to pass
upon exceptions filed to the account of W. B.
Suyder and J. L. Fisher, executors of said decedent, and to make distribution to and among
the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office
in the Eath Building, Bloomsburg, Pa., on Friday
August 2rd, 1901, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon,
to perform the duties of his appointment,
when and where all parties interested in the
fund in the hands of the executors of said
deceased will appear and prove the same or be
forever beharred from coming in on said fund.

7-25 4t

N. U. FUNK,
Auditor.

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