

THAT SWEETHEART OF MINE.

By VIVIAN CLARE HOWARD.

They were not a romantic looking couple, both approaching the mark which the world unfeelingly calls middle age. Both were slightly inclined to embonpoint.

They were traveling between Little Rock and Fort Smith. She was thinking busily of the number of pounds of sugar necessary to a given number of baskets of cherries awaiting her housewife care, and he—well, his mind was concerned with cherries, too, but they were cherries in the blossom, the snowy boughs of the trees that had shaded a little village lane.

Underneath the boughs stood a girl and a boy—how well he remembers the face of the girl, the pink of her cheeks, the blue in her eyes, the brown of her hair he could feel yet the sting of that braid of hair as she switched it roughly in his face when he tried to steal a kiss.

He stole a side look at his wife's plain, wholesome features, and sighed. He even wondered why his dream of the cherry tree lane had never come true—why he had—just then the train slowed up at a little side station and he became aware of an unusual bustle on the platform. His wife said, with some little excitement in her voice:

"John, I do believe a theatrical troupe is getting on here."

John dimly remembered that Flora had always called him "Jack" as he answered lazily:

"Well, my dear what of it? There is plenty of room, isn't there? I don't see any immediate need for my being interested," and relaxed into the region of past delights again—"what a mischief Flora had been." He was rudely jolted back to the present again by a severe pinch from Mrs. John.

"For goodness sake, John, did you ever see such a get-up?"

"Eh—what did you say, Margaret? Get up where?" and following the direction of her eyes he looked down the aisle.

Ye gods, was he dreaming? It was Flora, Flora in the flesh; in fact, more so than when they had last met; not quite the Flora of the cherry tree, but unmistakably his early sweetheart—the star of a barnstorming troupe.

She came up the aisle talking loudly to a dejected looking individual whom she addressed as "Tommy." Her dress was brown, and the feather in her hat—a hat too large for travelling—was green as a Brazilian parrot's wing.

The pink was in her cheeks as in the days of the cherry tree, but it had a suggestion of permanency unlike the flitting roses of fifteen years ago, and her hair—surely Flora's was brown, while the green parrot's wing shaded a voluminous pouf of golden yellow.

John was not sure by this time whether he was the most afraid she wouldn't recognize him, or most hoped she wouldn't—but it mattered little, she did.

In a moment she was bearing down upon them like a ship of Tarshish in full sail and was shaking him warmly by the hand and talking as only Flora could do.

"Surely this is Jack Benton? I couldn't be mistaken, though you have grown a lot stouter since we met. Don't you remember Flora Marcey? If you don't, then a man's memory for an old sweetheart is a pretty thin thing."

Poor John could feel Margaret stiffen at the last sentence, and growling in spirit he introduced his wife to Miss Marcey whose volubility made up for any awkwardness that Mrs. Benton's manner might have caused.

"Jack and I were old sweethearts at Fort Smith. Lord, what larks we used to have in the old days after school and coming home from choir practice. I never thought of going on the stage in those days, but talent will not be suppressed—and here I am. It looks like fate, our meeting like this, doesn't it?"

John shuffled nervously and cursed fate inwardly and presently the chatter went on again.

"Where are you living? Still at Fort Smith. Well, I never; our circuit closed fifteen miles from there and I'm going to take a holiday. I believe I'll just drop down on you folks for a month's change. If the old place is as snug as it used to be, it will make an elegant place to rest."

Benton looked beseechingly at his wife, but she appeared oblivious to the fact that he was still on the face of the globe. He hesitated a minute and then, remembering the boy and girl friendship he glanced at his wife and said defiantly:

"We should be awfully pleased to have you."

And Mrs. Benton astonished him by adding with suspicious friendliness:

"Yes, do come; we shall be perfectly delighted."

With more astuteness than her husband would have given her credit for Mrs. B. had come to the conclusion that a dose of an old sweetheart—when she is as impossible as Flora—is almost as good for a man as an occasional dose of rhubarb.

Flora came—John Benton saw—but Mrs. Benton conquered.

Forth from Flora's voluminous baggage came gowns fearfully and wonderfully constructed from materials which might just have arrived from an Italian bazaar. The hat with the green feather was not a circumstance in the creations which crowned Flora's yellow pouf when she impersonated the heroine in some glowing melodrama—and she wore them all at Fort Smith.

On Sundays Mrs. Benton systematically manufactured excuses to remain away from service, and John, who

liked to see women garbed as soberly as Quakers, was compelled to slink down the aisle in the wake of a purple gown and a green and purple velvet Gainsborough hat.

Four weeks went by and still Flora showed no signs of an early fitting. Mrs. Benton absolutely refused to offer suggestions, so in a moment of desperation Benton bethought himself of an old-time feud between his mother and Flora, which dated back to his and Flora's school days. He wired his mother at once, "Need you here immediately; do not fail me," and well did he know that the first available train would bring the faithful soul. At dinner that day he casually announced that he expected his mother that night, or the next morning, at least.

In the afternoon Flora received a mysterious message—presumably Marco—which demanded her immediate presence elsewhere, and by 5.30 the Benton household knew her no more.

The next morning found John in bed with a racking nervous headache. As Mrs. Benton waited upon him in her quiet, restful way he wondered how he could ever have been fool enough to fancy himself tired of such a woman. Catching her hand and pressing his cheek against it boyishly, he said reproachfully:

"Margaret, how could you—what made you act so, and try to keep her?"

With a spice of mischief in her calm gray eyes she smoothed his head and answered:

"Well, you see, John, dear, I had noticed in you a growing tendency of talking in your sleep—you seemed to have restless dreams about a mysterious 'Flora,' who was connected in an odd way with cherry trees and equally youthful things. So when I met Flora, it occurred to me that at last I saw a way to restore your dreamless sleep and my own peace of mind, which—I don't mind telling you now—was fast slipping away. I'm a homeopathist, you know—and well, some poisons are their own antidotes, when given in proper quantities. Was I right, John?"

He kissed her hand and said:

"As you always are, darling; but don't you think you gave me an unnecessarily large dose?"

She shook her head laughingly.

"You see, I didn't want to risk a repetition."

The Cost of Census-Taking.

The differences between the cost of securing the returns from the six simple questions asked in 1790, and that of the extended inquiry made a century later, is illustrated by the per capita cost, which in 1790 was 1.13 cents, and in 1900, 15.5 cents. In 1790 Virginia was the most populous State in the Union, having 747,810 inhabitants. The records of the Treasury Department show that at the first census the cost of making the enumeration in that State was \$7,533.90. Moreover, at that enumeration the underpaid assistant marshals supplied their own blanks, an item which was of considerable importance in the days when all paper was made laboriously by hand. In 1900 the population of Maine—about 700,000—most nearly approximated that of Virginia in 1790.

At the twelfth census the cost of actual enumeration in Maine, including the pay of supervisors, was \$34,560.90, or more than three-fourths of the amount expended for the enumeration of the entire United States in 1790, though the pay of an enumerator in 1900 did not exceed the wages of an intelligent day laborer.—From the Century.

Taking Life Seriously.

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true, but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be world-wide, for, go where one may, he will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner," and if "the present is the fullness of the past, and the herald of the future" and how can we doubt it? how many sad histories can be read in the faces of those we meet every day. The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says, "Girls should be sunbeams, not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of us be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?—April Success.

A Dread Ordeal.

"The Rev. Mr. Inch of Dumbarton tells how on one occasion in his old church in Dundee a brother minister had preached a rather long sermon, and he (Mr. Inch) had occasion later on to enter the pulpit to make an intimation, whereupon a "Wee Macgregor," who was in the gallery with his mother and the rest of the family, took fright and exclaimed very loudly: "Come away, maw, there's another man guan tae begin."—Glasgow Evening Times.

He who kicks mildly may get something; he who kicks persistently will—Arabian Proverb.

For the year 1901 the mineral products of the Southwest were valued at \$70,000,000. It is estimated by the Southwest Miners' Association that various businesses connected with the mining industry have grown 300 per cent. during the past two years.

The man who puts up with imposition invites it.—Confucius.

NEW WATCH ON CHINAMEN.

Uncle Sam Has Inspectors on Trains at Interior Points.

The Federal Government employs in New York State at least five men whose duties are to board trains at important junction points and search them for Chinese who may be illegally in this country. One of these men is located in Binghamton, another in this city, one in Rochester and a couple in Utica and Syracuse. The work under the direction of the new Department of Commerce and Labor.

While no great secrecy has been maintained in their work, there has been no careless advertising of it, and, as a result, very few travelers are aware of the mission of the men who enter trains and carefully inspect the appearance of all foreigners who look as though they may have come from China.

Seeing a Chinaman on board a train these men first inquire for his papers. If the suspect does not have them the inspector may remove him from the train and place him in the nearest jail subject to the disposition of the case before a United States Commissioner.

If the man convinces the inspector that he has a right to be in this country, that is the end of it. Nowadays the Chinese have been so closely watched that if one possesses the required papers he seldom lets them get out of his sight.

The train inspectors have been stationed at important junction points with the idea that if any Chinese are smuggled across from Canada and escape the officers at the border, they may be detained while trying to reach New York city. The inspectors say that the business of smuggling Chinamen into our territory is increasing every year. Once by the officers at the border, the immigrants take it easy and imagine that a successful entry has been made. But disappointment is in store for many of them in the person of the innocent looking man who enters the railroad train and asks to see their papers.—N. Y. Sun.

TESTING CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES.

Absolutely Flawless to Withstand Enormous Pressure.

The testing of these bottles is attended to by an expert who, by striking two bottles lightly together with the sides, recognizes by the sound whether they are perfect or not. The bottles are purchased in summer and are carefully cleaned with alcohol, closed with a temporary stopper and put away until used in March. The stoppers are selected from the best stock and cost from \$16 to \$20 a thousand.

When the bottles are filled they are placed in cool cellars, stacked in piles one on the other from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and three and one-half to five feet in height, without any shelving. Such a wall of bottles is as strong as iron. Still any one of them may be pulled out without interfering with the rest, which is frequently done to observe the development of fermentation. The hot season is dangerous to champagne on account of the bursting of the bottles. If the loss does not exceed 8 per cent. all is well. If it rises to 15 per cent. the place must be made cooler, and if it should reach 20 per cent. nothing remains but to open all the bottles.—Milwaukee Free Press.

English Civil Service.

"Once a civil servant, always a civil servant," appears to be the motto of the English Civil Service, for unless one proves dishonest or an extraordinary poor workman he is retained in service until the age limit is reached, and the salary list is exchanged for the pension roll.

Unlike the civil service in the United States, there is no strong partisanship; appointees hold their positions, no matter which party may be in power.

The pay is not large, even in view of the small cost of living in England. Fifteen dollars is about the limit of weekly payment in the Post Office Department, though some of the executive positions pay as high as \$2,000 a year. The Excise Department is a favored branch, the pay starting at \$250 a year. This is raised by a yearly increase of \$25 until the pay reaches \$400, and after a year is jumped to \$575. From there on the pay jumps rapidly to \$1,250 yearly, and if the officer is fortunate in last arriving at the dignity of collector he draws \$4,000 yearly.

Parliamentary clerkships run from \$500 to \$2,000 a year, and the Navy Department will run a clerk up to \$3,000 if he reaches the importance of fleet paymaster.

In spite of the small salaries the places are eagerly sought, since it means a life position, with a pension for one's declining years.

Mr. Edison's Watch.

To Mr. Edison time is so valuable that he does not waste it even by taking account of it. Time to him is only the chance to get things done; and no matter how long it takes, they must be got done. In his office safe there is carefully locked away a \$2,700 Swiss watch, given him by a European scientific society. It is never used. He buys a stem winder costing a dollar and a half, breaks the chain ring off, squirts oil under the cap of the stem, thrusts it into his trousers pocket—and never looks at it. When it gets too clogged with dirt to run, he lays it on a laboratory table, hits it with a hammer and buys another.—The World's Work.

GRANGE NEWS.

By J. T. Ailman, Press Correspondent and Secretary Penn'a State Grange.

THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

For the first time, a systematic record of the subordinate grange lecturer's literary work in New Hampshire has been compiled by State Lecturer Pattee and the result shows that in a single month 1279 people, in 197 different granges discussed State aid for highways.

During the last quarter, there were given, in 229 granges, 1287 selections of vocal and 805 of instrumental music, 1861 readings, 284 essays, 239 original papers, 221 addresses, 24 dramas, 78 farces, 36 tableaux, 671 questions were discussed by 3377 speakers, consuming in the aggregate, 70 1/2 days of 10 hours each. The attendance during these programs was 34,535.

The world conference of farmers now being held in the city of Rome on the call of the King of Italy will without doubt result in great good to the interest of agriculture. The fact that crowned heads in other countries as well as the highest authority in our own land are taking so much interest in the products of the soil should awaken the tillers thereof to a fuller appreciation of their importance and arouse them as never before to a determination to put their business on the same basis with other interests of the land.

To all who appreciate this and are wondering how and where to take hold we would suggest try the Grange.

August will again be picnic month with Penn'a. Patrons and calls for dates and speakers have been received from many places. Only a few assignments have as yet been made but all will be in a short time. Most of the work this year will be done by Penn'a. speakers, Hon. N. J. Bacheider, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire and present Lecturer of the National Grange, and Hon. G. B. Horton, Master of the State Grange of Michigan and prospective Gov. of the State, have been secured for a few meetings. Among the home speakers who will be heard are Worthy State Lecturer, A. M. Cornell, Hon. W. T. Creasy, E. B. Dorsett, G. W. Oster, Rev. J. W. Johnson, Worthy Chaplain of the State Grange, and Rev. H. G. Teagarden Past Chaplain. Mrs. V. B. Holliday, Henry Buckley, S. S. Blyholder, Dr. H. A. Surface, Hon. A. L. Martin and J. T. Ailman.

In a recent letter Bro. A. W. Reeves, Worthy Master of Corydon Grange, No. 1205, gives a very interesting description of a twenty-four mile drive to Sugar Grove to attend Warren Co. Pomona grange. In that distance he entered the territory of two granges and passed through that of four others—all strong granges too. If the organization were as strong all over the country the farmers would make their power felt. He says that over 100 members were present at the Pomona meeting. Lively discussions, excellent papers, good music and recitations kept up the interest throughout. In the evening the fifth degree was conferred on a class of 13.

Light Street Grange, No. 31 Columbia Co., has for many years been barely able to hold its charter. A few faithful ones, however, continued to hold the fort and now Brother H. H. Brown, a member of this grange and also Sec. of the Briarcreek Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., writes: "I am happy to report that I have No. 31 on its feet again, after an almost hopeless struggle for years. We now have 27 members and 7 candidates to be initiated at the next meeting."

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned appointed an auditor by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county to distribute the balance in the hands of Lafayette Crasay, executor as shown by his final account, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, Pa., on Friday, July 14th, 1901 at 10 o'clock a. m. to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties interested in the fund in the hands of the administrator of said deceased will appear and prove the same or be forever barred from coming in on said fund.

6-22-01 N. U. FUNK, Auditor.

No. 378, Luzerne Co., has had an experience very similar to No. 31, Columbia. About a year ago they began to revive and have kept at it until now they have a membership of 73. 18 having been initiated during the quarter ending March 31.

A card from Worthy State Master W. F. Hill states that he reached Italy on May 23rd safe and well. There is no doubt that he is having a pleasant and profitable experience and that he will come back better equipped than ever for his work.

Mother Gray's Appeal to Women. Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered an aromatic pleasant herb for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain remedy for irregular, cured female weaknesses and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Drugstores or by mail 50 cts. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

The Arcanum Trouble.

Are Making a Fight to Oust the Supreme Regent.—May Invoke the Aid of the Courts.

The Philadelphia members of the Royal Arcanum who are protesting against the new rates of life insurance have begun a movement to have Supreme Regent Howard C. Wiggins and a few of his conferees ousted. Plans to accomplish this have almost been completed, and unless the supreme regent recedes from his position of refusing to reconsider the objectionable rules, drastic measures will be taken. It is asserted, to rid the order of its executive officer. So determined are the protesting members not to allow the new rates to go into effect October 1st, that steps will be taken to force the supreme council to reconvene either by invoking the aid of the court or by forcing the grand councils in the various states to command the supreme body to reconvene.

The Cosmopolitan.

The most interesting event in the magazine world for the coming month is the appearance of the *Cosmopolitan* under the new auspices and in new garb. The famous old magazine, which was one of the pioneers of ten-cent periodicals, has taken on a new lease of life. The August number is interesting from cover to cover. Richard Le Gallienne has a charming essay on "The Poetry of a Woman's Smile," illustrated with photographs of New York society women taken in their merriest mood. Alfred Henry Lewis begins a serial life of Paul Jones which promises to be the most important piece of biography of the present year. Probably the best and most thrilling mountain-climbing pictures ever taken accompany an article by George D. Abraham entitled "Most Daring of All Mountain-Climbers." Garrett P. Serviss tells of the work of the Carnegie Institution's new solar observatory on Mount Wilson, California. Ada Patterson describes the adoption of children in New York City. Ambrose Bierce works his satiric vein to great advantage in a timely essay, "The Jury System in Ancient America"—a supposedly historical document of the year A. D. 3687. Herbert D. Ward contributes an article that is bound to create wide attention throughout the country. It describes in vivid manner the peonage system which is working such injustice in the South. The fiction in this mid-summer issue is by Francis Lynde, Tom Masson, Max Nordau, Anna Wharton Morris, Herbert Quick and Ambrose Bierce. Other contributors are Elbert Hubbard, Edwin Markham, Cyrus Townsend Brady, John B. Tabb and Alan Dale. The number is beautifully and abundantly illustrated. In fact the new *Cosmopolitan* bids fair to step at once into the front ranks of the magazines.

Of Interest to Veterans

Adjutant General Stewart has issued a circular informing all honorably discharged veterans who have served in rebel prisons, of the action of the legislature in providing transportation to those who desire to attend the monument dedication at Americus, Ga., probably in October. Also providing transportation to Vicksburg, Miss., for the same purpose.

Paxinos Inn, a summer resort near Easton, was destroyed by fire on Monday. It was of frame, 41 by 340 feet, and it took only an hour and a quarter to consume it. The loss is \$140,000.

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Professional Cards.

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

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CLINTON HERRING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office with Grant Herring, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Will be in Orangeville Wednesday each week.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Wells' Building over J. G. Wells' Hardware Store, Bloomsburg. Will be in Millville on Tuesdays.

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