

The Telegram.

By Hon. Mary Cavendish.

"Odd hand, my last," remarked one of the bridge players. He was a good-looking fair man, with an eyeglass, who was not too much absorbed in his game to find time to glance at the girl in white who sat on the opposite side of him. She seemed to have a great deal to say to the man by her side. He looked like a sailor, a man with a keen, alert face, and far-seeing eyes. They talked in low tones between the plays. The game went on.

"What a good game!" said one of the men, as they rose. He stifled a yawn, looking at the clock.

"Yes," replied the man with the eyeglass, absently. "Good game." He was looking towards the girl and fellow.

The hostess glanced suddenly at the clock. "My dear people," she exclaimed, "if any of us mean to hunt to-morrow we ought to go to our little beds. I had no idea it was so late. George has probably gone to sleep in the smoking room. Evie are you bored to death playing cards?"

The girl in white smiled demurely. "No, thanks, dear," she replied sweetly. She did not look bored.

They moved into the hall, where there was a keen but silent competition between the sailor and the man with the eyeglass to light and hand the candles. Both turned at the same moment to the girl in white.

"Good-night," she said softly and departed to them both.

The two other men who had been playing bridge had gone down the corridor to the smoking room and their host. A whistled chorus of "Of course I don't know, but I guess," came back softly to the two men left in the hall. The women's voices sounded faintly upstairs, with the soft rustle of their frocks. The sailor's eyes suddenly met those of the other man, and he held out his hand.

"Good-night, old man," he said; "I'm going to turn in." He went up stairs whistling.

In her own room the girl was reading a letter, a long letter in a feminine hand. She read and re-read it, and then suddenly threw it into the fire. The flames curled round the sheet. Some words stood out very distinctly.

"... told me and of course he knows. It's quite private, and not to be breathed a word about, yet. But he said it's almost certain that—" the flames burned out the name—"will get the money. And such a pile! He is to have a wire to-morrow. Be sure and not breathe a word" ... The letter burned up quickly. A few gray ashes dropped into the grate. Outside an owl hooted mournfully. The girl shivered, looking nervously over her shoulder. Three words still stood out distinctly on the charred sheet: "Such a pile!"

They all came in from hunting the next evening, tired and pleased with their day. There was the usual search on the hall table for telegrams, or second-post letters. The man with the eyeglass took up an orange envelope. He looked his tall, straight best in pink, mud-splashed as he was. He read the telegram, and an eager light came into his eyes. He gathered up his letters, with one quick glance at the girl, and went upstairs.

"Come along, Evie, let's go and change," said her hostess. She linked her arm in the girl's, and they walked together to the foot of the wide staircase. But she suddenly remembered a message to be given, and turned back into the hall again. Only the sailor was there as she passed through. He was gazing at the staircase which the girl was ascending. At the top he paused, stooped, and picked up something it looked like an envelope. She passed on to her room quickly. The sailor's straight brows were knit together. He sat on in the hall, staring into the fire, until the girl came down again. She held a pile of letters in her hand and was going to the post box. Something surely fluttered from her fingers as she passed him. He stooped and picked up an orange envelope. A name stood out legibly. "You dropped this!" he said interrogatively. She started, coloring violently.

"? Oh, no." He looked at her for one puzzled moment, and her eyes fell before his. She looked very young and pretty. The sailor laid the telegram on the mantelpiece, behind the loud-ticking clock. Then he took the girl's hand. "... But I am so very sorry," she was saying, regretfully, a few moments later. The soldier with the eyeglass was coming downstairs, spick-and-span, and well-brushed. The sailor left the hall.

They drank their health that evening at dinner, and every one said how pleased they were. The sailor, too, though his congratulations were brief. After dinner there was another announcement to make. The man with the eyeglass spoke.

They chafed him, and called him the richest commoner in England, and said what a thing it was to have so unknown uncle who made fortunes and then died conveniently in the bush. And when the sailor's eyes next met those of the girl, there was an odd look of contemptuous pity in them. But Evie's hostess was trying to herself what a mercy it was the girl had chosen the right man before she knew. ... She always liked him best, I suppose," she remarked to her husband the next day.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Howard, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hark, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of other equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through drug stores for like purposes, that has any such professional endorsement—worthy more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

Mrs. Phlegmthrow Suggests One That Might Do in Some Cases.

"In my own case," said Mr. Phlegmthrow, "I find that insomnia proceeds largely from worry over money. My nerves are all right and I have a cast iron stomach, I can eat anything and enjoy it, and as a general proposition life looks pretty rosy to me; but still I do occasionally have nights that I can't sleep, when I lie awake worrying over how I am going to make both ends meet.

"I never deliberately consider financial questions at night, but I do find that sometimes—and this may be after a most completely comfortable evening—financial questions obtrude themselves upon me after I have gone to bed.

To stave off these unpleasant questions and enable myself to forget them so that I could go to sleep I have tried various familiar methods; I have got out of bed and stood up to make myself tired; I have recalled and dwell on pleasant journeys; I have counted from one up to a million, more or less; I have said the alphabet backward over and over again; I have tried many things; but do you know what in my case I find most efficacious? It is a story that I tell to myself about how I am going to become comfortably rich and thus free from all financial troubles.

"It took me a considerable time to build up this story in such comfortable shape that it just suited me, so that it seemed natural; like something that might have happened, you understand, and then I filled in the amount that would be sufficient to provide for all ordinary wants and as well as for a few modest luxuries, including a little travel—a pleasant prospect to dwell upon. And by the time I had this story completely built up it took me some time to tell it to myself, with that snug little fortune that was to save me from all financial worry coming in at the end.

"And then when those money questions used to pounce on me after I'd gone to bed and threaten to keep me awake I'd start off and tell myself that story, as in truth I have done many times. And sometimes I'd have to tell it to myself two or three times over in succession to drive away the specter and then again once would do, that money coming in at the end of it soothing me to sleep, and then I have sometimes even not been compelled to tell it all through once; I have fallen asleep before I had finished it, before I got to the money, so sure was I that it was coming to me."—New York Sun.

Giant Records.

An Eskimo will devour greedily twenty pounds of meat a day. A Russian Tartar will eat in twenty-four hours forty pounds. Captain Cochrane mentions a Tartar who consumed in that time the hind quarters of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for drink. Three of his tribe—the Yakuti—think nothing of polishing off a reindeer at a meal. In London and New York the average consumption of meat is half a pound to each person daily; in Paris it is one-sixth of a pound, with a much lower fraction for the villagers and country; the Irishman's bone and muscle are elaborated from potatoes, not from flesh, and the brawny Highlander builds up his huge members from porridge, kail and whisky.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.
Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

"THE ROAD OF ANTHRACITE."

If you contemplate spending the Winter months in Florida or California, call upon our local ticket agent for particulars.

NOTHING but the best factory cuttings go into

COUPON BOND

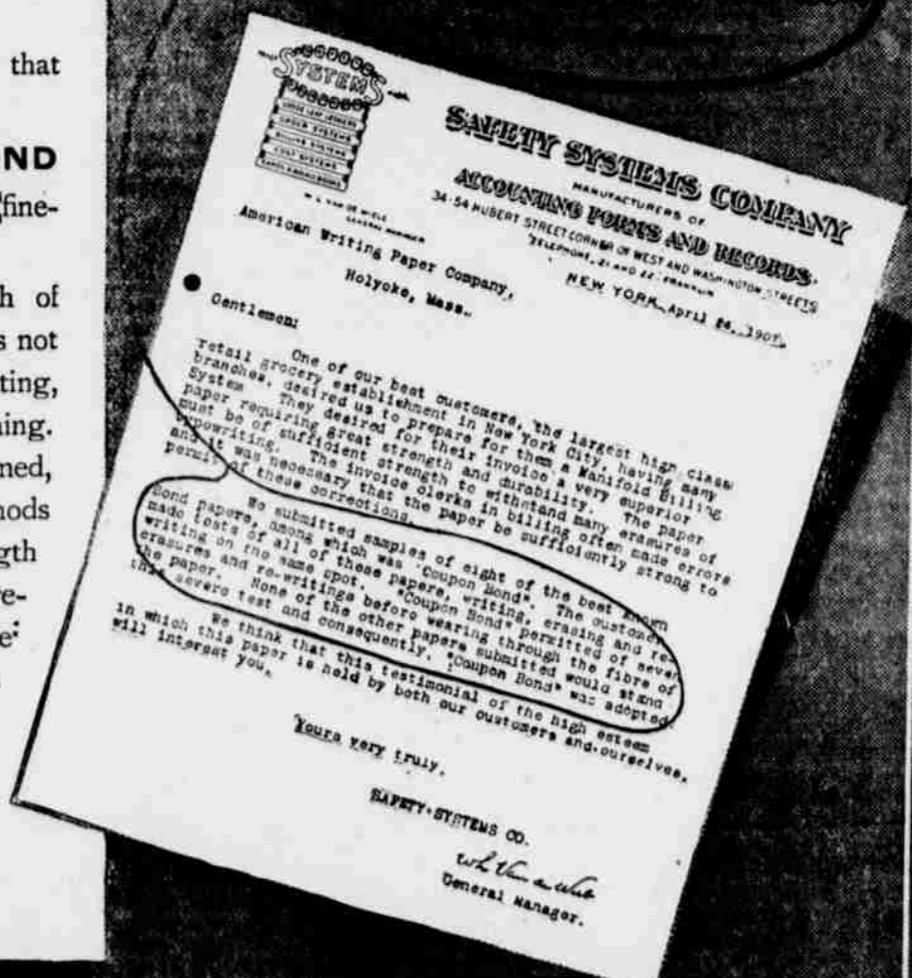
—the finest and longest new clippings from the best white goods factories.

That's one thing that accounts for

COUPON BOND toughness and fineness.

Then the strength of this fine material is not sacrificed in beating, washing or bleaching. Slow, old-fashioned, painstaking methods are used—the strength of the cuttings is preserved; and the finished paper has the smoothness and strength of fine linen.

WILL STAND SEVEN COMPLETE ERASURES



COUPON BOND

The De Luxe Business Paper

Large Book of Assorted Samples Free on Request

Carried in stock at the
COLUMBIAN PRINTING HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG.

Where sample can be seen.

Professional Cards.

- H. A. MCKILLIP
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Columbian Building 2nd Floor
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- A. N. YOST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Ent Building, Court House Square
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- RALPH. R. JOHN,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW.
Ent Building, next to Court House
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- FRED IKELER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office Over First National Bank.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- CLYDE CHAS. YETTER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Wirt's Building.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- W. H. RHAWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office Corner of 3rd and Main Sts.
CATAWISSA, PA.
- CLINTON HERRING.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with Grant Herring,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Orangeville Wednesday each week
- A. L. FRITZ,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office—Bloomsburg Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- J. H. MAIZE
ATTORNEY AT LAW, INSURANCE AND
EAL ESTATE AGENT
Office in Townsend's Building
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- N. U. FUNK
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Ent's Building, Court House Square
Bloomsburg, Pa.
- SADE T. VANNATTA
(Successor to C. E. Rupp)
GENERAL INSURANCE
Office 235 Iron St., Bloomsburg,
Oct 31, 1901. 11*
- M. I. LUIZ & SON,
INSURANCE and REALESTATE
AGENTS AND BROKERS.
N. W. Corner Main and Centre Sts.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Represent Seventeen as good Companies
there are in the World and all losses
promptly adjusted and paid
at their office.
- DR. W. H. HOUSE
SURGEON DENTIST
Office Barton's Building, Main below Mar
Bloomsburg, Pa.
All styles of work done in a superior manna
All work warranted as represented
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
by the use of Gas, and free of charge when
artificial teeth are inserted
Open all hours during the day
- DR. M. J. HESA
DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Crown and bridge work a specialty
Corner Main and Centre streets
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Columbia & Telephone connections
- J. J. BROWN, M. D.
THE EYE A SPECIALTY.
Eyes tested and fitted with glasses.
No Sunday work.
311 Market St., Bloomsburg, Pa.
Hours 10 to 8 Telephone
- J. S. JOHN M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence, 410 Main St
7-30-1v BLOOMSBURG, PA
- EDWARD. FLYNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CENTRALIA, PA.
Office Liddiot building, Locust Avenue
- H. MONTGOMERY SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office 1—Ent building, 11-16-99
- WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Wells' building over J. G.
Wells' Hardware Store, Bloomsburg.
Will be in Millville on Tuesdays.
- EXCHANGE HOTEL,
I. A. SNYDER, Proprietor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Large and convenient sample rooms, ba
rooms' hot and cold water and all
modern conveniences.
- CITY HOTEL,
W. A. Hartzel, Prop.
No. 121 West Main Street
Large and convenient sample rooms,
rooms, hot and cold water, and modern c
veniences. Bar stocked with best wines
and liquors. First-class livery attached.
- MONTOUR TELEPHONE. BELL TELEPH
EYES TESTED, GLASSES FITTED.
- H. BIERMAN, M. D.
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURG
OFFICE HOURS: Office & Residence, 4th S
10 a. m. to 2 p. m., 5:30 to 8 p. m.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
- C. WATSON MCKELVY,
Fire Insurance Agent.
Represent twelve of the strongest com
panies in the world, among
which are
Franklin of Phila., Penna., Phila.
Queen, of N. Y., Westchester, N. Y.
North America, Phila.
Office: Clark Building, 2nd Floor.