## THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, P.A.



2

"Good-by, old fellow. You'd better brace up and come along."

Eugene Merie stood at the head of the wide stairs and looked after the speaker without replying. His face was dark, moody, weary; he shrugged I's shoulders and turned away with a resture more eloquent than words.

It's all very well for you to say

1 : be made his way back to his studio. Merle was an artist who lived and orked on the fourth floor of a large

partment house devoted to profes-L.onais. "It's easy to say brace up," he mut-

tered as he entered the studio, the door of which had been left ajar during his brief absence.

"I can't stand it," he said aloud. "I am in debt, penuiless-1 have pawned everything on which I could raise a cent.

He sprang to his feet and paced the floor in nervous excitement.

He went to a little cabinet and took out a small bottle of dark liquid, evoing it with a gleam in his eyes that suggested incipient madness.

"A few drops of this and all would be over," he muttered. "All the struggle and disappointment and povertyit's the only way to get the best of fate. Shall I do it?"

Something stayed his hand. What was it-a spirit from the other world

A slender form in gray draperles with a misty veil, enshrouding he face, stood beside him, and a white hand took the glass from his lips Merle stood transfixed.

"Who are you?" he asked in low tones

"Your guardian angel," said a sweet tremulous voice. "You must not do this thing you contemplate."

"My God!" he said, in low tones. "I was going to kill myself! But how came you here?"

Even then it seemed as if that grayclad figure must be supernatural.

"You have saved me," he said, emotionally, "I-I am weak, ill, but that moment of madness is passed. You believe me?"

He took the bottle from the cabinet and emptying the contents into the glass, threw away the entire quantity. "Tell me now to whom I owe this

debt of gratitude," he said, but the gray-robed figure shook her head. "Remember only my words; keep

courage," she answered, and moved Slowly she moved toward the door,

and Merle was too bewildered to do ght but stand there and look after 1.37 until she disappeared.

At that instant he caught sight of a small, lace-edged handkerchief lying upon the floor near the chair, and leaning forward he picked it up. In its folds was a bill of small denomination. A hot flash swept over the artist's face. She had left the money for him?

He rushed out into the hall, but she was gone; he came back, picked up his hat and hurried to the street, but there was no sign of the lady in gray.

"I might indeed think it was

Over a year after they had sailed for foreign shores, the de Mondes returned, and by that time Eugene Merle was on the top wave of success. He was attending a fashionable reception one evening when he saw a familiar, graceful form in rosy gauze gliding toward him, and the dark, handsome face of Alberta de Monde came through the throng. She was surprised to see him, but

she greeted him pleasantly, although there was a constraint in her manner. "I have heard of your success, Mr.

Merie," said she. "Papa and I are greatly pleased."

"I see him coming this way, now," said Eugene, and at that instant Mr de Monde approached with a beautiful girl beside him.

Her slender, graceful form was robed in white, and strands of pearls banded her throat and arms. Her yellow hair was secured in a loose coll by a jeweled filet, and her eyes shone like stars.

"Mr. Merle, my daughter Fay," said Mr. de Monde, and the artist knew that the moment he had longed for had come.

He was standing face to face with the Fair Unknown.

"I know you, Miss Fay," he said. "Why did you wish to deceive me?"

"I thought it were better you should not know; it would have been embarrassing for both of us," she answered. "In the first place, I had no right in your studio. I had gone to see a girl who painted on satin for me; your door was open, and the picture on the easel attracted my attention. I saw that the room was empty, and I stepped in with the notion that the room might be Flora's. Then you returned, and I hid behind a curtain, hoping you would go out again, and scarcely knowing what to do. I induced papa to send for you, but I did not want you to see me. I knew we were going abroad soon, and 1 did not think you would ever suspect my complicity in the matter."

One summer night-just such a night as it was when Eugene Merle saw that lovely vision on the moonlit balcony-the artist walked through the fragrant, shadowy garden with a white hand resting upon his arm and a sweet, fair face uplifted to his, while he uttered fond words of love and listened to her soft responses.

All his hopes were fulfilled, his dreams realized; he had won from Fortune every gift she could bestow. -ELLA RANDALL PEARCE.

Why Horses Shy and Donkeys Don't.

A curious question in evolution was once put to a scientist prominent in the service of the Government. "Why is it," some one asked, "that horses shy and donkeys do not?" The answer was to the following ef-

fect:

The ancestors of the horse were accustomed to roam over the plains, where every tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting in ambush. In these circumstances they must have time and again saved their lives by quickly starting back or else suddenly jumping to one side when without warning some strange object appeared to them. The habit must have indeed been a strong one, seeing that so many years of domestication have not eradicated it.

On the other hand, the donkey is descended from animals that lived among the hills, with the usual precipices and dangerous declivities; and from these conditions, it would appear, there resulted its slowness and surefootedness. The donkey's ancestors were not, then, so liable to snakes. Moreover, sudden and wild zoological garden. starts would have been positively dangerous to the donkeys's forebears. Consequently, they learned to avoid the characteristic trick of the horse. The habit of eating thistles, peculiar to the donkey, seems also to have been inherited from its ancestors. In the dry, barren localities they inhabited there was often very little food; therefore they learned to eat the hard, dry, and even prickly plants and undergrowth when nothing else presented itself.



America's Great Bird Had Been **Caught Trying to Carry Off** a 35-Pound Boy

BOLDLY SWOOPS DOWN ON CHILD

Battle Royal Ensued Between Farmers' Armed with Pitchforks and the Magnificent Eagle-Men Won but the Bird Carried Off Honors of War.

St. Charles, Ill.-In a battle royal between a collection of farmers armed with pitchforks, sticks and stones on one side, and a lone eagle, but of magnificent size, on the other, the men finally won, although the fighting honors rightfully belonged to the bird, which had been interfered with in its attiempts to carry off the three-yearold son of Peter Johnson.

Fully a score of persons participated in the conflict with the eagle, and pitchforks, clubs and stones were brought into service before the bird. exhausted from its efforts, gave up the fight. Johnson was terribly scratched in the encounter, although his son was unhurt.

The Johnson boy, was playing on his father's farm near St. Charles when the eagle was first observed.

The great bird circled about the vicinity at a great height for several minutes. Suddenly, with the speed of a lighting flash, it darted down, and its steel like talons had caught the child's dress,

The child's surprise for a second struck him dumb, and the eagle, using every ounce of its strength, bore the boy upward. Surprise gave way to alarm. The child screamed for aid and struggled vigorously to free himself from the eagle's clutches.

The boy is a stockily built lad, weighing about 35 pounds, and the bird was unable to make great progress.

The father heard the screams of his child and hurried from his home. He saw the boy in the bird's clutches and ran toward the scene of the struggle.

With all his strength he threw himself on the eagle and bore it to the ground. The child was saved and ran shricking for assistance for his father. The man and the bird were locked in a death grip, the eagle using its claws, while Johnson struck out with his free hand as he held the bird with the other.

Neighbors were soon on the scene. From the start they were determined if possible, to capture the eagle alive. Sticks and stones fell on its body, while both wings were immediately crippled.

The breaking of the wings made escape of the eagle impossible, but for two hours it fluttered along the ground, fiercely repelling every attack until, completely exhausted, it was are the English, or the Italian, or pinioned to the earth by two pitchforks.

The eagle when measured proved

HOW OLIVE OIL IS MADE .

Fruit is Crushed to a Paste From Which the Oil is Pressed.

The finest olive oil in the world is grown in Tuscany-the garden of Italy

The trees blossom in Tuscany in the month of May. The fruit begins to ripen in November and is generally in full maturity by January.

It is a risky crop, maturing as it does during winter weather. cold snap with frost may cause great damage to the fruit.

Sometimes the fruit remains on the trees till May, yielding a pale, very thin oil, appreciated in some quarters, but which speedily develops rancidity.

The process of extracting the oil is simple in the extreme; the fruit is first crushed in a mill to a uniform jaste, then the paste is transferred to circular bags or receptacles made of vegetable fibre. A pile of these are placed in a press and the exuding cil flows into a tank below.

Essential conditions are that the mill should not revolve too fast, or It will overheat the olive paste and give a bad flavor to the oil; that the bed of the mill should .ot be of metal for the same reason

Also the degree of pressure, when the object is to get the finest quality of oil-"oil from the pulp" as the term runs-must not be excessive. The finest olive oil is essentially a cold drawn oil. Heat is prejudicial to quality.

However, when all possible care has been taken in the process the fact remains that olive oil can be made only from freshly gathered perfectly sound, ripe olives of the proper kind. The big fat olives of hot, subtropical climates can never yield a delicate y flavored oil,

The newly made oil must be allowed to settle. It is then clarified simply by passing it through purified cotton wooi in a suitable filter. Really fine olive oil calls for no other treatment whatever, chemical or otherwise, to render it fit for the table. On this point it is as well to be clear, as reference has been made Lefore now to processes of refining clive oil so as 'o obtain a specially fine quality-one might as well try to "paint the lily or adorn the rose!"

After being brought to America. the clarified oil is preserved in ware. houses in large slate lined tanks, holding up to 20,000 gallons each. wherein the oil is maintained at an equable temperature. For bottling and can filling purposes it is transferred by pipes from these large tanks to other smaller tanks in the packing rooms.

#### Politeness League in France.

A number of people in Paris have decided to form a league to encourage politeness in France. It will be known as the "League of Respect to Women." One of its founders in explaining his object said:

"For many years past we Frenchmen have been losing our old reputation for politeness. In fact, we tre no longer as polite to women as the Austrians. This is evidenced dail" in a hundred littl ways.

"For instance, a Frenchman seldom if ever, think of giving up his



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been

in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-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.

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parition but for this," he thought closing his fingers on the bill. "This is substantial enough. 'Keep up courage,' she said; well, I'll try. I was a mad fool to think of ending my life, but God knows everything was against me!"

He went into the cafe, ate his dinner, and went out to consult a physician. Then he went to his studio a changed man.

Two days later a letter reached hits from a wealthy, retired gentleman living in the suburbs, and he desired an interview with the artist.

Eugene Merle felt that in some way the Fair Unknown had something t do with the message, and he quickly observed the summons, When he saw Mr. de Monde he

found that the old gentleman was a lover of art and a liberal patron.

"I want a portrait of my daughter," he said. "You have been recommended to me. The sittings will have to take place here. Will that suit you? Merle replied that it would.

Mr. de Monde sent for his daughter and, as she entered the room, Eugene Merie was conscious of a strange emotion, a mingling of hope and disappointment that made him at once elated and downcast.

The young lady was slender and graceful, with large, dark eyes and luxuriant black hair.

"My daughter Alberta," said the old man, and the artist bent over the white hand in silence.

Merle began his work the following day. All the while that he was transferring Alberta de Monde's high-bred. brunette beauty to canvass, his heart and mind were full of conflicting emotions.

"How stupid I am!" he thought one day. "It is not likely that she has aught to do with the Fair Unknown My fancy traces a resemblance-that is all. Alberta de Monde is as dark as the other one was fair, and yet-her eyes, her voice-but there, what non sense! Dark eyes and silvery voices are not uncommon, after all."

The portrait was a complete suc cess. Merle knew that much depend ed upon it, and he worked as he never bod worked before.

It was finished, liberally paid for and he had no excuse to visit the de Monde mansion any longer.

After that, other patrons of art mme to his studio, and the artist found that his tide of fortune had turned.

#### Sea Mystery Solved.

Another mystery of the sea has been settled, apparently. The British steamer Loch Vennacher left the Clyde for Adelaide on June 14, 1905, and was never seen after September 14. A bottle containing a slip of paper, purporting to have been written by one J. B. Gillingham, of Glasgow, and dated 3 a. m., October 29, has been found off the Australian coast. It states that the ship had struck on the Althorpes, near Kangaroo Island. and was not expected to float more than half an hour. Boats were being launched, but it was not thought that they would live, as the sea was very rough.

#### Promising New Fruit.

A promisng new fruit from Uruguay grows on a laurel-like plant having leaves that are green and shin ing on the upper surface. The fruit. described as having the size of an apricot has the shape of the apple, is yellow and scarlet when mature, and it has a perfume of a delicacy equaled in no other fruit. The seed is like a large hazel nut. The edible fieshy part is small, but is expected to in crease with cultivation, and its taste is extremely agreeable. This edible pulp is credited with remarkable digestive properties.

Got There.

Trotter-When young Biffkins left college a few years ago, he declared he was going to forge his way to the front. Did he make good? Homer-As a forger, yes. He's now occupying a front-row cell in the pen-Itentiary.

to be twelve feet from tip to tip of its wings and a perfect specimen of its kind. It is believed it will speedily recover from the injuries received in its struggle with the men, and sudden attacks from wild beasts and Johnson plans to present it to some

> Although Johnson is suffering intense pain as a result of the scratches received in the fight, none of his hurts is regarded as dangerous, the worst wound being an immense gash torn in his left shoulder. He was greatly weakened from loss of blood.

The boy is none the worse for his experience and takes the greatest delight in watching the imprisoned bird.

#### A STRANGE NEW PERIL.

#### Travelers Tell of Cactus That Jumped at Them.

Torreon, Mexico.-Travelers returning here from the mountains have discovered a new species of cactus which they have named "catcuss" because they say it springs upon travelers like a cat and makes them "cuss." The paper says that the "Catcuss" grows upon a stalk and is shaped like a small ball and covered with spines. Travelers claim that it is attracted by the warmth of a human or animal body and that it springs from its stem onto the passerby, the spines piercing the flesh and holding on like a cactus spine.

#### BROTHERS KILLED SAME WAY.

Interval Exactly Four Years-Both Run Over by Trains.

Redding, Cal.-At the same spot and in the same way in which, four years ago to a day his brother was killed, Daniel McKenzie, a farmer living near Lamoine, was killed by a train.

McKenzie lay down and went to neep on the track half a mile north of Lamoine. Train No. 228 struck him and cut his body in twain. The engineer saw McKenzie as the train came around the curve, but not in time to come to a stop.

#### Has an Albino Pheasant.

Albany, Ore .- On the farm of Peter Byrne, three miles east of Halsey, is a pure white China pheasant. It was captured last fall and so far as can be learned is the only albino China pheasant in existence. It has all of the characteristics of an ordinary China pheasant except that its feathers are pure white.

seat in a tramcar or omnibus to a woman who may be standing on the platform outside. Men smoke in non-smoking compartments without as much as asking permission of any woman who may be present.

"Saluting women is much less respectful than formerly. We do not wan, to go back to the old and somewhat ridiculous form of ceremonious politeness which Frenchmen formerly slowed toward women. But we do wish to keep alive, or rather to revive, something of the traditional French courtesy toward women, which, unfortunately, is fast dying out. Hence the formation of our league.

"We propose, if the omnibus and railroad companies will allow us, to stick up in the railway carriages, tramcars, omnibus stations and other public places a small placard, 'Be polite to women.' "--Modern Society.

#### Humming Bird is Fearless.

So unafraid are humming birds of man that they will readily enter open windows of houses, if they see flowers within. I have even read of their visiting the artificial flowers on a lady's hat when she was walking out, and other writers speak of their taking sugar from between a person's lips.

a room they become confused and, being so frail, are apt to injure themselves by striking against objects. More than once I or members of my family have caught the frightened little waifs for their good, and released them in the open air.

It is no use trying to keep them in captivity, unless possibly, it were in a green house where there were plenty of flowers, for no artificial food has ever been found which will noursh them. Yet even there they would probably kill themselves by flying against the glass .-- Outing.

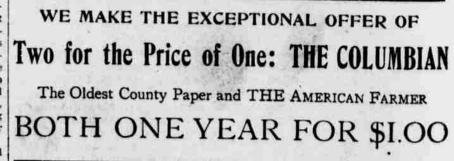
#### Inn 200 Years in One Family.

It was stated at the Wareham Petty Sessions, on the occasion of the transfer of the license of the King's Arms from the late Miss Sarah Hoare to her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, that the inn had been kept by members of the same family for 200 years.

P. t. to a

A web two and a quarter miles long, has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

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### THE COLUMBIAN.

A puny cl ild is always an anxiety to the parents. There seems generally no reason why the little one should be weak when it is so well fed. But the fact is that it does not matter how much food the child takes if the stomach cannot extract the nourishment from it. No benefit can be derived just from it. No benefit can be derived just from eating. That is the condition of many a sickly child. The stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are not doing their work, and the body is really starving. It is little use to give fish foods, like cod liver oil or emulsions, in such a case, because these also have to be digested. Strength is what the stomach needs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves and increases the action of the blood-making glands. It is superior to every other preparation for chil-dren's use, on account of its body-build-ing qualities, and also because it is pleasant to the taste and contains no alcohol. The virtues of native medic-inal roots are extracted and their value enhanced by the use of triple-refined glycerine, which of itself, is a most valuable nutritive and promoter of digestion. Send to Dr. R V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet.

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Bloomsburg, Pa.

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The truth, in a nutshell, is a good bit of a chestnut.

