

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY

"Helena!" The girl looked up expectantly, then frowned a little as she saw the look in the eyes of her companion and the determined expression of his mouth.

"Don't Bobby; please don't propose again and spoil this afternoon," she said quickly. "Yesterday you asked me to marry you and when I said no you nearly ran the auto into a tree; the day before, when we were driving, you paid so much attention to me and so little to the horses that we barely escaped another bad accident. Today we are in a canoe; do remember that they are dangerous things in the hands of absent-minded people."

"But I love you, Helena. I love you, and I shall go on telling you every time we meet—here, there and everywhere—until you say you'll marry me."

"Then, Mr. Mills, I must decline the pleasure of your company here, there and everywhere. Please take me to the shore."

"Oh, I say, Helena, be reasonable. I know you love me. A girl doesn't go everywhere with a chap if she doesn't—"

"Mr. Mills!" Helena's horrified and indignant voice interrupted Bobby in the midst of this awful blunder. "Kindly take me to the shore at once," she said lellly, "and leave me. I will go home alone, and I desire no further communication with you—ever," she added.

"Oh, I say—" Bobby began in stammering explanation. "Don't get mad, Helena. A fellow can do more help telling a girl he loves her—if he does, I mean—than the sun can help shining. I'd do anything for you—"

"Then please paddle this canoe to the shore immediately," interrupted Helena again. "I do not love you, Mr. Mills, however much you may have contrived my actions toward you and my acceptance of your invitations since we have been staying here. I have enjoyed the pleasure of your company previously, but I must decline hereafter to be burdened with unwelcome attentions, or be made the subject of insulting remarks."

"Oh, I say!" Bobby's vocabulary had suddenly become very limited and his face was a picture of deepest, dismal woe. His mind, working overtime, was trying frantically to find a way to clear him and bring him back to favor, as he glanced furtively at the face opposite him in the canoe.

It was a beautiful day. A sky of white and blue, with just enough of sunshine to warm and color the river air and a stretch of clear, smooth water that was hardly broken by even a stray ripple, seemed to promise a harmony which was not fulfilled. The two had enjoyed many happy days together since they had been at Lakeside, but the canoe had been more constant in their affections than any of the other summer sports, and in the intimate association of the canoe, more than any other place, Bobby had learned to love the girl before him with a love that would come to him but once. Now, he had jeopardized his whole future life by being a simpleton when he should have had all his wits at attention. If something might happen whereby he could redeem himself. Suddenly his chin squared and a twinkle appeared in his eyes.

"Very well, Miss Holland," he said stiffly, in reply to her last remark, as he gave a vicious stroke with the unoffending paddle. "I shall trouble you no more. As soon as I take you ashore I will leave you. I shall be miserable all my life, but of course that is nothing to you."

Just then something happened, only Bobby knew how. A quick stroke, a sudden lurch, and over went canoe, plows, paddles and occupants into the water. Helena could swim like a mermaid, and Bobby tread water long enough to see her start safely toward shore. For a little ways he followed her, then gave a cry, stretched his arms high above the water and sank. The girl heard him and turned her head as he disappeared. With a little moan she swung around, swimming with long, sweeping strokes, like a man. When she found him he was not unconscious, and for a while was able to help her, but as they neared the shore, and he felt the sand beneath his feet, he closed his eyes and she was obliged to get him ashore alone. Alone! The word echoed dully in her brain as she looked at the helpless man. What should she do for him? What was "first aid" to the drowned? What if he should die? Oh, no, no! She was by his side, kneeling over him and calling him endearing, loving names.

"Oh, my dear, don't die," she cried. "don't die. I didn't mean what I said. I do love you. I'll marry you; I could not help it, for I love you so. Open your eyes, dear. Oh, what shall I do? Bobby, Bobby."—HELEN B. GUNNINGSON.

HUMBLE GENIUS.

Some of the well-known earmarks of genius are discernible in the dollar-a-day French workman who out of old cans and bottles and umbrella ribs has fashioned an improved system of wireless telegraphy. It was from a discarded surgical syringe that Watt made his model of a condensing engine, and Herschel with a tiny home-made telescope discovered the ring and satellites of Saturn. The great workman is careless of his tools.

If Naudin's invention meets the tests to which it is to be subjected with a view to its adoption in the French naval service he will rank with other great inventors from humble life—with the barber who invented the spinning-jenny, the colliery engine-man who gave the world the locomotive, with the inventors of the sewing-machine, the airbrake, the electric light and a hundred other indispensable devices of civilization.

The old miracle of genius is repeated almost daily—in the case of the cobbler's son who becomes a great sculptor, the child of the slums who becomes the great actress, the country curate's sickly boy who wins the command of the seas for his country. The divine spark is oftenest found in the lowly, but why it should be so not all the theories of heredity can explain.

GOOD AIR AND HEALTH.

The present is an age which is discussing, more than any other, ways of health. In the midst of all the discussion a constant emphasis should be laid on the need of fresh air. In building a new house, provision can easily be made for an upstairs porch which can be used for a sleeping room. Three sides of an upstairs room can be left unfinished or simply ceiled up with plain wood, the fourth side being left entirely open. This will not cost as much by a third as the plastering of an entire room. In this bedroom with one side open, in many states in this Union, persons can sleep out every night. The effect of plenty of fresh air on the health of the people is almost startling when the practical side of it is considered. Many diseases which are common to humanity can be traced directly to an insufficient supply of good air. Disease germs thrive in contaminated atmosphere. Dr. Nansen, in his "Farthest North," says he was unable to take cold in the Arctic region. This is largely owing to the fact that the air there is practically free from disease germs, but also due to the fact that there is of necessity outdoor life.

PAPER FROM CORNSTALKS.

Dr. B. T. Galloway, of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, stated to the House Committee on Agriculture, recently, that laboratory tests seem to warrant the conclusion that print paper could be manufactured from cornstalks, the same as from wood pulp at the present time. There is a mill in Maine which is to make a test of the commercial value of the new product. The product of the plant is a cheap kind of molasses and the stalk is to be torn into shreds and made into paper. Science is busying itself in utilizing the waste forces and elements in nature. Things that used to be thrown away from the foundries, factories, slaughter-houses, and the like, are now making fortunes for men and corporations. The utilization of waste forces in the world of the mind and of the heart is of the greatest importance.

THE "COHERENT LIFE" NOW.

At Boston University commencement Professor Bliss Perry spoke on "The Coherent Life." "We are hearing much about the simple life and the strenuous life," he said, "but the ideal life is the coherent life. The strenuous life doctrine was one of the most superfluous gospels ever preached.

"We need coherent thoughts, some idea that will beat time for us and help our ragged human regiment to march forward in order."

TOO EARLY FOR TIMETABLES.

For the present the airship has not reached beyond the possibilities of furnishing a method for observation and for scouting or of the enjoyment to be got out of it as a toy. Unquestionably its use as a pleasure craft will grow, but the order for the printing of timetables for flights between cities, regardless of weather, has not yet been given.

Sir Donald Currie was one of the great English captains of industry. His estate is put at \$11,885,260—an amount smaller than an American millionaire would expect to "turn" in one stock-promotion deal. Sir Donald built and sailed ships for his money. Some people do some things better in England.

Ex-Governor Boies, of Iowa, calls attention to the fact that for more than a decade Iowa has been declining in population. Governor Boies once farmed his 2,500-acre farm himself, but now leases it to ten tenants.

The poet Swinburne left an estate of \$121,410. But it wasn't from the sale of poetry. His grandfather was an admiral, his family well-to-do. He never knew poverty nor wrote verses in a garret.

London's bachelor millionaire who left such a great fortune habitually paid 18 pence, or 36 cents for his luncheon at an old-fashioned coffee-house. "There's a reason."

An alienist says that there is one insane person in every New York family. Especially after a murder.

The Test.

Marjorie looked pensively out of the window as Red-ric spoke. She had long feared that the words she had just heard were trembling for utterance upon his lips, and while she knew deep down in her heart that she did not love him, she was of a sympathetic nature, and could not bring herself by a refusal of his hand to blast those bright hopes forever. Now she was face to face with the emergency, and it puzzled her sorely to know what to do. His very manner of putting the question precluded the possibility of any prolonged dalliance with it. The answer was due, and must be given.

"I will do anything," he whispered hoarsely—"anything, Marjorie, to prove my love."

A flash of solution crossed her pained countenance. Here, perhaps, was a way out.

"You mean that, Roderic Vendebol?" she cried gladly.

"Yes," he said, "I mean it."

"Then," said she, "I will give you the test. I am not like some maidens, Roderic, who would set you an impossible task. I shall not ask you to communicate with Mars, or to cross the Atlantic in an airship. I realize that such a task—either of them—would show me to be an exacting woman. I am not that—oh, believe me, I am not that, Roderic. Neither shall I require of you that you run for District Attorney to prove this love you say you bear for me. Neither do I require you to write a novel that shall be hailed everywhere as beyond all peradventure the long waited Great American Novel. No, that would be setting you a task beyond all reason."

"You are very good," he murmured hopefully. "What, then, must I do, dear heart, to prove the deep and noble sincerity of my passion?"

"Your cat-boat is still in commission, Roderic?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"And you still have the ear tabs I knitted for you last Christmas?" the girl went on shyly.

"I have never let them be separated from me," he cried. "See!"

And he produced them from his coat-tail pocket, kissing them in lovely fashion as he did so.

"Then all will be easy, Roderic," she replied "If by next Thursday night you have brought me that brass tube containing the American flag and a bag of peanuts planted by Doctor Cook in that cake of ice he found on the Pole, then, dear Roderic, will I be yours forever!"

The startled man made no reply. He gazed quietly upon her face for a moment, and then, turning on his heel, he left the room. Twenty-four hours later his engagement to Miss Tootsi Hickenlooper, famed as the homeliest girl in Hackensack was announced.

"Since I cannot have you," he wrote, in announcing his engagement to Marjorie, "I have consoled myself with the only girl I know who is like you in all ways."

And Marjorie's victory held the bitterness of ashes to her taste!

—Horace Dodd Gastin in December Lippincott's.

Woman's Home Companion for December.

The artistic features of this issue are striking; a full-page painting of the Madonna by Louise Cox, a delightful full-page Child Painting in colors by Jessie Wilcox Smith, two pages of profusely illustrated humorous verse by James Whitcomb Riley, and an amusing story in pictures, "Their Christmas Visit Home."

There is good, Christmas fiction in this issue. There is a serial by Katharine Holland Brown, and a detective story by Anna Katharine Green, which proves once more this writer's genius for novel and intricate plots.

The glamour that surrounds all queens is particularly strong about the supposedly romantic Queen of Italy. That glamour fades away before the trenchant pen of Kellogg Durland, who calls her the most unpopular queen of Europe.

Cincinnati is a happy city—according to Woman's Home Companion. Investigators have gone there to live, and they tell in this Christmas issue why Cincinnati is a fine American city. This is the second of a series of articles on American cities, and is in vivid contrast to last month's article on Pittsburgh.

Lynan Abbott has a Christmas talk and there are more of Edward Everett Hale's delightful Reminiscences.

This issue is essentially a Christmas one, and is filled with new ideas for Christmas presents, Christmas embroidery, Christmas decorations, Christmas festivities and Christmas cooking.

The regular departments appear as usual, but most of these are bigger than in any other month.

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December Jury List.

The following is the list of jurors for December term of court:

GRAND JURORS.

- Beaver Township—Nathan Rice, H. C. Krapp. Berwick—John Lilly. Bloomsburg—Michael Flaherty, Jacob Fox, Frank K. Ziegler, John W. Shuman. Briarcreek—Geo. D. Miller. Catawissa Boro—C. S. W. Fox. Centralia—John R. Potter, O. B. Millard, Jr. Conyngham—Guy Watson. Greewood—Arthur Kline. Hemlock—Chas. Harris. Jackson—Geo. Smith. Madison—Milton Eves. Main—Frank Shuman. Montour—Albert Newman. Orange—Michael Getty. Pine—Jacob Alteman. Sugarloaf—Frank Carter, B. S. Brush. West Berwick—Wm. Varner.

TRAVELING JURORS—First Week.

- Benton—A. R. Smith. Berwick—G. P. Wakefield, Geo. Kasner, Jacob Kendig, J. P. Hartman, O. H. Barnard. Bloomsburg—R. R. Hartman, W. F. Holdren, Otto Herring, Benj. Sharpless, Wm. Thomas, N. W. Vanbuskirk. Briarcreek—J. C. Hummel, Abner A. Evans. Catawissa Boro—Lewis J. Albus, Edward Hahn, O. P. Kostenbauder. Catawissa Township—Chas. Drumheller. Centralia—John McElbenny. Centre—James Bredbender. Cleveland—John Parker, Daniel Maurer, John Gable. Conyngham—Jacob Benner, Henry Klort, Oliver Miller, Henry Whittaker. Fishingcreek—Samuel Crouse. Greenwood—Harvey Lawton. Locust—Edward Cleaver, Daniel Knorr, John Schosser. Madison—W. H. Runyan. Millin—Peter Spade, C. M. Creasy. Orangeville—Abraham Eveland. Pine—H. W. Eves, E. C. Stackhouse. Scott—R. B. Aul, Geo. Renjey, S. H. Townsend. Stillwater—Frank Harvey. Sugarloaf—Valentine Stout, P. M. Davis. West Berwick—Freas Hutton, Russel Cleveland, Wm. Croft.

SECOND WEEK.

- Benton Boro—A. C. Harrison. Berwick—Joseph Moore, E. C. Moorehead. Bloomsburg—Wm. Barrett, Jr., F. D. Dentler, R. A. Duffy, Matthias Foust, J. L. Richardson. Briarcreek—Newman Bowsr, Chas. L. Lowry. Catawissa Boro—John J. Lewis. Catawissa Township—Martin Breech. Centralia—Martin Brennea, Jno. J. Laughlin. Centre—Frank Harris. Conyngham—Thomas Sheade, Martin Larky, Adam Friday. Fishingcreek—Harvey Robbins. Greenwood—Samuel Miller. Jackson—Wm. Hirtman, N. O. Everhart. Madison—Wm. E. Kramer. Millin—Henry Nuss, W. P. Hetler, Wesley Hetler. Millville—J. W. Biddle, Les Davis, Wm. Confer. Mt. Pleasant—Geo. Whitenight. Pine—Daniel Ludwig. Sugarloaf—Frank Mather. West Berwick—B. F. Hartman, Walter A. Hughes, D. B. Beck, M. H. Bachman.

A prohibition amendment to the state constitution of Alabama was defeated at an election held on Saturday, by a majority of 20,000 against it.

An appeal has been taken to the United States Supreme Court in the contempt proceedings against the labor leaders, Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison. They had been sentenced to prison for refusing to obey the mandate of a court.

Trolley Time Tables.

Cars leave Market Square, Bloomsburg for Berwick:

Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and F.M. times for Berwick. Includes times for 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:50, 10:30, 11:10.

First car leaves Market Square for Berwick on Sunday at 6:50 a. m. * From Power House. * Saturday Night Only.

Cars leave Berwick for Danville:

Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and F.M. times for Danville. Includes times for 6:00, 7:00, 7:20, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.

First car leaves Berwick for Danville on Sunday at 8:00 a. m. * Bloomsburg Only. * Saturday Night to Bloomsburg Only.

Cars leave Market Square, Bloomsburg, for Danville:

Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and F.M. times for Danville. Includes times for 5:10, 6:00, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10.

First car leaves Market Square for Danville on Sunday at 7:10 a. m. * Saturday Night Only.

Cars leave Danville for Berwick:

Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and F.M. times for Berwick. Includes times for 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.

First car leaves Danville for Berwick on Sunday at 8:00 a. m. * Bloomsburg Only. * Saturday Night to Bloomsburg Only.

Cars leave Market Square, Bloomsburg for Catawissa:

Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and F.M. times for Catawissa. Includes times for 5:30, 6:15, 7:00, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10:00, 11:00.

First car leaves Market Square for Catawissa on Sunday at 7:00 a. m. * Saturday Night Only. * P. R. R. Connections.

Cars leave Catawissa for Bloomsburg:

Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and F.M. times for Bloomsburg. Includes times for 5:50, 6:35, 7:20, 8:05, 8:50, 9:35, 10:20, 11:10.

First car leaves Catawissa for Bloomsburg on Sunday at 7:30 a. m. * Saturday Night Only.

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Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm. Includes text about a reliable remedy for catarrh and various ailments.