

TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE.

Too young for love? Ah, say not so! Tell reddening cheeks not to blow!

THE WOOING OF RENEE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CATULLE MENDES.

One night Renee saw the dream rood in her sleep, and from that time forth she smiled on no man.

They say this happens sometimes when the soul of a maiden is untouched by earthly love.

Renee's brow was broad and white and her eyes blue as first violets under the late snows.

Still nobody knew this for the truth save one old woman who gathered herbs in the forest, and her word would not have been taken in the village.

It happened in this wise. Renee was in the forest picking up fagots, when she chanced upon the old mother hunting her strange herbs.

"Good evening to you, mother!" "Good evening, pretty one!" said the crone, straightening her bent shoulders to look in Renee's face.

Then she drew nearer, and putting her dry and wrinkled lips to the girl's ear—"Thou art too fair to gather fagots in the forest all thy life! Down the path to the right the king's huntsmen ride.

Renee shook her long yellow plaits and ran down the path to the right, singing as she ran.

"A good child," she muttered, "good and pretty. Now may God's blessing go with her!"

The king's huntsmen rode all on black horses, but a snow white charger bore the prince. The sun shone on his yellow curls, jewels sparkled at his throat, and his dark eyes flashed like stars.

"Who art thou, little one?" "Renee," answered the child.

"Well named!" cried the prince. "Yet I had rather call thee Renee. Wilt thou give me a kiss?"

"Nay," said the girl. "I will kiss only whom I love and I love only whom I wed!"

The prince frowned. "I am thy prince!" "True," said the little peasant.

"But I am not thy princess!" And she turned and ran away, tossing her long yellow plaits and laughing as she ran.

"Didst see the prince, little Renee?" asked the crone, appearing suddenly in the path.

"Yes," said Renee, and she told what had happened.

"Dost thou not fear his anger?" "Those who have not sin in the heart fear nothing!"

"Dost thou love another?" "Renee hung her head. 'I have dreamed of one whom I might love—alas! I shall find none on earth so fair as this lover of my dreams!'"

"Forget him, child," interrupted the old woman. "Be sure the prince will yet ask your hand in marriage!"

"Nay!" cried Renee, laughing. "I shall go to my grave unwed by prince or peasant."

After this the prince rode every day through the forest. Once he met the crone, who courted him profoundly and called God's blessing down on his head.

"Good evening, mother!" said the prince gently.

"Had you come earlier," she said, "I could have shown you our little Renee—the queen of our village—a sweet child and—"

"Which way went she?" interrupted the prince.

"Straight to her mother's home, your highness. It is a good family, which has never known shame!"

The prince looked sharply into her face. The color burned in his cheek.

Then he said impetuously: "Thou hast spoken well! I have seen thy queen. So fair is she that I would make her mine, and when, my good father dies, queen of all the land. Now help me to it, mother, for I see that thou art wise far beyond thy humble station!"

"Let her not sleep o' nights!" said the old woman, hobbling away toward the heart of the forest.

"Let her not sleep o' nights?" exclaimed the prince, angrily. Then he reflected: "Should there be truth in what she says?"

And turning his horse's head, he galloped through the wood to the high road, where the king's huntsmen waited to escort him to the palace.

There he sought the king and laid bare his heart, and vowed he'd throw himself from the rampart's crest if he be not given Renee for his wife.

So the king was forced to give his consent. That night the prince sent 20 sweet voiced minstrels to the village, and all

night long beneath her vine wreathed window they sang the love of the prince for Renee. The girl listened. The words touched her heart, the music awayed her spirit, and that night her eyes were not closed in slumber. In the morning she was weary and sought the shade of the forest. There she found the prince, who looked into her eyes and made her listen to the story of his love from his own lips.

"And wilt thou love me, Renee?" "Nay, I can not!" said Renee. "Dost love another, then?"

"Perhaps!" she answered, drawing away her hands. "Let her not sleep o' nights!" said a voice behind him, and the crone hobbled by.

Each night the minstrels sang under Renee's window. Each day she met the prince in the forest. She found him fair and gentle. The lover of her dream had blue eyes, tender as the summer sky.

"But," thought Renee, looking at her prince, "dark eyes can be tender, too." Still she said him nay.

"Woo not with too much sweetness!" cautioned the old mother, coming suddenly upon the prince where he sat, disconsolate, beneath a great tree. "Music sometimes soothes to slumber."

So that night the prince sent the keepers to beat the royal hounds beneath the window of Renee. All night the miserable brutes howled—all night the keepers lashed their whips; and in the morning Renee, pale, languid, worn with a week's vigil, laid her little tired head on the arm of the prince and could not in any manner say him nay.

"Make haste to marry!" cried the old woman, crossing the homeward path of the prince.

"Ay, that will I!" cried he, "and thou shalt be a duchess, mother, ere to-morrow's sun goes down!"

A gilded coach bore Renee to the palace, and when she stepped forth, clad in her white communion robes, even the unwilling king found her fair, and kissing her, he called her daughter.

The aged crone was bidden to the feast—wherein the village gossips saw the confirmation of their suspicions. How but through the interference of Satan could an old peasant get an invitation to court? There she found occasion to explain all to the prince, who feared a rival, and bade him have a care lest Renee's eyes close ere the marriage ceremony was over.

So he whispered love words in her ear all the while the good priest mumbled the mass, and as soon as it was at an end he led her to the bridal chamber.

The moon streamed through the casement. In the court below 20 sweet voiced minstrels sang the hymn of Hymen.

"Ah! send them away!" cried little Renee, "for I am weary, and fain would sleep!"

"And so thou shalt, my princess!" said her husband, closing her lips with a kiss. "for henceforth, I shall be the lover of thy dreams."

Give the Boys a Chance. We mean your boy, the little fellow you left at home this morning when you started for the store or office.

Don't forget he has wants as real and tangible to him as yours are to you. Remember he is no more a born saint than you were.

And if you just reflect a little you will be ashamed to think how far from it you were. Don't forget him as soon as his "good bye, papa," fades away behind you.

Did he ask you for something?—a jack knife or a hammer or new slate or some pencils or something or other? If you love your boy and wish to show him that you do you might better forget a business appointment down town than forget his request.

If he asks you for something your better judgment says he should not have, don't be content with simply ignoring the boy's wish, but take the time and trouble to explain your reasons. Boys, even pretty young ones, are quicker than you may think to see a point.

Always give a reason for refusal of his request, even if it is the one you too often give, that you can't afford it. And be careful how you give that reason.

If he has lost or broken his jack knife, and asks you for a new one, don't scold him. Albeit you may give him a little lesson in carefulness, but don't tell him you can't afford to give him 10 cents for a new one and then before you leave the house pull out your cigar case and light a 10 cent cigar.

The boy will be drawing invidious distinctions before you know it.

Seven Hours' Sleep at Least. There is not one man or woman in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep.

All those stories written about great men and women who slept only two or three hours a night make very interesting reading, but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep.

Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylum so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you can not get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at 8 as it is for another to get up at 5.

I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least 30 minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

Philip Henson, a planter living near Corinth, Miss., is believed to enjoy the proud distinction of having the longest beard in the world. He is 6 feet 6 inches in height, and yet when he stands erect his whiskers reach to the ground. When the wind blows through them it must create considerable of a commotion.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is 78 years of age and still presides over the Phonetic Institute at Bath, where he has resided for half a century. He is a vegetarian, teetotaler, and non-smoker.

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M. J. HESS, D. D. S., Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, having opened a dental office in Lockard's Building, corner of Main and Centre Streets, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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DELAWARE LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Table with columns for stations (NORTH) and train times. Stations include Norfokland, Cambridge, Chubbysville, Danville, etc.

Table with columns for stations (SOUTH) and train times. Stations include Scranton, Bellevue, Taylorville, Lackawanna, etc.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

In effect Dec. 14, 1890. Trains leave Sunbury EASTWARD. 9:25 a. m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations.

WESTWARD. 8:04 a. m.—Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for Canandigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH. Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:21 a. m., Baltimore 7:40 a. m., Harrisburg, 8:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 8:58 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS. Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

Train 26 leaves Wilkes-Barre 5:10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6:39 p. m. B. H. BURT, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager.

STATIONS. F. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. F. M. BLOOMSBURG, 6.28 12.10 7.35 9.35 6.40

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

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