For me she made the world anew— A fewel of each drop of dew: The autumn leaves of golden tint Were coins come freshly from the mint: The birds were poets all who sang: The flowers were boils the fairles rang; And everything I saw became Another, with another name.

So, little folk, my verses are Like bessis from childbood's calendar For you to string on Fancy's line, To be you to string on rancy's line.
To be your joy as they were mine.
Perchance for you they shall repeat
The same old stories, strangely sweet,
Which filled my days and nights with joy
When I was but a little boy;
And you shall start where I began. And you shall sale to be a happy man.

I wish you all the joy I had

To make my childhood bright and glad!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

ATHLETIC VENGEANCE.

Smockton would hardly be called an English village. It was not much more than a hamlet, a poor and ugly one. A dozen or so of tumble down cottages were irregularly planted on either side of a long, straggling high road which came, flat and dusty, from the country town five miles off and passed away blank and unlovely in the direction of London. At either end of the portion of the road that for a while had become a street stood a slightly more pretentious tenement, with a board over the door bearing the announcement that the owner was licensed to sell beer and spirts. The adult male members of the community, pretty equally divided as to numbers, congregated before the doors of these establishments every evening, in moody compan-

The other buildings partaking of a public character were a smithy, a 'general" shop, and a wheelwright's back yard. Beyond the village, at a somewhat convenient distance to the rear, stretched a bald, patchy open space, variously called "the green" or "the common." A few bare poles at one end, connected by a rope, supported, at odd times, freshly washed linen, while two or three donkeys, temporarily exempted from hard labor. resented the suggestion that they were turned out to graze on this grassless

green.
With these exceptions the ground was habitually deserted and lifeless. But twice a year a function, called "the fair" by the inhabitants of Smockton, swept away the clothes lines, the poles, and the donkeys, and filled the common with glitter and animation. Several gayly painted wagons, of the kind known as caravans, took possession of the common; a shooting gallery was established in a booth; rickety stalls for the sale of cheap drapery, boots and conglomerated sweets. were erected and a good sized tent stretched its weather beaten canvas over the most conspicuous plot of ground.

A large picture of crude design suspended over the entrance represented impossible gymnastic and acrobatic feats, wrestling, duels, and the attitudes of a fascinating female Samson, poising 100 pound weights with extended arms and jewelled fingers. A thin, white wigged clown, whose lower limbs were cased in barrel, announcing in shrill tones, with intervals of drum beating, that at the close of each of the three daily performances the celebrated athlete and fencing master, Mazagrano, owner of the show, who met in single combat all the crowned heads of Europe, would condescend to fight with sword, saber, foils, or sticks any gentleman in the audience willing to step into the ring and enter the lists with him.

It was the close of a sultry August day the sun was sinking, and pierced with its level rays the haze, made of heat and dust, through which the wagons, the booths, and the people loomed large and indistinct. The lifted canvas curtain of the athlete's tent showed a roughly constructed circle of boards, and profiled on the black opening the swiftly moving figure of Lorenzo Mazagrano engaged in a single stick combat with a tall, straight, neat limbed soldier, who had thrown off his regimental jacket and accepted the proffered opportunity of measuring himself with the professional fencer for ninepenny stakes. The men were not badly

The athlete was by far the most muscular and powerful of the two; but the private had superior skill and knowledge of his art. He wore an easy, good humored smile, while his opponent fought with set teeth and a dark scowl, as if more bent on avenging some personal quarrel than displaying professional talent. The contest was the last on the program. Most of the spectators, oppressed with the intense heat in the tent and allured by the prospect of refreshment outside, had deserted the ring and stood lazily near the entrance. Inside there remained only the two combatants, a boy (evidently a member of the company),

the pale faced clown, and a woman. She was sented on a square deal chest in a corner of the tent, gathering tightly round her shoulders a threadbare waterproof cloak, which, however, did not conceal her person so closely as to prevent a pink sandal, the lower part of a flesh colored stocking, and the edge of a red skirt bound with tarnished gold from being visible. At her feet were three large black cubes with handles, on which were written respectively in large white figures, lbs. 100, lbs. 200, lbs. 500. She rested her elbows on her knees, dropped her chin in her hands, and kept her eyes fixed on the athlete and the soldier.

It would have been difficult to state accurately the age of the woman, or to decide whether she was pretty or not; animated, her expression might be pleasenough; in its concentrated attention it was almost hard. Her complexion was brown to a dull red; her hair, plastered in festoons on her forehead, was braided

at the back in broad oiled plaits confined by large brass hairpins. Her mouth was small, her lips thin; her eyes, which were large and round, had the hall vacant, half melancholy look noticeable in the eyes of beasts of burden, which while they stretch out their necks to the yoke with the placid indifference of long habit, carry in their patient, reproachful glance a silent protest against the hopelessness of their fate.

Any one who had watched the woman narrowly might have seen that at each feint or subtle stroke her pupils dilated and her breath came more quickly through her parted lips. Presently the invincible Mazagrano had to confess himself absolutely vanquished.

The fight was over. The soldier turned with a little gesture of triumph toward the woman and smilingly saluted her with a stick in military fashion.

She responded neither by look nor gesture.

The athlete, who had remained doggedly mute listening angrily to the applause of the men outside, who had thrust their heads 1 to the tent, allowed them to disperse or se more; then strid-ing toward the private, who had resumed his jacket, he placed his coarse hand on his shoulder and said savagely:

"Not so soon, my fine fellow. Let us play quits. Work it out with your fists.

We'll wrestle, if you please,"

The soldier looked surprised. The woman had started to her feet. The cloak falling to the ground revealed the gari-hness of her circus dress and her bare, outstretched arms.

"Don't fight him," she almost shricked in a voice of terrified entreaty. "He is in one of his tantrums; he'll hurt you. Mazagrano turned on her furiously. "So," he said with an ugly sneer, "you're afraid I'll spoil his beauty, missus." Then facing the private again he added bru-

tally, "Are you a man or a coward?"

The soldier had become quite pale. He was brave, but not over strong, and he knew it. However, he began slowly to unbutton his coat again.

"Don't fight with him! Don't fight!" repeated the woman mechanically and almost inaudibly, as she sank down helpless on the wooden box.

Mazagrano crossed his arms over his chest and stood motionless, while his opponent attired himself in the wrestler's scanty apparel that had been flung at his feet. The athlete's eyes were bloodshot, his upper lip was lifted in a smile of bestial ferocity, and occasionally he shot a cruel glance at the woman, who gazed before her with widened, terror stricken eyes. The two men faced each other and closed. Not for long. Almost at once the soldier was thrown, both his shoulders touching the ground.

Before he could even attempt to rise Mazagrano placed one knee on his chest, and, seizing his head with his two huge hands, was slowly twisting it round. A stifled groan of agony broke from the victim, echoed by a piercing scream of despair from the woman. Then the athlete arose, spurning with his foot the inanimate mass.

The soldier's spinal cord was broken. The woman had fallen forward on her extended arms. As the crowd poured into the tent Mazagrano walked up to her side, and, with a fierce gesture, lifting her head, pointed to the corpse and laughed.

A few minutes later he was surrounded, pinioned, and handed over to the rural policeman. He allowed himself to be ed away without protest, and was im-nediately hurried off by the jailor to the ounty town, followed by an exulting group of boys, an escorted by two men. ho volunteered their services as amateur minions of the law.

There was no third performance in the booth that night. As the darkness fell he glittering candles of the stalls were lighted; the shooting gallery profited by the collapse of the rival entertainment, and was crowded; the sale of liquor was unusually brisk; the stock of the itinerant venders disappeared rapidly, and as it was the last day of the fair the frolic

was loud and the horseplay boisterous. In the shadow of the dark and empty tent, half shrouded by the idly flapping canvas of the entrance, crouched a solitary figure, unheeding the laughter and shouts, the songs and the noise around her. It was the woman who had juggled with the weights. She had not changed her dress-its pitiful finery hung about ner limbs still-only she had thrown a cotton apron over her bowed head that completely hid her face. Her whole frame was shaken by long, convulsive

Were her tears for the living or the dead?-Ernest Mobray, in London Budget.

Do Some Plants See !

Lady Boughey, Miss Thornwill and maids, of England, registered at the Richelieu yesterday, and went out to the stock yards before the ink of their names had dried. Lady Boughey is a prepossessing, amiable lady. She has been traveling around the world, and is especially devoted to botany. Talking

about her pet subject, she said:
"Do you know that plants can see? Well, they can. Darwin in his book on plants ventures an opinion that plants have eyes, and I have proved to my own satisfaction that he is correct. When in Japan, a few weeks ago, I was sitting under a shady tree looking at a bright convulvulus. Its tendrils were leaning in a direction opposite to me. While dreaming I was startled to see that they were turning toward my tree. I remained quiet. In an hour the tendrils had all turned so they faced me. This was early. After breakfast I told Miss Thornwill of my discovery, and we went out in the yard to further inspect the out in the yard to further inspect the plants and their movements. To my disgust the tendrils had turned their backs upon my tree. We got a little stick and placed it a foot from the nearest branch of the plant. In a quarter or an hour the tendrils began to squirm. The upper tendrils bent down and the side ones curved their tiny necks until they reached the stick. In two hours they had completely entwined it. It was on the side away from the light, and if the plants had not the faculty they never would have seen the stick and moved toward it."—Chicago Herald.

Nearly every pattern of % Horse Blanket is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it hasn't the warp threads, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that M Horse Blankets are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the A trade mark is sewed on-

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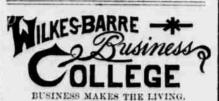
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FARE OF MITATIONS.

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WITH THE WITS.

Dogs and men both have summer pants: but a dog has a fit sometimes. Richmond Recorder.

It is human to err, and it is human for your wife constantly to remind you of it.

too. - Cape Cod Item. "Tis love that makes the world go round." Whisky will also accomplish the same result.—Life.

It would not be wise to suppose that the floating population lives entirely on water. -Yonkers Statesman.

Men would be very wise if they could only learn as much as their boys think they could teach them.-Ram's Horn.

"Have you heard the 8 year old violin virtuoso?" "Oh, yes. Twelve years ago, in Vienna."—Blatter und Bluthen. Waiter-Very fine chicken that, sir. Guest-Yes. I wonder how it escaped being killed for so long a time.—Harper's

An Indication.—"You went by the Trunk line, didn't you?" "I must have: I was handled like baggage."—New York Herald.

Carmencita, the graceful Spanish dancer, has laid up more than \$50,000 since she has been in this country, and still she kicks. "I am going to Venice," said the banker. "What for?" asked his cynical

friend. "To see how they keep banks affoat."—Truth. She-I notice that you are always glancing at the clock. He-Good gracious! You don't suspect for a moment

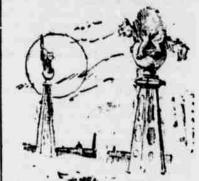
that I am weary of your company? She -No, but I suspect you have pawned your watch.-The Humorist. "Say, mamma," said little May, after the guests had gone, "I don't think Mrs. Brown is accustomed to good society." "Why not?" "Why, she didn't say a

single word while Mrs. Jones was singing. "-New York Advertiser. "Well, Jack, was it yes or no with her?" "It was both." "Both! How's that?" "Well, I asked her if she was going to give me my answer and she said yes; then I asked her what was the answer and she said no."—New York

The agent for a patent bair restorer received this testimonial: "Dear Sir: A few days ago I accidentally spilled some of your 'hair hatcher' on the corn husk bed at my boardinghouse and when I returned home I found a hair mattress."—Philadelphia Record.

"Mary, didn't we get 50 pounds of ice this morning?" said a West End lady. "Yes, mum," responded the girl. "I don't see it in the ice chest." "No, mum; I dropped it and it fell through a knot hole in the kitchen floor. I am very sorry, mum. "-St. Louis Republic.

Love's Labor Lost.



Pauline-See here, young fellow, the next time you make an appointment with me you want to remember that there are two spires on this church!

Not Suited for That Business. "What's become of young Dimity? I never see him any more," said a custom-er to Mr. Challie, of the firm of Challie

& Peekay, proprietors and managers of a vast dry goods emporium. "I had to dispense with his services."

"Ah?" "Yes. He was too exact,"

"Indeed?" "And too conscientious."

"I never heard exactness and conscientiousness made the causes of a man's discharge before. "Well, these qualities may be all right

in their place, but a dry goods establishment is hardly the place for them." "I don't quite understand why."

"Well, I'll tell you. I happened to overhear a customer ask young Dimity how much a certain piece of goods was worth. 'Well ma'am,' said Dimity in reply, 'that goods is worth 75 cents a yard, but the price is \$1.' You can see for yourself what an impracticable man he was for the dry goods trade,-Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Higgins Draws the Line. "Now," said the housewife, "I have

some good warm roast beef, brown potatoes, and hot coffee. I will give you a good meal if you will wrestle awhile with that wood pile after you have caten. "What sort o' wood might it be?" asked Mr. Hungry Higgins.

"Oak." Mr. Higgins drew his Prince Albert toga around him with such vehement

dignity that it split up the back. "The prospect," said he, "seems to p'int to a interior decoration and a hard wood finish. Not a bad scheme at all, as regards a house, but I don't think it can apply to a respectable human gent like me. Good evenin', ma'am!"

And soon in the distance the figure of Mr. Higgins was indistinguishably blended witz the monochromatic gray ness of the dusty road.—Indianapolis Journal.

Signs of the Times.

"Montgomery Linkum, you raskel, go out an' bring in a passel of chips outen de woodpile," "Dassen't do it, mammy; de minister

he done tell me it orful wicked to touch "Laws a massy, do de chile tink he de Prince ob Whales?"

To love a woman
Is easy quite for man.
But to unlove her! ah.
Who is it of us can?