

ONCE UPON A TIME.

When I was young and long before
The mouse came tapping at my door,
I used to often sit and think
Of things which now I've put in ink.

ATHLETIC VENGEANCE.

Smockton would hardly be called an
English village. It was not much more
than a hamlet, a poor and ugly one.

The other buildings partaking of a
public character were a smithy, a
"general" shop, and a wheelwright's back
yard.

With these exceptions the ground was
habitually deserted and lifeless.

A large picture of crude design sus-
pended over the entrance represented
impossible gymnastic and acrobatic feats.

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 athlete was by far the most mus-
cular and powerful of the two; but the
private had superior skill and knowledge
of his art.

She was seated on a square lead chest
in a corner of the tent, gathering tightly
round her shoulders a threadbare water-
proof cloak, which, however, did not
conceal her person so closely as to pre-
vent 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.

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 pleas-
ing; in its concentrated attention it was
almost hard.

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 half-
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 hope-
lessness 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.

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 dog-
gedly mute listening angrily to the ap-
plause of the men outside, who had
thrust their heads to the tent, allowed
them to disperse once 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
garishness of her circus dress and her
bare, outstretched arms.

"Don't fight him," she almost shrieked
in a voice of terrified entreaty. "He is
in one of his tantrums; he'll hurt you."

"Mazagrano turned on her furiously.
"See," he said with an ugly sneer, "you're
afraid I'll spoil his beauty, missus. Then
facing the private again he added brut-
ally, "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 help-
less 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 few minutes later he was surrounded,
pinned, and handed over to the rural
policeman. He allowed himself to be
led away without protest, and was im-
mediately hurried off by the jailer to the
county town, followed by an exulting
group of boys, an escorted by two men,
who volunteered their services as amate-
ur minions of the law.

There was no third performance in the
booth that night. As the darkness fell
the 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 itiner-
ant vendors 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 soli-
tary 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 fiery hung about
her 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
sobs.

Were her tears for the living or the
dead?—Ernest Mobery, 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 prepos-
sessing, 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 re-
mained 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
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.

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

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 genu-
ine it isn't worth one-half as much.
The fact that 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
the inside of the Blanket.

Five Mile
Boss
Electric
Extra Test
Baker
5/A
HORSE BLANKETS
ARE THE STRONGEST.
100 GA STYLES
at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get
them from your dealer, write us. Ask for
the 5/A Book. You can get it without charge.
WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

PHILLIPS'

The Summer is gone, but
we still keep ice cream of
several flavors daily.

Oysters are now in season,
and they are served in any
style desired.

Regular meals served to
transient or permanent guests.

The Café is open, and the
kitchen is in charge of an ex-
perienced cook. Catering for
parties, lodges, weddings, etc.,
a specialty.

Fresh bread and cakes daily
in the bakery.

M. M PHILLIPS & SON.

Proprietors of
"PHILLIPS' CAFE,"
Bloomsburg, Pa.

KESTY & HOFFMAN,
Practical Machinists.

We repair Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,
Threshers, Harvesters, Mowers and
all kinds of machinery.

WE HANDLE
STEAM PIPE FITTINGS,
VALVES, STEAM GAUGES.
And all kinds of Repairs.
LIFE CUT TO ORDER.

AGENTS FOR
Garfield Injector Co., Garfield
Double Jet Injector, Automatic
and Locomotive Injector.

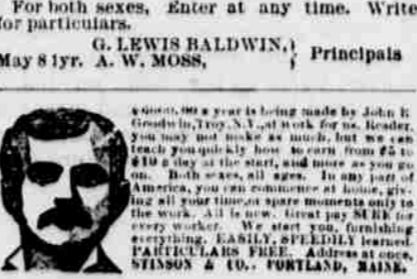
All work done by us is guaranteed
to give satisfaction, and all work in
our line will be promptly attended to

SHOPS - 6th and CENTRE STREETS.

WILKESBARRE BUSINESS COLLEGE

A business education is of more value to the
great majority of men than a classical one,
gained at a greater expense of time and money.
Business is the essential feature of this school,
through Stenography, Typewriting, Telegraphy,
and other branches are taught.

For both sexes. Enter at any time. Write
for particulars.
G. LEWIS BALDWIN, Principals
May 31st. A. W. MORRIS

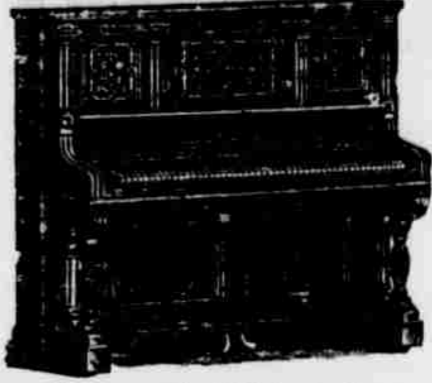


PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES.
J. SALTZER'S
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT & SEWING MACHINE WAREHOUSES.

With many years experience in buying and selling musical instruments
and sewing machines I can guarantee to my customers the best in the markets.

The STECK PIANO is the best made. Its tone is surpassed
by none. You make no mistake if you buy a Steck.

ESTEY and the STARR
PIANOS,
And The
ESTEY, MILLER and
UNITED STATES
ORGANS.



We sell Pianos from \$250 to
\$600, and Organs from \$75 to \$175.

In Sewing Machines we can give you the Celebrated

"WHITE"
The best Machine in the world.
The
NEW DOMESTIC,
The ROYAL ST. JOHN,
The STANDARD
ROTARY
And the NEW HOME.

We sell the best Sewing Mach-
ine made for \$19.50.

J. Saltzer, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Don't fail to bring your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry to
J. G. WELLS
if you want them repaired Promptly, and Guaranteed. Best
facilities for turning out work in this section.

BARGAINS IN CLOCKS.

Wm. Gilbert Tick, from \$ 1.00 up.
\$ 8 day, 1/2 hour strike, Walnut, Ash,
Marble, \$4.00 up.

Just got in a Fine Line of
Silverware.

WATCHES FROM \$5.00 UP.

—FINEST LINE OF—
Rings, Chains and Watches in county.

C. B. ROBBINS,
DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of
scouring soap which has no equal
for all cleaning purposes except in
the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths
bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will
take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour
the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The
wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as
a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a
clever housekeeper and try it.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

WITH THE WITS.
Dogs and men both have summer
pants; but a dog has a fit sometimes.—
Richard and Recorder.
It is human to err, and it is human for
your wife constantly to remind you of it,
too.—Cape Cod Item.
"His 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
Bazar.
An indication.—"You went by the
Trunk line, didn't you?" "I must have.
I was handled like baggage."—New
York Herald.
Carmenita, 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
afloat."—Truth.
She—I notice that you are always
glancing at the clock. He—Good gra-
tious! You don't suspect for a moment
that I am weary of your company? She
—No, but I suspect you have pawed
your watch.—The Humorist.
"Say, mamma," said little May, after
the guests had gone, "I don't think Mr.
Brown is accustomed to good society."
"Why not?" "Why, she didn't say a
single word while Mrs. Jones was sing-
ing."—New York Advertiser.
"Will, 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
Press.
The agent for a patent hair restorer re-
ceived 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."—Phila-
delphia 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.



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 Satisfied for That Business.
"What's become of young Dimity? I
never see him any more," said a custom-
er to Mr. Challie, the firm of Challie
& Peckay, 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 conscient-
iousness made the causes of a man's dis-
charge before."
"Well, these qualities may be all right
in their place, but a dry goods establish-
ment 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 pot-
atoes, and hot coffee. I will give you a
good meal if you will wrestle awhile with
that wood pile after you have eaten."
"Wood sort of 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
point 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 evening, ma'am!"
And soon in the distance the figure of
Mr. Higgins was indistinguishably
blended with the monochromatic gray-
ness of the dusty road.—Indianapolis
Journal.

Signs of the Times.
"Montgomery Linkum, you rascal, got
out an 'bring in a parcel of chips outen
de woodpile.'
"Dassent' do it, mammy; de minister
he done tell me it orful wicked to touch
chips."
"Lawas a Massy, do de chille tink he do
Prince ob Whiskey?"
To love a woman
Is easy quite for man.
But to unlove her! ah,
Who is it of us can?