Five years to wait, while others Are dancing the dance of youth, And the one perhaps you are trusting Is breaking his vows, forsooth!
"I shall wait for my love, my darling,
Who has sailed far over the res. Five years, or ten, or twenty." Said the blue-eyed maid to me.

So she wrote her sweet love letters, Or tended her garden flowers.
Or watched the restle-s billows
On the beetling cliffs for bours:
While she turned her suitors pining Away from the cottage door, And waited, patiently waited, One long, long year or mure.

"Tis very weary waiting,"
Said the blue-eyed maid to me.
And she glanced at her last new sulter And then at the restless sea:
As she glauced at the roses failing
In her garden fair and bright.
Twice come, twice gone, since he left her,
Two years before that night.

And she married her last new suitor

Before the winter sped, And she wrote to her absent lover On the day that she was wed: She hoped he would not suffer.
That the shock would soon be o'es
And the answer soon informed her
He had married a year before.

ADELAIDE.

It is now a long while since the manager of a theatrical company, then re-hearsing "The New Year's Present" in the town of Cividale, near Udine, declared that no stiff doll should be used to represent the infant introduced into the piece, but that a real baby must be found at once.

"Hasn't somebody a baby?" he cried. A good-looking actor who was standing at one side of the stage instantly nudged his wife with his elbow. She laughed and blushed.

Mine is only two months old, monsieur," she said. "But I can promise you that she shall know her part, since I can prompt her when it is time for her

"That matter is settled then," the manager remarked, with a sigh of content; and the name of another actress was placed upon the list, and its parents drew a tiny salary for its services in addition to their own. Afterwards people said that the baby really cried and cooed in the right places, and was evidently a born actress.

There was after this no want of a baby in the company with which its parents were connected, and at the age of five the little girl had a speaking part of her own.

Little Signorina Adelaide created quite a furore in this part. She went to Venice, to Milan, and to Rome; and at an age when most young actresses are seeking an opportunity to appear was well established in her profession. It was at the Royal Theater, of

Turin, that a young nobleman, the Count Capranica Della Grilla, first saw

The part she played was one that called forth all the powers of her genius and demanded the costliest and most elegant costumes and the most brilliant display of jewels. Her dark beauty, wonderful even in the simplest dress, was enhanced by this magnificence, so that it seemed actually superhuman.

The young Count leaned from his box

with his eyes fixed upon her. His admiration was so evident that the whole house remarked it.

The admiration of a nobleman for a beautiful actress was not uncommon. It generally ended in one way. The nobleman won the lady's smiles, surrounded her with luxury and for awhile

adored her. Then they quarreled.

When the Count's devotion became manifest, as it did shortly, all the world expected this history to be repeated. They were disappointed. The Signorina Adelaide had wise parents, and was a dignified as well as beautiful girl. The Count's love was tinctured with respect. shortly he made an offer of marriage to he fair Adelaide and was accepted.

After this he confided to his parents

the fact that he was about to marry the best, the loveliest and the greatest genius among women—in fact, the most incomparable creature upon earth—and asked them to congratulate and bless

They did no such thing. Parents are seldom to be calculated on in this particular, and the young Count's were no exception.to the general rule. Instead of rejoicing, the ladies of the family bemoaned themselves with the energy only possible to Italians. The father, instead, of blessing, uttered curses loud and deep. The daughter of a poor no-body! "An actress!"

The son of their ancient family should not so cast himself away. He might be-troth himself as much as he pleased,

but he should never marry the girl. The old Count went to see Signoring Adelaide's father, but was treated with little reverence. He commanded his son to give up his mad idea and set be-fore him the fact that he was about to disgrace his family. The son declared that the alliance he was about to make would honor it.

The old Count prayed his son to remember his mother's grief, his sister's tears. The young Count declared that they were not to be pitied, since they wept when they should rejoice.

Finally the indignant and terrified father had his son seized upon and carried away in a fashion quite possible in Italy and confined in an old castle which be possessed in Campagna, there to remain until he promised to give up his loved Adelaide for ever and take for a life some high-born madame of his

mother's choosing. Thus parted from each other, the lovers grieved and yearned, and watched the moon, and counted the hours as vers always do under such circum-

stances, but did not despair.

never have allowed the young Count to mas through them or to climb the walls, but when a wagon laden with provisions entered no one thought of watching the wagoner's boy in his frock and slouch hat, and so a little bribe bought the costume of the fellow, and the young Count smacked his whip gayly as he drove over the hill and got away without being discovered, though the guard would examine the wagon be-

fore he let it pass.

The Count sat under a tree reading a book for a long while afterwards—that is, the wagoner in the Count's clothes-and when the truth was discovered the consternation was so great that the confeder-

ates escaped scot free. By that time the young Count was married. He had met his wife at a little church, to which she came with her father and other friends, and they were made one and went off together. There was some talk of the Count himself becoming an actor, but, whatever happened, the old nobleman,

his father, could do nothing.

Fi ally the family held counsel that they would forgive their son if his wife

would leave the stage.

Now, the beautiful Adelaide was a born actress, but at the moment love dominated her soul. Her husband was all in all to her. She yielded to his persuacious and retired from the profes-Non she aderued.

She went to live with the great family, who were very kind to her. She tasted all the sweets of idleness and luxury and was adored by her husband. She was for awhile perfectly happy.

But slowly, surely, a nameless longing crept into her soul. She felt her life dull and uninteresting. The artist within her got the better of her. Her one great longing was to act once more, to tread the stage as of yore, to live the life for which she was born. She dreamed of it at night, she dreamed of it by day but she naves make of it it by day, but she never spoke of it. Her word had been pledged and she

Society had ceased to charm her. All occupation was wearisome. She turned her attention to the poor and was bountiful to them. Among other wretched people she gave alms to the poer creatures in the debtors' prison. It was in the year 1847. At that day in the place where she abode a creditor who chose could cast his debtor into a feul prison and let him rot there.

There was, I believe, some law which made it compulsory to give the man who owed money which he could not pay bread and water. For all else he had to depend on charity, and there were bars in his cage behind which he could sit, thrust out his hand for whatever pitiful strangers chose to give.

The Countess Adelaide had often

spoken to one unfortunate man, a gen-tleman whose debt was very large, and one day it came into her mind that there was a way in which he might be delivered from his bonds and restored to his helpless wife and children. Accord-

helpless wife and children. Accordingly, she spoke of it to her husband.

Her idea was to give an entertainment to the public, the object being specified in the public prints and in private letters. The tickets sold at high prices; actors of position would be implored to offer their services, and she herself would take the principal part. To this the Count gave his consent.

His parents, after some demur, agreed that acting for a charity, and to such an audience, was not objectionable, and one night the play was put upon the boards

of a magnificent theater. Once more Adelaide, in all the splendor of a queenly costume, walked the stage. Once more she was happy. And

Applause rent the air. How wondergenius impressed all who lis-The old delight in it returned tened. to her husband, and none was more enthusiastic than his relative. I do not know what the play was, or I would give its name to my readers, but those who

saw it that night never forgot it.

How often did they call the beautiful Countess before the curtain! how often did she smile and courtesy and kiss her did she smile and courtesy and kiss her hands to them! She was happy for the first time for long, long months. A good deed had been done. The poor debtor was happy, too, for his debt had been paid, and he had money besides to begin the world with on his day of freedom. His wife knelt to kiss the hand of the benevolent Counters, and the poor man himself, bewildered by his unexpected good fortune, could only weep. Happiness was restored to a home that had been very miserable. As for Ade-laide herself, hope arose in her heart. The sensation her acting had caused was so tremendous that the whole feeling of her husband's family changed. Italians are all artists enough to feel pride in genius like hers, and when she unburdened her heart to them and told of her longing to return to the stage they gave their consent, and so that greatest of all modern actresses, Adelaide Ristori, be-gan the triumphant career that has in the world as the greatest of all modern tragic actresses.

Surely no one can say that truth may not be as romantic as fiction.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in Fireside Companion.

CONUNDRUMS.

When do you make a seat of an insect? When you sit on a cricket. When is a balloon like good bread?

When it rises. To what city should dirty children be sent? To Bath.

When is a fur cape like a watch chain? When it is lynx (links). What holly is not used at Christmas?

Hollyhocks. What poet might be called a pedes-trian insect? Joaquin Miller (walkin'

What moves swiftly over the ground, and yet always leaves tracks behind? A railway train.

If you should see a poisonous serpent orawling in a wall, what city might you name? Aspinwall (asp in wall).— The guard set at the gates would | Youth's Companion.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

She Was Determined to Maintain Her

The wind blew and the rain fell. When the stout lady first became noticeable by reason of her manifest trials she was only a few steps from the center of the street, struggling bravely in the direc-tion of the nearer curb. In one hand she held an umbrella, a box of candy and a paper box of oysters. With the other she clutched her skirts. There was an expression of unmixed apprehension on her face, says the Detroit Tribune.

"Can't I assist you, madam?" gently inquired the small man in a rubber coat, who had madly rushed to the rescue.

"Nope." A gust of wind struck the umbrella amidships. It careened forcibly against the woman's hat and the latter was knocked forward on her nose. Simul-taneously the canty box displayed a marked disposition to slip away from all restraint.

"Won't you let me hold your um-brella?" persisted the little man very solicitously. "Nope."

She was almost half way to the curb now and the oyster-pail seemed inclined to be rebellious and follow the example of the candy-box.

"But you're losing your packages, madam. Tue little man made a grand attempt

to save the day and was grandly repulsed. "You are mistaken, sir. I am not los-

ing my packages." The wind blew and the rain fell. The stout lady tossed her head and jerked the dislocate I hat into place. With a deft movement she deposited the candy-box under her arm and the bail of the cyster pail between her teeth. At the same instant she seized the purse firmly with her third and fourth fingers, devoting all the remaining faculties exclusively to the

"No, sir; I am not losing my pack-

The little man bowed and murmured helplessly,
"I might remind you, sir," she said as

she reached the curb and entered upon a general readjustment, "that the movement for the emancipation of woman has been in progress for several centuries, and I am not one, I assure you, to abrogate thus lightly the independence gained at the expense of years of labor the most arduous. I confess I was tempted to yield, but, thank Heaven, I

Half an hour later the little man was still there, staring at a rift in the clouds, as if wondering if it were going to rain all night.

Truthful Fritz.

There were a number of old coons sitting in front of a stable door on Austin avenue and telling stories about hunting, says the Detroit Free Press.

"As a general thing hunters will tell lies," said a venerable old man, filling up his corncob pipe, "but I knowed one old hunter that couldn't tell a lie no more than Eli Perkins could with his little long how. "

What sort of a fellow was he?" asked another member of the Senate.

"He was an old German named Fritz Suegebentel, but we used to call him Fritz for short. He used to live out west of San Antonio in the mountains. He never talked much, but what he said you could always rely on as being Gospel. He was t e only German I ever see what read the Bible regular and prayed. Fritz was a good old man. He is dead now, poor old man."

"And he never told onlikely yarns "He did tell a tough story about killin'

a bar, but I had such confidence in Fritz that I believed every word of it." "Givo us the yarn.

"Well, Fritz told me that one day when he was in the Rocky Mountains he killed a bar under very singular circum-stances. It was the coldest day he ever felt in his life. The bar was some distance off. Fritz fired at him, but only wounded him, and then the bar went for Fritz. It was a question of life and death gettin' his gun loaded quick. Fritz put in the powder and reached for the bullet, when he found he had left them at home. T. e bar was within twenty feet of him. Now, what do you suppose old Fritz said he did?"

"Ran like a turkey?"

"Nary time."
"Lit into t e bar with a knife."

"He didn't have none." Well, what did he do?"

"He just spit in the gun. It was so cold that the spit froze solid like a bullet in less than a second, and just as the bar was reachin' out to gather in Fritz he fired and sent that little lump of ice crushing through the bar's heart.

When we left there was a deadlock in the Senate regarding the nomination of old Fritz as the champion truth teller.

A Soothing Cigar. Gus De Smith-Whew!

Hostetter McGinnis-What's the mat-

"That cigar you are smoking. It smells dreadful. "Yes, I know it."

"You can't have any pleasure smoking

"Yes, I can; you see the longer I smoke it the happier I will be when I'm done. "-Texas Siftings.

Remember the Sabbath Day. Husband-Wife, hand me out my Sun-

Wife-But, my dear, this is not Sunday; it is only Saturday.

"I know it's only Saturday, but I'm going to attend a fashionable dinner, and it will be Sunday before I get back. "-Texas Siftings.

She Prefers Tallow Dips. "What kind o' fireworks are those?" asked Aunty Meddergrass of her city nephew on the night of the Fourth.

Those are Roman candles, aunty." "Are they? Well, I'm glad I don't live in Rome. I'd hate the worst kind to have to sew by the light of them things.

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Estate of Ezeklet Cole, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Ezekiel Cole, deceased, have been granted to H. H. Grotz, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

H. H. GROTZ,
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