

TELLING THE CHILD A STORY.

At ten-time in the ruddy light—
Christmas was in their glory—
My baby came to say good-night,
And beg for just "one little story."

I told her how a girl like her
Came long ago, somewhere or other,
And brought her doll and made a stir,
And begged a story from her mother.

Who, tired and listless, also crossed
The little story-telling beauty
With news of how another gloomed
Her treasured story-telling duty.

Still backward was the tale referred
To weary her, but when I ended,
As if I had not said a word,
With looks half-pleading, half-offended,

She clasped my neck—her childish trust
Had made the hardest heart compliant—
"A little one," she said, "please—just
About a fairy and a giant."

I kissed her close, and off I went:
"Once on a time," low, slow and steady,
She heaved a sigh of sweet content:
My darling was asleep already.

—Good Words.

A STRANGE WILL.

It Brought Fortune and Happiness to Two Lovers.

Yes, she was dead at last—Margaret Demorest, of Stony Lodge—and the shock of her demise had shaken Bellevue from center to circumference. For years her numerous relatives, each with an eye to the estate, had watched her movements from a respectful distance, while she herself had interposed between them, and their hearts had grown sick with hope deferred.

Heart disease, the doctors said, when she was found one morning with a smile of peace frozen on her stern and withered features. The relatives accepted the verdict with due resignation, following the remains of the "dear departed" to their final resting place amid an ostentatious display of crepe. But when the will was read the excitement of the heirs-at-law rapidly ascended to fever heat. Always eccentric in life, Miss Demorest had retained that eccentricity to the end and woven it into her last will and testament.

With the exception of a few bequests to her servants, the whole of her property, landed and personal, to wit: Stony Lodge, her present residence, with its beautiful park, which was a very Eden of loveliness; Ross Villa, her winter resort on Lake Helen, Fla., together with a splendid house in town and money to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, was to pass into the sole possession of that one among her kinsfolk who should discover the hiding place of the twelve Demorest rubies.

Should the gems remain undiscovered after the lapse of one year from the date of death the estate was to be sold and a home for old maids founded with the proceeds.

"The old cat!" muttered fashionable Mrs. Meredith, viciously. "She hid those rubies herself, the spiteful thing!"

"It is too provoking!" pouted her pretty daughter Maude.

"I shall contest the will," said thin-lipped Reuben Gray. "It cannot stand."

Mrs. Meredith was Miss Demorest's niece and Reuben Gray her nephew. The two were brother and sister and the nearest akin to the dead woman.

Next came Margie Vane, child of a favorite nephew, who was to have been the heir had he not displeased his aunt by marrying against her will a girl of obscure parentage—"a pauper," Miss Demorest called her.

Harold Vane had died some years back, closely followed by his wife, and the one daughter, Margaret, was left alone in the world and utterly penniless.

Mrs. Meredith had taken her—for the old aunt had remained obdurate—and she was now serving in the capacity of maid to her beautiful cousin Maude.

Margie Vane was not present at the reading of the will. Mrs. Meredith considered it unnecessary, and Margie herself had not the faintest hope of being remembered kindly by her father's stern old relative. When, therefore, they returned in anger and disappointment and gave an account of the wording of the will Margie's hazel eyes opened wide with wonder.

That afternoon and many ensuing afternoons Mrs. Meredith, Maude and Margie walked over to Stony Lodge and wandered fruitlessly about amid the treasures of bric-a-brac, statuary, books and rare old china.

On one of these occasions Margie met Will Demorest, a cousin several times removed of her father. He was a frank, handsome young fellow, with dark blue eyes and close, curling, fair hair. His was the genuine Demorest face, the index of a strong, noble character.

By occupation he was an artist in glass-blowing, having learned the art in Venice. He had done considerable work for Miss Demorest, with whom he was a prime favorite.

"So you thought you would have a look for the rubies with the rest of us," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sneer, as she found the young glassblower examining the books in the library one morning. "Yet I thought you abhorred mercenary considerations."

"I am not in quest of the gems," Will replied, as his eyes rested in unmistakable admiration on Margie's fair, sweet face.

"Humph! I hope you don't take me for a lunatic or a fool, Will Demorest," was the scathing rejoinder.

"For neither, I assure you," said Will, with a bow. "Only at present I am more interested in pearls than rubies. Cousin Margie, may I show you the house? I believe I know it more thoroughly than most people."

Margie shyly acquiesced, and the two went off together, leaving Mrs. Meredith and Maude to continue their search.

"Are you anxious to find the rubies also?" asked Will, as they paused in the china closet to admire the cut glass.

"I have not even looked for them," answered Margie, with a bright smile.

"They are magnificent gems," said Will, "and were never set. I saw them just once, and they nearly took my breath away."

"I should like to see them," Margie said, musingly; "but oh, Will, were they more beautiful than these exquisite cups? Surely that is impossible."

The cups in question were, indeed, exquisite. Blown of the costliest Venetian glass, lily-shaped, with curled leaves for saucers, and glowing with rainbow tints, they resembled nothing so much as a bed of gorgeous tropical flowers.

Margie's eyes sparkled as she looked at them.

"How lovely! How dainty! How fairy-like!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "See, Will, this one is exactly like an opal with a touch of fire, and here is an amethyst and here a glowing emerald. Oh, Will, do look! See how that strange glow, as of hidden fire, flashes from each! This one is jacinth, this beryl, and—Will Demorest, here is a ruby! Oh, the beauty! The real gems cannot be more superb!"

As she spoke she took the ruby cup into her hand. Will half started forward as if to prevent her, but drew back again with a pale, startled face.

Before he could frame a reply Mrs. Meredith and Maude appeared upon the scene.

"Margie," cried the former, "put down that cup and come along. I should think you would have more pride than to dawdle here all day talking with Will Demorest."

Margie's soft, hazel eyes filled with tears as Lawyer Fay entered the room, and from under his bushy brows glanced sharply at each of the group.

"Hunting for rubies, eh?" he said, sarcastically. "But Miss Margie seemed to be the only successful one of the party. This is a rare bit of glass, Miss Margie, and was blown by our friend here," with a motion of his hand toward Will.

Margie's hand tightened on the cup in her surprise; her rosy forefinger pressed a raised stamen in the calyx of the lily bell, when, presto! changed! it sank beneath her touch, and her startled eyes gazed straight into a small cavity where glowed a ruby of inestimable value, like a drop of rosy fire.

"Solved!" shouted Lawyer Fay, as his eyes also beheld the gems.

Will, very white, shrank back against the wall, while Mrs. Meredith and her daughter pressed closer to Margie and the lawyer.

"The rubies!" gasped the avaricious woman, making a dive for the other cup.

But her lawyer placed himself in her way.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The discovery is Miss Margie's, and, in accordance with the terms of the will of my deceased client, she is sole heiress to the Demorest estate."

Mrs. Meredith grew pale with chagrin. Maude burst into tears, and Reuben Gray, who had heard all from the door, announced his intention of breaking such an unjust will.

"You may try it," was all Lawyer Fay said to the threat.

Will came slowly forward and congratulated Margie on her good fortune.

"And my congratulations are none the less sincere that with them I resign the sweetest hope of my life," he said.

"Resign a fiddlestick!" muttered the old lawyer. "Margie, that boy refused to be made Miss Demorest's heir—insisted that it would be an injustice to those nearer of kin. Then she made him blow these cups of tinted glass, with the central cavity and spring, she inserted a ruby in each cup, which, combined with the different tints, gave them their rich coloring. He watched her hide the rubies and he has kept the secret. Does he not merit some reward?"

Margie flushed and glanced timidly at Will. Then she looked around for her aunt and cousin. Both had disappeared.

"Take her, Will," said the old lawyer, with twinkling eyes, "and bless ye, my children."

With a melodramatic gesture he, too, vanished, and I think the young people were not long in coming to an understanding, for cards are now out for the wedding.—Leeds Mercury.

Women and Weather.

In some parts of New England, and perhaps elsewhere, when some common impulse seems to have led all the women to go shopping or visiting, it is customary for old people to say: "Well, well, I guess it will rain tomorrow."

At sea, as might be expected, the same rule does not hold. Thus an exchange reports a nervous lady passenger as saying to a deck-hand: "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mr. Sailor?"

"Take a word from an old salt, mum," says the deck-hand; "the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-makin' henquiries about it."

On the Santa Maria.

Don Alonso Penzon—And your father was a wool-comber, Christopher?

Christopher Columbus—Yes, and my mother was also a wool-comber, Don Alonso.

Don Alonso Penzon—Indeed? I never heard that.

Christopher Columbus—Yes, she frequently combed my father's wool.

And because Don Alonso did not laugh, a coolness sprang up between these two distinguished mariners, which lasted until a sudden lurch of the caravels threw them once more into each other's arms.—Brooklyn Life.

Accounted For.

"Why, yes, I have seen a great deal of Tom Robinson recently. Fact is, he's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Really, I didn't know there was so much in him. He's positively brilliant when you get him talking. Most delightful companion, and so hospitable and—"

"I see. Which of Robinson's sisters is it—the little one with the black hair or the tall blonde one?"

"It's the little one with the black hair."—Boston Globe.

Never Out of It.

"Papa says she did it out of curiosity."

"Must be a mistake."

"How's that?"

"Know'd her fur forty years and never heard o' her bein' out o' curiosity a minute durin' the hull time."—Buffalo Courier.

Very Particular.

Lady—Are your antiques all genuine?

Clerk—Yes, madam, and we so guarantee them.

Lady—Well, all our furniture is antique, and I wish to get a genuine antique Louis XIV. carpet-sweeper.—N. Y. Weekly.

Fortitude.

"That," said the nervous citizen, "is one of the most remarkable cases of fortitude I ever saw."

"What is it?"

"The manner in which that man listens to his own practicing on the clarinet."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Worth Saving.

Mike (going down a ladder)—Hould on, Pat. Don't you come on the ladder till I'm down. It's cold and cracked. Pat (getting on)—Arra, be alive. It would save the boss right to have to buy a new one.—N. Y. Weekly.

Proof.

"Are the Parvenues as fond of display as people say?"


"Yes, indeed. Why, they serve gold-fish at lunch instead of sardines."—Harper's Bazar.

Doubly Distressed.

His borrowing has caused a loss
To him as well as me;
For I have lost the money loaned,
And he his memory.

—Puck.

"GOING OFF WITH A BANG."



—Life.

Fishing.

We went out fishing yesterday,
And fished with care and thought;
By night we had a splendid mess—
Which some one else had caught.

—Kansas City Journal.

A Fair Offer.

"What will you give me to fast thirty days in your show?" said a professional faster to the proprietor of a dime museum.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars a week."

"Make it fifteen dollars a week and board and I'll go you."—Judge.

A Logical Inference.

In the restaurant:
"The last time I ordered spring chicken here they brought me a thoroughly matured hen. How do you suppose I can get a real spring chicken?"

"Order a fresh egg."—Chicago Record.

In the Country.

"I wonder," thought Frank, as he awakened early in the morning, "whether that rooster tells the sun when to get up, or the sun tells the rooster? I wish they'd both wait until I was ready."—Harper's Young People.

How to Gain Perennial Youth.

Gertie—How old is Maude?

Ethel—She has been twenty-three ever since a fire in her house burned up the family Bible six years ago.—Chicago Herald.

On the Ferry.

Jones—Smith, what made the boat so late?

Smith—Wind blowing the wrong direction for the summer girl's sleeves.—Town Topics.

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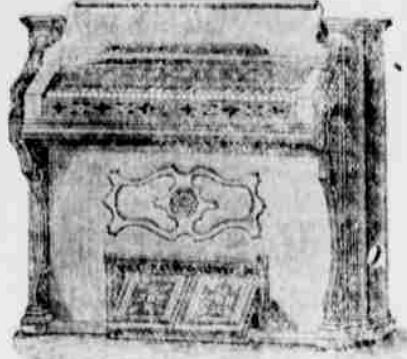
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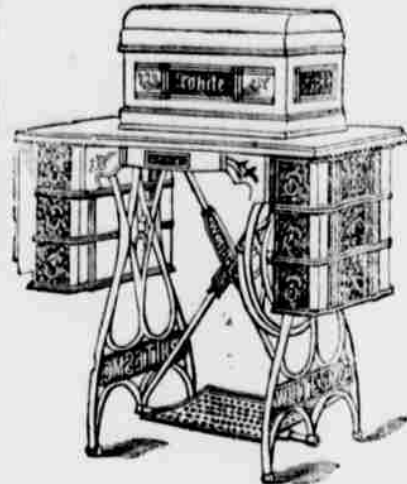
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THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb.	8	.26
Eggs per dozen		.20
Lard per lb.		.14
Ham per pound		.16
Pork, whole, per pound	.07	.08
Beef, quarter, per pound	.06	.08
Wheat per bushel		.85
Oats " "		.50
Rye " "		.80
Wheat flour per bbl.	4.25	
Hay per ton	16.00	
Potatoes per bushel		.70
Turnips " "		.25
Onions " "		1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	.25	10.35
Cranberries per qt.		.12
Tallow per lb.		.08
Shoulder " "		.14
Side meat " "		.14
Vinegar, per qt.		.08
Dried apples per lb.		.05
Dried cherries, pitted		.18
Raspberries		.18
Cow Hides per lb.		.03
Steer " "		.05
Calf Skin " "	40	10.50
Sheep pelts		.90
Shelled corn per bus.		.65
Corn meal, cwt.		2.00
Bran, " "		1.25
Chop " "		1.25
Middlings " "		1.25
Chickens per lb.		.12
Turkeys " "		.14
Geese " "		.10
Ducks " "		.10

COAL.

No. 6, delivered	2.50
" 4 and 5 "	3.50
" 6 at yard	2.25
" 4 and 5 at yard	3.25

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