

BABYHOOD.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger.
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray.
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger.
Back to the lotus lands of the far away.
Turn back the leaves of life; don't read the story—
Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest:
We can fill the written pages with a brighter glory
Than old Time, the story-teller, at his best.
Turn to the brook, where the honeysuckle
Tipping
O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze,
And the bee and humming bird in ecstasy
Are sipping
From the fairy fountains of the blooming
Locust trees.
Turn to the lane, where we used to "teeter-
totter,"
Printing little foot palms in the yellow
mud;
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the
water,
Where the ripples dimple round the but-
tercups of gold;
Where the dusky turtle lies basking in the
gravel
Of the sunny sandbar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragon-fly pauses in his
travel
To rest like a blossom where the water
lily died.
Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you
linger.
Let's toddle home again, for we have
gone astray.
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me
by the finger.
Back to the lotus lands of the far away.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Inquirer.

A BIG BUCK.

Cato roused us with the dawn, and we went out to see the dogs fed, preparatory for the morning hunt. It was indeed a magnificent pack.
"Spot," the sire and leader of this noble group, was of a pure white body, with a single black spot in the center of the forehead—from which he took his name. He was a most powerful animal and able to cope with the largest buck alone. He was a staghead, carefully crossed upon the short-legged and long bodied foxhound.
"Music," the dam, was a foxhound of the "true Spartan breed," with a voice like a distant alarm bell, while the organ of old "Spot" was as sonorous as the boom of "old ocean" against hollow cliffs.
But among them all my eye instantly detected a magnificent creature—a black and tan hound, that to me seemed absolutely perfect as a specimen of canine symmetry. His coat was as fine as the most glossy silk; from his head, which was pointed like a serpent's, his fine, broad and thin ears, with their great swelling veins, depended more than an inch below the tip of his nose. His neck like a young stag's; his chest, barrel ribbed and deep as a panther's; his loins, as clean as a greyhound's, with a broad, strong back; limbs that seemed to have been hammered by some wondrous skill out of fine steel; and such a voice! bugles, clarions, cymbals, bells, winds, waters, echoes, mingled, clashing, rolling, roaring, in one tide of rushing sound; altogether they were nothing to that voice.
"No where, nor nothing!" as Jack exclaimed, "to the voice of 'Black Terror' and 'Smile,'" as he named a beautiful tan sput of smaller size, which stood beside this noble animal.
The whole kennel was fed upon bread exclusively during the hunting season, and were never permitted to touch any meat except what they themselves killed. This kept them in fine bottom and wind for running and made them very savage.
A delicious breakfast is rapidly dispatched, the horn is sounded and we are off for our stands in the deep forest.

Cato, who "drives," turns to the left at the corner of the plantation, followed by the whole pack, while we follow a bridle path leading straight ahead into the depths of the forest.
In a half mile I am stationed just on the verge of the "old bank," as it is called, of the river, with the deep forest, through which Cato is driving on my left, and on my right, after a sheer descent of twenty feet, a tremendous swamp, which was now dry, except where traversed by deep lagoons filled with quicksands. Jack rode on a mile further to his stand. My instructions were not to let the hounds pass my stand if I missed the deer, which would attempt to get by me into the almost impenetrable swamps, where, if the dogs followed him, they would be lost for the remainder of the day.
I had not long to wait, for I could just begin to hear my heart beat in the restored silence, and a neighboring squirrel had only just commenced barking at me, when a low and distant bay, followed by a faint whoop, showed that a trail had been struck. Gradually the sounds gathered as voice after voice joined in, until at last the thunder bass of old Spot boomed out and old Music followed with a blast, and now the clashing clangor of Black Terror's tongue led off the bursting symphony and the forest rang to reverberations, which startled the heart into my very throat.
Peal on peal and now a sudden silence—my blood is running like mill-tails through the swollen veins and the arteries throb almost to bursting! Crash! there it goes again! Heavens! what music! How the leaves flutter and rustle! In a moment I am again wondering the forest isn't levelled before the mighty roll of sound! Ha! lost again! No, it is only muffled as they go down some valley! Now they rise again! ye gods! If I could only give one yell. How it deafens! they must be right upon me! they will be running over me, dogs, deer and all! I am no Acton! Oh, hurricane and thunder claps—hiss! here he comes, and out bounded within ten feet of me a tremendous buck, with his mighty antlers like forest trees, thrown back upon his rump! He has paused an instant.

Crack! away with one prodigious bound, he clears the twenty feet of bank and is crashing through the swamp.
What a roar! Here they are! bristles up, tongues out. Black Terror ten paces ahead, Spot next, then Music and all the rest in a crowd, looking savage as harried wolves. You might as well talk of stopping the Mississippi—they have snatched blood. What a terrible burst! Black Terror's leap is as long as the buck's. Old Spot roars again. They are out of sight! That's Jack's yell! Hark! his horse's feet already! He is coming, furious because I did not stop the buck.
And furious he was sure enough! I began to exclaim at the top of my

voice before he came in sight, but it was of no use. He comes clattering up and nearly rides me down.
"Why the deuce didn't you stop that deer? Are the dogs gone? Black Terror will never stop. Confusion, man! Were you asleep?"
"He was as big as an elephant, Jack. Here's plenty of blood," said I, trying to appear cool and pointing to the ground with my gun; "he's done for." Jack sprang to the ground and examined the signs. "Oh, thunder! you've shot him too far back and through the loins; he will take to the river. What a track! It must be the 'big buck.' I shall lose Black Terror. Come ahead and let's cut him off before he gets there if we kill our horses!" And away he dashed through the wood.
I followed as fast as possible, and such a ride as that was! Through vine-matted thickets, over dead trees, leaping at breakneck speed the wide lagoons—away, away we clattered, foaming through the dense swamp like wild men possessed of demons.
At length we burst upon open ground and Jack gave a yell that would have waked the dead. "Too late! too late! the Big Buck, by old Bull Mouth! he'll take the river!"
Jack's yell had slightly startled the buck, which was making for the river along the bank of a wide lagoon. He turned sharp and attempted to leap the lagoon; he disappears—on we rush at full speed—but Jack knows what he is about, and his horse, too—while my mare leaps. Plump we land in the middle of the lagoon, followed by a roar of laughter from Jack.
"Next time shoot further forward, if you please, old boy!"
But it was no joking matter for me—we had landed in a quicksand. I looked around with an expression of terror at Jack, for I felt my mare sinking under me.

"Catch that limb above you," shouted he, "and tie your bridle to it, or you will both go under."
There was no time for minding matters. I let go my gun, which sunk out of sight forever. Rising in my saddle, with a desperate effort I reached the stout limb of a bending cottonwood tree, which I dragged down, and to which I managed to secure my bridle by a strong knot. I succeeded finally by the aid of the cottonwood in reaching the bank, and by this time, when I looked back, I found that my poor mare had sunk nearly up to her eyes.
I now looked around, and saw Jack busy enough between beating off the dogs and attempting to secure the buck, which had stuck fast also in the quicksand. He succeeded in throwing a rope about his horns, and when the "driver" came up we dragged it out at our leisure, after having rescued my poor Coleste, which from hanging so long by her headstall had grown quite black in the face.
The buck was a prodigious animal, and had several times before been chased by Jack, when it always took to the river and had thus lost him several "no bounds"—Romance.

French Art in Manipulating Plaster.
It is stated that French builders, who have carried the art of hardening plaster to where it is used for flooring, either in place of wood or tile, employ for this purpose six parts of good quality of plaster intimately mixed with one part of freshly slaked white lime finely sifted. The mixture as thus composed is laid down in as quick time as possible, care being taken that the trowel is not used upon the surface for too long a time. After this the floor is allowed to become dry and is subsequently saturated in a most thorough manner with sulphate of iron or zinc, thus giving the strongest surface. Its resistance to breaking being found to be twenty times the strength of ordinary plaster. It appears that with sulphate of zinc the floor remains white, while when iron is used it becomes the color of rusted iron. But if linseed oil, boiled with litharge, be applied to the surface it becomes of an attractive mahogany color, this being especially the case if a coat of copal varnish is added.

Their Descent.
Swainburne is a descendant of Celtic and Scandinavian stock. Tennyson seems to have been equally of Danish and Plantagenet ancestry, with a slight admixture of French blood. William Morris is a descendant of Welsh and Anglo-Danish stock. Robert Browning's great-grandfather, who was of Welsh-Saxon origin, married a creole, while the poet's mother was of German and Scotch parentage. Rossetti is 25 per cent. English, and northern blood mingles with his Italian ancestry. The commingling of races in the literary geniuses of France is more remarkable still. The grandmother of the senior Dumas was a black woman of St. Domingo. Flaubert had Iroquois blood in his veins. The father of Victor Hugo came of Germans of Lorraine, while his mother was descended from the Bretons. Greek, French and Italian blood exists in Zola. His father was an Italian mathematician. Ibsen is of German and Scandinavian ancestry intermixed with Scotch.

Royalty's Cigars.
When I was in Havana I saw two orders of 3,000 cigars each that had been made up for the Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales. The high-class foreigner smokes cigars about double the size that the American does. The cigars made for the Czar and the Prince of Wales were six inches long and cost \$1 apiece in Havana. The labor of making each cigar cost 20 cents, and on account of the great care necessary in the selection the wrappers cost 15 cents apiece. The wrappers were the finest leaves from the Vuelta Abago district, a small section of property which produces the finest tobacco in the world.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Cigarette Fiend.
George E. Mills, a young man, has just been committed to an insane asylum at St. Louis as a cigarette maniac. He repeatedly threatened to kill his father, mother and sister and had made two attempts to commit suicide. His mother says of his incarceration: "My poor demented son begged piteously not to be taken to the asylum, but I felt that it was a duty I owed him and ourselves, and now he is in good hands, where, thank God, he cannot get cigarettes to make him crazier."

Not Affected by Hard Times.
The gay and festive train robber is still plying his trade in the Southwest. He has felt little of the hardships of the panic and the repeal of the silver bill does not affect him.—Baltimore World.

POULTRY FOR MARKET.

Directions as to the Best Method of Packing.

All poultry should be thoroughly cooled and dried before packing, preparatory for shipment to market. For packing the fowl provide boxes, as



FIG. 1.

they are greatly preferable to barrels. Commence your packing by placing a layer of rye straw, that has been thoroughly cleaned from dust, on the bottom of the box. Bend the head of the first fowl under it, as shown in our illustration (Fig. 1), and then lay it in the left hand corner, with the head against the end of the box, with the back up. Continue to fill this row in the same manner until completed; then begin the second row the same way, letting the head of the bird pass up between the rump of the two adjoining ones,

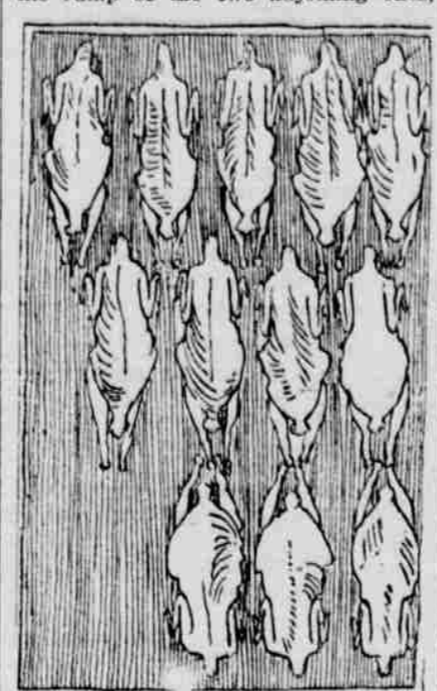


FIG. 2.

which will make it complete and solid (see illustration, Fig. 2). In packing the last row, reverse the order, placing the head against the end of the box, letting the feet pass under each other. Lastly, fill tight with straw, so that the poultry cannot move. This gives a firmness in packing that will prevent moving during transportation. Care should be taken to have the box filled full.

To Double the Quantity of Manure.
Provide a good supply of black swamp mold or loam from the woods, within easy reach of your stable, and place a layer of this, one foot thick, under each horse, with litter as usual on top of the loam or mold. Remove the droppings of the animals every day, but let the loam remain for two weeks, then remove it, mixing it with other manure, and replace with fresh mold. By this simple means any farmer can double not only the quantity but also the quality of his manure, and never feel himself at a disadvantage, while the fertilizing value of the ingredients absorbed and saved by the loam can scarcely be estimated.
Josiah Quincy, Jr., has been very successful in keeping cattle in stables the year through, and feeding them by means of soiling. The amount of manure thus made has enabled him to improve the fertility of a poor farm of 100 acres, so that in 20 years the hay crop had increased from 20 to 300 tons. The cattle are kept in a well-arranged stable, and are let out into the yard an hour or two mornings and afternoons, but they generally appear glad to return to their quarters. By this process, one acre enables him to support three or four cows. They are fed on grass, green oats, corn fodder, barley, etc., which are sown at intervals through the spring and summer months, to be cut as required; but he remarks that his most valuable crop is his manure crop. Each cow produces three and a half cords of solid, and three cords of liquid manure, or six and a half cords in all. Five to eight miles from Boston, such manure is worth from \$5 to \$8 a cord. From this estimate, he has come to the conclusion that a cow's manure may be made as valuable as her milk.

Home-Made Superphosphate.
A Western journal remarks that almost every farmer has upon his own premises one of the best superphosphate manures known. The elements are found in the old bones, scattered carelessly over yard, garden and farm, and common wood ashes, generally allowed to go to waste. If the bones are gathered, placed under shelter, thoroughly mixed with three or four times their bulk of ashes, kept moist with water enough to make a good lye and occasionally stirred and mixed, they will, in a few months, become so tender and friable that they may be pounded into powder, and in this state they form a valuable manure, better than the average of the commercial fertilizers that seem so expensive. The ashes, of course, should be mixed with the bones. The fertilizer thus made should be applied by the handful in the hill of corn, and its effects may be early seen in the deep, rich green of the growing plant. This may seem like small business to a farmer who has but little spare time, but it is by just such economy that our best farmers become so profitable, and it is by lack of such economy that so many farmers fail to yield even a comfortable living.

Poultry Manure.
Fifty fowls will make, in their roosting house alone, ten hundredweight per annum of the best manure in the world. Hence fifty fowls will make more than enough manure for an acre of land, seven hundredweight of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way; and those figures demand careful attention from the large farmer. The manure, before using, should be mixed with twice its bulk of earth, and then allowed to stand in a heap, covered with a few inches of earth, till decomposed throughout, when it makes the very best manure which can be had.

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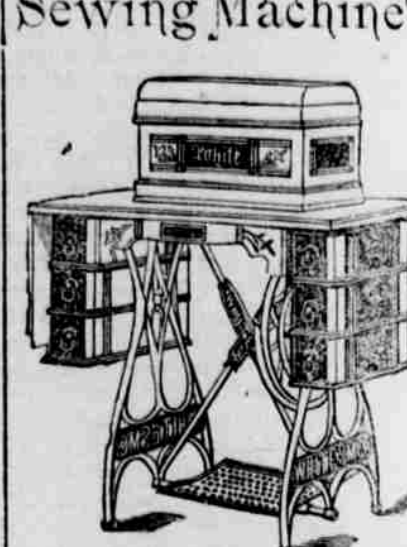
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Pork, whole, per pound07 to .08
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Rye " "80
Wheat flour per bbl. 4.00
Hay per ton 18.00
Potatoes per bushel70
Turnips " "25
Onions " " 1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck25 to .35
Cranberries per qt.10
Tallow per lb.08
Shoulder " "12 1/2
Side meat " "14
Vinegar, per qt.08
Dried apples per lb.08
Dried cherries, pitted15
Raspberries18
Cow Hides per lb.03
Steer " "05
Calf Skin 40 to 50
Sheep pelts90
Shelled corn per bus.65
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Turkeys " "12
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