

A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

I live in a musical neighborhood. And I'd certainly move out at once if I could. But I've taken my fat till the first of next May. So you see very well that I can't get away.

ing courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

FORCING A CONSENT.

"But, uncle, I love my cousin!" "Get out!" "Give her to me." "Don't bother me!" "It will be my death!" "Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl."

My uncle, whose back had been towards me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search.

The walls were hung with Marselleses and Old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres and muskets and picture-frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts and statues of saints, one-armed or one-legged for the most part, and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases hermetically closed and locked, there were knick-knacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urchins, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which in the sun took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

"The hand of Rose!" I repeated. "You told me that it would only be by force that you would be made to say yes—say it, or I will call in the neighbors."

The clock was still striking; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me. "Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"

At dinner time I took my place at table on his right hand in low spirits, ate little and said nothing.

"You'll end your days on the scaffold!" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose!" I repeated. "You told me that it would only be by force that you would be made to say yes—say it, or I will call in the neighbors."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle. And without looking at me he took up his hat and came and hurried out.

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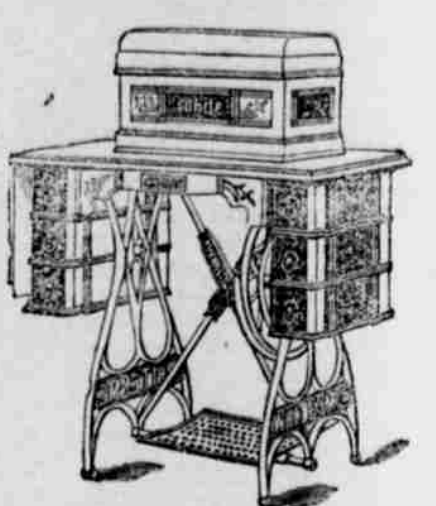
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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Butter per lb. \$ .26, Eggs per dozen .18, Lard per lb. .12 1/2, Ham per pound .12 1/2, Pork, whole, per pound .07 to .08, Beef, quarter, per pound .06 to .08, Wheat per bushel .70, Oats .40, Rye .65, Wheat flour per bbl. 3.40, Hay per ton 18.00, Potatoes per bushel .65, Turnips .25, Onions 1.00, Sweet potatoes per peck .25 to .40, Cranberries per qt. .10, Tallow per lb. .04, Shoulder .11, Side meat .15, Vinegar, per qt. .07, Dried apples per lb. .05, Dried cherries, pitted .12 1/2, Raspberries .12 1/2, Cow Hides per lb. .02, Steer .03, Calf Skin .40 to .50, Sheep pelts .60, Shelled corn per bus. .60, Corn meal, cwt. 1.00, Bran 1.20, Chop 1.20, Middlings 1.20, Chickens per lb. .10, Turkeys .12, Geese .10, Ducks .10.

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