#### A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

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

There's a young man down-stairs who sits up inte at night,

And thumps on the banjo with wearisome might, While I walk up and down for I can't sleep a wink

For the sound of his plinkety-plinkety plink!

On the floor just below there's a man with a

Oh, that tooflety-tootlety-tootlety-toot! To the nerves it is quite as distressing, I think, As the other one's plinkety-plinkety-plink!

A man on a trombone below tries to bang. But all he gets from it is whangety whang : And its dreadful, mixed up with the banjo and fute

Whang-whangety-plinkety-tootlety-toot!

And then there's a quartet of zealous young men Who try gives and authems again and again; But all that they do is so woofully queer They should go to a wood, where there's no one to hear:

There's a lady besides on the very first floor, And on a plano the scale she runs o'er-Just do, re, me, fa, sol, and la, si, and do, First up, and then down, sometimes fast, and then slow.

The janitor too has the musical craze, And on the front steps an accordion plays: Oh, I'd move right away if I could-wouldn't

But my rent is all paid, and so what can 1 dot —Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas,

### FORCING A CONSENT.

"But, unele, 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."

"Pray!"

My, uncle, whose back had been towards me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed have got out of order, fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump. "Never!" he cried. "Never! Do you

hear what I say?" And as I looked at him beseechingly

and with joined hands he went on: "A pretty husband you look like!

without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping? A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter? It's no use your instaing. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me

say Yes'" 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. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the fur-bishing of a big, double-handed sword,

rusty from point to hilt. This memorable conversation took place in fact. In the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and objets d'art, 53 Rue des Claquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross'-a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marsellies and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres and muskets and picture-frames; below these were rugged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts and statues of saints, one-armed or onelegged for the most part, and dilapi-dated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases hermetically closed and locked, there were knick-knacks in infinite variety-lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, provious 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 Time out of mind the shop had beclonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle-his neighbors said-could not possessor of a nice little bus be the fortune. Held in esteem by all, a municipal councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office. ort, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of a man such was my Uncle Cornubert, my only fiving male relative, who as soon as 1 left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltose Cross." But my uncle was not only a dealor in antiquities and a municipal councillor-he was yet more, and above all, the father of my consin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

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

1 checked myself. "Are you angry with me?" I asked.

May.

tremblingly. 'Are you angry with me, Rose?' She held out to me her hand.' On

ing courage under certan circumstan-

that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried: "Rose-I swear it! I will be your hus-

And as as she shook her head band!" and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh! I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'yes,' I will force him to say it!" "But how?' asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But no matter; I would

find a way to surmount it! At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my doublehanded sword, and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting with a corner of her apron a little statuette in its faded red velvet case

My uncle entered. Surprised at find-ing us together, he stopped short and looked sharply at us, from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see.

The subject did not luterest me in the least.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet-but not an ordinary helmet, oh, not-a suberb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised, and I tried to discover what prevented

"It will not go down-the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle; "but it's a superb piece, and when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up will look well-that shall be your to-morrow's job." "Very good, uncle," I murmured, not

daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night on reaching my home, I at once went to bed. I was enger to be alone and able to think at my case. Night brings counsel, it is said, and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance, I fell off to sleep, and till next morning did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in abrida costume, a fourteenth century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandola, while my uncle, clad in complete armor, and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewidering whirl.

The next day-an, the next day!-1 was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the lummense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening-scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun; my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me: but I coud think of nothing, of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 3 o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my nucle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our couversation of the previous evening.

"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 neigh

The clock was still striking; my uncle rased his arms as if to curse me. "Decide at once," I cried, "some-

body is coming?" "Well, then-yes." murmured my uncle, "But make haste?" "On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor!" The visot gave way, the gorget-plece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a poppy. Just in time The chemist at the

corner, a colleague in the municipal

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without "I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me he took up his hat and cane and hurried out. The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

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

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head and then-Rose-come here.

Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do yesterday?" I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did

the same. "To give him your hand," he added,

"Do you love him?" Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle, "on this side the case is complete. Come here, you." I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle," and, in a while

He burst into a hearty laugh. "Marry her then, donkey-since you

love her, and I give her to you." "Ah-uncle!"

"Ah-dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms. "Very good, very good," he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy; that's all

I ask. And in turn he whispered in my ear:

"I should have given her to you all the same, you blg goose; but-keep the story of the helmet between us two?"

I give you my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if ever you pass along the Rue des Claquettes, No. 52. it the place of honor in the old shop. I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.-From the French of Ferdinand Beissier in the Strand Magazine.

#### Absurdities of Prohibition.

Sixty years or so ago, when the Essex law crawled into Maine, surely, as I have said it, it was a virtuous and an Arcadian state. At present, whether it is more temperate than any of its sister states, whether there is less immorality drunkenness, and crime therein than in any other state in the Union the destination of the state in the Union, the citizens of Maine are not fond of expressing an opinion and doubtless the less said the better! It is to be added, moreover, that the Essex county letter writers who thus builded better, or worse, than they knew, did not themselves propose a total prohibition from the sale of wines, ales, and other vinous or malt liquor, but one solely from the sale to prevent the public drinking in run shops and bar rooms, and the public spectacle of intoxication and brawling hich so often resulted (and that what

they sought is desirable to-day, as de-



When you are without healthy flesh you are weak somewhere, or else your food does not nourish you.



of Cod-liver, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, finds weak spots, cures them, and stores up latent strength in solid flesh to ward off disease. Physicians, the world over, endorse it

SCOTT'S EMULSION cures Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs and Wasting Diseases.

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During the same four years is at set sat-trial every remode that was said as a set sat-and got no relief for any of say troubles unit if rost CALTHOS-it cared and restored me and i an new a man."

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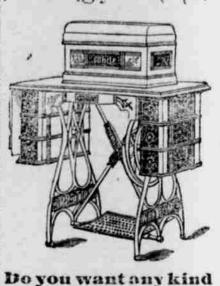
Do you want a PIANO?

Do you want an

# ORGAN?



Do you want a Sewing Machine?



of a MUSICAL IN-

Do you want SHEET

If so, do not send your mon-

ey away from home, but deal

with a reliable dealer right

here, who will make things

right, if there is anything

For anything in this line

STRUMENT?

the place to go is to

· J. Saltzer's.

**MUSIC?** 

wrong.

To come back to the point at which I digressed:

Without paying any attention to the which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of module which she had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

The Council?" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that an gust word it made a mouthful; for a pin he would have soluted it bare-headed. But, this time, after a mo-ment's consideration, he tapped his forchead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to morrow-and I am forgetting that I have to go to the milway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning

Rising from his seat and laying down his glass he called out;

'Rose, give me my cane and hat." Then, turning towards me, he added in a lowered tone and speaking very quickly

"As to you-don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say yes,' try'-but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rese or, by St. Bartheleniy, my patron of happy memory, I'll kick you out of deors."

At that moment Rose appeared with uncle's cane and hat, which she 233 handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then giving me a last but elsquent look hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double-hand-ed sword. Rose came quietly towards

Twhat is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be

angry with you." I looked at her-her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all-my love, my suit to her fatuer, and his rough refusal I could not help it-after all, it was his fault He was not there: I determined brave his anger. Besides, there 11 brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for display-1.54

went on rubbing at my helme "You have made it qui'e bright enough-put it down," said my uncle. I put it down. The storm was gath-I could not do better than ering. allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the great motion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and urged by I know not what demon, he capped it on his head and latched the gorgetpiece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing-thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound -as if a spring had snapped-and crackl-down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in au iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan!

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, siumpy, fat and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance. Threateningly he came towards me.

The hinges - the hinges, foel," he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt hat it was red to bursting. that

"When you have done laughing, idiot," he cried.

But the heimet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more gesticulated, the more he yelled and throatoned me the londer I laugh-

At that moment the clock of the Hotel do Ville, striking five was heard. "The municipal council?" muranred my uncle, in a stiffed voice. "Quick! help me off with this beast of a machinel We'll settle our business afterwards."

But, suddenly likewise, an iden-a wild, extraordinary idea-came into my head; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror-and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders. "No,' I repeated, firmly, "Til not

olp you out unless you give me the hand of my cousin, Rose!"

From the depths of the strangely elongated visor came, not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it?"-I had burned my stripps!

"If you do not consent to do what I ask you." I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but will call in all your neighbors, and ben go and find the numicipal comdiff

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

strable as then, nobody can deny), But the idea that a gentleman who lesired to use ardent spirits could not first purchase them, it is simple jus-tice to the writers of the letters to say, did not present itself to them at When the matter got into the Maine Legislature, however, whether because distinction between wines liquors was too subtle or from other causes, that distinction disappeared. As the pure and simple prohibition of the sale of any liquor, even of domestic manufactured cider, it became a law; prohibition has since been the written into the constitution of Maine it-self, until that state has become a ommonwcelth of law-breakers only but of constitution-breakers, for the law against selling has become a law against manufacturing, and 30 against purchasing. And all these laws have been written in the constitution of the state itself, and the citiens go on buying, selling and purchasing, with a pretense of surreptitious-ness that, comic as it all is, keeps soil with the proper manure. buyer, seller, retailer, and purchaser best-that's BAUGH'S. alike in breach of the statutes specula speculorum!-Appleton M in Margan, in the Popular Science Monthly,

The Action of Massage Upon the Muscles.

1. Massage, when applied upon a muscle in a state of repose, increases its resistance to work and modules its fatigue curve by retarding the mani-festation thereof.

2. The beneficial effect of massage is within certain limits in proportion to the duration of its application. Beyond these limits there is not obtain-ed any further mercase in the production of mechanical work.

3 Massage can hinder in muscles the accumulated effects of fatigue prowork ceeding from the effects of when not sufficient intervals of rest have been allowed.

4. The various manocuvers of massage act with different intensity upon the aptitude of muscles for work. Percussion and friction are inferior to

petrissage and to mixed masssage. 5. In muscles weakened by fasting we can, by means of massage, notably ameliorate their resistance to work. 6. Upon muscles fatigued or weakened by a cause which acts upon the whole muscular system, such as pro-longed walking, loss of sleep, loss of food, excessive intellectual work, etc., nunssage exerts a restorative influence which brings back to them their power f doing a natural amount of work. 7. The beneficial effects of mussage upon the phenomena of muscular work are no longer produced when it is applied upon a muscle in which the circulation of blood has been supressed-Douglas Graham, M. D., in he Popular Science Monthly.





# THE MARKETS.

Ware-rooms, Main Street be-

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

#### CONSECTED WERELY. RETAIL PRICES.

Sweet potatoes per peck		
Eggs per dozen.18Lard per lb.124Ham per pound.124Ham per pound.07 to .08Beef, quarter, per pound.06 to .08Wheat per bushel.70Oats"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Butter per 1b \$	.26
Lard per lb	Eggs per dozen	.18
Ham per pound.  .122    Pork, whole, per pound.  .07 to .08    Beef, quarter, per pound.  .06 to .08    Wheat per bushel.  .70    Oats  """"	Lard per lb	.121
Pork, whole, per pound	Ham per pound	.12
Beef, quarter, per pound	Pork, whole, per pound 07	
Wheat per bushel.  .70    Oats  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Beef, quarter, per pound o6	to .08
Oats  " " "	Wheat ner bushel	
Wheat flour per bbl  3 40    Hay per ton  18.00    Potatoes per bushel  .65    Turnips  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Oats " "	
Wheat flour per bbl  3 40    Hay per ton  18.00    Potatoes per bushel  .65    Turnips  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Rye " "	.65
Hay per ton.  18.00    Potatoes per bushel,  .65    Turnips  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Wheat flour per bbl	3.40
Turmps  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Hay per ton	18.00
Turmps  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Potatoes per bushel	.65
Sweet potatoes per peck	Turnips " "	.25
Sweet potatoes per peck	Onions " "	1.00
Crinberries per qi	Sweet potatoes per peck #5	to to
Tailow per ib	Cranberries per qu	.10
Shoulder " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	Tallow per ib.	.04
Side meat ""  .15    Vinegar, pet qt.  .07    Dried apples per lb.  .05    Dried chernes, pitted.  .12    Raspberries  .12    Cow Hides per lb.  .22    Steer  .03    Calf Skin  .40 to .50    Sheep pelts  .60    Corn meal, cwt.  2.00    Bran,  1.20    Middlings  1.20    Chop  "  1.20    Chickens per lb  .10    Turkeys  "  .12    Geese  "  .12	Shoulder " "	111
Vinegar, per qt	Side meat "	.15
Dried apples per lb	Vinegar, per qt	.07
Dried chernes, patted.  124    Ruspberries  144    Cow Hides per lb.  62    Steer  """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	Dried apples per lb	.05
Steer    "    -03      Calf Skin    40 b)    -50      Sheep pelts    .60      Shelled corn per hus    .60      Corn meal, cwt    2.00      Bran,    1.20      Middlings    1.20      Chop    "      Turkeys    "      Geese    "	Dried chernes, patted	.124
Steer    "    -03      Calf Skin    40 b)    -50      Sheep pelts    .60      Shelled corn per hus    .60      Corn meal, cwt    2.00      Bran,    1.20      Middlings    1.20      Chop    "      Turkeys    "      Geese    "	Raspberries	1123
Steer    "    -03      Calf Skin    40 b)    -50      Sheep pelts    .60      Shelled corn per hus    .60      Corn meal, cwt    2.00      Bran,    1.20      Middlings    1.20      Chop    "      Turkeys    "      Geese    "	Cow Hides per lb	.02
Calf Skin  .40 19 .50    Sheep pelts  .50    Shelled corn per hus  .60    Corn meal, cwt  2.00    Bran,  1.20    Chop  1.20    Middlings  1.20    Chickens per lb  .10    Turkeys  .12    Geese	Steer " " "	.03
Sheep pelts	Calf Skin .:	19.50
Sheiled corn per hus    60      Corn meal, cwt    2.00      Bran,    4.20      Chop    4      Middlings    1.20      Chickens per lb    1.00      Turkeys    4      Geese    4	Sheep pelts	.60
Corn meal, cwt	Shelled corn per bus	.60
Bran, "		2,00
Chop    "    1.20      Middlings    "    1.20      Chickens per lb    .10      Turkeys    "    .12      Geese    "    .10		1,20
Chickens per lb		1.20
Chickens per lb		3.20
Turkeys " "	Chickens per lb	.10
Geese " "	Turkeys " "	,12
Ducks in in .10	Geese " "	.10
	Ducks ** **	.10



No. 6, delivered	2.49
" 4 and 5 "	3 50
" 6 at yard	2.25
" 4 and 5 at yard	3.25



The heart is no philosopher.