

WHEN JOHNNY BOY IS FISHING GOES.

When Johnny boy is fishing goes,
First through the house a cyclone blows—
A blizzard of Dakota style
That jags things wobble for mile on mile!

A HINDOO POEM.

A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do—
When five years' misadventure he had done.
Released, he hopefully for entrance craves
Before the Gates of Brahma's Paradise.

CONSTANCE.

In the courtyard of Castle Ostrog a
gay company of guests were assembled.
Count Zamofski, one of the magnates
of Poland, had invited the nobles
of the neighborhood to a bear hunt.

The most remarkable among the
whole company were Count Mikronowski
and his fair daughter, Constance.
This young lady was to make
one of the party of hunters. Her courage
was, it seemed, as great as her beauty.

Arrived at the spot where the hunters
were drawn up in expectation of
their game, they dismounted, and,
standing there side by side, silently
awaited the coming of the bear.

Completely fascinated by her beauty
and courage, Stanislaus yielded himself
a willing captive to her charms.
From that moment his passion grew
daily. The love which her courage
had inspired was deepened and
strengthened by the sight of her at
home, seated modestly before her
spinning wheel.

The betrothal was publicly celebrated
soon after at the house of Constance's
father. The parents of the bridegroom,
however, saw with deep
thoughtful dislike, his infatuation
for the daughter of their impoverished
neighbor, Mikronowski, and they
persuaded their son, shortly after
the celebration of the betrothal, to take
a journey to Dresden, where Augustus
the Strong, King of Poland and Elector
of Saxony, held his court. The Polish
Ambassador at Dresden was secretly
instructed by Zamofski's parents to
lead the young nobleman into the gay
profligate society of the Capital.

To the beautiful young widow, Antonette,
Countess of Oginska, the favorite
sister of Augustus and his all-powerful
minister, Bruhl, was given the
congenial task of rendering Stanislaus
faithless to his absent love.
Mistress of the arts of coquetry and
intrigue, the fair countess soon accomplished
this.

A letter, written to Constance only
a few months after his arrival in
Dresden from her lover, apprised her
of his desertion of her, and, at the
same time begged forgiveness for his
faithlessness. Family interests, and
his duty to the state and his king,
her recreant lover wrote, were the
causes of his breaking his pledged word.

On receipt of this epistle, Constance
shed a few angry tears, but she was
not the woman to weep over a lover's
desertion. Plans of revenge for the
slight put upon her caused her soon to
forget her grief.

One night, while returning late from
a ball at Prince Sapieha's, as he was
driving through the forest of Grodna,
his sleigh was suddenly surrounded
by a band of armed men. At the
sight of this band the coachman and
footman leaped quickly from the box
and fled away on foot. Zamofski
defended himself bravely, but was over-
come after a short struggle. He was
bound and a sack was drawn over his
head and face, and he was lifted on
a horse, which was led off at a gallop.

The young man, supposing he had
been attacked by robbers, with which
the forest was infested, now gave
himself up for lost. After a wild ride
of an hour or so, Stanislaus was
aware by the sound of his horse's
hoofs that they were crossing a bridge.
Shortly after he was lifted from the
sleigh and hurried on foot for a short
distance. The sack was then removed
and he discovered himself to be in a
cell-like apartment, with a single
grated window high up in one of
the walls. At one side of the room

was a pallet of straw. The rays of a
small lamp shed a dim light around.
Before him stood two men in the
uniform of Cossacks.

"Where am I?" he demanded. "Why
have you brought me here?"
They vouchsafed him no reply, but
the door presently opened and admitted
Constance, clad in a mantle of
dark green velvet, bordered with sable.
She motioned with her hand for the
men to withdraw; then, left alone
with her captive, she measured him
with eyes full of angry scorn.

"You are in my power now," she
said, exultingly. "Expect no mercy
from me. I give you only one choice.
Either you marry me, here and at
once, or you die."

"I cannot marry you, Constance,"
he returned, firmly; "my duty to my
parents and my country forbids it."

"You are deceiving me,"
Zamofski's face crimsoned with rage,
and an angry answer seemed
trembling on his lips. But he controlled
himself, after a visible struggle, and
remained silent.

"Yes, you are lying to me—you are
the acknowledged lover of the
Countess Oginska, and it is because you
wish to marry her that you have
broken your faith to me. But I ask
you once more, and for the last time
—are you willing to keep your promise
and marry me?"

"I cannot, Constance. Unfortunately
I may not follow the dictates of my
heart in this matter."

"Then prepare, and at once, for
death," coldly returned the disclaimed
bride. "I shall leave you now to
suffer a prison in my stead. In a quarter
of an hour you shall die on the
gallows."

Zamofski started involuntarily, but
controlled himself immediately, and
bowed low, without opening his lips.
A few moments after Constance had
gone a priest entered the room.

"Is it really so serious?" demanded
Zamofski of the newcomer.

"The gallows has already been erected
in the court yard," replied the
other.

"You are at liberty, now, my lord, to
go whithersoever it may please you to
go. I have no further demand to make
on you, either as regards your property
or your person. I shall remain,
as before, under the protection of my
father and the shelter of his roof. We
part now and forever. Farewell!"

Zamofski gazed at her a moment in
astonishment, then recovering
himself, bowed silently and left her.

After this strange wedding the young
count's friends set the legal machinery
in motion to have the marriage
annulled. All this time he remained
at Ostrog, delving among the books.

One day, riding slowly through the
forest and sunk deep in thought, he
came face to face with Constance,
who appeared suddenly from out of a
thicket opposite. Zamofski bent to
his saddle-bow in greeting, and she
acknowledged his salutation by a slight
nod.

When she had passed he drew rein
and gazed long and fixedly after her.
He sighed and murmured, half under
his breath:

"What an absurdity it is for the
husband of a young and beautiful woman
to pass his days alone like a hermit
among dusty, musty folios."

He was not without hope of encountering
her again in his daily ride. Failing
to do so, however, he rode off
secretly one night to Zabolow, tied his
horse to a tree in a grove hard by,
and then stole through the garden up
to the house.

The windows were securely closed
by thick, wooden shutters, but a slender
ray of light, creeping through one
of them, betrayed the presence of a
rift. Applying his eye to this, he
found that he could see into a small
room, furnished with a Turkish divan.
Bear skin rugs were thrown across it
and laid on the floor beside it. A little
to one side stood an embroidery frame
and, on a small stand, a silver-branch-
candlestick, with three lighted candles
in it.

Constance came into the room
presently. Seating herself on the divan,
she drew the frame aside and threw
herself down on the dark skins of the
divan.

Thereafter Zamofski came secretly
to the house every night.

These nightly visits to his wife's
home had gone on for some weeks,
when one evening his jealousy was
aroused by seeing a sleigh drive up
into the court yard from which a tall,
handsome man, wrapped in furs,
alighted. As he could not visit
Zabolow, except under cover of darkness
he commissioned his valet to do so,
and to bring him back word who the
newcomer might be.

The man brought back word that
the strange guest was Count Starbel,
and the further information that he
was a suitor for Constance's hand
when, on the annulment of her marriage
she would be free to enter in a
second union.

This news fairly set Zamofski beside
himself. Maddened by mortified
pride and fruitless passion, he lay in
ambush one night for Count Starbel
as he was returning homeward
through the forest of Ostrog. He
barred the way of his rival and fiercely
challenged him to single combat.
Starbel dismounted from his horse,
and drawing his sabre, the duel had
already lasted long enough for each
combatant to have received serious
wounds, when Constance, unexpectedly
appearing, put an end to the combat.

She came riding swiftly up and
dashed her horse in between the combatants, heedless of the leaping, clashing
swords.

"What is the reason of your wanton
and unprovoked attack upon this
nobleman?" she demanded, looking
sternly at her husband.

"He has dared to come here, madam,
as a suitor for your hand," Zamofski
returned, hotly.

Constance broke into a ringing
laugh. "Put up your sword, sir," she said,
merrily; "there is no further use for it.
Count Starbel is not a suitor for my
hand, but for that of my sister."

"Then she dressed their wounds with
her own hands and then invited her
husband to a private interview in the
very apartment through the shutter
of which he had so often watched her.
Throwing herself on the divan and
leaning back against its covering of
bear skin rugs, she glanced mischievously
at her husband, as he stood irresolutely
before her, and demanded:

"What must I do to prevent similar
occurrences of yours in the future?"

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, falling
on his knees at her feet.

"But, count, have you forgotten the
duty you owe to your king and country,
which was such a bar to our
union formerly?"

"I have forgotten everything except
that I love you!" he exclaimed, as he
caught her in his arms.

Three days later, Constance, clothed
in a magnificent mantle of ermine,
leaning back on the cushions of bear
skins in a sleigh richly gilded and
drawn by three superb horses, made
her way, to the joyous pealing of bells
and the booming of cannon, through
the castle gates of Ostrog.—New York
Journal.

Where Time Skips a Day.
"There is a small island in the
South Pacific," said John L. Davis, a
veteran sea captain, the other day,
"where there only appear to be six
days in the week. This extraordinary
phenomenon is brought about by the
location of the island. Travelers
around the world are acquainted with
the fact that time is lost while traveling
west, the difference of time in the
transatlantic journey alone being
about four hours.

"I had to run into Chatham Island
once, when disabled, and was
amused to see the way in which the
people accepted their fate in regard
to the jumping of time. This little
island is just on the line of demarcation
between times and dates. In
order to keep right with the remainder
of the world it is necessary to
skip from noon on Sunday to noon on
Monday every week in the year, hence
the joke that it is possible to spend
a whole day at dinner without eating
an average meal. The island is so
near the antarctic region that days
and nights are altogether mixed up
from the idea of an ordinary individual,
but this plan of jumping the
afternoon of one day and the morning
of the next so as to keep in line
with the almanac is something so
ridiculous that none but a seafaring
man can appreciate it or understand
the necessity."—St. Louis Exchange.

Matrimonial Separations in Egypt.
The liveliest divorce centres of the
West have to take second place when
compared with matrimonial separations
in Egypt, according to the
accounts of the American Consul to
the land of the Nile. He tells of an
altercation that took place between one
of his trusted servants and a veiled lady
his wife, which squabble resulted in
a divorce in less than five minutes.
The scene opened with reproaches
emanating from the woman. "Take
care," warned the man. "I put you
from me!" Nothing daunted the
virago continued until the exasperated
man again repeated: "I put you from
me!" Still the torrent of abuse flowed
incessantly. Worried beyond endurance
the servant entered the house
and secured thirty shillings out of his
year's salary of £10, and returning to
the woman said: "Here is your dowry,
now for the third and last time I
repeat: 'I put you from me.'" At these
words the woman went her way, and
the astonished American learned that
he had witnessed divorce proceedings;
for in Egypt the assertion, "I put you
from me," made three times to a wife
by her husband, constitutes a solemn
divorce without alimony, and once the
words are said the woman has no
right to any further support from the
man.

A Remarkable Servant.
A young lady, lately and happily
married, has a literary man for a
husband, who does all of his work at
home. It is very good work and pays
well. Recently they got a new servant,
a buxom German girl, who proved
herself happy, and also seemed
to take a deep interest in the affairs
of the young couple. Of course, she
saw the husband around the house
a good deal; but her mistress was not
prepared for the following:

"Osgense me, Mrs. Blank, but I like
to say somedings."
"Will, Rena?"
The girl blushed, fumbled her apron,
stammered and then replied:
"Voll, you pay me \$10 mont—"

"And I can't pay you any more,"
said the mistress, decisively.
"It's not dot," responded the girl;
"but I be willin' to take \$15 till—till
your husband gets work!" It
was amusing and pathetic—both, wasn't it?
—Yonkers Statesman.

Women Gamblers in England.
The evil habits of betting and gambling
are increasing most of all among
women. Mothers of families bet away
their husbands' wages and pawn
clothes and furniture to obtain funds
for gambling purposes. Hundreds of
young women are engaged in factories
bet regularly. Some send their money
personally, others send their money
through middlemen. Betting among
ladies is on the increase, and the
drawing room sweepstakes are becoming
popular. This is a tremendous
indictment, yet I do not propose to
rebut it. It is a deplorable state of
things, but even if the "half has not
been told," it is within the pale of
credibility. "Gambling is on the increase
among women." Betting is
largely practised and with disastrous
effects on the family life by the
mothers of England, who are constantly
and proudly enough proclaimed
the social saviours of our land.—
Humanitarian.

Stupid people, who do not know how
to laugh, are always pious and
self-conceited; that is, ungentle, un-
charitable, unchristian.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. featuring various carriage models like No. 37 Surrey Harness, No. 751 Surrey, No. 777 Road Wagon, and No. 3 Farm Wagon. Prices range from \$11.00 to \$23.50. Includes text: "Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit." and "Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND."

Advertisement for Sapolio. Text: "Where dirt gathers, waste rules." "Great saving result from the use of SAPOLIO." Includes image of a person cleaning a surface.

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh. Text: "Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE." Includes image of a person applying the balm.

Advertisement for Tied Fast. Text: "Tied Fast to old-fogy ideas? We can help you get out of your farm all it's worth." "BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, Original Manufacturers of Raw Bone Manures." "OFFICE: 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia."

Advertisement for I AM NOW A MAN! Text: "I AM NOW A MAN! Chicago, Oct. 8, 1900. 'I was troubled with emaciation and varicose veins, and had been usually weak for seven years. During the last four years, I tried every remedy that was sold and got no relief for any of my troubles until I took CALTHOS—it cured and restored me and I am now a man.' (Extract from one of thousands of letters received by us.) Address VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, O." Includes image of a man.

B. F. SHARPLESS, Pres. N. U. FUNK, Sec. C. H. CAMPBELL, Treas.

Advertisement for Bloomsburg Land Improvement Company. Text: "BLOOMSBURG LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY Capital Stock, \$30,000." "Plotted property is in the coming business centre of the town. It includes also part of the factory district, and has no equal in desirability for residence purposes."

Advertisement for Choice Lots. Text: "CHOICE LOTS are offered at values that will be doubled in a short time. No such opportunity can be had elsewhere to make money. Lots secured on SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS—Maps of the town and of plotted property furnished on application." "Call upon or write to the Secretary, or J. S. Woods, Sales Agent, or any member of the Board of Directors."

Advertisement for Board of Directors. Text: "BOARD OF DIRECTORS. B. F. SHARPLESS; J. L. DILLON. C. W. NEAL, A. G. BRIGGS, DR. I. W. WILLIAMS, DR. H. W. McREYNOLDS, N. U. FUNK. 11-19-01"

Advertisement for J. G. Wells' Special Sale. Text: "SPECIAL SALE of gold and steel glasses at J. G. WELLS' during month of July and August. Eyes examined free of charge at J. G. WELLS' JEWELER AND OPTICIAN. Repairing watches, clocks and jewelry, a specialty."

Look Here!

Advertisement for Musical Instruments. Text: "Do you want a PIANO? Do you want an ORGAN? Do you want a Sewing Machine? Do you want any kind of a MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?" "If so, do not send your money away from home, but deal with a reliable dealer right here, who will make things right, if there is anything wrong. For anything in this line the place to go is to J. Saltzer's." "Ware-rooms, Main Street, below Market." "E. A. RAWLINGS, DEALER IN—All Kinds of Meat, Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tongues, Bologna, &c. Free Delivery to all parts of the town. CENTRE STREET, C. H. REICE'S OLD STAND. BLOOMSBURG, PA."

Advertisement for Bring The Babies. Text: "Bring The Babies. Instantaneous Process Used. Strictly first-class guaranteed photographs, crayons and copies at reasonable prices. We use exclusively the Collodion Aristotype papers, thus securing greater beauty of finish and permanency of results. CAPWELL, MARKET SQUARE GALLERY, 5-11-1/2. Over Hartman's Store."

Advertisement for The Markets. Text: "THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES. Butter per lb. \$.24 Eggs per dozen .16 Lard per lb. .12 1/2 Ham per pound .15 Pork, whole, per pound .07 to .08 Beef, quarter, per pound .06 to .08 Wheat per bushel .70 Oats " .55 Rye " .65 Wheat flour per bbl. 3.00 Hay per ton .16.00 to 18.00 Potatoes per bushel .80 Turnips " .25 Onions " 1.00 Sweet potatoes per peck .25 to .30 Tallow per lb. .04 Shoulder " .11 Side meat " .10 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. 2.00 Bran, " 1.00 Chop " 1.20 Middlings " 1.10 Chickens per lb new .12 " " old .08 Turkeys " " .12 Geese " " .10 Ducks " " .10 COAL. No. 6, delivered .240 " 4 and 5 " 3.50 " 6 at yard .2.25 " 4 and 5 at yard .3.25"

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balsam. Text: "PARKER'S HAIR BALSM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. These ointments are sold in 50c, 75c, and \$1.00 Bottles."

Advertisement for Consumptive. Text: "CONSUMPTIVE. The only cure for CONSUMPTIVE. PARKER'S Ointment. It cures the worst cases of Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Tired in Sleep, HINDERSONS. The only cure for CONSUMPTIVE. One bottle 50c, two bottles \$1.00. 8-10-01."