

AN AGE OF LAW.

The time is coming very soon when all affairs of life, from matters of importance to the little household strife, will be regulated on a plan without a law.

By law we do our working and by law we have to shiver. The law will haunt us living, and will follow to the grave.

It looks as if in time to come by law we'll have to cook. And if we want to read a bit the law will name the book.

The law will lay down rules for us for every little thing. We'll have to see a lawyer if we even want to sing.

By law we'll do our courting and by law we'll even sigh. By law we'll live and grow and fight and love and even die.

HER LOVE STORY.

"Aren't you going to speak to me, Miss Noreys? I've been trying to catch your eye for some time, but you seem determined not to see me."

The girl to whom this remark was addressed was standing rather apart from the group of people assembled on the lawn at a garden party.

"You flatter me and snub me in one breath, in a most cruel manner, Miss Noreys, but to return to practical life, have you had any tea?"

"No, thank you; I don't care for any." "Then, if you really won't have any, come and show me the beauties of this dear old garden, will you?"

"How do, Dalton?" said Major Donne to him a few days later. "Is this a true bill against you?"

"What do you mean?" "Come now, my dear fellow, don't pretend to misunderstand me. You know well enough, this with a meaning."

"Engaged? rather not," replied the first speaker with amused scorn. "Capt. Dalton is a terrible flirt, and that silly little Mollie Noreys imagines he is serious; she can't have had much attention from men before; her head seems completely turned."

"I can't think what he sees in her to admire. I consider her most insignificant looking." And the speaker, a very tall, rather florid young woman, looked round as if challenging comparison.

"Well, my dear Ada," replied her friend with the slightest suspicion of a sneer, "we can't all be like you, you know, and for my part, I think it is a very good thing that 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder,' but upon my word I can't imagine what Capt. Dalton sees in her to admire. Why, she actually makes her own frocks."

"Let us sit down here and talk, shall we?" said he, indicating a rustic seat in one of the groves.

"Yes, by all means. And isn't it all pretty?" she added, enthusiastically. "You ought to be very grateful to me for introducing you to such a pretty spot. I was so surprised to see you here this afternoon," she went on, suddenly lifting her eyes, to find his fixed on her in a way that caused her to hastily drop them again.

"Neither do I, and that's why I'm here, which may sound contradictory; but didn't you tell me you were coming? I came on purpose to spend the afternoon with you, so now let us enjoy ourselves. Won't you let me get you some fruit? I see some lovely peaches on that little table over there."

"I should like a peach very much, but I'm afraid of spoiling my hat and only gloves."

"By and by, after they had been talking for some time, he said, suddenly turning toward her: 'Do you know, I ought to have been at another garden party all this time. I promised a fellow I would look in on my way back from here, and give him a seat in my cart back to barracks. It's all your fault, and I shall tell him so.'"

"I am so sorry," Mollie replied, looking quite grieved. "Did I say you had detained me against my will? On the contrary, I prefer your society."

"Indeed, and I feel highly flattered," jumping up and making him a mock curtsy. "I assure you I mean it, Miss Noreys. I wish you wouldn't laugh at me."

"I think, on the contrary, it is you who are laughing at me. Truthfully now," looking steadily at her companion's face, "don't you think because I am little you can treat me like a child, who can be flattered with thinking anything. You do not treat me with the same respect you would if I were tall and stately. How I wish I were tall; pensively. 'It would be so nice to be able to look down on peo-

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

It was a self-evident fact that I was rattled. Any one would have been.

When my landlady escorted me to the dining room and introduced me to her household collectively and then left me standing there like an ossified idiot, without even deigning to show me a seat, it both angered and rattled me.

I succeeded in concealing my ill temper, but the fact that I was rattled became painfully patent. I sat down in the first vacant seat and tried to look as if I was in the bosom of my family.

The man opposite sympathetically prescribed the electrical treatment for facial paralysis. Upon thinking this over calmly I am forced to believe that he was attempting to grieve me.

Then a line of servants charged upon me. Dishes were presented on both sides, and the boy handed the butter from the opposite side of the table. The dish on the left contained onions. I loathe onions. That on the right was an unknown quantity. It looked like strawberry shortcake and smelled like ham. I was driven to the butter.

The butter dish had a handle that resembled a miniature Arc de Triomphe. In addition to this the bottom moved around like the perforated interior of a soap dish. I gracefully inserted the butter knife under the Arc de Triomphe and tried to slice off a piece of the composition. Then a most mysterious thing occurred—the inner disc turned as if on an invisible axis and gracefully dumped the butter into my neighbor's lap.

He remarked, "—!" and hurriedly left the room. This did not add to my composure. I suddenly became conscious of a presence in the room. The landlady had returned and was stonily regarding the remains of the butter.

It was a hot day, and I feared that during my struggles I might have wilted my collar. I need not have feared—the atmosphere around me had become chilly and remained so.

I grew more rattled. I put a spoonful of sugar in my glass of water. I inadvertently appropriated my left hand neighbor's piece of bread which he had laid down beside his plate. This angered him. He made an uncomplimentary remark about my cheek. I felt that I was blushing violently.

I rubbed my plate the wrong way with my knife, and it "squeezed." Every one looked at me. My tongue began to thicken and my head to swim. A hand touched me on the shoulder, and a voice said: "Beg pardon, but you are occupying my seat."

In desperation I pushed back my chair, partially overturning my right hand neighbor's chair—collided with a waitress—causing her to invert a dish of onions on a maiden's lady's corkswear curled head—and rushed to the door followed by several rather nasty remarks.

I have sworn off on boarding houses.—William James Coffin in Life.

HE WAS A TRIFLE HUSBANDLY AND DIDN'T KNOW THE WAYS.

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THE MARKET'S.

BLOOMSBURG MARKET'S. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods: Butter per lb. \$.18, Eggs per dozen .16, Lard per lb. .12 1/2, Ham per pound .12 1/2, Pork, whole, per pound .10, Beef, quarter, per pound .07 to .10, Wheat per bushel .80, Oats .45, Rye .65, Wheat flour per bbl. 4.20, Hay per ton 8.00, Potatoes per bushel .30, Turnips .25, Onions 1.00, Sweet potatoes per peck .25 to .30, Tallow per lb. .42, Shoulder .11, Side meat .10, Vinegar, per qt. .07, Dried apples per lb. .05, Dried cherries, pitted .12, Raspberries .14, Cow Hides per lb. .34, Steer .25, Calf Skin .80, Sheep pelts .75, Shelled corn per bus. .75, Corn meal, cwt. 2.00, Bran, 1.20, Chop, 1.35, Middlings, 1.25, Chickens per lb new .12, Turkeys " " old .22, Geese " " .10, Ducks " " .10.

No. 6, delivered 2.40, " 4 and 5 " 3.50, " 6 at yard 2.25, " 4 and 5 at yard 3.25

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