

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Golden Curse.

Once upon a time there lived a covetous, envious man, whose name was Midas, and he envied everybody in the world who wore a smiling happy face.

He envied the sun the power to shine; the flowers their power to burst into bloom; the birds their power to sing.

He envied every man's roof and fragrant meal; he coveted the peasant's cottage and the prince's palace; he coveted the wool the sheep wore, and the very shell the snail carried on its back.

For he thought he could put all these things to good use by selling them and thus turning them into a golden profit.

He owned a little farm, and it was a certified fact that not a beechnut fell from a tree; not a twig dropped to the ground but what he bagged it or bound it with other fagots for sale.

Thus, by the closest and most miserly means, this covetous man began to amass gold. He stored it away in old pitchers, and shoes, and chests, and cups, and still he starved himself and amassed his hoards of gold.

He had not a relative, nor a servant—neither man nor maid—and the very rats that inhabited his humble room with time grew famine-struck and died, and Midas skinned them and sold the skins to make ladies' gloves, and sold the meat to sausage-makers.

Nothing came within his reach but he turned it to the best account and reaped a profit of gold from it, and he grew so hard and so cold and yellow as the ore with counting and watching and hoarding it.

"As mean as Midas the miser," was the phrase on every lip that moved to tell any unkind or avicious deed that any one had done.

It has also been proved that the value of one bushel of corn together with the fodder, upon which it grew will keep a horse in good working order for a week.

Let the farmer then consider whether it is better to maintain a horse on the produce of half an acre of ruta bags, or carrots, or upon the produce of an acre of corn; or, on the other hand upon the hay or grain from six acres of land—for it will require six acres of good land to produce the necessary hay and grain as above.

At last a woman who sat in her cottage door, nursing her innocent babe, pitied the haggard face, with his misery-mad eyes, and begged him to be seated on a bench outside and she would bring him food and drink, and she went into the cottage with a gentle, smiling countenance.

He lifted his eyes, and again before him stood the "genie of gold" with yellow horns growing out of his forehead, with fiery eyes and cloven feet.

"I have come for you to redeem your paper," said the genie sternly. "I starve! I die!" shrieked Midas, and fell back dead, and when another sun rose, the glittering footstep on the highway, the golden palace, and Midas too had vanished.

"Midas, do you mean every word of that?" asked a quiet, clear voice near him. Midas turned, and saw standing beside him a dark, tall, powerful-looking man, with fiery eyes, and long yellow horns growing out of his forehead; and, glancing down, Midas saw that his feet were cloven.

"The genie of gold," answered the man. "Did you mean all you said a moment ago?" "Can you fulfill all my wishes if I did?" asked Midas, his anger again becoming ascendant.

"Yes," answered the gen, "I can do all you wish." And Midas, remembering the expressions on the little vagrant's face, answered: "Yes, I meant every word."

"Well," said the genie, "sign your name to this, and all will be accomplished." Midas thought the signing of his name was very little to bequeered of him and when the genie handed him a paper and golden pencil with which to write his signature, he affixed it with the greatest alacrity.

"That is all right," said the genie, grasping it, and instantly he vanished with a puff of wind.

From room to room in that golden palace he wandered, thirsting and starving, for everything he touched instantly turned to gold. Maddened with hunger at last, in utter despair, Midas darted from his golden palace, and fled along the highway, at every step leaving a glittering footprint in the sand and dust.

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Drugs and Chemicals. PHENIX FECTORAL CURE COUGH! PHENIX FECTORAL CURE COUGH! PHENIX FECTORAL CURE COUGH!

Stoves and Tinware. NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. ISAAH HAGENBUCH. Main Street corner above E. Henderson's Store.

Stoves and Tinware. A. M. RUPERT. announces to his friends and customers that he has removed to his new place on the corner of Main Street and Market Street.

Stoves and Tinware. NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. 30 DOZEN MILK-PANS on hand for sale.

Stoves and Tinware. BUCK LEAD. EXCELS ALL OTHER LEAD! For its Unrivaled Whiteness, For its Unsurpassed Covering Property.

Stoves and Tinware. BUCK LEAD AND BUCK ZINC. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED. Satisfaction Guaranteed by the Manufacturers.

Stoves and Tinware. BUCK ZINC. EXCELS ALL OTHER ZINCS. For its Unparalleled Durability, For its Unsurpassed Covering Property.

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Rail Roads. LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD. On Sun, 17th, 18th, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Rail Roads. CATAWISSA RAILROAD—On and after MONDAY, Sep. 8, 1890, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Rail Roads. NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Nov. 15, 1890, Trains will be Northward as follows:

Rail Roads. DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA, & WESTERN RAILROAD. Summer arrangement, April 15th. Trains leave as follows:

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Dry Goods & Notions. NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING. Fresh arrival of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Dry Goods & Notions. GRAND OPENING. FALL AND WINTER GOODS. GRAND OPENING.

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Dry Goods & Groceries. GRAND OPENING. FALL AND WINTER GOODS. GRAND OPENING.

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Sewing Machines. GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. The following are selected from thousands of testimonials of character, as expressed by the owners of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines.

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