THREE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Bestlend her the Christmas thins
Sings on earth its eder sublime?
"See the twain whose weary feet
Wand r through the village street—
Doors are closed against the stranger.
See the Child, the most and lower.
Christ the mighty, the all help.
Shouring craffed in a manger."

Sing your for, O Christians chims! Let us keep the Christmas time. Es the loaf of pienty deted, By the poor many heart consoled. Thus we keep the Christmas time,

nearzen: still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Wondering shophords see the night
Flooded with selectial light—
Wondering hear the argel message:
Come and let us kneel before him.
Let us find him and solve him.
Peace on earth this child doth presage." Hearken! still the Christmas chime

Sing your toy, O Christmas chime! Let us keep the Christmas time. Let all strife and hatred cease. Kindness live, good will and peace. Thus we keep the Christman time.

Hearhen! still the Christmes chims Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Eagerly the Mazi speil
By the wondrous star beam lod. Gold and myrrh, and incense offer. He brings most-yes, he the nighest Draweth unto God the Highest Who a heart of love doth proffer."

Sing your lost O Chelatenas chima? Let us keep the Christmas time.
Love shall be the law to bind
In one band all humankind. Thus we keep the Christmas time.

A LIVELY OLD PAIR,

Harders Flint, Esq., lawyer, sat alone in his bachelor's den in a big easy chair, his feet incased in a pair of dilapidated old slippers, resting on the fender, his bands thrust half way into his trousers pockets and his head bent forward until his chin rested on his breast. On the table beside him lay a couple of newspapers and a yellow covered law book, open at the page he had been consulting.

Lawyer Flint was deep in perplexing thought, to judge by the expression of his face, for his brow was clouded and his lips compressed, and occasionally he turned his head toward the open volume as if inclined to seek further aid from it, but with a slight shake of the head relapsed again into his former attitude.

He had sat thus for a long time when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," said the lawyer, without looking up.

A servant girl entered, handed him a note and withdrew.

Lawyer Flint opened the note, read it. uttering an exclamation of impatience, arose and paced up and down the room. "So Rolingold can't meet me tomor-

row because it's Christmas," he muttered, as he stalked across the floor: "every day is important in this matter and yet he, the one most interested, delays proceedings twenty-four hours simply because it happens to be Christmas. Gad! I can't see how a business man like Rolingold can be so foolish. Well," he continued, "let him take his holiday and enjoy it if he can: I couldn't. It's many and many a long day since Christmas interfered with my business."

He returned to his chair, but the train of his thought had been interrupted and his face now wore a cynical, hard look as he gazed into the crackling fire. Once, long ago, his Christmas days had been bright, too, but their brightness was obscured by more vivid recollections of other Christmas times in later years, when ambition and disappointment and poverty and greed had steeled his heart and left no room for Christmas thoughts. Oh, the years that he had worked and starved and hoarded to reach his present condition of comfortable independence! As, he looked back upon them now his lips closed tighter and the bitterness deepened in his face.

From a distant part of the house came the sound of music, and the laughter of children, and the hum of conversation. But the lawyer remained motionless with his head upon his breast.

Rat-tat, rat-tat, rattle-tattle, rattletattle, rat-tat, rattle-tattle, rat-tat-tat. What was that? It seemed to come from the closet at the other side of the room. The lawyer went over and opened the closet door: there was nothing to be seen except a lot of old law books piled upon the shelves and a pair of heavy old

boots on the floor. "That noise must have come from below stairs, after all," he said, "but it seemed to be right in the room; sounded just like some one dancing on a bare floor.

"I was just thinking of Uncle Torn. he continued, "and there are the boots the old man left here when he got his new ones at the close of his visit, a month ago. I must tell Joe to take them

He went over to the chair and sat down again. "Uncle Tom," he said to himself. "Bah! I hope he enjoyed his visit here. I didn't. I'd go crazy with that blundering old man around me, nudging me and slapping me on the back, trying to get a little fun out of me, as he said, with that everlasting, good natured laugh of his. 'Christmas 'Il soon be here,' he said, as he was leaving, 'n I hope you'll brace up, Harders, and enjoy yourself. I'd show you how to do it if I could stay with you. Well, I wonder now what he'd do to show me how to enjoy Christmas?" said the law-

yer, as he settled down in his chair. Again the sounds of laughter and conversation came faintly from below. The violins struck up a lively air and-

Rattle-te-tat-te, rattle-te-tat-te, rat-te-

tattle-te-rattle-te-tat! The lawyer looked quickly toward the closet, the door of which he had left open. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, there could be no mistake about it, there were Uncle Tom's boots stepping about on the closet floor, rat- music and a clattering of happy tongues, thing off the time with heel and toe, sidling across and back, right boot first, as he would not have believed could posleft boot first, up with the right, up sibly exist anywhere.

with the left, and, as the music grew the music, and finishing up with a live- avenue. the music, and finishing up were a light ratification and finishing and target in the sold, character and laughing then they came brighly over toward the now? he sold, character and laughing softly. "Cod?" he continued, "I had they had feet and legs in them. Over to the fire they walked, turned beels toward it and stood there wide apart.

Involuntarily, Lawyer First glanced face and pertly form of his Uncle Tem. There were the boots just as the old man would have placed them, but Uncle Tom was not there.

"Bless my soull" exclaimed the lawyer, "but this is mighty curious."

The toe of the right boot began tapping the carpet gently, then they moved over to the window, stood still a moment and then walked out into the hall-

"Gad!" said Lawyer Flint excitedly, "I believe they are going out. I must see the end of this thing.

He threw off his dressing gown, hurried into his shoes, overcoat and hat, and followed the boots out of the street door, which had opened at their approach. Down the steps they tripped gayly and turned toward the brilliantly lighted avenue. The still, starlit night was bitterly cold, and Lawyer Flint shivered as he buttoned his heavy coat close up around his neck. Up the street he hastened, following the empty boots, which slipped sideways at every other step and jammed their heels into the trodden snow, but made their way rapidly, never-

Around the corner, into the avenue, in and out among the throngs of Christmas eve pedestrians, dodging here and there, stepping on toes, stopping in front of show windows, kicking themselves together and stamping on the groundthus went the old boots, and after them followed the excited lawyer.

They turned into a big store. "Now," thought Lawyer Flint, as he entered the door, "some one will be sure to see them," but strange to say, the boots were entirely unnoticed by the buzzing. laughing, happy people who thronged

The lawyer leaned against the toy counter and watched the Loots as they shuffled around on the floor. "Something for the little ones?"

The question was asked by a pretty alesgiri, and it was addressed to Harlers Flint. He started, and for the first time realized that he was in a American. rather peculiar position. Why was he standing around there, the people would ask, if he did not wish to buy? How long would be be obliged to remain? He couldn't teli. Should be say that he was waiting for those old boots? No, no; he didn't wish on any account to call attention to the ridiculous performance they were going through.

"Yes," he said, coloring, "something for the little ones;" and then he went about selecting tin horns, and silver bells, and woolly dogs, and wooden monkeys, and trumpets, and checkers, and dominoes, growing white and red by turns as he thought of the fearful from day to day,-Kearney Emergeise. extravagance, and, glancing furtively, with increasing impatience and anger, at the boots, which seemed livelier than ever as his purchases increased. "Seven dollars and forty cents, please,"

said the salesgirl. Into the silver ball went a good ten dollar bill! elick, elick, it shot upward and slid across the cashier's desk, while the lawyer ground and waited for his

change. Rattie-te-tat-te, rattle-te-tat-te, rattleclose by his side. Several people booked and consequently he was feeling rather at him with smiles of annusement. poor. "Happy time, isn't it?" said a jolly little fat man, glancing at the lawyer's big bundle. "I feel like dancing myself."

"Change, sir; thank you, Merry Christmas!" The exasperated lawyer grasped his bundle and hurried after the boots, which now seemed anxious to get away from the store. When he struck the cold his hand into his pocket and handed the air and again drew his coat around him urchin a quarter. Then he hurried on he seemed somehow to feel less annoyance. The excitement of the chase had warmed his blood. It was a curious feeling that began now to steal over him, the like of which he had never experienced before, or at least not for many years, he said to himself, as he stopped before a candy store and followed the

"Candy for Christmas?" He smiled almost to think that he. Harders Flint, should hear such a question addressed to himself, and more astounding yet was the fact that he did wantsto buy some candy for Christmas, and that he really stood there, pocketbook in hand, waiting for it.

Rattle-te-tat, te-tat-te-tat!

A smile broke over the salesgirl's face is she handed him the package of candy. and away went the lawyer, after the boots, which seemed determined to give him a lively chase before the evening was over. Again he was in the biting air, but the warm blood coursed through every vein in his body as he hurried along. Again and again they stopped, until the lawyer's purse was nearly empty and his arms more than full. The old boots seemed fairly wild with d> light, and Lawyer Flint could not, to save his life, help laughing at them as hey shipped and slipped and danced dong the sidewalk.

Away they led him, out of the avenue, down the dark side streets, until he heard the sound of children singing. In this direction the old boots hastened and stopped before the house from whence the singing came. Up the steps they went; the door opened, and somehow the lawyer, too much flustered and confused to know how it was exactly, found himself in a room filled with children, and a lovely lady was saying to him: "Ah! you're in time, sir. Thank you so much. We haven't distributed the presents yet. You will make a good many little hearts glad tonight, sir." And all

around him was warmth and light and

and altogether such a joyous atmosphere

"Good night! Marry Christmas!" The louder, up with both, crack! erack! the sound rang in his cars as he followed beels came together twice in the air, the lively old house out of the door and landing on the floor in exact time with | back through the dark streets into the

more than terry dollars in that poelect book, and there had enough left tohellof there they go into a cigar store H-m, cigars are too great a lunary for up as if expecting to see the ruckly, jovial Harders Flint; not tonight, though," he laughed. "I'll smoke tonight," and he came out of the store a moment later

with a ban of choice eights in his hand. And then the old boots led him back at a moderate pace to his backelor's quarters. He whistled softly as he removed his cont and got into his dressing gown and slippers; then he lit a cigar threw himself into the big chair before the fire and sat contentedly puffing the fragrant smoke and watching it carl upward toward the colling, and he laughed when from the closet he heard the old boots dancing again.

Rattle-te, rattle-te, rattle-te-tate rat-

fat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-"They must be tired," thought the lawyer, as the lively rattle dwindled into

a regular menotonous tapping. Then he started, sat up straight and opened his eyes. The tapping did not come from the closet, but from the hall door. It was Joe, come to replenish the

"I've been dreaming," said Lawyer Flint to himself. He turned his back to the fire, looked over toward the closet and smiled. Then he walked to the window and looked out into the street. He took out his watch and looked at it while a light shone in his eyes and his mouth worked curiously.

"There's time enough yet," he said, and Joe was surprised to see him hurry on his coat and hat; but not half so surprised as he was when he stood alone to the room a moment later with a big silver dollar in his hand.—Morris Waits in

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

First Turkey—What is your opinion of Christmas, anyhow? Second Ditto— Don't ax me. -Philadelphia Inquirer. A ring would be a very appropriate

gift for a Christmas belle,-Norristowa The most useful Christmas present this year would seem to be a pair of geloshes or an umbrella.—Baltimore

The cash girl in the notion store didn't was coming. - Merchant Traveler.

A green Christmas makes a cross coal man,-Milwankee Wisconsin. Miss Cumso-I don't know what to give papa for a Christians present. Mrs. Cumso-Give him one of those new

so badiy.-New York San. What a good thing it is that Christmas comes once a year. We are then able to take note of the number of mean men whom the Lord allows to live on

Worked Him.

"Say, boss, give me a few pennies to buy something to eat, will you?" said a ragged urchin to a man hurrying through Mail street at 6 o'clock Christ-

Now the one appealed to had just been buying Christmas presents for a score of sisters, cousins and aunts, to say nothing about the numerous rattles. dolis, etc., which he had bought for the te-tat-te, rat-ta-tat! went the old boots | members of bis own immediate family,

> "Can't do it, sonny," he said rather gruffly, as he harried on.

The boy assumed a tone half serrowful, with a touch of independence in it, and said to the retreating figure: "Boss, I hope you will have a Merry

Christmas," The man stopped, turned around, dug

Ten minutes later the same urchin entered a hallway where half a dozen street arabs were assembled.

"Hi, Jimmy!" he yelled as he entered, see what de bloke give me (showing the quarter). Let's play 'craps,' "-New York Tribune.

Still Believed in Santa Class. Faith in the Santa Chaus myth hasn't

entirely faded out of the juvenile mind, though even the very youngest representatives of the present generation are apt to be skeptical. The proof:

Little Bettina, three years old, has a rag doll with whom her relations are particularly tender and sympathetic. A moraing or two ago this doll was discovered near the fireplace in a shocking condition. She was black in the face and, in fact, black all over, and the smell of soot about her was very strong. It was a mystery until Bettina was interrogated. The condition of the doll made her look a little raeful, but she brightened up, and said:

"I fispered to Patty all the things I wanted for Christmas and sent her up the chimney to tell Santa Claus!"-Boston Transcript.

Old Time Epicires.

Listen to the enumeration of good things described by Whistlecraft to have been served up at King Arthur's table on Christmas day. If the list be authentic, there is less reason to wonder at the feats of courage and strength performed by the Knights of the Round Table: They served up salmon, venison and wild

boars
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores. Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard, Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine,

Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bus-Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine, Plam puddings, pancakes, apple pies and cus-

And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine, With mead and ale and cider of our own; For porter, punch and negus were not known - Christmas Book.

CHEATING

Nearly every pattern of %A Horse Blanket is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it hasn't the warp threads, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that 5A Horse Blankets are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

Five Mile Boss Electric Extra Test Baker ARE THE STRONGEST.

100 5/A STYLES at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us. Ask for the \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Book. You can get it without charge. WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

LIVE WHILE YOU CAN



Father time is good to the man who need anybody to tell her that Christmas, is good to himself. Those who sive well live long, and he will surely do well who dines at Phillips' Cafe. where meals are cooked to order at any time. Oysters in every style. A full course dinner on Sundays from 12 Satsuma vases 65c to \$2.50 long handled umbrelias. I need it ever to 2, p. m. Regular meals for reguiar table boarders.

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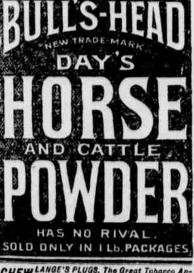
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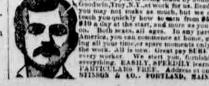
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The # "People's # Store," MILL AND CENTRE STS.,

Come thoughts of Christmas, and giving and receiving presents. To those who have the means, "'tis more blessed to give than to receive," with attendant pleasure in selection and in buying to give happiness to others. Do not postpone selections until the hurried days immediately preceding Christmas. Buy now, when goods are fresh and choice.

Buy Now. This week we open a full assortment in fancy goods, and complete stock of staple goods.

-HERE'S THE LIST. -

embroidered ends.

new shades.

kerchief cases.

Match receptacles.

painted.

painted.

down filling.

Satin card cases.

painted.

cases hand painted, all the

Kid photograph stands, hand

Silk shirred glove and hand-

Satin spectacle cases painted.

Satin shirred hand painted

jewel cases, edged with lace.

Celluloid hair receivers, band

Celluloid pin trays, hand

Children's tea sets 10, 15, 25,

Liquor glasses, heavy, 20c doz.

Liquor glasses, flint. 60c doz.

Glass sets, six pieces, 25, 50,

Tea sets, 56 pieces, blue, brown

and pink decorations, \$4.00 a

35, 42 and 50c a set.

Wine glasses, 50c a doz.

75c and \$1.00 a set.

China silk saddles, figured.

Celluloid shaving papers.

Wooden, brass and nickel hat | Silk scarfs, hand painted and Nickel plated cuspidors, stone Satin handkerchief and glove

bowl. Towel rings. Mirrors, all sizes. Perfume bottles.

Celluloid, plu-h and leather Celluloid calendars, hand paintcollar and cuff boxes. Leather writing tablets, with Celluloid whisk broom-holders.

and without locks. Leather memorandum books. Leather toilet sets.

Cigar boxes lined with silverine. Jewel boxes.

Nut sets and cracker. Napkin rings. China placques, hand painted. Match boxes, silver.

moking sets. Banks, all styles and sizes. Indian baskets direct from the Sachet bags with calendar,

Caughanwanga Indian tribe: These goods are made and Fancy figured plush pillows, designed entirely by Indians. 75 styles, all prices.

Plain pillows, down filling. QUEENSWARE DEPARTMENT. After dinner coffees 25c to | Ment platters 8 in. plain, 10c

doz.

\$2.00. Sugar and cream sets 50c to Soup tureen, with cover, 25, 42, 50, 75c and \$1.00

\$2.50. Cracker jars 65c to \$1.75. each.

Butter dishes 25c to \$2.00 Chocolate pots \$1.25 each. Fancy plates 10c to \$2.50 each, Plain goblets 40c a doz. Salt and pepper shakers 5c to Flint glasses, with leaf, \$1.00 a

25c each. Tea pots 25e to \$1.75. Water pitchers 10e to 95e. 5 bottle castors 50c to 85c. Water bottles 25c each. Celery holders 10c and 18c. Milk pitchers 5c to 25c.

50e. Lemonade sets 67c to \$1.50. Soap dishes, stone china 5c each.

Oat meal sets 35c to \$1.35. Mugs 5c to 25. Wine sets \$1.45 and \$1.50

with and without tray. Liquor sets, with glass tray 58c a set. Bisque images 10c to 75c.

set. Better ones at 6.00, 8.00 and \$10 00. Fruit dishes on stands 5c to Dinner sets, 100 pieces, brown, blue and gray decorations;

\$10.00 a set, better ones at 15.00, 18.00 and \$20.00. Stone cuspidors, decorated, 20e

each. Yellow stone pudding dishes and gelatine moulds, pie plates, bakers, etc., 5c to 50e

each. Lamps of all kinds, all styles. plain and decorated, 15c to Meat platters 8 in. 18c each, \$7.50.

figured. The new novelty toy for the young and old. It is crazy You must see it, for sale on first centre counter, right main

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