

THREE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Hearken! hear the Christmas chime... Hearken! still the Christmas chime... Hearken! still the Christmas chime...

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime! Let us keep the Christmas time... Sing your joy, O Christmas chime! Let us keep the Christmas time...

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A LIVELY OLD PAIR.

Harders Flint, Esq., lawyer, sat alone in his bachelor's den in a big easy chair... He had sat thus for a long time when there was a knock at the door.

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.

He returned to his chair, but the train of his thought had been interrupted... 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... Rat-tat, rat-tat, rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, rat-tat, rattle-tattle, rat-tat, rat-tat.

What was that? It seemed to come from the closet at the other side of the room... "That noise must have come from below stairs," 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 Tom," he continued, "and there are the boots of 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 away."

with the left, and, as the music grew louder, up with both, crack! crack! the heels came together twice in the air, landing on the floor in exact time with the music, and finishing up with a lively rattle-tat-tat-tattle, rat-tat-tat.

Involuntarily, Lawyer Flint glanced up as if expecting to see the ruddy, jovial face and portly form of his Uncle Tom... "Bless my soul!" 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 hallway... "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, overshot 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.

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

The question was asked by a pretty salesgirl, and it was addressed to Harders Flint... "Seven dollars and forty cents, please," said the salesgirl.

Into the silver ball went a good ten dollar bill, click, click, it shot upward and slid across the cashier's desk... "Happy time, isn't it?" said a jolly little fat man, glancing at the lawyer's big bundle.

"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.

Rattle-tat-tat, rattle-tat-tat, rattle-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat! went the old boots close by his side... "Happy time, isn't it?" said a jolly little fat man, glancing at the lawyer's big bundle.

At last, the lawyer turned 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, rattling off the time with heel and toe, sidling across and back, right boot first, left boot first, up with the right, up

"Good night, Merry Christmas!" The sound came in his ears as he followed the lively old boots out of the door and back through the dark streets into the avenue.

"I wonder where they'll take me now," he said, shivering and laughing softly... "They must be tired," thought the lawyer, as the lively rattle dwindled into a regular monotonous tapping.

Then he started, sat up straight and opened his eyes... He looked out his watch and looked at it, while a light shone in his eyes and his mouth worked curiously.

"There's true 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 in the room a moment later with a big silver dollar in his hand.—Morris Waite in Detroit Free Press.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

First Turkey—What is your opinion of Christmas, anyhow? Second Turkey—Don't ask me.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A ring would be a very appropriate gift for a Christmas belle.—Norristown Herald.

The most useful Christmas present this year would seem to be a pair of goloshes or an umbrella.—Baltimore American.

The cash girl in the notion store didn't need anybody to tell her that Christmas was coming.—Merchant Traveler.

A green Christmas makes a cross coal man.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Miss Cumso—I don't know what to give papa for a Christmas present. Mrs. Cumso—Give him one of those new long handled umbrellas. I need it ever so badly.—New York Sun.

What a good thing it is that Christmas comes once a year. We are then able to take note of the number of moon men whom the Lord allows to live on from day to day.—Kearney Enterprise.

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 Christmas eve.

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, dolls, etc., which he had bought for the members of his own immediate family, and consequently he was feeling rather poor.

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

The boy assumed a tone half sorrowful, 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 his hand into his pocket and handed the urchin a quarter. Then he hurried on again.

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 Claus. Faith in the Santa Claus 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 morning or two ago this doll was discovered near the fireplace in a smelking 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 fearful, but she brightened up, and said: "I hoped to Patty all the things I wanted for Christmas and sent her up the chimney to tell Santa Claus!"—Boston Transcript.

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

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WITH DECEMBER

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.

- Wooden, brass and nickel hat racks. Nickel plated cuspidors, stone bowl. Towel rings. Mirrors, all sizes. Perfume bottles. Celluloid, plu-h and leather collar and cuff boxes. Leather writing tablets, with and without locks. Leather memorandum books. Leather toilet sets. Cigar boxes lined with silver-ine. Jewel boxes. Nut sets and cracker. Napkin rings. China plaques, hand painted. Match boxes, silver. Smoking sets. Banks, all styles and sizes. Indian baskets direct from the Caughanwanga Indian tribe. These goods are made and designed entirely by Indians. 75 styles, all prices.

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- After dinner coffees 25c to \$2.00. Sugar and cream sets 50c to \$2.50. Cracker jars 65c to \$1.75. Satsuma vases 65c to \$2.50 each. Butter dishes 25c to \$2.00. Chocolate pots \$1.25 each. Fancy plates 10c to \$2.50 each. Salt and pepper shakers 5c to 25c each. Tea pots 25c to \$1.75. Water pitchers 10c to 95c. 5 bottle castors 50c to 85c. Water bottles 25c each. Celery holders 10c and 18c. Milk pitchers 5c to 25c. Fruit dishes on stands 5c to 50c. Lemonade sets 67c to \$1.50. Soap dishes, stone china 5c each. Oat meal sets 35c to \$1.35. Mugs 5c to 25c. Wine sets \$1.45 and \$1.50 with and without tray. Liquor sets, with glass tray 58c a set. Bisque images 10c to 75c. Meat platters 8 in. 18c each, figured.

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