Which Do You Say? When I was young, for Sunday's feast, We used to have potatoes And chicken fixings, beans and beets,

And with them, oft-tomatoes. But yesterday a gourmand gray, A pig from head to fat toes. Informed me that of vegetables. He much preferred-tomattees

For other folks I wouldn't care, Although my words were not those They proper deemed; but she I love— She always says—tomottoes.

To fail in aught that she expects-Intolerable the thought grows,
I trembling say: "Now, give me, please,
Tomate—tomatt—tomottoes."
—Brooklyn Life.

She Saw Him Off.

Down in Texas, several years ago, a middle aged man was convicted of horse stealing in a regular court and sent to the penitentiary for a long term. He was duly sentenced and the sheriff fixed aday upon which he should be taken to the State prison. The day arrived and the official, with a string of convicts handcuffed together, was at the station waiting for the train.

While the group sat in the depot a little old woman in black, with a face in which the fingers of sorrow had pinched great furrows, appeared at the door. She looked at the string of prisoners intently then a light of recognition came into her face. She stepped over to the group of unfortunates and laid her hand on the arm of a big, coarse fellow with a heavy, red mustache. The man turned and looked at the little woman.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. That was all. Big tears came into hir eyes. They did not stay there, but crowded one another out to chase down the rough face, red now with shame. They ran into the big mustache and off at the ends of it. Then he recovered himself. The little woman was not crying-people sometimes get beyond that.

"What-are-you-doing-here?" the big man sobbed.

I came, my son," said the little woman with the furrows in her face, "to see you

"To-to see me off?" The man was dazed.

Yes, Henry. When you were such a little boy that you had never been out of the home yard alone I went to the gate with you the first day you ever went to the store by yourself. I watched you the three block of the distance until your chubby feet carried you into the little country store that your father kept. Then when you were 6 and started for school, I went to the gate with you again, and told you how to act in the schoolroom. You went away on a visit when you were 10, and I went to the depot with you and your uncle, then. And I kissed you goodby before the cars

How the tears were flowing from that big man's eyes!

Yes," and the little woman sighed a bit. "Then you got to be 16 and wanted to go off to St. Louis. It was hard to part with you, but we did it-your father and I-and I went to the little depot with you again and kissed you again. You remember, don't you?"

The other prisoners were interested, now, and the sheriff himself was taking in every word.

"Then you were married, Henry. I went to see you bound by law and God to that sweet, dear Mary who is now

"Don't-don't-don't," almost shricked

"Yes," the little woman went on, unheedingly, "and now you are going away again, and I must kiss you. The train is coming, Henry; kiss your old

The sheriff had not moved. Ordinarily he would have told the man to hurry on. But he waited now. The big man

bowed and tried to hide his manacled "Kiss me, Henry," the old lady repeated. The head moved lower, and the big red mustache almost covered the little face with the furrows in it. Then

the gang started for the train. As the cars began to move out, the little woman stood on the platform. She caught a glimpse of her big son through the car window. She waved a little

black bordered handkerchief at him. "Goodby, Henry," she called out feebly, and then, through force of the habit formed when she sent her little son to

school, she murmured: "Be-be a good boy." One of that gang of prisoners told me afterward that the little scene in the de-

pot was a greater punishment to each man there than his respective term of imprisonment.-Detroit Free Press.

In the Eyes of Youth.

It is told of Bishop Doane, of Albany, that while dining recently at the house of one of his friends he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the small son of his host, whose eyes were riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy and

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," returned the boy, with a glance at the bishop's kneebreeches, you're all right; but, say, won't your mamma let you wear pants yet?"

Teacher (to Mickey)—Now, Mickey, you read the lesson to me first and then tell me, with the book closed, what you

Mickey (reading)-See the cow. Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs swifter than the cow. (Closing up his book to tell what he has read). Get onto de cow. Kin her jig steps run? Be'cher'life she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse .-

Proof Positive.

Little Tommy-Mamma, papa has been

Mother-What makes you think so? Tommy-He said you were an angel. LARGEST OF WHALES.



Boys—An' did yer ever see a whale? Old Timer—A whale, is it? Why, when I was in the Mediterranean, in '65, aboard the Whopper, our lookout cried land ahead! an' sure enough right over on our larboard side there was an island as no one ever seed afore, an' which our skipper said warn't down on none o' his charts. We hove to right in the eye of a bitin' wind an' six of us was sent out in the skipper's gig to make observations. We made direck for the island an' landed an' wandered about for an entire mornin' without diskiverin no signs o' hanimal life or wegetation. We got chilled through an' purceeded to build a fire which we had scarcely lighted when the island begun to squirm an' to sink as if by magic. To make a long story short what we took for an island was a whale; I guess he couldn't stand the hot fire in the small of his back, so he sank to the bottom of the ocean. We all escaped exceptin' our cox'n, poor Tommy Bilge; he fell into the hole the fire made in the whale's back an' was drownded. (Contemptuously) Have I seen whales?-

Jedge Waxem's Political Proverbs. When a man that wants offis never gits office, it make his patriotism kinder sag down in the middle

Big haystacks and lots in the medder is best stumps to make campane speeches The American Eagel is most backbone

and feathers. Tarin' down the Stars and Stripes is a

durned risky business. Uncle Sam ain't honin' fer a fite, but

he has fit enuf to kno how. The man that can raise a family, and won't raise a family ain't fitten to be a

The Goddes of Liberty don't wear pants. Bein' honest in politicks has its draw-

Some law makin is less respectable

than some law breakin'. Most statesmen git smaller as you git closer to them.

Takin it by and large, the farmer is the lungs and vitals of the country.

Lee and Wise at Appomattox.

Colonel Charles Mitchell, who was ad jutant general on General Lee's staff, tells an interesting little story of General Wise and the surrender at Appomattox in the Norristown Times.

Wise came riding down the road furiously to where General Lee and his staff were grouped. He was splashed with mud from head to heels. There were great splotches of mud dried and caked upon his face. Addressing General Lee, he asked, in a theatrical voice: "Is it true, General Lee, that you have

surrendered?" "Yes, General Wise, it is true." "I wish, then, to ask you one question. What is going to become of my brigade,

General Lee, and what is going to become of me?" General Lee looked at the splashed warrior for a full minute and then said

calmly and in a low tone: "General Wise, go and wash your face."

Great Fun in Kansas.

The Kansas newspapers are having a sort of harvest festival. It has gone so far up to date:

When Alliance orators talk about Kansas starving to death, every individual potato winks its eye.—State Journal. And every stalk of corn pricks up its

ears.-Wichita Eagle. And every cabbage nods his head .-Lawrence Journal.

And every beet gets red in the face .-Clay Center Times. And every squash crooks its neck .-Clyde Argus.

And every onion grows stronger .-Clifton Review. And every fruit tree groans under its

load.—Minneapolis Commercial.

And every field of wheat is shocked.— Leavenworth Times.

The Rev. Mr. Sam Jones's Style.

"Some of you are here to-night just to listen to what Sam Jones has got to say about this town. You are scared to open your mouths on the streets, you little puppies! I'd call you dogs, but you are too little. Your town is made up of pusillanimous cowards. The state of things here shows that. God helping me, I'll put a stop to this. We will form a law and order party, and we'll see the law enforced here, or blood will be spilt and the ground torn up for two miles around. Here, I am going to give Rome an airing. Now if you have anything to tell me, don't say it to me and then don't want it to be known that you told me. You blab eyed fool, don't be such a coward, "-From a recent sermon.

A Victim of Exact Language. New Clerk (to old clerk)-Didn't you tell me that time went on in this estab-

lishment during vacation? Old Clerk-Yes.

say that salaries went on, did 1?"-

No Profit There.

Superintendent-How is this, Murphy? Ten cents all you took in on your round

Conductor—Yes, sir. I struck au orphan asylum picnic. They went down and back with me, and every one of 'em, savin' the woman in charge, was under age.—Harper's Bazar.

BLAINE, HE WITHDRAWS.

He Will Not Be a Candidate for the Presidency.

FORMAL LETTER TO THAT EFFECT.

Mr. Blaine Writes to Chairman Clarkcon that His Name Will Not go Before the Republican Convention for the Nomination-No Reason Given.

Washington, Feb. 8.—James G. Blaine has for the second time declined to be a candidate for the presidency of the United States. This time, as when he wrote his first letter of declination to Chairman Jones, from Florence, Italy in the spring of 1888, he declines in the face of what many Republicans and more Demo-crats believe to be an almost certain nomination by the Republican Con-

Mr. Blaine's letter to Chairman Clarkson of the Republican National Committee was written Saturday. It was made public last night. It reads:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1892. Hon. J. S. Clarkson, Chairman of the National Republican Commit-

"My DEAR SIR-I am not a candldate for the preidency, and my name will not go before the National Con-ention for the nomination. I make this announcement in due season,

"To those who have tendered me their support, I owe sincere thanks, and am most grateful for their confidence. They will, I am sure, make an earnest effort in the approaching contest, which is rendered specially important by reason of the industrial and financial policies of the govern-ment being at stake.

"The popular decision on these issues is of great moment, and will be

of far-reaching consequence.

Very sincerely yours,
[Signed] "JAMES G. BLAINE."

DEATH OF SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

The Eminent English Physician a Vic-tim of Influenza. LONDON, Feb. 4.—Sir Morell Mac-kenzie died here at 10 o'clock hast night of syncope, consequent upon an attack of influenza.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D. (London), was born at Leytonsnone, Essex, in 1837, and educated at the London Hospital Medical College, Paris

He founded the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square, in 1863, and in the same year obtained the Jacksonian prize from the Royal College of Surgeons for his essay on diseases of the larynx.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie was in attendance on the late German Emperor Frederick during his last illness. In recognition of his services to her son-in-law Queen Victoria conferred a knighthood on Dr. Mackenzie in 1888. Shortly before his death the Emperor Frederick conferred a knighthood upon Dr. Mackensie the Grand Cross of the Hohenzollern Order, with the star of the same order.

FORAKER MEN DOWNCAST.

Sherman's Ohio Followers are Wild With Joy.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 8.—The Blaine letter has made the Sherman faction wild with joy, for to them it means a clear field for President Harrison.

planning to use Blaine to accomplish the defeat of Harrison in revenge for his part in the recent Benatorial contest, are downcast, but they argue that the letter is unimportant, is not a positive refusal to run, and that none of Blaine's friends will desist be-

Some of the Foraker men indicate that they may now go to Alger.

A WILL IN A SOUIRREL'S NEST.

Young George Applebee Is Made Wealthy Man by the Find.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Feb. 4.—The will of Abram Mosher, a Dark Hollow farmer, who died last summer, leaving an estate valued at \$75,000, has been found by two hunters in an old hollow tree. It composed part of the nest of a pair of squirrels that the hunters were after.

By the will, George Applebee, a young man who had lived with and took care of Mr. Moser for some years, inherits his property.

Eighteen Burned on a Train, BUCHAREST, Feb. 9.-A first-class carriage, attached to an express train, bound for Brails, was burned and eighteen passengers, who were asleep when the fire broke out, perished in the flames, the doors of the carriage

NEW YORK MARKET.

PLOUR AND MEAL.—Flour & bbl.—Fine, \$2.75a\$5.15: auperfine, \$3a\$3.50: No. 2 extra, \$3.50a37.5: No. 2 extra, \$3.50a37.5: No. 2 extra, \$3.50a37.5: No. 2 extra, \$4.50a37.5: No. 2 extra, \$4.50a5.2: clears, \$4.55a\$4.50: straights, \$4.50a\$4.50: palents, spring, \$4.85a5.25: winter, \$4.75a\$5: city mills, shipping extras, \$4.30a\$5. Rye flour, \$1.0b.—\$2.95a\$3.10 for Western and \$3.25 for Brandywine. Buckwheat flour, \$1.65a\$1.75 \$p. 100 lbs.

SUGAR.—Cut loaf and crushed, \$a5}e: cubes, \$4.44e.: powdered, \$4.44e.: granulated, \$4.4e.: confectioners, "A," \$4.44e.: confectioners, "A," \$4.44e.: confectioners, "A," \$4.44e.: white extra "C," \$1.63a\$1.3-16e.: yellows, \$4.3\$11-16.

Copyre.—Rio. 12a17]e.: Maracaibo, 15a22c.: Savanills, 154a25e.: Laguayra, 17a25c.: Java, 22s26.: Mochs, 25a25jc.

BUTTER.—Eastern extras, 31.432c.: Elgin extras, 32c.: Western extras, 31.432c.: Elgin extras, 32c.: Western extras, 31.432c.: Elgin extras, 32c.: Western extras, 31.432c.: tubs and palls, firsts, 22a2c.

Cheuse.—State factory, full cream, fall make, fancy, 11.412c.: fine, 11.411; good to prime, 10.411c.

Egos.—State and Pennsylvania, per doz, 25c.: Western choice, 24.426c.; limed, State fancy Western choice, 24.426c.; limed, State fancy

make, fancy, lifaile.: Inte, lifaily.: good to prime, logalic.

EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, per doz., 25c.: Western choice, 24;a25c.: limed. State fancy lifailsc.: Canadian, choice, 17a174c.: Western choice, 17a174c.: Western choice, 17a174c.: Mestern choice, 17a174c.: John Rose, per bbl., \$1.57a1.50: Michigan Rose and Hebron, 180 lbs., \$1.25a1.37: New York State Bose, 180 lbs., \$1.25a81.37.

PORK.—New mess, \$10.25a810.50: old mess \$0.75a810: extra prime, \$0.25a810.50: and short clear, \$12.50a814.50. Pickled shoulders, \$45.50. hams, Sa8jc. Dressed hogs, \$0.26c: pigs, \$6.50. Buky.—\$7a\$7.50 for extra mess, \$8.50a\$9.51 for packet, \$10a\$11.50 for family \$1.50.

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Nearly every pattern of % 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 5/A 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.

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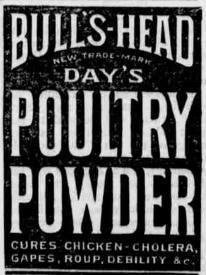
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> W. B. GERMAN, Millville, Pa.



New Clerk-Well, they've docked me for the two weeks I was away. Old Clerk-That's all right. I didn't