

# Thanksgiving, 1892

## THANKSGIVING.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: For his mercy endureth forever. Enter his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him, and bless his holy name. I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart. In the council of the upright and in the congregation. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, And thy paths drop fatness. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, And will call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord my God: Yes, in the presence of all his people: in the courts of the Lord's house: In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands: Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine in the innermost parts of thy house: Thy children like olive plants about thy table. Thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life: Yes, thou shalt see thy children's children. The eyes of all wait upon thee: And thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand: And satisfiest the desire of every living thing. Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem: Praise thy God, O Zion. For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates, He hath blessed thy children within thee: He maketh peace in thy borders: He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat. Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is wholly unto the Lord: neither be ye grieved, for the joy of the Lord is your strength. Let the people praise thee, O Lord: let all the people praise thee.

## TWO THANKSGIVINGS

"We must be early at church today, Aunt Charlotte," said Dorothy. "I have promised to play the organ, and I would not be late for anything."

"What a beautiful Thanksgiving day it is!" she continued, when she had left the table and put back the curtain from the window. "How fine the sleighing will be!"

As she spoke, a jingling of bells was heard without, and a sleigh glided rapidly across the white lawn.

"It is Bert Darricote, auntie," said Dorothy, looking out at the handsome young man, who sprang out of the sleigh at the steps.

"I have come to take you to church, Dorothy," called out Bert to her as she threw up the sash, letting in the crisp air, which blew her fair curls in sweet confusion about her fair, pretty face.

"I know you would not for worlds miss the opportunity to exhibit your skill at manipulating the ivories today," the young man continued, as he came and stood under the window and looked up into the bright face above him.

"I am so very glad you came, Bert," said Aunt Charlotte coming up behind Dorothy. "This child has been hurrying me all morning, and a housekeeper must needs look well to the ways of her household, particularly when her pastor and his wife are to take dinner with her."

"Just wait a moment, Bert," said Dorothy, "and I shall be ready. Do not keep auntie standing here talking to you, though. She is all impatience to explore the mysteries of cellar and closet to see if perchance she can discover some delicacy to tickle the palate of Brother Malloy today."

She looked very beautiful to the young man when she came down to him.

"Isn't the road fine, and isn't the air crisp, and doesn't Selim travel well today, Bert?" asked Dorothy loquaciously when they were seated in the sleigh and were skimming over the smooth, hard packed snow.

"What makes you so quiet, Bert?" she asked, astonished at the happy fellow's unwonted silence.

"Perhaps it is because I have so much to tell you, and I hardly know where to begin," answered Bert solemnly.

"Do you know, Dorothy, I am twenty-one years old tomorrow?"

"Twenty-one? Yes, you are, and I am eighteen. And yet—how short a time it seems since we were little children: since we used to go coasting down Dobson's hill. Do you remember the time, Bert, when Tom Arnold asked me to try the trip down on his sled and the thing came all to pieces and I went tumbling down and sprained my ankle? Oh, how anxious you did get! Don't you know? You pummeled Tom's big head till you put your gloves and your knuckles, too, to believe, for they looked very red when you were dragging me home."

"Do you remember all that?" said Bert. "I thought you must have forgotten it from the way you were smiling at Arnold the other night at choir practice."

"Why, Bert, how could he help the old's coming to pieces?" asked Dorothy laughingly. "I see you are as unreasonable as ever."

"Well, it's a man's business to take care of a woman, even in little things, and when a fellow's even indirectly the cause of a girl's coming to grief in any way I think he deserves to be demolished," said Bert unreasonably. "But that is not what I wanted to say, Dorothy. As I told you, I am twenty-one now, and father has given me the junior partnership in the bank, and—and—you know how I love you, dear, and I want you to be my wife."

The young fellow wound up abruptly, hastily, looking lovingly into the sweet face beside him.

The sleigh sped smoothly on, the horses' feet resounding upon the bridge they were just crossing.

"Won't you speak to me, Dorothy?" Bert said, almost pleadingly. "You must know that I love you, and now I am able to take care of you, dear, if you will only trust yourself to me, no harm shall!"

Bump! The runners of the sleigh struck a board at the end of the bridge, there was a cracking, a creaking, the horse bounded forward and Bert and

Dorothy tumbled over into the drift beyond the bridge.

"Are you hurt?" said Bert, scrambling to his feet, and extricating himself and Dorothy from the mass of rugs and soft snow.

"Not in the least," she replied, "but how are we to get to church? Who will play the organ?"

"Can I help you out of your difficulties?" called a merry voice behind them, and big Tom Arnold came up in his handsome sleigh.

"Oh, Tom," said Dorothy, "I am so glad to see you! I must be in church in time to play the organ today, and see what has befallen us!"

"Well, get in, both of you," said Tom, arranging his rugs and holding out his hand to Dorothy. "Just fasten up Selim's traces, Bert, and hitch him behind. He will lead, won't he?"

"Thanks!" said Bert stiffly. "I can take care of myself; you had best not waste any more time, since Miss Daly must hurry."

Dorothy looked at him intently from her seat in the sleigh; Arnold smiled beneath his fierce mustache, cracked his whip, and the horses sped forward, leaving Bert standing flushed and angry in the middle of the road.

It was a very silent, gloomy ride, after all, that Dorothy had. Tom saw her distress, and like the good fellow that he was said nothing to her. Her hands were trembling and her eyes were full of tears when he helped her out at church.

She struck the first few chords doubtfully, but when the voices pealed forth clear and sweet the organ tones grew firmer and fuller.

During the sermon Dorothy did not take her eyes off the door, but Bert never came. It was a very demure, a very sad-hearted little maiden who went back home with Aunt Charlotte in the big old sleigh. When they reached the bridge, and she saw the overturned sleigh by the roadside; when she thought of Bert standing angry and alone, his sweet, earnest appeal to her still unanswered, her heart grew very heavy.

"But surely he will come," she kept saying to herself; but when the day was gone and she knelt down by her bedside, with the Thanksgiving hymns still ringing in her ears, there were tears in her eyes and sadness in her heart.

That was one Thanksgiving, and, oh, how sad a one!

There were dreary days of hoping, of waiting, of disappointment to Dorothy before another came. She had known Bert Darricote all her life, and it seemed to her she had always loved him. His bright, quick boyishness, his innate manliness, his very faults even were dear to her.

"If I could only see him," she said, as the weeks passed by and he came not; "no matter where I should meet him! I would go up to him and give him his answer. I would tell him I loved him."

Women are not very reasonable creatures in matters pertaining to love. To her love means sacrifice, and her pleasure is to take the faults of the loved one upon herself.

If Dorothy saw Bert at all it was only occasionally and at a distance. The first time she saw him was at church, and he had only lifted his head coldly.

His heart was very heavy during the days and weeks and months after his parting from Dorothy with the words of love upon his lips, but he was young and foolish and proud, and had let a silly jealousy blind his eyes.

The season of heartache was good for both of the young things. It softened, it strengthened them. They both felt themselves growing—felt their feelings intensifying.

"How like to last Thanksgiving today is, Dorothy!" said Aunt Charlotte, as they took their seats in the sleigh.

"Please God it will not be so sad a one," said Dorothy to herself.

"Are you afraid to trust yourself in this old sleigh with me?" she continued to her aunt.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Charlotte. "It seems safe enough."

The tramping of the horses' feet kept time to Dorothy's thoughts. She glanced at the tall stump upon the hillock just before they reached the little river. Yes, it looked lonely, desolate, like a white-robed ghost—just as it had looked a year ago when she and Bert had sped by.

The horses' hoofs beat a mournful strum upon the bridge, the sleigh glided rapidly down the last steep decline, the left runner struck a projecting snag, and before they had time to think Dorothy and Aunt Charlotte were struggling to extricate themselves from the overturned vehicle in the soft snow. A jingling of bells was heard behind them, and before Dorothy could realize it Bert Darricote was bending over her.

"Are you hurt, dear?" he asked very gently.

"Oh, Bert," she said joyfully, taking his hand and rising to her feet.

The young man looked a moment in silence upon the sweet, young face upturned to his.

"See where we are, Dorothy! Just here, a year ago today, I asked you to be my wife," he said. "Will you give me an answer now?"

"Yes, Bert," was all she answered, but it was enough for him.—Patience Oriel.

Remember the Day. The feast at last. The green is laid, And up boys every eager head. And bright eyes, like some greedy power, Go seeking what they may devour.

The turkey at the feast is lost. The chickens get their drumsticks crossed, And empty plates, just filled with pies, The good wife marks with smiling eyes.

Perhaps this day in years to come May find them wanderers far from home, And with joy hunting memories cheer The shadows of this changeless year.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Day of Memories and Hopes. At the recurrence of the home anniversary we pause, take up the scattered threads and weave them into a golden tissue of memory. Today we may think over the past—today indulge, if we wish, in rosy anticipations for the future. The home anniversary lays upon us its gently arresting hand, and our hearts are full.

## GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING.

Amusement for the Young Folks Should Close the Festal Day.

The short November day all too soon has departed and night has "spread her dark mantle o'er the scene." The older folks are quiet and thoughtful, conversing in low tones or indulging in tender memories of past Thanksgivings called up by the day's festivities. But as the lamps are lighted the young people are full of mirth and gaiety and eager for an evening's amusement. You all have tried pinning on the donkey's tail. A game very like it and appropriate for the day is called the "Headless Turkey."

A figure of a large turkey, minus a head, is drawn in charcoal or cut from dark colored cambric and fastened on a sheet, which is tightly stretched against a wall. To each member of the company is given a pin and a turkey's head cut out of cambric, which, if rightly placed, will fit the turkey's neck. Then, one at a time, the players are blindfolded and placed at the end of the room opposite the sheet. After turning them around three times one way and then three times the other they are started off that they may search for the turkey and pin the head where they suppose it belongs. He must pin it to the spot where he first touches. To the person who comes nearest placing the head in its proper position a prize is given, and to the one who makes the least successful effort is presented a turkey feather, which he must wear the rest of the evening.

Impromptu tableaux are also suggested as pleasant Thanksgiving diversions, and to these you may call in the older members of the family if you like, though I know families where the parents and grown up sisters engage in the children's plays very often and add greatly to their pleasure. When two rooms are connected by folding doors a whole room may be used as a stage, and no curtains are needed, as the doors answer very well in their place. When there are no double doors one end of a room may be curtained off with sheets or any kind of drapery hung from a rope stretched from the sides of opposite doors or windows. Pumpkin lanterns set in a row along the floor make a funny substitute for footlights, and will decorate the stage appropriately, besides being perfectly safe. I wonder if you know how to make a pumpkin lantern. Cut a hole in one side large enough to pass a candle on a small candlestick through. Remove the seed, etc., from the inside; scrape the other side very thin, so the light will shine through; light your candle, put it in, and you have a pumpkin lantern. The open side must of course be next the stage, else the light will shine out from instead of onto the stage.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Give Thanks. What a world it is in which, when the great festival of Thanksgiving comes on its yearly round, there is always something to be found to be thankful for, even, it would seem, in the case of the most wretched!

Are we poor? We might be beggars. Are we lepers? We might be lepers. Are we lepers? Our sickness might be unto death. Is it unto death? We have yet a heaven beyond. For all let us give thanks. Thanks surely if we are in health of body and mind; and even in illness there is much reason and occasion to be found for a grateful heart. Has trouble come to us now? It might be worse. Are we alone? There is poorer company than ourselves to be had. Have we lost our dearest and best? They, at any rate, are not here to suffer. Has the year dealt crushing blows in business? It has not taken away all our power and will to work. Have we work? Then for that and all the rest give thanks again. Give thanks that we live and breathe and have our being in this world of wonder and light and beauty. For, poor and sick and sad though we may be, though

Other hands may grasp the field and forest. Proud proprietors in pomp may shine, But with fervent love if thou adorest, Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine! —Harper's Bazar.

The Mercy of the Lord. The recurring season never fails to find the same repeated mercies. We thank God this year for the same blessings as claimed our praise on last Thanksgiving day. Again and again it is recounted in that book of the Bible which is all psalms of praise how un-fading and repeated is the goodness of God. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." "Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever."

Let this, then, be a day of gladness for all our people, whatever their condition, race or religion. Let rich and poor together praise God today. Let Protestants and Catholics lift up the voice of simultaneous thanksgiving. Let this be a national holiday of praise to God, and a day when each shall add to the other's joy by gifts and aid and fellowship of praise.—New York Independent.

Thanksgiving Joys. Thanksgiving day is almost gone, And peace reigns overhead; And mother's joy—her own sweet boy—Is trundled off to bed.

Yet what are these unearthly sounds That pierce the midnight air? And what's that throbbing noise we hear Come rambling down the stair?

It is our little household pet, Who tosses upon high, And waxes an unequal fight With turkey and mince pie. —Life.

Blessings on the Day. Oh, blessings on the holiday! The subject of my rhyme; Oit in life's stormy sea it stands A beacon for all time. And many a homestead in our land Varies fair and gay. Dates all its hopes and all its joys From dear Thanksgiving day! —R. W. Home in New York Telegram.

Thanksgiving with Uncle Mose. "Eldah, you'll have ter excuse de turkey. Hit's a leetle o'vadhone. My wife dressed it an hung it in de smokehouse las' night, an dis mawbin, 'bout fo' o'clock, hit burned down."—Harper's Bazar.

## HISTORIC FEASTS.

### EARLY THANKSGIVINGS AND THE EVENTS WHICH LED TO THEM.

The Pilgrims First to Celebrate the Festival in America with Masses and Their Guest—A Curious Long Island Custom.

We wonder how many boys and girls know the facts which we shall tell them about this holiday. How many, for instance, can tell in what year the day was first observed? To recall the circumstances of the first day of Thanksgiving may serve to remind us of how much more we have to be thankful for than had those early pilgrims. History tells us that of the 102 emigrants that landed on the bleak and rocky coast of Cape Cod bay in the winter of 1620 almost half died before the following winter fairly set in. Today in our comfortable country and city homes we cannot even imagine the sufferings of the survivors, both from destitution and the inclement weather, which they were not prepared either as to clothes or habitations to brave. The most of the brave people were not insured to hardships. Among them were gentle and delicately nurtured men and women.

They staked and laid out two rows of huts for the nineteen families that comprised the colony, but within the first year they had to make seven times more graves for the dead than houses for the living. Notwithstanding all their trials and hardships these brave founders of a great and glorious race had so much for which to be thankful that they had to appoint an especial day on which to give especial thanks for all their mercies."

So they agreed among themselves that, since their prudence and forethought had been so wonderfully blessed of God, they would send out four men hunting that they might rejoice together in a special manner over the fruit of their labors had been gathered. According to the historian, barley and Indian corn were their only crops; the "peas were not worth gathering, for, as we feared, they were too late sown."

This was under the good Governor Bradford. The four men who went hunting brought in as much game as served the company for a week. The recreations of the day consisted of the exercises of their arms—Massasoit, the Indian chief, and ninety of his men coming among them for three days, during which time they were entertained and feasted by the colonists, the Indians killing and bringing to the feast five deer. This was in 1621 and was the beginning of Thanksgiving day in America.

The next New England Thanksgiving day was in July, 1633, which had been appointed a day of fasting and prayer on account of drought. While the people were praying rain fell abundantly and the governor appointed it instead a day of thanksgiving. In June, 1633, Governor Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay colony, invited the governor of Plymouth colony to unite with him in a day of public thanksgiving because the action of the British privy council had been favorable to the colonies. In Massachusetts Bay colony old records show that days of thanksgiving were appointed in 1632, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639 and sometimes on more than one day in the same year. In Plymouth we find mention of one in 1631 and again in 1635. In 1690 it seems to have become an annual custom.

During the revolution it was annually recommended by congress; then there was a thanksgiving for peace in 1784, and in 1789 President Washington recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution. In 1795 there was one for the suppression of insurrection, and in April, 1815, the president appointed a day of thanksgiving for peace. In New England, during all this time, however, annual proclamations were issued by the governors of the various states officially recommending the religious observance of the day, where indeed it became the principal social and home festival of the year.

During the war of the rebellion President Lincoln appointed special thanksgiving in 1862 and 1863, and a national proclamation of annual thanksgiving was issued in 1863 and 1864. Since that time the president, as well as governors and mayors, have issued such a proclamation annually.

One of the most remarkable thanksgivings on record was the custom in Southampton and Easthampton, Long Island. Montauk Point, consisting of about 9,000 acres, was owned by numerous proprietors in those two towns. They used it as a common pasture for their stock. The time for driving the flocks home for the winter was fixed at a meeting by the town council, "and it came," says the historian, "to be a rule from the period beyond which the memory of man runneth not that the Thursday of the week following the return of the cattle from Montauk should be observed as a day of thanksgiving."

But thanksgiving is older even than the United States. In many countries there have been from time to time thankful hearts. In Holland the first anniversary of the deliverance of the city of Leyden from the siege, Oct. 3, 1575, was kept as a religious festival of thanksgiving and praise. In the English church service the 5th of November is so celebrated in commemoration of the gunpowder plot.

We think we have told you as much as you can remember about what other people had to be thankful for and when, and if you will master some of these dates you will probably be better informed about the day, which to you means perhaps only a great feast, than will some of the older folks, who, we are sure, will be very proud and pleased to hear what you have learned.—American Agriculturist.

The Sole Objector. She (gratefully)—Well, everybody has something to be thankful for. He (casually)—Except the turkey.—New York Mail and Express.

## A THANKSGIVING HUNT.

How the Mighty Nimrods Fared—Dinner in the Forest.

In a broad and general way hunting parties may be divided into two great classes—those that people hear about and those they do not.

The writer has in mind a hunting party of the second class—that which appears not on the written page, nor is found in the mouths of men. It went for big game, and got but little of it. It went out with plenty of wagon room in which to bring back venison, deer and antelope to tickle the stay at homes' palates, and returned, the wagon space still unoccupied and carrying no load but that of solid, soggy, destroyed hopes. Yet the party was successful—in a way.

There were days—a week of days—that the party walked or rode over the hill and plain without getting a shot at anything. The members became distrustful of each other and cast glances that plainly asked, "Who is the Jonah of this trip?" For they were hunters by instinct and training—not of little feathered birds, but of game that it takes brains as well as powder and lead to reach. They knew the haunts of the game that they wanted—deer and antelope—but they were perpetually to windward, and game fled the country before them. After a week of disappointment, of muscles aching with unwarded toil, of a steady bread and bacon diet opposing a rising appetite, desperation took the upper hand.

"I'm getting pretty sick of bacon," said one.

"It looks like that is all we'll get," said another.

It was at this juncture that the party happened on a small bunch of wild cattle. It was the first meat on the hoof which their eyes had been blessed. It was an exciting moment, and the leader of the party rapturously brought his rifle to his shoulder and shot down a yearling heifer.

"A deer at last! Look at the antlers!" he yelled, capering gleefully about.

"You are mistaken; it's a cow," said a more conservative member.

The leader looked doubtfully at his prize and shook his head. "I admit that appearances are against me," said he. "But—so excited—hadn't shot a gun for so long—sick of bacon—no, no; you're mistaken. It is deer meat."

So this lawless, reckless party took a hind quarter and journeyed on. The next day a deer was actually seen and killed. Hope revived, and the party estimated the probable result of the trip, with a large balance on the credit side.

The third day from the opening of the season the route led through a beautiful oak country. Underbrush there was in plenty, and the enthusiastic leader of the party looked wisely about as he observed to another, "Should think we ought to run across some mast hogs here."

Strangely enough, at that moment a sedate old black and white sow hove in sight, with her progeny trailing at her heels. With a porter's usual disregard of consequences she was moving straight against the face of providence. The leader's gun was ready, and in a moment the choicest of the litter was a victim of maternal imprudence. The mother galloped away with no apparent regret, and the brothers and sisters of the deceased went galloping after.

That night—Thanksgiving eve—the party camped in a sheltered canyon. There was a spring of clear water in which water cresses grew. There was grass in plenty for the mules. There was wood for a roaring campfire. Who so happy, so well contented, as the hunters as they sat about the blaze, pulling contentedly at their pipes and thinking of the grand and varied feast they would have on the morrow? There were bacon, pork, beef and venison; there were onions, potatoes and canned tomatoes, flour, salt, pepper, baking powder. The next day these should be combined in the most appetizing form. A stew with dumplings! The choicest of meats, roast or boiled!

In their mind's eye they beheld themselves fattening upon the good things that their rifles had procured or their forethought had provided.

Twenty-four hours later this was an accomplished fact. There was nothing left to eat. But the fire burned gayly and the pipes smoked as pipes should. Complacency and lethargy possessed the party.

"I don't feel as though I'd ever move again," said the recumbent leader.

"Maybe it's just as well if you don't," said a strange voice, and the strange owner of it stepped out into the firelight. He had a mean looking gun in his hands, and the muzzle pointed groupward.

"I just brought a few friends along to help you keep Thanksgiving," he continued, and under the spell of his words—or gun—the party remained statu-escuely motionless.

"I kinder thought you would like to pay for that shot of mine you killed yesterday?" he inquired.

"And at the same time I'll collect for that heifer," said another stranger, advancing from the opposite direction. The party fancied itself surrounded.

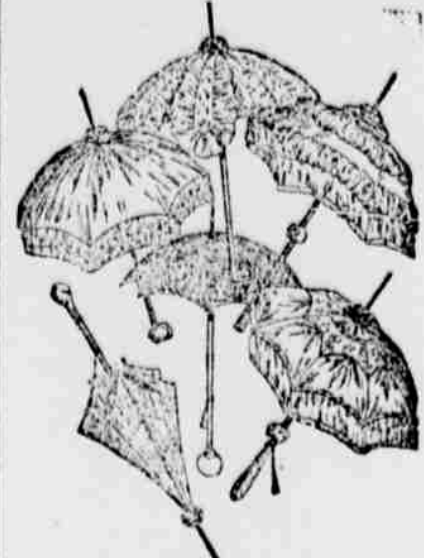
Then the conservative member spoke. "Yes, certainly, gentlemen; name your price. We shall be glad to pay it."

"That saves us all a heap of trouble," remarked the visitors with peculiar emphasis as they took what money they wanted and rode away with it. They left behind nothing but a spirit of unrest—a longing to quit the country—strangely at variance with the peaceful content of a few minutes before. It was voiced by the leader, that eccentric genius who had slain both heifer and shot.

"Boys," said he, "let's go home. Let's start tomorrow. This hunters' life is too exciting; there's heart disease in my family. Let's go home and calm down."

So the next day the party started homeward.—New York Times.

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