Out of a thick vell drawn to save The sky's fare from the blast, Those they bodie, as fairles wave Their wand, evoke the past.

That music once before I heard, But then the notes were glad, Caroling like a careless bird;

Ah, why now is it sad?

Upon this brow now crowned by care
My love a gariand faid;
We heard the bells, now here, now there;
Dead are the leaves and maid.

Mayhap for happier maid and man The tender music swells, and I will smile while yet I can

List to the cattle bells.

-Willia Steell in Harrer's Weekly.

A PEDDLER'S PERIL.

The sun sank behind the western mountain peaks, and the short twilight of southern latitudes came on space. After a time the man of the house came in. He was tall and thin. Two ferretlike eyes gleamed sharply upon the peddler from smid a shaggy tangle of white hair and beard.

He placed his long rifle in a rack over the door, unslung his shot pouch and then seated himself and gazed gloomily into the fire, without vouchsafing either a greeting to the stranger or a word to his own family. Nan, passing by, whispered to the peddler;

"Don't ye mind uncle; he's got one of his bad spells on now, but if he ain't bothered it'll pass off by and by."

The peddler nodded, and began a tale concerning one of his adventures in He was soon interrupted by Texas. Aunt Viney.

"Sit up, stranger," said she, "We hain't got much to eat, but such as it is you're welcome."

The old man ate his supper in solemn silence, after which he took his hat and abruptly left the cabin. Aunt Viney saw fit to explain.

"Mose, my old man, hain't been exactly like hisself since the revenoo men carried his sen John off five year ago last April."

"'Stillin I s'pose?" "Yes, 'nd top of that he shot one of em while they were tryin to take him, 'nd they put him in pen'tensh'ry at Nashville for ten year.'

The peddler remained silent for a moment or two. But when the dishes were washed and put away he again entertained the two women by relating sundry reminiscences of his own career, and also describing the wonders of certain great cities he had visited.

After awhile Mose again stalked silently in and took a sent in a far corner. While the peddler talked he continued to eye him closely, as if suspicious that the stranger was not just what he

"Speakin of the telephone," continued the peddler, "some folks in these mountains don't believe that people can talk to each other, 'nd them a hundred or more miles apart, but I tell ye it's a fact. I've seed it done myself."

"Twe knowed of men hollerin across from one mountain to another," said Aunt Viney dublously. "Mebbe they could make themselves heard a matter of two miles. But a hundred"- she shock her head disapprovingly.

"It's so all the same, though. I'v sot 'nd heard 'em talkin jus' as we be now "That's as big a he as ever was told," exclaimed old Mose, rising and making for the door.

He seized his rifle as he passed, threw a menacing glance at the peddler and once more left the cabin.

"Old man's a little touched in the head, ain't he?" asked the peddler, who seemed to take no offense whatever at the old man's rude behavior.
"Ever since John was took off he's had

queer spells that come over him every now and then. I must say he's more'n apt to be 'spishus of strangers when they come around. He's always thinkin of revenoo spies. I dessay that's what makes him act so toward you. But you musn't mind him. I never know'd him to succeed in hurtin any one yet."

It was Nan who replied, for Aunt Viney was making preparations to retire for the night. When the girl and the peddler were left alone the latter seemed somewhat curious about this son John, who for so many years had been under the ban of the law.

"John was always good to Uncle Mose and Aunt Viney, 'nd that's one reason Uncle Mose takes it all so hard now." "I s'pose, bein as you're kin to 'em, iyon must 'a' felt powerful bad when

they took him off?" He eyed Nan closely as he spoke, and the girl blushed slightly.

"I ain't no real kin to em," said she. "My folks is all dead, 'nd they raised me from a little gal, but John 'nd me was always good friends."

"Nothin more?" The girl looked at him reprovingly, "It's about bedtime," said she coldly, "Shan't I show you were you're to sleep? The peddler rose, took up his pack and followed her into the little shed room. There was an open window by the bed, through which the full moon was shin-

"You won't need no light, I recken," she remarked. Then, bidding him good night, she returned to the main cabin

and went to bed herself. But for some reason she failed to sleep. The bai-ht moonlight, the rasping cry of satydids from the trees withand the discomforting nature of her anoughts kept her awake. She felt vaguely uneasy about Uncle Mose. Where was he? Very likely at the little moonshine still up Bear hollow, half a mile away. He often spent the night there engaged in his illicit toil. She remembered his unfriendly treatment of the peddler, whose heavy breathing could now be heard through the thin partition wall. He had once laid in wait, rifle in hand, for a passing drover, whom he had set down for a spy. Only Popular Science Monthly.

Aunt Viney's prompt appearance had prevented a probable murder. Uncle Mose, though a good man enough when in his right mind, was a dangerous, uncertain personage when stirred by the memory of his son into a spirit of half

insane hostility against all the world. So uneasy did Nan become that at last she rose, slipped on her dress and stole out into the moonlight. An impulse she could not control impelled her to peep in at the peddler's open window. She was prompted by an indefinable fear. What she saw there caused her to start back, clasp her hands and gasp for breath. Then, trembling in every

limb, she looked again,
"My God!" she faltered. "Am 1 dreamin? Surely it can't be-'nd yet I must believe my own eyes."

Acting under a new impulse she turned and fled along the trail leading to the still. Arrived there she found the place silent and deserted. There was no fire in the furnace and nothing to be heard but the cries of the whippoorwills upon the mountain side.

traced her steps and once more crouched beneath the peddler's window. There she waited until her limbs became cramped and the night air chilled her to "I might as well lie down again," she thought. "I reckon uncle's gone down

the valley, for he 'lowed today as he'd

have to go after coffee right away. I

Full of painful forebodings she re-

dassn't. He might think I was forward." But a second trial of the bed was no better than the first. The peddler's heavy breathing was ever in her ears, and her thoughts reverted constantly to the sense of peril that vaguely, yet persistently kept her upon the tenterhooks

of anxiety. "I wish mornin would come," she said for the hundredth time. "Lord, what a meeting there'll be then!"

The sound of a stealthy footfall upon the gravel without brought her to a sitting position at once. Her heart beat it was moving around the house. Now she heard it no more. Could she have imagined it all? No: there it was again in the back porch.

Then-then-she heard a gentle creaking sound. Ah! The shedroom door! She sprang out of bed, and a hasty bound brought her to the door leading into the back porch. She wrenched it open just in time to catch a glimpse of a tall shadow that disappeared within the shedroom.

"Good Lord, help me!" she faintly to desperation by this dreadful fulfillment of her fears.

She entered the room. There lay the peddler, slumbering heavily in the white glow of the moonlight. His face was strangely altered, for the heavy beard had fallen off, leaving exposed a clean shaven, youthful face. But the white benrded old man bending over the prostrate form with uplifted knife saw nothing distinctly. To his morbid imaginings only the form of a hated spy lay helpless before him. A spy in the service of the detested "revenoes," who had robbed him of his only and well beloved

"Unclef" screamed Nan, dragging him back, "Unclef You shall not. Can't you see? It's John—our John your John!

The peddler woke and stared upward in a bewildered way. The knife fell to the floor as Mose, his eyes almost start- the islander disappeared. But the secret ing from his head, stared at his son's had been betrayed. The inhabitants white face. Suddenly he comprehended, had hidden themselves, not described. thunderbolt.

fell forward. Nan's and John's eyes met in a mutually recognizing glance; then they turned their attention to the old man. As they laid him upon the bed the enemy, and they soon tracked him Aunt Viney, awakened by the noise, to the hiding place of his people, a carr-came in. She fell as though confronted one cavern, its culrance through the by a ghost.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Yet it can't shorely be!"

"Yes, it is, mother. I didn't know how you'd all take my bein so long in the pen, so when the governor pardoned me out I lowed I'd come home as a peddler 'nd in disguise till I found out if you all cared for me any more,"

While John was speaking Mose opened his eyes, and tears blinded them as he gazed.

"My son, my son!" he murmured brokenly. "And I might have killed him! My mind's made up. There'll be no more 'stillin done in Bear holler after

"Do you reckon Natt cares for me any more, father?" asked John, while his eyes sought those of Nan.

Of course she do. Hast/t she been grievin herself away ever since you was took. She never looked at another

Nan's confusion seemed to sanction this

"There's only one thing to be done," interrupted Aunt Viney decisively. They've just got to go over to the circuit rider's next Sunday 'nd git married. After that's over 'nd done with, Mose, I do hope you'll behave yourself in futur'."

'Hain't I said I weren't asgoin to 'still whishy any more?" said Mose. " 'Stillin's been at the bottom of all our troubles." While the old folks talked John took

Nan's hand in his, and they steathily kissed each other.-William Perry Brown in Philadelphia Times.

Children and Young Animals. The playfulness that is characteristic of children is no less so of kittens, nor is their imitativeness more typical than that from which the word "to ape" has been derived. Curiosity, inventiveness, dislike of ridicule, love of being fondled, craving for attention, with the resulting jealousy and anger when such attention is refused, are types of more complex emotions common to intelligent animals and children. Indeed the terms of familiarity so often found and so easily established between children and their pets cannot but be based, in part at least, upon a deep sympathy and community of emotional life.-Joseph Justrow in

A SCOTCH TRADITION.

MERCILESS WARFARE OF ONE OF THE OLD SCOTTISH CLANS.

A Terrible Story of the Frightful Destruction of a Whole Bace, the Inhabitants of One Island-Even Today the Spot Is Said to Be Hannied.

A friend of mine made a prolonged tour of Scotland last year to indulge in his favorite pastime-fishing-of which there is none better in the whole world than among the highlands and contiguons islands of that country. He brought back with him a vest storehouse of the strange tales of the primitive people among whom he sojourned, for be avoided the usual lines of travel, confining his wanderings to the remote villages and out of the way places which the ordinary tourist never visits. He lived for months with the peasant and fisherman class, with whom, jugratiating himself into their good graces, he learned much of the traditions current in the region, which have only been kept alive by being handed down from father to son through the generations.

At one time residing with a simple fisherman on one of the Hebrides, that group made famous by the celebrated tour of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, he was told a strange story pertaining to a cave could wake the man up, but somehow I on one of the islands, which he afterward visited with his bost, making the weird tradition doubly interesting. It was this:

More than three centuries ago there existed two clans between which there had waged the most bitter and relentless warfare for generations. Of course the people of both factions were but little more civilized than the North American Indians when Columbus gave a new world to Spain. Both clans lived by stealing from their neighbors, decidedly preferring this mode of life to an honest endeavor of raising anything for loudly as she listened breathlessly. Yes, themselves. Their tenure of the dark glens which they claimed was hold by the prowess of their primitive bows and arrows, their rude claymores and ruder dirks. Ignorant, cruel and vindictive, the several clans hated each other with a hatred unknown but to dense ignorance; they hated simply because their names differed, because they had been taught that differences between names meant fends between races,

One of these two contending clans lived on one of the little islands of the Hebridean group, a barren, rocky, desoejaculated as she sprang forward, nerved | late spot, surrounded only by the eternal surf. One mild winter day came the boats of their hated enemy. The intention of the invaders was of course to kill, plunder and destroy. They did plunder and burn the huts they found on the shore, but not a human being was found that they could massacre. The whole island appeared to have been abandoned. The invaders runs icked it well; traversed every glen and every ravine and wondered where their inveferate enemies had gone. Pailing in the principal part of their bloody mission. they prepared to leave. They took up their ours, but hardly had they cleared the little creek by which they had entered from the sea when a man, with an apparently extraordinary vision, spied a figure in the uncertain light of a winter's dawn cautiously moving over the

A shout announced the discovery, and In half an hour their resultants had relanded and set themselves with awak-Uttering a low, quivering cry he sank ened hope to the search. Snow had to his knees by the bedside, and his head fallen during the night, and the footsteps of the imprudent islander betraved the whereabouts of his clan. The highlanders exultingly followed he trail of mazes of rock, overgrown with thick shrubs, a place easily missed by any one not familiar with the locality. In this cave were gathered all the families of the tribe, the women and Little children and a few of the old men, the main portion of the young warriors having gone off on an excursion -a marauding one of course-to the neighboring islands.

With shouts of triumph and exulting wrath comparable to the cruel nature of invaders they collected seaweed, driftwood and the dried heath, in which the rocks abounded, and piled around the one entrance to the cavern, its inmates, now cognizant of what their enemies were doing, maintaining the silence of despair. A few words of muttered Gaelic alone passed-and in a short time the material which the savages had gathered was set on fire, the scorching heat from which and the dense smoke rolled in upon the unfortunate occupants of the cavern, when suddenly there arose a wail of agony. Over the crackling and roaring of the huge fire the dying wretches attempted to get out, only to be killed at the mouth of the fierce hell or thrust back with pikes into the scorching flames. At last all sounds ceased-the blaze sunk and died away completely; the fiends had done their work; not a living creature remained within the almost red hot cavern. The clan had been extinguisheda clan less in the highlands of Scotia. The triumphant murderers took to their boats and sailed away again, leaving their dead unbaried as they lay.

They never were buried through all the long years. The little island where such atrocities were committed was accursed-haunted by spirits of those who had met their horrible fate there. It was also claimed by the fishermen of the other islands that whenever they happened to pass that way in the night low wailings were distinctly heard, sharp, piercing shrieks, and that ghastly skeletons were seen walking on the beach, and the place was avoided as a pest hole. After many generations these superstitions notions died out. Now the Island is inhabited again, but the dreadful legend sticks to it, and it is said that many a beman bone is dug up by the small gardeners.—St. Louis Post-Dis-

patch.

The Hunter Hunted.

An old huntsman was returning one evening from a neighbor's when he heard a flock of wild turkeys in a clump of pines. They were going to roost, and he at once resolved to be on hand in the morning and shoot some of them. How he succeeded is best told in his own lan-

"The next mornin afere daybreak," says the hunter, "I was on the ground. I hid in an openin between some large bowlders that closed a space on three sides but was open at the top, where a man could stand comfortable 'thout bein

"I set down at the mouth o' the openin, laid my gun on the ground an listened till toward daybreak I heard the turkeys fly down from the roost. I called to 'em two or three times in a way I know. With the second call come answers, an I heard the turkeys comin

"I was gittin my gun ready when I heard a queer noise like some natural pantin behind me. I turned my head and saw the biggest kind of a wildcat, with mouth wide open an eyes like two full moons, just ready to jump on my

"Scarr? I sprang to my feet an throwed my arms over my head an give a yell that would have seared a grizzly!

The cut went one way an I went another. I got out o' my hidin place in a hurry, an stood a few minutes feelin trembly like. Then I went back an pleked up my gan an started for home,

"You see, the wildcar was out lookin for breakfast, an expectin to get the pick o' the turkeys when he see me. I

have shot a turkey if one had run up an bit me. But I laid for that wildcat till that first sight o' the creeter to examine unsettled p'int in my mind which was scart the worst, the cat or me. '-Cor. Forest and Straim.

The fact that the kitchen door of the Collins cottage at Pleasant Harbor was painted black led to an incident that caused the Pleasant Harbor townspecple much amusement. Miss Laura Collins, the elder of the two elderly women who lived in the cottage, used to tell the story thus:

My sister Emmeline is what you might call absentminded. She gets her mind set on comething, and then she doesn't pay real strict attention to what she's loing. One evening she came into the kitchen where I was sitting and said, 'I'm going down to the corner to call on Mrs. Stene.

evening for a walk; moonlight, and the

I noticed that Emmeliae had on her ig curboanet, but I didn't say anything about it; everybody in the village was

about it; everybody in the village was used to seeing her wear it in the evening, and even on rainy days. I went on sewing, and in a minute I heard Emmeline say: "Why, it must have clouded up suddenly. There isn't a star to be seen. It's a terribly black night:"

I looked up, and there stood Emmeline with the edge of her sunbonnet pressed up against the door. She had forgotten to open it before she looked out to see what kind of a night it was, and of course the door being painted black that made considerable difference. —Youth's Companion.

Patents in England.

Hallam records that all through the Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth contrary rates to deal each.

Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth century, patents to deal exclusively in particular articles were granted so invishly to the courtiers that hardly a commodity remained free. Even sait, leather and coal were the subjects of patents, the list of which, when read over in parliament in 1001, was so long that a member asked incredulously, "Inot bread among the number?" The practice was for the favored court-

iers to sell their patents of monopoly to companies of merchants-or syndicates, as we should call them nowadays-to under which the people grouned, bet to held one of cards; indeed, it is hard to say how many patents either of them held from first to last.—All the Year

Peculiar Table Customs.

In a book entitled "Domestic Manners those days din er tables were covered by a "nappe" or tablecloth. Upon it were placed a large saltcellar, broad and cups for wine, but no knives or plates. The reason for the absence of the knives arose from the common practice in vogue of people carrying their own knives in a sheath attached to their girdle.

In an early work, written by Lydgate -"Rules for Behavior at Table"-the guests are told to bring no knives unscoured to the table, which can only mean that each one was to keep his own kuife-that is, the one he carried with bira-clean.

A Caustic Letter from Tennyson.

in The Speciator some lines on Lord Tennyson's "Foresters," which ran: Far he the hour when lesser brows shall wear

"If," wrote the laureate to Mr. Watson, "by 'wintry hair' you allude to a tree whose leaves are half gone you are right; but if you mean 'white' you are wrong, for I never had a gray hair on my head,"-New York Tribune.

Father-My son seems to be about as

tien a solitical coffee -Grand Name

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feelin like a sheep killin dog.

ain't ashamed to own I was flustrated. "Did I get any turkeys? No: I couldn't

I got him: leastways I took it for him. although I own I didn't stop long enough him over partic'lar. It's allus been an

Why It Seemed Dark.

And I said: "I will go. It's a pleasant stars are out."

work them. Rival political parties struggled, not to redress the grievances obtain a share of the profits. If Essex held a monopoly of sweet wine, Ral-igh

of the Middle Ages" we are told that in

One of Tennyson's last letters was to Mr. William Watson, who had written

The lastel giorious from that wintry bair.

Easily Cured.

smart as other young men, but he no sooner gets settled in a position than he tires of it and resigns. He lacks staying powers.

Friend-Oh, that's easily cured. Get

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9:35 a.m. Train 14 (Deliy except Sunday) for Rarrisbury and intermediate stations striving at Philadelphia 3:09 p.m.; New York 5:50 p.m.; Raitimore, 3:10 n.m.; Woshington 4:30 p.m.; connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shopoints. Passenger coaches to Philadelphia Baltimore. Parlor car to Philadelphia.

1:55 p.m. Train 8; (Daily except Sunday,) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 8:30 p.m.; New York, 9:35 p.m.; Baltimore 8:35 p.m.; Washingto 8:18 p.m.; Baltimore 8:35 p.m.; Washingto 8:18 p.m.; Baltimore 8:35 p.m.; Washingto 8:18 p.m.; Parlor cars to Philadelphia and passanger coaches to Philadelphia and Palkamore.

5:25 p.m. Train 19; Daily except Sunday; for Harrisburg and Intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 16:38 p. m. catilinore 19:40 p.

9:19. Passenger coach to Philadelphia.

8:29 p.m.—Train 6. (Daily); for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia.

8:29 p.m.—Train 6. (Daily); for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia.

cars and passenger coaches to the and hosterical 256—Tr. is 12 (Daily.) for Lock Haven 252 intermediate stations.

1:85 p. m.—Train 11 (Daily except Sunday) for Kane, Canandalgun and intermediate stations, itochester, Buffale, and Nisgara Falls with through passenger conches to Kane and Rochester and Farior car to Rochester.

5:80 p. m.—Train 1, (Daily except Sunday)
Renovo, Kimitra and intermediate stations.

9:65 4p. m.—Train 21, (Daily.) for Williamspo. and intermediate stations.

THEOUGH TRAINS FOR SUSBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH. Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 reight, Phila-douphis 4:20 a. m., Baltimore 4:40 a. m., Harris-burg, 5:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:50 a. m.

burg, 219 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 2.5a

In.

Train 11—Leaves Philadelphia 5-30 a. m.,
Washington 1:50 a. m., haltimore 8:41 a. m.,
(daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 1:25
with Parior car from Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and baltimore.

Train 1—Leaves New York 2:60 a. m., Philadelphia 1:10 a. m., Washington 10:50 a. m., Baltimore 11:45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 3:20 p. m. with passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 31 leaves New York 2:00 p. m., Philadelphia 4:25 p. m., Washington 2:55 p. m., Paltimore 4:30 p. m. (bally) arriving at Sunbury 5:05 p. m.

Through Parior car from Philadelphia, week days.

tion p. m. (Bully) arriving at Sunbury 9:05 p. m. Through Parlor car from Palladelphia, week daya.

Train 9 leaves New York 2:30 p. m., Philadelphia 9:20 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Baltiniore 8:45 p. m., (Dally except Saturday,) arriving at Sunbury, 2:34 a. m. with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches from Washington and Battimore.

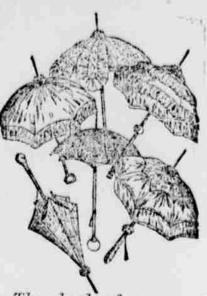
Train 3 leaves New York 8:06 p. m., Philadelphia 11:50 p. m., Washington 16:80 p. m., Haittimore 11:20 p. m., (Dally,) arriving at Sunbury 9:16 a. m. with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Battimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Battimore SUNBURY HAZLETON, & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD, AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY. (Dally except Sunday)

Train 7 leaves Sunbury (9:00 a. m. arriving at Riboon Perry 16:48 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12:10 p. m. Hazieton 16:15 p. in., Politaville 1:25 p. in. Train 11 leaves Sunbury 9:35 p. m. arriving at Riboon Perry 8:27 a. m., Wilkes Barre 7:20 p. m. House for 15:4 p. m., Fottsville 9:26 u. m. Pottsville 9:26 u. m. Pottsville 9:26 u. m., Pring at Beam Perry 8:37 a. m., Sunbury 9:40 a. in. Train 16 leaves Fottsville 1:20 p. m., arriving at Beam Perry 1:21 p. m., Sunbury 9:40 a. in. Train 16 leaves Fottsville 1:20 p. m., arriving at Beam Perry 1:21 p. m., Sunbury 5:15 p. m.

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 1:20 a. m., arriving at Beam Perry 1:21 p. m., Sunbury 5:15 p. m. Trin 10 leaves Pothyllie 1220 p. m. Hazieton 204 p. m. Wilkes Barre 211 p. m., arriving at bloom Perry 421 p. m., Simbury 5:19 p. m.

Trsin 7 leaves sunbury 12,00 a. m., arriving at Bloom Perry 1648 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12:10 p. m., Trein 26 leaves Wilkes Barre 5:10 p. m., rriv. Ing at Bloom Perry 220 p. m., sunbury 7:30 p. m. CH 28. Z. PUGH, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pasa Agt.

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