Alas, that eyes are fair: That tears may gather there— Mist and the breadth of sighs From the marsh of care.

Alas, alas, cheu! That we meet but to bid adieu; That the sands in Time's ancient glass Are so swift and few.

Alas, alas, chen! That the heart is only true

To gather, where false feet pass, The thern and rue. -Exchange.

MINA.

Charles Harcourt was one of the most intrepid habitues of the Chatteau Rouge and La Grande Chromiere; in fact of all those choreographic establishments which the Parisian grisette visits regularly in order to lose her heart-and not infrequently her rosy cheeks and the freshness of her youth.

Harcourt pretended to study medicine, and it was among these pretty girlssellers of flowers, embroiderers of linen, and painters' models-that he managed to forget the terrors of the hospital and the scenes of the surgical amphitheater. Charles Harcourt had just arrived at the time of life when a soft down shows on the lip, when love knocks at the breast, and when the heart resembles a lusty tree, full of vigor, from which has fallen as yet neither leaf nor fruit.

The trombones of the orchestra roar, like thunder on a stormy sea; the violins scream like sea gulls above the waves; the music rolls and growls like some hungry beast. All is confusion. White shoulders and gold lace gleam through the heavy air. The innocent and the guilty dance together in the same delirious motion.

While the dancers turn and whirl, advancing wildly and as wildly retreating, far in a corner sits a slender girl watching the dance with an air of sadness. Her mournful eyes follow the crazy motions of the crowd with astonishment, and a light sigh moves the folds of mull on her breast.

In the midst of this indescribable confusion, this pellmell of figures and voices, appears that of a handsome boy of twenty-two, remarkable for his vivacity and the boldness of his speech and gesture. Finally, when the violins have ended their agonizing cries and the lamps are dying before the oncoming daylight, this boy, whom his friends salute as Harcourt, leaves the ball, a new conquest upon his arm-it is the slender brunette of the corner.

Charles Harcourt appeared no more at the balls of the Latin quarter, but spent his days at L'Ecole de Medicine, passing his first examinations with distinction. In one of those fascinating little houses-such are Beranger pretends to have inhabited at twenty-Charles made his home, guarding jealously the dangerous happiness of a union contracted without the help of le maire and which is called morganatic to avoid the use of a less delicate phrase.

His conquest of the ball was named Mina. She was a good and affectionate child, and in spite of the anacreontic quadrilles of the Latin quarter, she was innocent. She had kept her heart intact. It was her sole economy. Charles and Mina loved one another like two of La Fontaine's doves. But Mina was a consumptive, and Charles read with affright the death of his happiness in the paling face of his beloved.

His care of her was untiring: but this implacable malady never releases, and soon in a kiss Charles received his mistress's last sigh. Mina died in the hospital; her long illness having exhausted their feeble resources, and Charles had the cruel courage to deliver the body of his beloved to the investigations of the pathologist. He wished to pursue, even in the flesh, this rival who had killed her. He made use of a cynical usage to preserve the skull. This, with a plaster mask molded upon the emaciated body of the dead girl, was all that remained

to him.
Mina's loss affected Charles profoundly. Out of a character frivolous and careless, devoted only to coarse pleasures, had grown a deep and serious love. This honest and generous affection had stifled the germs of evil. Mina dead, he was seized as by a vertigo, and he plunged into the abyss. He found himself face to face with evil, and threw to this monster the rest of his youth.

In this ocean of false pleasures the remembrance of Mina was drowned, and a petulant little grisette called Mariette took her place. One night in November Mariette and one of her friends, Charles, and one of his companions were together in a little house on the Rue Gres. The night was cold and sinister; masses of heavy clouds were driven across a gray sky, the moon showed her mounful face only at intervals, sudden showers beat upon the windows, and the wind howled at the cracks.

These four young people drank and sang, unaffected by the storm and their strange environment. It was the strange medley of the student's life that showed in the small room-here signs of work, and there the broken bottles of a drinking bout. A small table held a dried tibia, a pile of medical works, some empty wine bottles and some articles of the toilet. There, too, was the plaster cast of the dead Mina, a figure slender to meagerness, the eyes cavernous and empty, the lips distorted into a painful smile, the plaster discolored by the kisses placed upon those lips in eternal farewell. Upon the chimney were a candle, a small clock and a human skull. At one side a tiny couch, on the walls racks for pipes and some cheap lithographs. Mariette and her friend Rose lounged about in untidy dishabille. Earnest made a pretense of study, while Charles, dulled by the warm and heavy air of the room, leaned on the long table in silence. It was a group worthy of the

brush of Callot. "What is the matter with Charles?" cried Ernest, shutting his book noisily; "he is as sober as a merchant."

"He is thinking of Mina," said Mari-

ette, bitterly.
"When a mistress is buried, that ought to end the affair," said Rose, decidedly. But often, even when I am here, I find him sitting before that plaster cast," said Mariette, sullenly.

"Oh, it's perfectly platonic," laughed Ernest.
"Bah!" said Rose; "you don't object

to a plaster rival, do you?" "To the health of Mina," cried Ernest,

Charles looked up quickly. These jibes cut him to the heart.
"Mina was a good girl," he said.

"That remains to be seen," cried Mariette; "I am a good girl, too, am I not?" "You will be when you are dead,"

mocked Ernest. "Charles," said Mariette, "confess that you love Mina still?"

"No; I do not!"

"More than you love me?" "No, no! I love you."

"Very well, then prove it. There is that horrid skull that you keep as a sacred relic. I've seen it grinning up there long enough. Let us make the punch in it!"

"Ah, that's an original idea!" cried Ernest. "Mariette, you have the imag-

ination of a poet." "So be it then," said Charles, and

rising he placed the skull in the middle of the table. "I am the one to light it," said Mari-

ette triumphantly, pouring the liquor into this ghastly cup.

Suddenly the punch was afire, the tongues of blue flame mixing amorously with the smoke of the cigars. An odor feadly and mephitic exhaled from the skull. Phosphorescent flames rose and fell in strange colors of decay, and the smoke rose in purple spirals into the air. Charles felt a shiver clutch him in its cold fingers from head to foot. Mariette showed her teeth in the horrible joy of a secured vengeance. The rain fell heavily outside, the windows shook. Little by little drunkenness overcame these ribald beings who jested with the sacred mysteries of death. Then Mariette began to sing a song composed by Charles for Mina, mockingly begging him not to weep.

As Charles heard the words of the song chanted in her pitiless voice, his heart beat fast, something rose in his throat, his voice failed and his head fell heavily ferward upon the table. His sudden movement overturned the skull, and the burning brandy touched the thin folds of Mariette's dress. Her awful cry of terror was lost in the flames

which enveloped her. Charles remained in a delirious condition. Idiotic cries burst from his lips, and in spite of himself, he rested his eyes upon the mask of plaster, whose eyes remained fixed upon his with a steady persistence that held his own. He began to repeat the words of his early love and those of Mina when she was happy with him, and finally those that she had uttered when she felt the end of all their happiness approaching: "I love you so dearly, my beloved one. I cannot give you up. I shall come back sometimes at night to speak to you." Feverish and trembling he drank greedily the last glass of punch at his elbow. Suddenly the cast detuched itself from the wall and came forward through the clouds of smoke. He felt the sweat start from every pore.

A sigh fell upon the mir; he felt it pass his check, moist and terrible; a breath from the tomb. A cry struggled to his lips, but died there. His voice choked in his throat. The figure approached, and the student recognized the beloved of his youth. Silent tears were flowing from the hollow sockets of the eyes, and as she bent toward him Charles felt her lips upon his forehead-lips as hard and cold as murble. Then the phantom raised her hand, pointing with her skeleton finger to the clock, which was at the stroke of 3. As Charles felt his heart fail in his breast and his veins turn to ice the vision faded.

Day was just beginning: the first rays of a bright sun lit up the windows of the little room in the Rue Gres. Charles awoke from a profound sleep. He looked about sleepily upon the confusion which surrounded him and endeavored to recall the events of the past night.

"These glasses and empty bottles; that is natural," he muttered, "and I have slept here on the table, but-what time

He walked dizzily to the chimney. The hands were at the hour of 3, and the clock had stopped. He remembered the frightful vision of the night and the accident to Mariette, and he

hurried to the adjoining room. "Mariette, Mariette!" he cried. Nobody answered. Charles opened the door violently. Ernest and Rose were

upon their knees beside the bed. "Mariette!" cried Charles,

"She is dead," replied Ernest. "Dead?"

"Yes, at 3 o'clock."

"Mina is avenged!" said Charles sinking upon his knees,-Adapted for Argonaut from the French of Frederic de Reiffenberg.

When the Prince Called on Tennyson. There is one story that will be historic of a call which the Prince of Wales once made upon Tennyson. He had a new page boy, who know not the prince, and who had been warned against admitting strangers to the house on any pretext, One day the prince walked over from Osborne to see the poet. He gained the entrance, which was of itself no easy task, and knocked at the door. "Master's not in," he was told. The prince detecting that this was a promiseuous answer, which it was the page boy's instructions to give to all comers, said, Will you kindly tell him the Prince of

Wales wishes to see him?" The boy eyed the visitor with an irritatingly knowing look, and replied "Walker!" which was equivalent to saying, "Do you see anything green in my eye?" This rude remark amused the prince very much, but the boy would certainly have slammed the door in his face if Tennyson himself, who had been listening to the conversation, had not put in an appearance and welcomed the prince to his Freshwater home.—New

York Tribune.

THE FIRST BALLOONIST.

The first aeronaut who fell victim to his desire of exploring the upper air was Pilatre de Rosier, who, a few months after the balloon had been invented, declared his purpose of ascending in one and allowing it to take him whither it would. The French King, however, frowned upon the project and sent Pilatre word that the experiment should be made by sending up two condemned criminals. But Pilatre indignautly refused this offer. "What!" said he, "shall vile criminals have the glory of being the first to navigate the fields of air? Never, while Pilatre de Rozier draws breath !"

He agitated this subject until the entire court became interested in his favor, and then at last the king yielded, and Pilatre, in November, 1783, made a perfectly successful ascent. Benjamin Franklin was a witness of the spectacle, and said, when some one asked his opinion of it: "I have seen a child born which may one day be a man."

Two years after, another aeronaut crossed the channel from Dover to Calais, and Pilatre, spurred on by jealousy, declared his purpose of crossing it in the opposite direction.

His friends endeavored to dissuado him from the project, believing that the machine had not been sufficiently perfected, but nothing could calm his enthusiasm.

In June a balloon was ready, but it may easily be seen that Pilatre was not very confident of success, since he pushed back an army officer who would have stepped into the car with him, saying gently:

"Monsieur, in our present enterprise we are sure of nothing. I can not accept you, if I would have my conscience

at peace. The balloon rose majestically and tended at once toward the sea. Presently it turned, but again drifted back in the direction of the water. Then it is probable that Pilatre endeavored to descend, in order to reach a more favorable current of air, but in opening the valve, according to one account, he unfortunately made a rent in the balloon itself. Instantly he was dashed to the ground, a distance of several thousand feet, and was found there, dead and frightfully mutilated.

He is still one of the heroes of France, and an inscription to his memory may be read on the spot where he made his fatal attempt. -- Youth's Companion.

A Naturalist's Fleas.

A naturalist, who is both an ardent student in his branch of science, and absent-minded to a degree which keeps his family on the alert, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Many guests were invited for the occasion, and the house was made ready for the reception of the company.

Just as the first guest arrived one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who had not come from his study. Care had been taken that he should be reminded to dress in time, so he was all ready, and at the summons of the daughter he came to the parlor.

When they entered the room the daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently

The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his hands and knees in a vain attempt to gather up something.

Have you spilled anything, father ?" "Spilled anything!" he echoed, in

evident indignation over her calm tone. "I have lost tifty flees that I have just received from Egypt!"

The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over, and the only thing that the naturalist said to his friends in answer to their congratulations upon his happy married life, so his daughter declared after all was over, was to ask that if they carried away any of his Egyptian flees they would return the insects to bim.

About Airing Beds.

In airing beds the most thorough, careful housekeeper often errs through her very thoroughness. She will shake the sheets, blankets, etc., and hang them out of the window and over chairs, having them all exposed as much as possible to the direct rays of the sun and in the strongest breeze and this is just what should be done. Then the pillows will be taken up and shaken and thumped until they are soft and fluffy and placed in the very sunniest spot, and this is all wrong. The sun will draw the oil from the feathers, and the pillows will have a rancid, disagreeable odor. Expose those to the air daily, be as thorough as you please in this, and place the pillow slips in the sun if you wish, but do not make the mistake of giving the pillows, bolsters, cushions or anything containing feathers a long sun bath, or you will do them more harm than good.

A Simple Test for Milk.

The following test for watered mill: is simplicity itself: A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.—Boston Commercial.

Women Hate Cowards. Young Slowboy-Oh, no, Miss Smifax, I assure you I was not attempting to kiss you. I should not dare to do

such a thing. Miss Smilax-I hate a coward. -- Boston Courier.

SHE ASKED TO MUCH.

The Story of His Ascent It Was Made He pounded on the carpet till his back was He hung up window curtains until it ceased to be a joke:

He wrestled with the kitchen stove till he was black and blue; mended all her broken chairs, and sat down in the glue; He put her chromos up, and tied his arms into

He labored on the wood pile tree, his back refused the test: He polished up the silver until his spirit longed

on his feet; He tugged home tons of samples with a meekness hard to beat;
But when she asked him to select a Mother
Hubbard gown.
He crawled away one evening, and quietly
skipped the town.

Rid of a Rival. "Come and have a treat with me, old

fellow!" "Why, are you celebrating?"
"My rival is dead." "Rival! I thought you were married !" "So I am, but I've had a rival, never-

theless. He's gone, though; died this morning in my wife's arms. "Great Casar! Are you the kind of man to stand that?"

"I've had to." "Well, I never! Who in goodness'

name was be?" "She loved him before we were married, and when we went to housekeeping she brought him to the house. Ho was a complete stranger to me then, and we've never been very good friends at any time. Well, he's gone, and I'm

"Well, I'm blowed! If you are not the greatest idiot-what was his name?"

"Fido!" Tableau.

A Horrible Threat.



Boston Mother-Now, Emerson, if you are not a good boy whilst I am perambulating you shall not practice your logarithms and trigonometry this evening, nor will you be allowed to read your Browning or your Ibsen for a week.-Puck.

Heirs to Poker Hands.

He was a quiet-looking, elderly man, in a pastoral sort of black broadcloth suit and a felt hat with a broad brim, such as are worn by "colonels and majors," says the Pittsburg Disputch. Next to him in the car sat two young men, who were telling stories about personal experiences on the road.

One of them related with much gusto an encounter which he had recently I with a desperate Western man, the weapons being cards. The game was poker, the special occasion was that old familiar "big jackpot" which so often figures in profane history, and the two principals were each armed with straight flushes.

"It was a dollar-limit game," remarked the young man, "and we bet sixty-seven times, and then I called him. He had a sequence flush, queen high, and I had one king high. You should have heard him swear.

I noticed that the old man listened with great attention to the story, and at its conclusion he exclaimed with much candid astonishment: "You called him ?

The youngster blushed and acknowl-

edged his guilt.
"Well! well!" said the old man, shaking his head, "these times is suttenly not what they usen tubbe. You see, I cum from Tennessee, and we ain't up to this way er doin' things. Why, I'm playin' a hand yit thet wuz dealt to my pap in '57. Him an' ole Jedge Dubbin, of Murfreesboro, they set into a game one night in September of 57, an' they bet, an' bet, an' bet, an' bet. An' when they run out outer cash, they bet mules, an' then horses, an' then niggers, an' at las' they tuk to bettin' acres of lan' an' then they run outer everything, an' it was agreed that the han's shud be put in scaled envellups an' marked an' kept in the vault of the bank till both on 'em got more stuff.

"Well, it went on that way off an' on till the war cum, and the old Jedge had died and pap was killed at Seven Pines, an' then young Jim Dubbins he tuk his ole man's place an' I tuk and's.

"Well, gen'elmen, we're just bettin' vit winever we git the cash, and there ain't no signs of quittin'; but I wud suttinly like to see them han's of pop's and ole Jedge Dubbin's afore I die, and he sighed a long sigh of patient resignation, while the two youngsters and the other man in the smoking-compartment regarded him as one worthy of veneration, even if it was only as a liar.

A youth at school in Scotland, who lacked musical talent, and whose voice consequently jarred during the singing-lesson, was always allowed a holiday on singing days. His mother paid a visit to the school to inquire into the matter. In answer to her query as to why her son was sent home on such occasions the teacher said, "Why, because he has no ear." "What!" sho exclaimed, "nae aer? Did onybody ever hear the like o' that? Nae ear! Why, he has a luglike a saucer, mon."

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE FINEST

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a knot.

And prayed to be beneath it when he dug out her old grass plot. for rest; He ran her shopping errands, raising blisters

STATIONS.

 STATIONS.
 A. M. A. M. P. M. P. W.

 SCRANTON.
 6.00
 9.50
 1.85
 6.07

 Hellevue.
 6.05
 9.55
 1.45
 6.17

 Taylorville.
 6.16
 10.00
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 Lockawanna.
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 1.52
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 Duryes.
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 Pittston.
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 West Pittstou.
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 Wyoming.
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 10.95
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 6.13

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. R. DIV. AND N. C RY

P. & E. R. R. DIV. AND N. C. RY

In effect May 22, 1892 Trains leave Sunday

9:35 a. m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for
Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving
at Philadelphia 3:00 p. m.; New York 5:50 p. m.;
connecting at Philadelphia for sil Sea Shocpoints. Passenger coaches to Philadelphia
Baltimore, Parior car to Philadelphia.
1:55 p. m. Train 8, (Daily except sunday.) for
Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving
at Philadelphia at 6:50 p. m.; New York, 5:25 p.
m.; Baltimore 6:45 p. m.; Washingto 8:15 p. 6.
Parior cars to Philadelphia and Passenger
coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.
5.25 p. m. Train 12 (Daily except Sunday) for
Barrisburg and intermediate points, arriving
at Philadelphia 16:55 p. m. Baltimore 18:40 p.
m. Passenger coach to Philadelphia.
8:22 p. m.—Train 6, (Daily.) for harrisburg and
all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia
and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in 8:0eper undistorbed until 7 a. m.
1:50 a. m.—(Daily.) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia
and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in 8:0eper undistorbed until 7 a. m.
1:50 a. m.—(Daily.) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia
and New York 2:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. m.
Vassirigiton 7:30 a. m., Palliman Sleoping cars
to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimor.
3:18 a. m.—(Frain 16 (Daily.) for Harrisburg

to infinitely and passenger courses or insidely in and faithnore.

4:18 a. m.—Train 16 (Daily,) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at initiations exists a manufacture station of the stat

offman seem of coaches to too, and Passenger coaches to WESTWAICD. es to Baltimore. 2:04 a. m.—Train 9 (Baily except Sunday) for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara

ger conclus to Foundster.

5:10 n. m — Train 3 (Daily,) for Eric, Cahandai-gua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Bur-falo and Niagara Falls, with Fullman palace cars and passenger coaches to Eric and Rochescars and passenger coaches to Erie and Respecter.

9:56—Trein 15 (Daily,) for Lock Haven and Intermediate stations.

1:48 p. in.—Train 11 (Daily except Sunday) for Kane, Canandaigua and Intermediate stations, Rochester, Bulfalo, and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Farlor car to Rochester.

5:39 p. in.—Train 1, (Daily except Sunday) Renevo, Elmira and intermediate stations, 9:54 p. in.—Train 21, (Daily,) for Williamspo, 2nd Intermediate stations.

THEOUGH TRAINS FOR SUNDERY FROM
THE EAST AND SOUTH.
Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Philadeiphis 4;30 a. m., Baitimore 4:40 a. m., Harrisburg, 8:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:56
1. D.

burg, 8:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:50 a. m.,
Train 11—Leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m.,
Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:4 a. m.,
(daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 1:35
with Parlor car from Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.
Train 1—Leaves New York 9:00 a. m., Philadelphia 11:4) a. m., Washington 10:50 a. m., Baltimore 11:45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 3:30 p. m. with passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.
Train 21 leaves New York 2:00 p. m., Philadelphia 4:25 p. m., Washington 3:25 p. m., Baltimore 4:30 p. m. (baily) arriving at Sunbury 9:05 p. m.
"hrough Parlor car from Philadelphia, week days.

Through Parior car from Philadelphia, week days.

Train 9 leaves New York 6:3e p. m., Philadelphia 9:29 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Baittimore 8:48 p. m., Oally exceet Saturday,) arriving at Sunbury, 2:04 a. m. with Pullman sleeping cars and Passenger coaches from Washington and Baitimore.

Train 3 leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:00 p. m., Baittimore 11:20 p. m., (Daily,) arriving at Sunbury 5:10 a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore

passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Battimore
SUNBURY HAZLETON, & WILKESBARRE
RAILROAD, AND NORTH AND WEST
BRANCH RAILWAY,
(Dally except Sunday)
Train 7 leaves Sunbury 16:00 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 9:48 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12:10 p. m. Hazleton 19:15 p. m., Pottsville 1:35 p. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 8:26 p. m., Wilkes Barre 7:50 p. m. Hazleton 7:51 p. m. Pottsville 9:05 p. m.
Train 11: leaves Sunbury 5:25 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 8:26 p. m., Wilkes-Barre 7:50 p. m. Hazleton 7:50 a. m., arriving at Lleom Ferry 8:73 a. m. Sunbury 5:15 p. m.
Train 10: leaves Fottsville 1:50 p. m. Hazleton 5:50 p. m. Wilkes-Barre 8:20 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4:30 p. m., Sunbury 5:15 p. m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
Train 7 leaves Sunbury 5:15 p. m., Train 8: leaves Wilkes-Barre 8:10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 1:10 p. m., Train 28: leaves Wilkes-Barre 8:10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 8:39 p. m., Sunbury 7:30 p. m., CHAR, E. PICH, d. J. K. WOOD, Gen. Manager.

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