'TIS CHRIS'MAS IN DE CABIN.

Thristmas, 1892

'Tis Chris'mas in de cabin, Tho' I am fab away; 'Tis Chris'mas in de cabin, I kno' de bressed day!

An dar de mock'birds singin Mak' glad de happy spot, An all be flow'rs am bloomin Around my little cot.

De flow'rs my Liza planted-De golden gelsemine, De pink azalea blossoms An honeysuckle vine. * *

7

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*

Her pe' old han's am folded. Her weary wo'k all done, But yet the blossoms lifting Smile up to greet the sun

My chillun cum no morel

De fir'place hol no embers, De do' is open wide: De winder's dim an dusky Whar moonlight po'd its tide!

"Tis Chris'mas in de cabin-An de ribber murmurs deep, "De banjo strings am broken, "Tis time to go to sleep!"

De pleasant ribber singin By do bend so fah away, Whar I used to fiddle, honey, De livelong Chris'mas day

Is singin now-jus' listen! Wid Liza by my side, I clim' de starry stairway Ob bressed Chris'mastide, 93

-Frank Lesile's Weekly.

ONE HAPPY REUNION.

Christmas eve, 1793, and bitterly cold. It had snowed all the day before and all the night, and had only held up about noon on the day which was now nearing its close.

In those days the distance from New York in the direction of what is now the town of Fordham was traversed by stagecoaches, drawn by spanking four horse teams, traveling by the old Boston post road. On this Christmas eve the leaders plunged and plowed their way through the snow, snorting and emitting clouds of steam from their nostrils.

After awhile the vehicle paused before a wayside tavern in Winchester county, bearing a swinging and antirevolutionary sign, the presentment of a scarlet clad and handsome cavalier. and the inscription. "Marquis of Claremont Arms." There were but two passengers in the coach that night-a tall traveler in a slouched hat and shaggy overcoat, and a little girl whom he carried in his arms.

As the horses were baited and the coachman and groom went in for a "drop of something hot," the traveler alighting turned quickly up a road leading northward from the inn. The man was good looking, though foreign and sunburned of aspect. Yet he did not seem a stranger to the place.

On through the snow clad lanes and by the white fences he went his way, finally turning up a private walk through the piled up drifts toward old Deacon Marshall's homestead.

"Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark, bay deep monthed welcome as we draw near home"-but this man fervently prayed that no watchilog ha aroused by his noiseless approach to the old home.

He saw the old farmhouse as he had so often seen it in boyhood, with its red walls and white capped roof, with the candle light faintly shining through the rime of the window panes.

Occasionally a sigh so deep as to be

when you drove the boy out into the wide world twenty years ago-twenty years ago come New Year's eve." Had the deacon lived in this age he would have rung the "chestnut bell," for he had heard sermons from his wife on his sorely repented sin full many a time and oft.

The best of women will preach.

"I have such a strange feeling about me this minute. I feel as if my boy was right here by me," she went on, forgetting that her "boy" was now a man of thirty-five or more.

At this instant three startling raps on the knocker sounded through the old house.

"It's that good for nothin Jake Mellen waiting till this time o' night to fetch them groceries. Don't leave the slapjacks, Katrine; I'll open the door.

And the deacon took up a candle and stalked through the passage to the front door. He opened it. What a strange sight to see!

Against the dark background of night and storm the figure of a cherub child, a wee maid of five years, fair as a pearl, with bright eager eyes of heavenly blue, and a soft fleecy mass of pale gold escaping from her blue satin hood and falling over her white fur coat.

She advanced fearlessly and piped out: "I'm Baby Marshall, and papa's b'ought me to danma. My mamma's dead lon time ago, and las' summer my brack mammy, Oosy, die, too, and baby want see danma."

Another moment and the grandmother, with the thrilling cry of a woman's soul to an answered prayer, lifted her grandchild to her heart.

Oh, the dear contact! Was it realthe firm, warm, little hand she clasped. the pressure of the smiling rosy lips?

"Where is papa? Oh, my dear, where is papa?" she cried, while the deacon looked on as one raised from the dead, and Katrine gazed on the new found treasure and thought of the stories she had read in Dutch folklore of the angel of the Christmastide.

"Papa don," cooed the little one. "He tum for baby affer 'while. Take dis.' and searching the recesses of her little pockets she produced a letter.

The grandfather with shaking hands and faltering tones read:

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER-I have brought you my motherless and only child. I know that you will love and care for her as your own, and I don't think even father will be hard to her. When I want her I will come for her, but it may be long years first, if ever. I load an honest but a wild life, and a Texan ranch or a Rio Grande camp is not the place for her. For my child's sake I part from her. He good to her, mother. Your loving son, WILLIAM E. MARSHALL.

A moment later an old man was struggling through the snowdrifts toward the village as fast as his rheumatic legs could carry him. Too late! He only heard the echo of the coachman's horn as the horses tore down the turnpike to New York.

Baby Marshall was in her grandmother's lap and smiling brightly in her face. Katrine piled the table with hot griddlo cakes, fragrant tea, sweet butter and

golden honey. Farther and farther the stage carried the wanderer from the old home.

Christman bells ringing over the land! Christmas sunshine glinting the far reaching carpet of snow, and picture one tree boughs hung with key diamon In the churches music and song swelling out on the clear, frosty air.

Unto us a son is born.

Unto us a king is given. Christ, the Lord!

church Christmas morning, and an she listened to the sweet tide of cong her head bent lowly down and a prayer welled up from the poor old mother's soul: "Lord, I have waited so long. Let me see my boy's face again before 1 die

a delicious, fat, brown turkey as mother's? Whoever made such clear jelly? And the tiny pig-roasted whole-with the apple in its mouth! And the mince pies, and whole pitchers of russet cider, ice cold! The perfumes of Araby the blest arose

from the banquet.

.

But every feast must have its end. The day lowered as evening came on; gusty clouds chased each other across the sky, and Rube, full to repletion, pushed back his chair and said he must be "gettin up his team pretty soon, as he'd promised his wife they'd stay at her mother's, seven miles farther up, for the night." Just at this moment Katrine, who had gone to the well for a pitcher of fresh water, looked in at the door and beckoned mysteriously to old Mrs. Marshall, which caused her to make excuse, and leaving the room to seek the spot to which the girl pointed.

In the gloaming, beside the old "moss covered bucket that hung in the well," stood a tall, stalwart man, who, as his mother advanced, trembling and uncertain, held out his arms. "Mother! oh, mother!" he said with a

hoarse sob in his voice.

With such a cry as only a mother could understand, the poor, fragile creature threw herself upon the broad, sturdy bosom of the man before her-her lost child of so many years. What prayers. what silent tears, what longings of heart had drained his mother's life of strength for his sake!

"Mother, I told you I had lived an honest life."

"Willie, do you think I did not feel that to be so?"

"Well, I mean to say that I am ashamed to face no one; but when 1 went away that day I expected never to return until my baby was a young woman. I wandered down to the city and felt lonelier amid all those strange faces than I would on leagues of prairie with not a living thing in sight. 1 heard the balls of old Trinity chiming and pealing, and just because I was so louesome 1 turned into the church. 1 had not been in such a place for years. The music lifted me right out of myself, mother, and as I thought of the old home I bowed my head and said a prayer, the first for many a year, that I might return there and find a welcome. I will always remember that just then the clock tolled out 12. It marked the hour when I made up my mind to go home again."

She led him along as when he was a little child up the olden path into the well remembered room.

"My son-baby's father-has come back home!" she said with a quiver in her voice, and burst into passionate tears.

Baby screamed joyously, "Papa! papal" Every one rose to their feet with startled cries of welcome except the deacon, who turned ashen pals, and with a groan fell back in his chair. His son sprang to his side. "Why, father. he said cheerily, "is this your welcome? His lips touched the white scant hairs; a tear glistened on the old man's face. "My son that was dead and is alive." the deacon murmured. "Thank God!" thank God!"-Lizzie P. Cutler in Home Journal.

Customs of Icoland and Lepinol.

In a country not far from where "the two spirits of the globe, the magnetic and the electric," according to Michelet, do nightly hold carnival in the polar birth? Eeing honored thus above all circle, the poor Icclaudors are allowed other places of the earth, Bethlehum Old Mrs. Marshall always walked to as a rare treat to have bread to get with never forgets to do honor to the Christ their Christmas mutten and milk por- | who has made her famous.

IN OTHER LANDS.

How the Children in Europe Observe Christmas Day.

In Belgium the children fill their shoes with beans and carrots on Christmas eve, and set them in the chimney place for the good saint's horse. In the morning they expect to find them filled with

shoe of a bad boy is among them he finds a whip in it in the morning, and he must be a stupid fellow who cannot take so sharp a hint. Very different are the feelings of a German child. He waits with feelings of mingled awe and pleasure for the coming of two important personages-the "Christ child" and the "Knocht Ruppert." The latter person questions naughty children and threatens them with punishment till the "Christ child's" intercession saves the culprit and wins its pardon. Then these two Christmas apparitions lay down their burdens of gifts and depart. In some parts of Germany the good

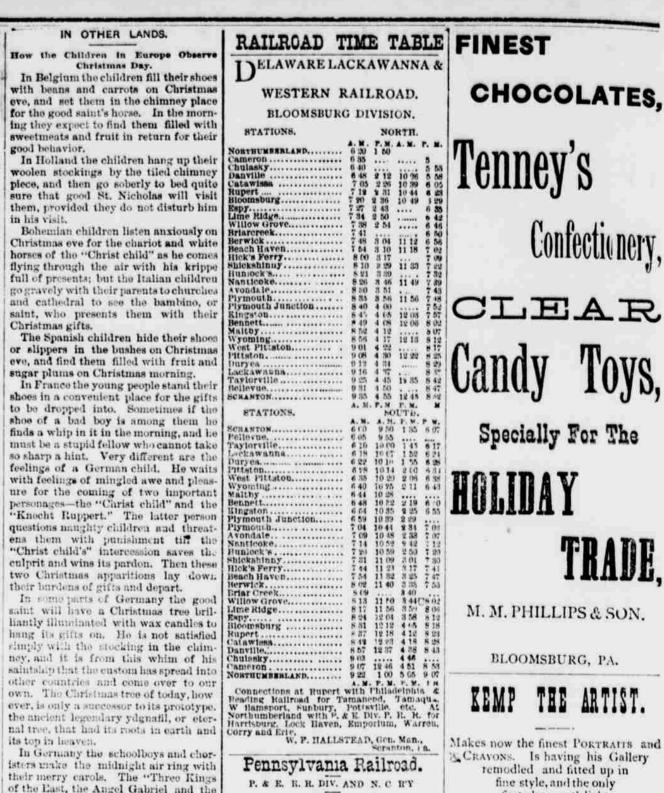
saint will have a Christmas tree brilliantly illuminated with wax candles to hang its gifts on. He is not satisfied simply with the stocking in the chimney, and it is from this whim of his saintship that the custom has spread into other countries and come over to our own. The Christmas tree of today, how ever, is only a successor to its prototype. the ancient legendary ydgnafil, or eternal tree, that had its roots in earth and its top in heaven.

In Germany the schoolboys and choristers make the midnight air ring with their merry carols. The "Three Kings of the East, the Angel Gabriel and the Star Singers" parade the streets, and similar processions go about in Italy, France and Spain. In former years, and perhaps even now in some localities in England, the Christmas waits-young lads-make the air vocal with lovely Christmas carols, but in our country these are reserved to be heard in church and Sunday school, and sometimes they ring out in chimes from the church steeple .- Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

At Christ's Dirthpince.

gladness today-just such gladness as is felt in every great city and in every quiet heunict of civilized Europe and America.

eastern town, and will not the thoughts of all believers in Christ he furned thitler during the nuniversary of his



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948 A. M. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for furrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 3500 p. m.; New York 5500 p. m.; Battimore, 510 p. m.; New York 550 p. m.; Consecting at Philadelphia ior all real 545-points. Passenger coaches to Philadelphi at Unitadelphia 3500 p. m.; New York 550 p. m.; Battimore, 510 p. m.; New York 550 p. m.; Battimore, Parlor car to Philadelphia.
T5 p. m. Train 8, (Daily except sunday.) for furrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 650 p. m.; New York, 855 p. m.; Battimore 645 p. m.; Newshington 515 p. m. ratio cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia passenger

In Bethlehem of Judea there is grea

This is for Dethlehem the one great season of the year, for was not Christ born in this picturesque Old World

On Christman ava they will

almost a sob burst from the man's bosom. The child was hushed and content in its father's arms.

As he passed through the trim yard gate, past the old familiar butternut tree, he said to himself, "They will be glad to see her and love her; but oh. God! it's hard to part with her."

When he reached the farmhouse door he set the little one down on her feet in the square, old fashioned porch.

"Now, baby, remember never to be afraid to do what papa tells you to do. You are going to see grandpa and grandma, and when your visit is out papa will come and bring you lots of sweetics and toys. Now you must go right in when they open the door, and papa will go away for a little while."

The child clung to him for a moment -a terrible moment to him-and then stood bravely quiet as he gave three rousing blows to the old brass knocker and then swiftly retreated into the shadow of the trees.

He saw the door open and an old white haired man with a candle in his hand look out. He saw the gleam of the fireside in the old home for the first time in many years. He saw the child, fearless and confident of welcome, enter, and then-be still, brave heart-he saw his mother, a tall, gentle faced old matron with snow white hair, advance, stoop and lift the child in her arms and kiss it, as one who drinks after long thirsting.

The door closed, and a few moments later the man outside was in the return coach for New York, on his way to be lost among the unknown thousands of the great city.

. Ten minutes before this scene Deacon Marshall and his good wife sat before the blazing fire in the clean, snug old fashioned kitchen, while the busy housemaid, a stout, rosy Dutch lass of eightcen, plied her evening tasks. The appetizing smell of browning griddle cakes and fragrant tea filled the room. The bitter winds howled outside, enhancing the blessed sense of home warmth and comforth.

"It's mighty bad weather. I hope all the children will git here tomorrow, wife," said the deacon.

"All the children, Ezra?" answered the old lady in a tone of reproach. "You know one will not be here. I always think of him in the holidays away out yonder in Mexico or Texas among them outlandish people.

"Oh, Ezra, he was a wild boy and headstrong, but there's more sorts of sin than one, and you were worse than ho

In that moment the church clock chimed 12 meridian. In that moment, as she recalled after

ward, peace spread its white wines above her, and an angel voice seemed to whisper, "All is well." When she returned the family had assembled for the Christmas dinner.

There was Rube, who had a good farm in the highlands-Rube, the stendy going - a broad shouldered, sturdy Saxon, with his pretty, dark evel with dressed in a new black silk with a real lace coll ir and cuffs; Marianne, the belie of the family, and the youngest, a lass of eighteen, blond, debonair and roguish, with her good looking finnce hovering beside her, the son of a well to do farmer in the vicinity, whose daughter Marianae had just been visiting for a few days, There, too, was Alfred, the doctor, a portly, well meaning man, and a little of a dandy in his dress, as became a physician and bachelor popular among the invalid ladies of Westchester.

The deacon trudged in from his own meeting house, where minister and deacon had been holding a private session of two hours over the backsliding of some poor soul predoomed according to their belief to damnation. There was a general handshuking of father and kissing of mother. The deacon did not believe in kissing or indulging in the profane luxury of a smile on the Salebath day, but Christmas, even neareding to his creed, was made for rejoicing. Among all the family that day a queen had been enthroned-the wai who had arrived the night before. A big box had come for her by Sam Dolan. the carrier, and its contents showed that the wild Texan rover had not spare expense on his little daughter. Gay in blue silk and lace and ribbons, the little thing tossed her curls and beamed delightedly, first on one, then on another, conscious of being the object of everybody's admiration.

At last she cuddled up in her grandmother's arms and fell softly asleep. Poor grandma! She felt repaid for those years of waiting and weariness as she cradled the ltttle one's head on her breast and brushed her pale face against the fluffy, silken hair. Just as everybody grew keenly hungry Katrine rang forth a welcome peal from the dinner bell.

After the deacon's grace what a chorus of praises went up! Was there ever such

In southern Lapland, should the horseholder neglect to provide an ample store of fuel for the season's needs, in popular belief, the disgusted yule swains or Christmas goblins will so befoul the woodpile that there shall be no getting at its contents.

There also it is that the girl who wishes, nuptially speaking, to learn her fate places a table in the center of a vacaut chamber, and on it two glassesthe one of water, the other of brandy. Then, taking a broom, she must sweep the roots three times carefully, against the sun, and if she is to enter the married state her future husband will appear before she completes the third round, and drink from the water glass if a sober man, or from the brandy tumbler if he be a drunkard.

Again, if a Laplander at Christmas, before retiring, pulls off his boots and flings them over his left shoulder, he shall know, from the shoes pointing toward the door, whether a long journey or death shall be his portion during the new year, but if on the other hand the boot toes turn inward he can feel assured of another twelve months' lease of his present existence.-Selected.

Love's Softening Influence.

It is remarkable how far little evidences of love and confidence in the home circle go toward perfecting the moral character and habits of men. Many a man whose wife presents him with a box of cigars on Caristmas will times: swear off smoking on New Year's, -- Milwankee News.

An Unexpected Demand.

Santa Claus-Hello; what's this? Ten stockings instead of eight? Assistant--Yes, sir. I forgot to tell

you. There was a pair of twins born here last night .- Selected.

The Mistletoe.

Oh, dainty odor of the mistletoe, Sending my fancy off to long ago! All this small room with faint perfume beset, A modest mimlery of violet.

Those ancient days when linen robes of priest Caught the green bough to deck some furious

feast. Breaking the brittle stems with knives of gold-Those days were not so fine as some less old.

As jovial days, when jolly Christmastide Filled all the earth with mirth, dear love be

side, Sweet was it then, beneath the mistletoe. To catch a protty maid and kiss her-sol

Oh, dear was yesterday beneath the bough. And dear the kines given there, I trow: Full sweet the days we never can forget, But, ab, tomorrows will be sweeter yet!

-New Orleans Picayune.

During the evening of that day the be lievers of Jerusalem will gather together and flock out of the city, with their faces set for the famous Church of the Nativity in Bethlehom.

Down through the valley of Gihon. the old boundary between Benjamin and Judah, the people of Jerusalem will march. They will see, as they pass, the tree on which the traitor Judas is said to have hanged himself, and the well out of which the wise men drew water after they had left Herod. Within their view will also be the Convent of Elijah, erected on the site where the prophet rested during his flight from Jezebel.

As they come to the end of their six mile march the people of Bethlehem will come out to meet them, and then, preceded by gayly attired wand bearing heralds and followed by an immense throng of men, women and children, the bishop, robed in full vestments, will lead the way toward the Church of the Nativity, which is the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. There mass will be celebrated, while armed Turkish soldiers, wearing their full uniform of red fezzes, blue jackets and baggy trousers, stand on guard .-- New York Herald.

An Old Christmas Hynn.

The following, by Geoffrey Williston Christine, is probably the oldest of these quaint hymns that has been preserved. and dates back to "early English"

Yn a staybol Cryste was borne,

Al ye catel bende theyre knees. On ye cross his lymbs were torne,

That heaven mays be reached with case. Shoute and syng and hayle ye morne, Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne. Peece, good will to al on eyrthe.

Wype from every eye ye tear. yo that wundred, royal byrthe Mankyrde are freed from every fear.

bhoute and syng and bayle ye morne, Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne

Come, sing the olden song once morel The Christmas carol sing: With soletan joy, from shore to shore, Let earth her tribute bring.

And she fulfilled those prophet dreams;

That makes the future gold

Fo all beneath the sun;

And heaven and earth be one.

-Chicago Times.

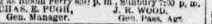
10 ft. m - Train 3 (Daily) for Edg. Canada taia and intermediate statutos, fortesser, lui-taia and intermediate statutos, fortesser, lui-taio and Magura Palis, with Puttman patece carsto Ette and Elmira and passenger coaches to Effe and Romester. 955-Tr-in 15 (Daily,) for Lock Haven and Intermediate statutos

9.25 - Tr-in 18 (Daily,) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.
 1.25 p. m.-Train 11 (Daily except Sunday) for Rane, Canandaigua and Intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Fails with through passenger conchest to Kane and Roches-ter and Parlor car to Rochester.
 5.23 p. m.-Train 13 (Daily, except Sunday) Ronovo, Eimira and intermediate stations.
 9.25 p. m.-Train 13 (Daily, except Sunday) Ronovo, Eimira and intermediate stations.
 9.25 p. m.-Train 13 (Daily, except Sunday) Ronovo, Eimira and intermediate stations.
 7:10 p. m.-Train 13 (Daily, except Sunday) for Withenser it and intermediate stations.
 7:10 p. m.-Train 13, Sunday only for WIthenser THE RAST AND SOUTH.
 Train 15-Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Phila-delphia 429 a. m., Haitimore 436 a. ro., Hairis-burg Si's a.m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:50 a.m.

a m. Train 11-Leaves Philadelphia 8:50 g. m. a m. Train 11-Leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:41 a. m., (daily except sunday) arriving st sunbury, 1:35 with Parlor ext from Philadelphia and passa-ger conches from Philadelphia and Faitimore. Train 1-Leaves New York 9:00 a. m. Philadel-hia 11:31 a. m. (daily except sunday) arriving at sunbury 5:29 p. m. with passenger conches from Philadelphia and Baltimore. Train 13 leaves New York 2:00 p. m., Philadel-phia 4:25 p. m., Washington 2:15 p. m., Balti-more 8:20 p. m. (Washington 2:15 p. m., Baltimore 2:20 p. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 9:20 p. m. Washington 7:40 p. m., Philadel-phia 9:20 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Philadel-phia 9:20 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Balti-more 8:40 p. m., (Daily except saturday), arriv-ing at Sunbury 9:20 a. m. with Puliman sleeping ors and passenger conches from Washington and Baltimore. Train 8 leaves New York 8:50 p. m., Philadel-phia 9:0 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Balti-more 8:40 p. m., (Daily except saturday), arriv-ing at Sunbury 9:20 a. m. with Puliman sleeping ors and passenger conches from Washington and Baltimore. Train 8 leaves New York 8:50 p. m., Fhiladel-phia 1:50 p. m., Washington 9:40 p. m., Easti-more 11:40 p. m., (Daily,) arriving at fumber phildelphia, Washington 10:40 p. m., Balti-more 1:40 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Easti-more 1:40 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Easti-more 1:40 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Balti-more 1:40 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Easti-more 1:40 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Balti-more 1:40 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Eastimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Balti-more 1:40 p. Washington 10:40 p. m., Hiladelphia and Balti-more 1:40 p. M., Washington 10:40 p. m., Hiladelphia and Balti-more 1:40 p. M., Washington 10:40 p. m., Hiladelphia and Balti-more 1:40 p. M., Washington 10:40 p. m., Hiladelphia and Balti-more 1:40 p. M. Washington 10:40 p.

Train 21-Leaves New York 12:00 noon, Phila-delphia 2:25 p. m., Washin ton 1:10 p. m., Batti-more 2:15 p. m., Sanday only, arriving at Sun-bury 7:10 p. m.

more 2:15 p. m., Sunday only, arriving at Sun-bury 7:10 p. m. SUNBURY HAZLETON, & WILKESBARMS RAILROAD, AND NORTH AND WEST HRANCH RAILWAY, (Daily except Sunday) Train 7 heaves sanbury 10:00 a. m. arriving at Hoom Ferry 0:36 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12:00 p. m. Bazleton 12:15 n. m. Pullsville 1:25 p. m Through Coach Williamsbort 10 Wilkes Barre. Train 11 feaves Sundary 5:35 p. m. arriving su Hoom Ferry 0:26 p. m., Wilkes-Harre 7:30 p. m. Hazleton 15:5 p. m. Pullsville 9:25 p. m. Train 11 feaves Sundary 7:35 p. m. arriving su Hoom Ferry 0:26 p. m., Wilkes-Harre 7:50 p. m. Hazleton 15:5 p. m. Pullsville 9:00 p. m. Train 5 leaves 9 tikes-Harre 7:55 a. m. Potta-Ville 6:00 a. m. Hazleton 7:10 a. m. arriving at Hoom Ferry 3:17 s. m., Sunbury 9:35 a. m. Through Coach Wilkes-Barre 10 Wilkensport. Tain 10 leaves Pottsville 1:50 p. m. Hazleton 5:04 p. m. Wilkes-Barre 10 Harrisburg. Sunday Fracins. Train 5 leaves Wilkes-Barre 10 Harrisburg. Sunday Fracins. Train 9: leaves Wilkes-Barre 10 Harrisburg. Sunday Train 9: leaves Wilkes-Barre 10 Harrisburg. CHAS. E. PUGH, J. K. WOOD, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass, Agt









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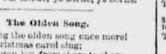
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| sugarlost, | . 6 15 | 11 | 57 B | 08 | 0 | 48 | 8 | 46 | ×. | 69 |
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That Hebrew vision old: From Bethlehem's stall a glory streams

A golden future-health and peace

A time when wars and wrongs shall cease

But this our trust, through long delay,

With no weak doubts defiled: And be in all our hearts today. Newborn, the Eternal Child.