- O for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my twentieth spring. I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
- Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
  Away with learning's crown!
- Tear out life's wisdom-written page, And dash its trophies down! One moment let my life-blood stream From boyhood's fount of flame! Give me one giddy, reeling dream Of life all love and fame!
- And camly smiling said,
  "If I but touch thy silvered hair,
  Thy hasty wish had sped.
- "But is there nothing in thy track
  To bid thee fondly stay.
  While the swift seasons hurry back
  To find the wished-for day?"
- -Ah, truest soul of womankind Without thee, what were life? One bliss I can not leave behind,
- I'll take-my-precious-wife The angel took a sapphire pen
  And wrote in rainbow dew;
  "The man would be a boy again,
  And be a husband, too!"
- -"And is there nothing yet unsaid Before the change appears? Remember, all their gifts have fled With those dissolving years?"
- Why, yes, for memory would recall My fond paternal joys: I could not bear to leave them all;
- I'll take-my-girl-and-boys! The smiling angel dropped his pen : "Why, this will never do; The man would be a boy again, And be a father, too
- And so I laughed-my laughter woke The household with its noise—
  And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
  To please the gray-haired boys.
  —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## LYDIA'S SACRIFICE.

Lydia sat on the porch looking down into the orchard, all pink with apple blossoms. A warm May wind blew the curls on her forehead to and fro, and made her feel too drowsy to read.
"Middlemarch" had sunk into her lap, with one finger between the leaves to keep the place, and she was half asleep when the sound of voices from the sitting room behind her floated out and became a part of her day dream.

"Seems to me," said a high-pitched tone, which she knew to be that of a neighbor, "seems to me you ain't lookin' jest up to the mark this spring, Mis'

Marcy."
"Well, I don't know as I am feelin' any too spry," returned the gentle old voice of Lydia's grandmother. "I expect it's this dreadful hot weather comin' on all of a sudden so. I've been thinkin' I'd start in takin' some brimstone and molasses three mornin's and then skip three. Anybody needs a little medicine in the spring. I don't seem to have much of any appetite, and I'm

weak as a rag."
"Maybe it's the cookin' of that hired girl from the city, that you ain't used to," suggested the neighbor. "How does she take hold? Is she much of a

"Well, Lyddy's satisfied with her, and she knows more than I do about the way they do things nowadays. She's visited the Governor's folks and round among her schoolmates a good deal, and she's seen just how things ought to be. I guess they set a pretty good table to Governor Cobb's.'

"I guess they do," said the neighbor. "But it's kind o' hard for an old woman like me to get used to new-fangled ways. There ain't nothin' relishin' to me in such little warmed-over messes. I declare, I'd like nothin' better for my dinner than a good rye and Injun cake and a nice, hot cup of tea!"

"I'd like to know what in the world there is to hender your havin' it?" cried the neighbor, sitting up straight. "Well, Lyddy she says it ain't the

fashion to have tea for dinner, and I give in to her sooner'n to make a fuss. You see, Mis' Seavey, young folks is young folks. When Lyddy come home from boardin' school last Fall I could see 'twas hard for her."

The old lady paused.
"The house ain't new," she resumed. "Why I've lived here myself, Winter and Summer, goin' on sixty year. Our ways here ain't like city ways, and she wanted to ask some of her mates up here; but I could tell 'twas mortifyin' to her to think of their coming to such a poor old place, and to me, too, so far behind the times.

"So I just says nothin', and let her go ahead her own way fixin' things up. Good land, Mis' Seavey! I just wish you could see the best parlor !" "What has she done to it?" asked

Mrs. Seavey. "Why, the chairs and the tables is all twisted every which way. Looks as if a high wind had been blowin' through. The blinds is all left wide open, and the sun streamin' in, a-fadin' out the carpet like everything. Body Brussels,

too, Mis' Seavey !"
"Good land!" said Mrs. Seavey. "She's got out some of the best chiny and stood up the plates on the mantelpiece, and more of 'em hangin' on the There's old shawls a danglin' in the doorways. That picture of father, painted when he was a young man, she's took down altogether. She says

it's awful." "Dear suz!" cried the neighbor. "But I'm sure the minister used to set a sight by that picture. I never come in when he was here but I found him lookin' at it. She's stood some plants on the floor by the windows. She's-well, I can't tell you all. She

wants we should set there common every day. I don't know what her grandfather would say if he could see it. I expect he would turn over in his grave.

Poor Mrs. Marcy was quite out of breath as she poured out her soul. To have the sacred best parlor profaned had been a sore trial, which it took all her love for Lydia to bear. To sit there common" would have been to her as wicked as to carry her knitting to the meeting house.

" She wants I should dress up every

afternoon in my best black silk and the white net cap Sarah Sheldon made me. That silk's too good to set around in. It's only been turned twice, and I've go to meetin', though that ain't often now. Why, it'll get all shiny in no time if I go to puttin' it on every day, let alone my feelin' like a fool all rigged up so when there ain't no occasion. Lyddy, she's different. Young folks ought to rig.

'Now, Mis' Seavey, I don't want you to think I'm complainin'. At my time o' life it's hard work tryin' to git into new ways. But land! you can git used to anything. It makes Lyddy happy. Poor child! It's hard for her to be penned up here in the country. There ain't a prettier-appearin' girl in New York or Boston I'll be bound."

Mrs. Seavey bounced up in wrath.
'Pretty appearing! What's pretty
appearing, I'd like to know, when she's pesterin' your life out, and just as sel-fish as she can be? I've got to run back now, for John's comin' home to dinner, but I'm goin' to stir you up a mess of rye and Injun cakes, and if you don't have some for your dinner, and a dish of tea, too, I'll come in bimeby and give your Lyddy a piece of my mind. Good-by!"

Off she trudged, burning with a sense of the old lady's wrongs, and trying to peep into the reconstructed best parlor as she went through the entry.

The village did not think much of Lydia since she returned from school, a tall, stylish girl, "with more airs than a music-box," as the ladies declared at the sewing-circle.

Lydia sat quietly after the voices had died away, no longer sleepy, but half amused, half sad. She had been thoroughly discontented at the homely old farmhouse after her very modern home at school. It really seemed to her that she had shown nobleness of soul in choking down the despair in her heart and trying to make the best of things.

The parlor especially she looked upon quite as an artistic triumph. But no amount of talking and scolding could put the Marcy household on a stylish footing. Plain and old-fashioned it was, and so would it remain in spite of all her efforts.

"Grandma is so obstinate!" Lydia had groaned in her own room.

The little talk she had now overheard put a new aspect upon it all. She saw as if a veil had fallen from her eyes how her grandmother had been sorely bewildered by the new ideas, and how the sweet old soul had struggled silently to come into harmony with a strange order of things with an un-selfishness that made Lydia's trials seem

Then she flew to the best parlor, and in a very little while had brought back its old prim order. She pushed the hair-cloth chairs back stiffly against the wall, closed the blinds at the windows and took away every sesthetic touch she

Last, but not least, out of the closet under the stairs she dragged the despised portrait of her ancestor in the gaudy militia uniform. Laughing quietly at its grotesqueness, she hung this work of art up on its old nail, where it was easily the most prominent thing in the room.

When all was done a gloomier and been seen, but, just as it was, grandma

When the old lady awoke the sun was streaming in across the sitting-room floor and the bell was ringing for dinner. Lydia appeared in the doorway with a bright smile, prettier than ever.

"Come, grandma," she called, "dinner is ready, and Mrs. Seavey has just sent in little Kitty with some delicious cakes for you.

A great pleasure flitted over grand-ma's face as she stepped eagerly towards the dining room, leaning on her

"I do believe they're rye and Injun." she exclaimed, as delightedly as a child, helping herself from the wellfilled plate.

"I thought perhaps you might like a cup of tea, too," added Lydia, getting up from her place to put the cup down by her grandmother, and trying not to see the scorn of the hired girl from the city, who bad a great contempt for dinner at noon and tea at dinner.

Lydia laughed and chatted cheerfully until the meal was ended, and Mrs. Marcy breathed a long sigh of satisfaction.

"I declare!" Mrs. Marcy said, rising from her seat at last, "I don't know as I've ever had an'thing taste so good to me. Those cakes of Misy Seavey's were just beautiful, and I do enjoy some hot drink in the middle of the

day. It kind o' goes to the spot." Lydia drew her gently along until, through the open door in the parlor, her glance fell upon grandpa's picture

back in its place on the wall.

Why, Lyddy," she whispered, with a start of surprise. "Why, Lyddy!" "Yes," answered Lydia, merrily. suppose the parlor is better the way you used to have it. It goes better with the rest of the house. So I put

all the things back again as they were Grandma's eyes wandered levingly over the stiff and solemn room. mist came on her spectacles, and, as she took them off to wipe them, her thin old hands were trembling so that

she could hardly hold them. "Somehow," she said to herself, with a sort of a sob in her throat, "somehow I can't help feeling as if I'd been off on

a visit and was just a gettin' home. Lydia threw her arms around her grandmother, giving her such a hug that the glasses flew across the room and the black cap was hopelessly un-

settled. "Oh, grandma!" she cried, with a deeper meaning than grandma knew, we've both got home, and like the people in the fairy tales we're going to stay here and be happy ever afterwards. Exchange.

"Round about town"-the suburbs.

Vegetable Boa Constrictors.

Portions of the South Pacific ocean produce a wonderful species of the seaweed called the "vegetable boa constrickep' it nice for funerals an' when I do tor." They are likely to be met with at any point between the lower point of southern California and the Sandwich Islands on the one side and between Chili and Australia on the other. These vinelike stranglers are frequently found tightly entwined about the body of a dead whale, shark or porpoise, but whether they had fastened upon the bodies of these dead sea animals before life had become extinct or had only ventured to attack the remains after the vital spark had fled are conumdrums which of course cannot be answered. Experiments made with this curious vine and the carcass of a porpoise washed ashore in the harbor at Apia tend to prove that the vine, like that of our common bean, will not entwine itself around anything dead, whether that thing be of vegetable or animal creation.

Dr. Chadbourne, in his "Annals of the Caroline Islands," says: "I have often seen monster specimens of macricystis (the giant seaweed) with every vestage of life squeezed out of them by that ocean demon, the constrictor vine, which is itself a species of seaweed. Macricysistis often grows to be from 20 to 30 inches in diameter and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length, while the constrictor vine seldom exceeds 100 feet in length and is never larger in diameter than a pound and a half salmon can. It is the 'squeeze snake' of the ocean, however, and woe to the unlucky man, animal or plant that comes within its reach."-St Louis Republican.

The Mahdi.

The mahdi's outward appearance was strangely fascinating; he was a man of strong constitution, very dark complexion and his face always wore a pleasant smile, to which he had, by long practice, accustomed himself. Under this smile gleamed a set of singularly white teeth, and between the two upper middle ones was a V shaped space, which in the Soudan is considered a sign that the owner will be lucky. The mahdi was well versed in the art of winning over people. His unruffled smile, pleasant manners, generosity and equable temperament, though at times somewhat severe, all tended to enhance the popular idea of him. He attributed the execution of Said Pasha and Ali Bey Sherif (the valiant defenders of El Obeid) to the Khalifa Abdullah, and when the two little sons of the latter were brought to him the smiling hypocrite wept for their father's

The popular belief in him and his cause almost amounted to worship. Women especially raved about him and thought him the most handsome of men. His virtues were extolled in poems, and constant reference was made to his good looks, wisdom, stature and to his repeated victories over the Turks. The beggars used to learn off by heart special in the Mahdi's Camp,"

He Threw Away the Cigar.

"George," she said softly, as she looked trustingly into his eyes. "What is it, dearest?" he asked ten-

"Don't you think, George," she said more forbidding apartment had never | slowly, "that you had better throw away

that cigar?" "Do you object to smoke, pet?" he asked. "Oh, no, George, dear George; not at

all," she replied quickly. "I rather like the smell of a good cigar, but-but"-"Does your mother object to cigar smoke in the house?"

"Oh, no; papa smokes here all the time, but-but"---

"But what, dearest?"

"But you are so forgetful, George, and-and-if you should forget to take the eigar out of your mouth you might -even a slight burn on my cheek, you know, would cause comment."

The cigar went into the grate, and a minute later there was nothing but a blush on a fair cheek to indicate that George would take a broad hint .- Detroit Free Press.

Longevity in England.

The death rate in the Peak of Derbyshire is so low that the district rivals in salubrity the American village which was so extraordinarily healthy that the inhabitants who wished to "shuffle off this mortal coil" had to migrate into a neighboring town. The mortality at Buxton is nine per 1,000; at the adjacent hamlet of Flash it is said that death takes only the very young and very old, the infant and the patriarch. The sexton can almost tell whose grave he will next dig. In a similar manner at Edale, under the shadow of Kinderscout, death goes by seniority.

At Tideswell, also in the "Peake Countrie," there was, quite recently, the funeral of a man sixty-four years of age, whose father and mother were still living in the parish, having been married sixty-seven years.—Sala's Journal.

Not to Be Outdone.

Governor Turney, of Tennessee, tells a good story and has a keen appreciation of fun. Once while his regiment was in winter quarters with a Georgia regiment a religious revival was started in camp. An officer told him one day that twelve of the Georgians had been converted.

"How many of our men professed Christianity?" he asked.

'None, sir." "What! what!" he said, "none of my men converted? It will never do for Georgia to get ahead of Tennessee. Sergeant, detail eighteen of my men for baptism at once."-New York World.

Merely a Hypothesis. One remarkable thing in Japan is the number of small children and babies which are strapped to the backs of other children. Heaven only knows where they come from. In Germany there is a legend to the effect that storks bring babies. Perhaps the great number of storks in Japan are engaged in the same pursuit.-Baltimore American.

CYCLING FOR CHILDREN.

Great Care Should Be Taken That Injury Does Not Result from It.

Dr. E. B. Turner, in considering the question whether young children be-tween the ages, say, of six and twelve, should be allowed to cycle, and if allowed how much they may indulge in the pastime without incurring the risk of injury, maintains that the subject is one on which no man can pronounce dogmatically or lay down strict and invariable rules concerning. What for one small boy or girl might be merely healthy and beneficial exercise, for another might mean physical ruin. But while each case must be judged on its merits, one fundamental principle must be clearly enunciated-namely, that no young child with any organic weakness, whether of heart, lungs, joints or nervous system, should be allowed to mount a machine under any circumstances whatever.

Setting aside such natural disqualifications, the exercise of cycling, properly regulated and adjusted to the capabilities of the individual, is unquestionably one of the best forms of recreation that can be partaken of by children of both sexes at an early age. It develops the body, and the self reliance and resource entailed by the management of a machine tend to strengthen and enlarge the mental and intellectual faculties. A few simple precautions, however, may insure good and avert evil results. As to the age that a child should begin, for most children six is quite early, and even for some six is too early. Great care should be taken in choosing and fitting a machine to a young rider. An old, ill fitting crock may produce deformity or disease.

Two things that must be insisted on in buying either a bicycle or a tricycle for a young rider are that the peak of the saddle should be two inches behind the crank axle, and that the handles should be so brought around and back that the child can sit perfectly upright on the machine. As to the distance the child may ride no absolute rule can be laid down. Overexertion must be carefully guarded against, and a sleepless night and a distaste for food is one of the indications that the system is poisoned by the products of its own waste. It must be remembered that excessive speed is more injurious than excessive distance, and excessive hill climbing than either.

The conclusion arrived at by Dr. Turner is that a sound child, six years old, properly fitted with a machine, and riding in proper form and position, may cycle within the limits of moderation and derive benefit and suffer no harm from the exercise .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Super-titions of Scotch Fishermen.

Some still existing superstitions among fishermen are communicated by a resident. At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be a male or female. If it is a male their fishing laudatory verses, and by reciting them may be expected to be a poor one; if a from house to house they were sure to be given alms,—"Ten Years' Captivity ever, the skipper secures it and hides it away, salting it and laying it aside for the season. The boat must not be turned against the sun.

Certain animals considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares, and pigs. Fishermen do not like to lend anything to a neighboring boat lest their luck should go with it. If they lend a match they will contrive-secretly if possible-to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck. Their dislike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the this may have stolen their luck with it. To ask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons with certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded names being different in different villages .-Fraserburg Free Press.

Rough Experiences.

David Christie Murray, the novelist, writes: "Eight or ten years ago I was sitting in the Savage club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily, and he was talking rather too humbly, as I thought, about his own career. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park.' One of the party turned to me. 'You cap that, Christie?' I answered, 'Four nights on the embankment, four days hungry.' My left hand neighbor was a poet, and he chimed in laconically, 'Five.' In effect it proved that there was not one of us who had not slept in that Hotel of the Beautiful Star which is always open to everybody. We had all been frequent guests there and now we were all prosperous and had found other and more comfortable lodgings."

Fat in the Body.

Fat stored in the body as adipose tissue is a bank on which the body may draw for supplies of energy and heat when required. It is stated that in the Franco-German war of 1870 the German emperor, acting on the strongly expressed opinion of Ebstein, that muscular fatigue could be best supported on fat, gave orders that each coldier should have served out to him 250 grams of fat becon. It is also a well known fact that fat animals bear privation of food better than thin ones .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Hardest Work of All.

Few poets had more admirers among women than Whittier had, and this admiration frequently took personal form. One day his sister, in her slow, Quaker fashion, was describing these eruptions:
"Thee hast no idea," she said, "of the time Greenleaf spends in trying to lose these people on the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says, 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him." To this Whittier pathetically added, "But I can never lose a her." -San Francisco Argonaut.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE FINEST

DELAWARE LACKAWANNA &

NORTH.

WESTERN RAILROAD. BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.

| STATIONS. | NORTH. | NORTH. | NORTHUMBERLAND. | 6 39 1 00 | Cameron | 6 35 | ... | 5 53 | Cameron | 6 35 | ... | 5 53 | Cameron | 6 35 | ... | 5 53 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 25 10 76 8 55 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 25 10 76 8 55 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 25 10 76 8 55 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 25 10 76 8 55 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 25 10 76 8 55 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | Catawissa | Catawissa | 7 05 2 26 10 79 8 60 | Catawissa | C

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. R. DIV. AND N. C. R'Y

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

In effect Dec. 18, 1892, Trains leave Sunbury
RASTWARD.

9:48 a. m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for
Barrisburg and intermediave stations arriving
at Philadelphia 3:00 p. m.; New York 5:50 p. m.;
Baltimore, 3:10 p. m.; New York 5:50 p. m.;
Baltimore, 3:10 p. m.; Washington 4:30 p. m.
connecting at Philadelphia for all sea Shopoints. Passenger coaches 10 Philadelphi
Baltimore. Parlor car to Philadelphia.
1-55 p. m. Train 8, (Daily except Sunday), for
Barrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving
at Philadelphia at 6:50 p. m.; New York, 9:35 p.
m.; Baltimore 6:45 p. m.; Washingto 8:15 p. m.
Parlor cars to Philadelphia and passenger
coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.
5:25 p. m. Train 12 (Daily except Sunday) for
Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving
at Philadelphia 19:55 p. m. New York 3:50 s,
m., Baltimore 10:40 r. m., Washington 4:10 a.
m., Passenger coach to I hiladelphia.
8:92 p. m.—Train 6, (Daily), for Harrisburg and
all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia
and New York. Philadelphia passengerscan remain in a seper undisturbed until 7 a. m.
1:20 a. m.—Qally), for Harrisburg and intar
mediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a
m., New York 9:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. rn.
Washington 7:30 a. m., Pullman Sleepling cars
to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.
6:36 a. m.—Train 16 (Daily), for Harrisburg

to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

4:36 a. m.—Train 16 (Daily,) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Baltimore v55 a. m. and Washington 10:16 a. m and Paliman sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washington, and Passenger coaches to Baltimore, Washington, and Passenger coaches to Baltimore.

WESTWAKD.

2:04 a. m.—Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches to Rochester.

Falls, with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger conches to Kochester.

5:10 a. m.—Train 3 (Daily.) for Erie. Canandabgua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Battaio and Niagara Falls, with Pullman palace carsto Erie and Elmira and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

5:56—Train 15 (Daily.) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1:35 p. m.—Train 11 (Daily except Sunday) for Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations. Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Farior car to Rochester.

5:31 p. m.—Train 1, (Daily except Sunday) Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9:25 p.fm.—Train 1; (Daily except Sunday) for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

7:10 p. m.—Train 21, Sunday only for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:20 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:55 a. m.

burg, 8:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:55 a. m.

Train 11—Leaves Ph ladelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:42 a. m., daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 1:35 with Parior car from Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1—Leaves New York 9:00 a. m., Philadelphia 11:40 a. m., Washington 10:15 a. m., Baltimore 11:10 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 5:29 p. m. with passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2:00 p. m., Philadelphia 4:35 p. m., Washington 3:15 p. m., Baltimore 4:20 p. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 9:25 p. m. Through Coach and Parior car from Philadelphia.

Train 9 leaves New York 6:30 p. m., Philadelphia 9:20 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Baltimore 8:45 p. m., (Daily except Saturday,) arriving at Sunbury, 2:04 a. m. with Pullman Scepling cars and passenger coaches from Washington and Baltimore.

Train 3 leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:40 p. m., (Daily,) arriving at Funbury 5:10 a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 21—Leaves New York 12:60 noon, Philadelphia. Train 21—Leaves New York 12:60 noon, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore.

Train 21—Leaves New York 12:60 noon, Philadelphia 2:25 p. m., Washington 1:10 p. m., Baitimore 2:15 p. m., Sunday only, arriving at Sunbury 7:10 p. m.

SUNBURY HAZLETON, & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD, AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday')

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes Parre 12 10 p. m. Hazleton 12:15 n. m. Pottaville 1:25 p. m. arriving at Williamsport to 1 Vilkes-Barre. Train 11 leaves Sunbury 5:35 p. m. arriving at Wilcom Ferry 6:26 p. m., Wilkes-Barre 7:30 p. m. liazleton 7:55 p. m. Pottaville 1:50 p. m. Pottaville 5:35 p. m.

Through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre. Train 8 leaves Wilkes-Barre 7:25 a. m. Pottaville 6:00 a. m., Hazleton 7:10 a. m., priving at Bloom Ferry 8:47 a. m., Sunbury 9:35 f. m.

Through Coach Wilkes-Barre 1:25 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 8:37 a. m., Sunbury 9:35 f. m.

Through Coach Wilkes-Barre to Wilkinsport-Train 10 leaves Pottaville 1:50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 1:43 a. m., sunbury 9:15 p. m.

Through Coach Wilkes-Barre to Harrisburg.

SUNDAY THAINS.

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:50 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:43 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

Train 26 leaves Wilkes-Barre 4:40 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:43 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

Train 28 leaves Wilkes-Barre 4:40 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:43 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

Train 28 leaves Wilkes-Barre 4:40 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:43 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

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