

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

TEDDY'S LAMENT.

"But one week more—I can't believe  
Vacation's passed so soon."

"Of course I went camping out  
Ten days on Bullrush Lake;  
Had lovely days and fairer nights;  
Not once it rained the while;

I fished and went a-hunting, too,  
Took boat rides every day;  
How many lovely tramps I took,  
I'm sure I couldn't say.

I spent two weeks on grandpa's farm,  
Ate berries ripe and red;  
I got the cow 'most every night,  
And grandma's chickens fed.

I learned to milk the moosey-cow,  
Helped grandma churn the cream,  
I slept real early every night,  
Rose at the dawn's first gleam.

I celebrated, too, the Fourth,  
With glorious lot of noise,  
From crackers, caps and other works,  
Just like the other boys.

I went to socials and lawn fetes,  
To picnics and to parks,  
And now that horrid school board puts  
An end to all our larks.

"If I were boss that would not be,  
I'd change things round quite soon;  
I'd have school called at ten o'clock,  
And end before 'twas noon.

I'd have vacation nine whole months,  
Have school the other three,  
With half a holiday each week,  
And all the Fridays free.

—Berthe M. Schweizer, in Youth's Companion.

THE STORY OF SMUGGY.

Or, Why Clem and Patty Didn't Steal the Apples.

"Let's slip down into the Gray orchard and get a few apples on the big tree by the wall," said Clem.

"All right," answered Patty. "There's such a lot of them, and not more than half of them will ever be picked."

Patty put her hand up to her lips a few moments later. She stopped short in the lane, too.

"Why, Clem," she said, slowly. "There's a family just moved into the Gray house. I'd forgotten all about it."

"Oh, they won't see us. They'll be too busy getting their things fixed up in the house. And papa said he knew they wouldn't be a bit stingy, like old Squire Gray used to be. Come on. We'll just get a few apples anyway."

Patty hesitated a little before she went on, and when at last she said: "Guess they will be too busy to look out of the windows much," it was not in a very decided tone of voice.

"We'll go around by the hill this time, and they will be sure not to see us," Clem sturdily answered.

So Patty went trudging on with her brother, for the way he had named seemed a very safe one, though the knolls made it rather hard and rough for both their feet. By and by, as they came nearer the orchard, they both heard a brisk hammering in the Gray house, which made it quite plain to Clem that the new neighbors were very busy.

"Just as I told you," he said, with a triumphant toss of his head. "And then, before Patty had time to answer a word, out flew a dog from behind a stone wall, and 'Bow-wow-wow!' sounded his shrill little voice."

Clem started to run, but Patty took him by the sleeve as she laughingly said: "He don't mean to bite. Just see his tail waggle. It's the way our good old Bose used to do, and he never hurt anybody."

"Seems like it," Clem answered as he stopped, though he did not look as if he were yet fully convinced about the matter.

Just then a kind voice called from the Gray house: "Smuggly, Smuggly, come here." The dog stopped his barking and wagged his tail still faster.

When Patty spoke the dog's name he seemed greatly pleased, though he walked off toward the house as if he must obey at once.

"Funny name for a dog," said Clem. "Yes, indeed," answered Patty, "but he must be nice."

queer name. And he got it fixed on him just because he—took things that didn't belong to him, on the sly. Just got it tied to him so that he can't shake it off any way.

"We are something like him in eating apples the way we started out to go today," said Patty. "That's what I couldn't help thinking about. And its queer enough we had to hear a story that made us see ourselves so. Hope the boys haven't made up any nicknames about us, because we have been to the Gray place orchard so much."

"Guess they haven't, and we'll take care they don't have a chance to do it over anything like that. Just think how it would sound to be called smuggy all the time."

And Clem looked straight into Patty's face as he was making some very good resolutions about how he would behave himself in the future.—Morning Star.

GOOD QUALITIES TO HAVE.

Facts Concerning a Man Who Succeeded in Business.

He was industrious in youth. He entered business life when at the age of seventeen.

He had no place in his thoughts for dishonorable deeds. He endeavored himself to his father. He did his duty, no matter what men said.

He had composure under trying indignities. He spent his nights in thought and his days in labor. He had undue advantages taken of him.

He was willing to begin in a menial position. He could stand the closest kind of scrutiny.

He soon discovered to others that he had a high character. He strove to please and was consequently trusted.

He grew into a place of commanding responsibility. He was good natured and evenly balanced.

He placed a high premium upon his honor. He knew what it was to have reverses.

He could win his way into favor with any man. He was executive in his very make up. He had a prime characteristic, that of faithfulness.

He aimed to enlarge the affairs under his charge. He sympathized with men in their business difficulties.

He knew how to unravel business tangles. He thought of himself last when helping others.

He found men ungrateful for help given them. He was needed finally for a place no one else could fill.

He was not afraid to pass examinations on required capabilities. He outlined a far-reaching business policy.

He impressed men that he possessed rare merit. He became secretary of finance in one of the renowned nations.

He enjoyed great public favor and preferment for eighty years. He helped those related to him out of financial troubles.

He never returned evil for evil to his worst enemies. He died a peaceful death, aged one hundred and ten years.

There are many just like the Joseph described in the thirty-seventh, thirty-ninth, forty-first, forty-ninth and fiftieth chapters of Genesis.—Young Men's Era.

PUZZLERS FOR A COMPANY.

A Triplet of Riddles in Verse and Their Answers.

The next time you are asked to tell a riddle, the others among the company having told one, give this one. The answer is a postage-stamp.

A Big Bargain.

William Ann—You haven't got a cook here that would weigh, say, two hundred pounds, have you?

Intelligence Lady—Mercy, no! Why must you have such a big one?

William Ann—My wife bought a forty-eight cent for eight cents, and she wants a cook she can give it to.—Puck.

And He Left.

"Rose," said the adorer, taking his hat and cane for the seventh time, and making the third bluff at leaving since eleven o'clock, "Rose, bid me but hope. I could wait for you forever."

"That's all very well, Mr. Staylate," said the beautiful girl, coldly, "but you needn't begin to-night."—Chicago Record.

He Envises the Czar.

Grocer—Mr. Slowpay, do you know why the czar of Russia would make a success in the grocery business?

Mr. Slowpay—I don't think I do.

Grocer—Well, it's because he doesn't trust anybody.—Texas Sittings.

A Degree Worse.

"Well, Johnny, how are you? Do you find dollars scarce, as everybody else does?"

"I am worse off than that. I even find half dollars scarce."—Brooklyn Life.

CLOSURE.

Lily White—Did you have many offers during the summer?

Phoebe Bird—Many? Why, I had to limit the proposal speeches to five minutes.—Puck.

When Obedience Is Easy.

He—What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey anyone?

She—Oh, yes; she obeys her husband implicitly.

He—Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then.

She—Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.—Boston Globe.

Muddled and Cholmondeley.

Tommy—Here's a queer word, nurse. It's spelled m-u-d-d-l-e-d.

Nurse (gazing long and earnestly at it)—I can't make it out, Tommy, unless it's some new dood way of spellin' mustard. I knowed a man in Ireland once what spelled his name Charlie, Mandelay, but called it Chunly. Maybe this is one of his spellin's.—Harper's Bazar.

A Triumph.

Mr. Parvenu (to his wife who has just returned from the seaside)—Well, did you make an impression on society, my love?

B. F. SHARPLESS, Pres. N. U. FUNK, Sec. C. H. CAMPBELL, Treas.

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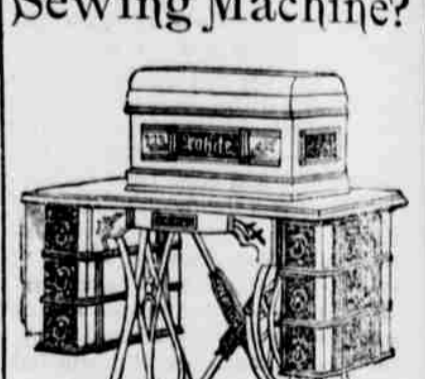
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Ware-rooms, Main Street below Market.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods: Butter per lb., Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb., Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, Wheat per bushel, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour per bbl., Hay per ton, Potatoes per bushel, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes per peck, Cranberries per qt., Tallow per lb., Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, per qt., Dried apples per lb., Dried cherries, pitted, Raspberries, Cow Hides per lb., Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus., Corn meal, cwt., Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens per lb., Turkeys, Geese, Ducks.

COAL. No. 6, delivered, 4 and 5, 6 at yard, 4 and 5 at yard.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair, Promotes a luxuriant growth, Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling out, and is sold at 50c per bottle.