

NOTES FROM GOTHAM.

DEDICATION OF SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

A Notable Celebration—Evidences of Public Sympathy—A Handsome Building—The Peculiar and Successful Work of the Salvation Army.

The dedication of the new national headquarters of the Salvation Army, which took place this week, was a most interesting event to those who are concerned in the moral and religious movements of the day.



Salvation Army Headquarters.

day and evening. There was an afternoon parade of over one thousand members of the army under Capt. Dunham. All the high officials of the organization in this vicinity, including Commander Hallington Booth and wife, and various visiting dignitaries, took part in the parade.

The new building was erected at a cost of \$150,000, on ground that cost \$200,000. It is eight stories high, has 74 feet frontage, and is 127 feet deep.

The building is intended as a general headquarters for the Army in the United States. No doubt its erection will be a great stimulus to the efforts of the Salvationists.

One cannot but surmise that these simple and rather uncouth Salvationists much more nearly resemble the early Christians in zeal and method of work than the fashionable members of modern churches do.

Two Texas doctors met on the street. "I feel sorry for you. You ought not to be out in this kind of weather. You are a sick man," said Dr. Blister. "I am not feeling very well," replied Dr. Snotover.

Gen. Booth. ing to aid the fallen is not pleasant work. The sights, sounds and smells work. The sights, sounds and smells of the slums are not such as to attract the selfish or dainty.

Recognized an Old Customer. Police Magistrate — This ain't the first time you've been arrested fur bein' drunk.

WHEN YOUR WIFE'S AWAY.

Divertions of the Married Man Left Home Alone in Summer Time.

The observant stay-at-home—one who does a little prowling at night—cannot fail to notice the increasing number of midnight lamps which illuminate the shades of the second-story windows.

Yes, the number of midnight lamps is increasing, for no sooner does the deserted husband find himself privileged to do as he pleases, and free from that call-so harassing when he is in the middle of an excited story—"John, aren't you coming to bed?"—that he buys and borrows quantities of "all-overish" literature, turns on all the gas, gets out a bottle of something wet and a plate of something dry, and proceeds to take his summer read.

The summer is the only season in which he is able to gratify the hunger of his dearest wish—that of reading in bed. For, no matter where he may select his bedroom—upstairs or down—his light is sure to disturb his sensitive partner, and to inspire repeated protests against his unreasonable course.

Then after he has taken the whole family to the train, seen that the luggage is on, put all the bags and bundles and the three children in the wrong sections and then had to change them all back again, after he has gone back again to the ticket office to see why their sections are not all together and then had to run back in order to get the checks to his wife before the train pulled out; after he has received any number of hasty moist kisses and bear-like hugs from the boys, he rushes out, steps from the moving train with the air of a man who can do that sort of thing extremely well, and saunters up the street in a careless, objectless sort of way.

There in the airy solitude of the second story, with the doors and windows wide open and the gas all on, he plunges into the adventures of Stanley Weyman's heroes, perchance, forsaking the moderns, goes back to the "Three Musketeers."

One o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock strike, and still he reads. At first he reads glibly as one who fears to be surprised in some criminal act, but by the end of the week he will have grown accustomed to doing as he pleases and will no longer expect to hear the voice of rebuke from his drowsy mate.—Buffalo Courier.

On Gray Hair.

Gray hair by no means shows a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may exist with great bodily vigor.

Professional Courtesy. Two Texas doctors met on the street. "I feel sorry for you. You ought not to be out in this kind of weather. You are a sick man," said Dr. Blister.

Had Many Trying Experiences.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—I presume you have to endure more or less hardship in such a new country as this, Mr. Harps?

Recognized an Old Customer. Police Magistrate — This ain't the first time you've been arrested fur bein' drunk.

In a Barber Shop. Barber—If my plan was adopted there would be no more bald heads.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

More are overcome by drink than by the 'eat.

Old age is the twilight of eternity.—Baronne d'Huart.

Stick to your flannels these days if you like a Turkish bath.

A pessimist is a man with a near-sighted soul.—New York Press.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—Michael Angelo.

We can finish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning and bequeath a notable example.—Smiles.

Train up a hired girl in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she will go.—Rockland Tribune.

A St. Louis man set a camera to take a burglar, but by some chance the burglar took the camera.—Yonkers Statesman.

He was a wise man who was grateful there were so many things he could do without. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Father—My son, no man ever accomplished much who talked at his work? Son—How about a lawyer, dad?—Detroit Free Press.

Learning maketh young men tem, perate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—Cicero.

"When er man talks er tremenjus sight 'bout what a good frien' ob your'n he is," said Uncle Eben, "listen ter 'im, but doan' trade hosses wid 'im."

She kept the gift of the fairy—the beautiful gift—to the end; and whenever her heart touched another she found the heart of a friend.—M. E. Sangster.

One of the sweetest traits of the good housewife is that she always believes she can stretch a carpet better than her husband can.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Didn't that wax figure of the Czar lying in state look natural?" "Yes; very life-like. Why, it just looked like a live man lying there dead!"—Norristown Herald.

"Mein frau!en, I am over head and ears in love with you!" "Really! But my cousin has told me the same thing." "Yes; but my ears are longer than his!"—Dorjbarber.

"How's business?" asked the hot-tamale man of the fruit vender with the push-cart. "Oh, I'm running behind!" replied the vender, as he trotted on.—Yonkers Statesman.

"De man wif er fightin' nature," said Uncle Eben, "orter be kyahful how he handles his own weapons. His an' powful had-der sympathize wif er bee dar's stung by its own stinger."

Gambetta once offered a prefecture, with a salary of six thousand francs, to an incorrigible Bohemian, who, however, declined with thanks, saying: "I can make more than that by borrowing."

Mr. Kansas—Yes, sir; a whole passenger train was held up while crossing the Missouri River the other day. Lord Blazonberry—Ah, by the bridge, I suppose? Was that considered remarkable?—Brooklyn Life.

Aunt Ann—Do you mean to tell me that them Hillies actually served claret punch at their gatherings? How wicked! Maud Edith (who sampled some of the punch)—Not wicked, aunt, merely weak.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Mr. Flushey—Did you know that Jazblin beats his wife almost every night in the week? Mrs. Flushey—No; does he? Oh, the monster! Mr. Flushey—Oh, I don't know about that; you see, he plays a much better game than she does.—Roxbury (Mass.) Gazette.

"Did ye ever hear of those priests in India," said Ragged Reginald, the tramp, "that stick needles through their cheeks an' burns their skin jes' fur fun?" "That ain't nothin'," replied Cadging Clarence; "I know a man that tuck a bath every day 'cause he said he liked it!"—Detroit Tribune.

"Helen," said Mr. Whykins, "what's the difference between a woman and an umbrella?" "The difference," she answered serenely, "is that a man isn't afraid to take an umbrella with him wherever he goes, and that he doesn't try to conceal the fact that it's above him when a real emergency arrives. That's the principal difference, Henry."—Washington Star.

NOTED BEAUTIES.

Jenny Lind was petite, and a blonde of the Swedish type.

Sappho is said by the Greek writers to have been a blonde.

According to the teachings of at least one rabbi Eve was a blonde.

The Empress Elizabeth of Russia was one of the stoutest women of her time.

The Fair Rosamond was an English blonde, with fair hair and blue or light-gray eyes.

Aspasia was a typical Greek beauty, with regular features and very large expressive eyes.

Mrs. Siddons was large, with very striking features and an air of great personal dignity.

Mme. de Montespan had beautiful eyes. Several of the poets of her time celebrated their praises.

Catalini, the famous soprano, was of medium height, and had irregular though very pleasing features.

Jazebel, the Queen of Ahab, according to one of the rabbis, had "black eyes that were set on fire of hell."

The Empress Anna of Russia was very portly, and the fleshiness of her face greatly detracted from its good looks.

SCATTERED SEEDS.

Our nets make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Don't choose the shady side of life and then grumble because it is not brighter.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table with 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, 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 new, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks.

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Get a Glass! Quick! HIRES' Rootbeer. There's lots of snap and vim in this HIRES' Rootbeer.