EVERLASTING FIRE.

the Parson Lost His Klondike

"It appears to me," remarked the Rev. Mr. Tender Foote to one of his parishioners, "that there has been a sudden falling off in the attendance at our place of worship. Have you any idea as to what may be the cause of

our place of worship. Have you any idea as to what may be the cause of this defection?"

"Wal, parson," replied Chikoot Charlle, the person to whom these remarks were addressed. "I reckon I could make a purty close guess at the reason why the boys hev quit goin' to church. The fact is I don't think yer hit it jest right in yer sermon Sunday afore last."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the dominie. "I rather prided myself upon that sermon, rathre prided myself upon that sermon, What fault do they find with it? Was it not orthodox?"

"You've got me thar, parson. Not bein' a connosoor in such things, I kain't exactly say whether it wuz orthydox er homepath, but anyway it satact me ez not bein' pertickler weil' cuited to ther needs of this here community."

"Ah. I see. I presume I failed to

"Ah, I see. I presume I failed to clothe my thoughts in sufficiently sim-

ple language."
"No, that wasn't the trouble, parson. The boys ain't so slow but what they kin savvy most any kind of talk, even if they air a lettle keerless about their own langwidge; but that sermon of yourn wasn't exactly the kind that would make 'em want ter foller the straight an' narrow path, if you'll excuse me fer bein' so free. Ye see, yer laid it on purty thick about the Noo Jerulalem bein' paved with gold an' all that, an' then ye went on ter say all that, an' then ye went on ter say that the other place wuz full of ever-

all that, an' then ye went on ter say that the other place wuz full of everlastin' fre."

"But surely there is nothing wrong in that."

"Mebbe not, parson, mebbe not, I don't say but what that kind of talk might ketch the people in the States, but up here in the Klondike country it's different. I heerd some of the boys sayin' after the sermon that if it come to a choice between gold pavements an' everlasting' fire they'd take the fire ev'ry time. An'ye kain't blame 'memetér is down to fifty below zero an' still a droppin'. "A Klondike Episode.

Frost-Bitten Pete was lounging in a Comper of the bays of the Glazier House."

Nor is this the first situation saved by Irish wit.

A Klondike Episode.

Frost-Bitten Pete was lounging in a corner of the bar of the Glazier House, taking no interest in the joilification that was in progress. A tenderfoot who had just come shivering over the trail was being warmed up by a gang of choice spirits who kept him busy dancing and swallowing chunks of frozen rhiskey. As the new-comer warmed up and the deadly-liquor began to thaw he became desperate, and with a quick twist of his hand whipped a revolver from his pocket. It was as pretty a 22-calibre revolver as was ever seen on the Klondike.

22-calibre revolver as was ever seen on the Klondike.

With a blood-curdling roar FrostBitten Pete jumped into the crowd and,
caught the tenderfoot by the wrist.

"Gimme that!" he said grasping at
the enamelled toy.

The startled tenderfoot made no re-

sistance.
"Here," said the burly desperado,
"Here," said the preparing cannon "Here," said the burry desperado, handing over a small repeating cannon that he drew from his belt; "don't ay that I disarmed you. If you wand to mix with these gentlemen go on. I just want the loan of this little thing antil to-morrow morning, for Ava-lanche Sall has agreed to accept a pair of earrings I have made for her if I will pierce her ears for her, and I think this little thing will do the trick to

This public confession that he was in This public contession that he was in love accounted for his quietness during the first part of the jollification, and as she tenderfoot was quick-witted enough to ask all hands to drink to the prospective bride, what might have been a tragedy ended in a glorious drunk.—

Journal.

Wants His Leg Back.

After thirty years of hobbling about the world on crutches, General Daniel E. Sickles is about to petition the Government he frught for to give back to him his leg.

He lost it in "Bloody Angle," at Gettysburg. It found its way by devious ways into the Army Museum at Washington.

Blackened with the erosion of years, stripped & wn to the bare and shattered bones, it hangs on two brass rods, cheek by jowl with the articulated gkeleton of a walrus.

Here every year the old General seeks it out, gazing dumbly at it, with an unuterable longing to have it buried, as the dead past which it represents is buried.

"It is my leg," the old here arsues.

"It is my leg," the old hero argues, "and it belongs to me now just as much "and it belongs to me now just as much as it did when my battal n went into action on the second day of Gettys-

There is no label upon the leg of the agor General to blazon these facts to Major General to blazon these the public, for, as a matter of fact, the Army Medical Museum at Washington Army Medical Museum at Washington thes not encourage amateur investigation into either its records or its specimen cases. The leg has no place of special prominence. It is simply in the "shot fracture" case with a lot of others, and only its size and character distinguish it. But General Sickles knows that it is his, and, whether from sentiment or superstition, he wants it. He will, it is said, petition Congress to restore the member, if the museum authorities continue to hold it against his will.

on Grand for His Toste.

Too Grand for His Taste.

After the failure of Le Grand B.
Lockwood, some years ago, his magnificent place at Stamford, including furniture and fixtures, was advertised for cale. Among the rich men who visited his bruse with the view of purchasing was Thomas L Scott, then president of the Pennsylvania railroad. It happened that he remained late in the evening the Pennsylvania railroad. It happened that he remained late in the evening and had to remain all night. Bedtime approached, and he went to his room. Presently there was a tugging at bells, followed by an inrush of servants. "Get me an old blanket," said the autocrat of the biggest railroad system in the world. "Any old thing will do. I want to sleep on the floor." Nothing could induce him to touch the bed. The cheets had a lace border a foot wide the sight of which filled the simple old magnate with fear, and trembling.—Pittbeurg Dispatch. PAT AND THE ADMIRAL

Or How a Situation Was Saved by Irish

A strict rule promulgated by every successive commandant at the Navy Yard prohibits smoking on Mare Island under the most stringent penalties. Admiral Miller, sauntering one recent afternoon through a distant part of the island, says the San Francisco Wave, came upon an Irish Laborer digging a trench, and smoking a short, blacm pipe, He was puffing away serenely, unconscious of the regulations and with evident enjoyment. The Admiral, who was in undress uniform, stopped.

unconscious of the regulations and white evident enjoyment. The Admiral, who was in undress uniform, stopped.
"Don't you know, sir, that smoking is absolutely prohibited in the Navy Yard?" he said.

The Irishman looked up and, with a

The Irishman looked up and, with a kindly smile, answered:

"Indiade, that's true, but here am I all be meself, wid not a sowl to say a wurrud to, and I thrught I'd take a puff or two to re'ave the silence."

"The regulations are explicit, sir," rebuked the Admiral, "and the silence does not excuse you. What's your name, s't?"

"An' who may you be anyway?" ask-

"An' who may you be, anyway?" asked the Irishman.
"I'm Admiral Miller."
"Ah, 'tis the new Armiral ye are.
"Tis the fat job ye have, Admiral. Be careful to kape it. Me name's Pat McGinals."
Report at my acceptance.

Ghuis."
Report at my office this afternoon whout fail, McGinnis," said Miller, who could hardly keep from laughing. At five o'clock poor Patrick, who had made up his mind there would be the aveil to pay, tramped over to headquarters, and the orderly ushered him into the dreaded presence of the Admiral, who said:



"Air't you afraid your house on Mad-lson avenue will be robbed while you are away?"
"There is no danger. Old Jackson sleeps there every night."
"But he is old and feeble, and could offer but little resistance to burglars."
"That makes no difference. He snores so loud and peculiar that the burglars with try to get into the house think there are at least three mn in-side, and run for their lives."

He Ceuldn't be Discouraged.

Comedian Jimmy Cook, the clever vaudeville artist, is a native of this ity, born and raised on the West Side, James, during his boyhood days, was what is termed a clever "sidewalk comedian"—that is, he was a great entertainer and jolly good fellow among his associates. About twelve years ago the idea of amateur nights at the museums, then in their prime, was suggested, and many who had, and many who had, and many who had, and many who had, and many who had it talent were induced to make an appearance on the museum stage. Cook got mixed up with one of these assemblages mixed up with one of these assemblages one night, and as he could dance and sing a bit and tell what he thought were funny stories, he decided to give himself a trial. Manager Frank Drew, himself a trial. Manager Frank Drew, who on these occasions was more particular to secure bad talent, and the worse the better, than he was to have good, readily consented to Mr. Cook's proposition. The act was so bad it was funny, but Mr. Cook thought it was all right, for after that he insisted upon goright, for after that he insisted upon ging on at every performance, there being ten or the ve each day. To this arrangement Mr. Drew seriously objected, but the objection cut no ice with Jimmy. He went on just the same, and kept doing so, until he became a perfect pest about the museum; so much to, in fact, that Mr. Drew was finally obliged to hire an extra man to keep him off the stage. This was twelve years ago and it is quite different now. Mr. Drew has to salaam to Mr. Cook in order to keep him on the stage, and the green boy with the bad act is one of the leading comedians of the day.

The following story from the St. Louis Globe Democrat illustrates sev-

eral things:
When J. W. Sherwood, now general superintendend of the Clover Leat, was superintendent of the Big Four, he had to discharge a brakeman for violation to discharge a brakeman for violation of rules. The man hung about the office, asking for a letter of recommendation. To get rid of him, Mr. Sherwood told W. A. Sullivan, who was his chief clerk, to write the letter. This Mr. Sullivan did. The man went out, and returned in half an hour.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Sherwood

Sherwood.
"That letter you gave me is all right,

WHISTLED ANNIE LAURIE.

He Then Proceeded to Clean Out the Clinic.

He Then Proceeded to Clean Out the Clinic.

Dr. Edward Ricketts, of Cincinati, is one of the largest men physically and mentally in the Southern Surgical and gynecological association. He is known as a daring and skillful operator, and has achieved reputation by his contributions to medical journals on abdominal surgery. Those who know the doctor say he is as brave ordinarily as Julius Ceasar. Yet, like the Styx-dipped Achilles, he has a vulnerable spot. The story told on the general surgeon come from his home, Cincinati. He was invited by a fellow physican to be present at a peculiarly difficult demonstration. Dr. Ricketts was late in arriving, and was forced to take a position on the outer edge of the circle of doctors and students. Nothing had been said about the condition of the subject, and he supposed it was a cadaver. The figure was that of a glant Teuton, and to all appearances was perfectly rigid. Not a muscle stirred and no breathing was perceptible.

The location of the operation was exposed, and the operator, grasping his knife, advanced to the patient. As the cold steel touched the flesh, a startling thing happened. From beneath the flaxen mustache of the form on the taurie," whistled clearly distinctly. The effect on the company was electrical. The operating surgeon's knife fell with a rattle to the floor, the students rushed for the door, and the older physicians stood transfixed with amazement. Clear and sweet came the notes of the old song, even to the last bar. Then the tune was switched to "Die Wacht am Rhein." By the time this was completed the room was empty of students, but the veteran physicians remained at their posts. Suddenly the cubbet sat up. As he gazed over the row of white-approned figures a wild light sprang into his eyes. With a yell he leaped from the table, and dealt the nearest physician a stunning blow in the face; then he attacked the others. Chairs, tables book cases were demolnearest physician a stunning blow in the face; then he attacked the others. Chairs, tables book cases were demol-

The physicians got outside and wait-ed the cooling of the German's passion. Gradually be became calmer until at last he sank exhausted in a chair. The medical men advanced in a body and demanded an explanation. The patient

medical men advanced in a body and demanded an explanation. The patient could give none. For a time he was crazy. Dr. Ricketts was informed that the man had been under the initioence of an anaesthetic and was asked to assist in the operation.

The patient insisted that the work go on, and chloroform was substituted for ether. The knives were brought cut and an incision was about to be made, when the second time, the strains of "Annie Laurie" fell upon the ears of the company. This time there was no cleiny. Everybody except Dr. Ricketts field to the street. A few moments later he too, had to seek refuge from the hige list of the German, who was again on the rampage. After this second cutbreak the demonstration was abandoned. The strange consequences of the anaesthetic were never satisfactorily explained by the medical fraternity, but to this day Dr. Ricketts cannot hear the strains of the old Scotch song without quaking in his shoes and dodging imaginary blows.—St. Louis Post-

Sewed Up for the Winter.
Teachers in the public schools of a large city hear many stories, some of them amusing, some of them pathetic. A young woman who teaches in a kindergarten in Boston, upon learning that one of her pupils was sick, went to visit her.
The teacher had been to Katte's home before and so hed no difficulty in find.

I The teacher had been to Katie's home before, and so had no difficulty in finding the two little rooms at the top of a tenement house where Katie and her mother lived. The mother was absent, and Katie, well wrapped up, was sitting up in bed.

After the usual inquiries and condolences, the teacher noticed that the little girl seemed to speak with some difficulty, and said:

"Katie, I am going to examine your lungs."

"Katle, I am going to examine your lungs."
"Yes'm," responded the child, dutifully, and Miss C. began to loosen the child's walst. After removing it, she found layer after layer of flannel, which she unfastened with some difficulty. Satisfying herself that there was no danger of pneumonia, she began to replace the child's dress, when Katle began to cry.
"Mother'll be awful mad at you when the gets home and finds what you've

che gets nome that done?"
"Why, Katle, what have I done?"
"You've unfastened all my flannels, and ma had just got me sewed up for the winter."—Youth's Companion.

The Discovery of Gold

Measures are being taken to make the parade of the golden Jublee, celebrating the discovery of gold in California, the finest pageant ever seen on this coast, says a correspondent in the New York Tribune. Prizes will be offered for the most artistic floats, and every effort will be made to give a realistic history of the state. All survivors of pioneer days will have places in the procession, and there will be a liberal representation of cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, Indians and prospectors. Probably the generation will be a reproduction of an old emigrant train, with actual "prairie schooners" used by the pioneers, and with real Indians was formerly harassed the emigrants and attacked them when they were careless or weak in numbers. Another feature of the parade that will commend it, especially to tourists, is the Chinese division. The orientals will turn out in full force, and they promise to furnish a spectacle greater than ever been seen here on a Chinese New Year.

A Monster Gun.

They are now building a gun for Uncle Sam which will weight 126,000 tons and will cost \$250,000. The projec-rile wil weight 2,300 pounds and it will "That letter you gave me is all right, isn't it?"
"Of course it is. That ought to get you a job anywhere."
"Well, I wish you would read this letter of recommendation I've got, Mr. Sherwood, and give me a job.", Sherwood took the letter on which his own name was hardly dry, read it carefully, and remarked:
"I am well acquainted with Sherwood, and any one he recommends must be all right. You report to the trairmaster, and tell him to put you to work."

Uncle Sam which will weight 126,000 tons and will cost \$250,000. The projectile as a shot. It will throw the projectile as are as fifteen miles. The gun is to be part of the New York harbor defenses. Such a gun will smash the best iron clad in the waters. It will be impossible for any vessei to enter the harbor. For the defense of the city it is worth a whole fleet at esa. The ingot from which the gun will be made is 6½ feet through by 50 feet long. This is an age of peace.—lowa State Register.

A Minister's Trials.

This narrative from a minister is of greatest value to those whose nerves are unstrung, health shattered or otherwise ailing. It is particularly appropriate in this age of active, nervous, endless labor.

We are living too fast. "Fast as light-ning," expresses it, for we talk by elec-tricity, cook by electricity, travel by electricity and so on. Its a hurry, hurry, hurry from the cradle

electricity and so on.

Its a hurry, hurry from the cradle to the grave.

We crowd too much; crowd our work, crowd our eating, crowd our pleasure, crowd our sleeping.

A "breaking down of the nervous system" is the way of expressing the result. It means a depleting of the nerves induced by prolonged strain; overtaxing of the nervous system; a product of overhurry and bustle.

It affects all people in all walks of life. It affects all people in all walks of life. It affects all people in all walks of life. It affects all people in all walks of life. No one knows the horrors of such a condition better than Rev. J. N. Mc-Cready, of Elkton, Mich. For years he labored faithfully and well. He was progressive and aggressive; a leader among men, a deep thinker and a hard werker. In his zeal, he overworked; overtaxed his mental and physical strength. The outlook was dark, with health shattered and recovery apparently hopeless. Many means for a cure were tried, without receiving benefit.

Finally he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and was restored to health. He says:

"In April, 1896, the physicians said I must stop preaching or die.
"I had overtaxed myself and was suffering from a complete breaking down of my nervous system and a persistent stomach trouble.

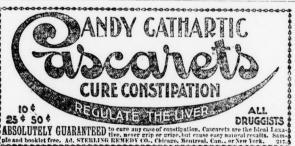
"Several physicians treated me, but no permanent benefit was derived. "Four times I was stricken with nervous prostration; twice with gastritis. "These attacks would throw me into

"I nese autocase of the property of the proper

consumed and couraged me.

"My wife urged me to try the pills some more, feeling that my life depended

"My wife urged me to try the pills some more, feeling that my life depended upon the result. "I continued to take them.
"Since then, and it has been several months, I have enjoyed life.
"Have preached all summer and held revival meetings for fifteen weeks.
"I have had no muscular exercise for years, but recently, have done considerable hard work in my garden, my muscles standing this test remarkably well.
"Every Sabbath I preach three times and now think I am good for another twenty years, if the Lord wills."
To add weight to his words, Rev. Mc-Cready made affidavit before J. D. Brookes, Notary Public.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People exert a powerful influence in restoring wasted nerve power and in purifying and enriching the blood. Druggists consider them the most effective reinedy which they dispense.



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MASSACRE

Its houses, streets, means of travel, water supply, safeguards of life and health, sports and pleasures—the conditions of life of the pertected city of the next century, by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., Commissioner of the Street-Cleaning Department of New York.

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain-contributes an article in his old manner, describing his voyage from India to South Africa. The libustrations are by A. B. Frost and Peter Neuell, and are as droll and humorous as the article itself.

Andree: His Balloon and his Expedition, from materials furnished by A. DVENTURE the brother of Mr. Stringberg, Andree's companion. Seen Heditaria there. The ADVENTURE priored asks, a story of remarkable adventure and endurance. Landor in Thebet. His own story, its was captured, tortured and finely escaped to India. Jackson in the Far North. The famous explorer writes of the years he lived in regions far north of the boundaries of human habitation.

NANSEN The great Arcite explorer has written an article on the possibilities of reaching the North Pole; on the methods that the next expedition, concerning the climate. the ocean currents, depths and temperature of the water, etc. This knewledge will be of the greatest value to science.

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