



GOODWILL TOWARD MEN

hole in it at the top for you to put the things in. Please bring me a dolls pram. If it is too big to put in my stocking please tie it outside where I can see it. Dear Santa Claus I do like butter scotch. Please not forget to bring some, also some nuts and oranges. My teacher tells me you will look at my face to see if I have been good. I am norty sometimes but please don't forget me, and bring a horse for my little Tommy and a squeak cat for



the baby. I love you very much and hope you will not forget poor little Mimmy who lives at Hope Cottage. For individuality, and expression of a sweet, womanly nature, the following letter, written by an eleven-year-old girl, could hardly be surpassed:—My Dear Santa Claus I have been counting up the weeks o Christmas and am longing for the time to come. You have put something in my stocking lots of times, so please Dear Santa Claus, remember me again. Last year I wanted a dear little baby a real live one you know but I suppose it was too cold, and besides I did not write to you as I am doing now, so it did not come. Please bring me one this year, a little girl if you can. I have saved money enough to buy a cradle, and I can get plenty of flannellette to keep it warm. As babies are so expensive I will not ask for anything else for myself. Please bring a chooky pig for my little Clement. He will be nearly two years old then. Good-bye dear Daddy Christmas, with my best love, hoping you will not forget little Gertie. P.S.—If you really do manage to bring the baby, please not forget the feeding bottle.

GETTING AN EARLY START.



First Bunny—"Isn't Santa Claus starting rather early this year?" Second Bunny—"Yes, he is; but goodness, he's got to go clear to Manila!"—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Uncontrollable. "Poor Alice had to give up her bicycle riding. She just could not learn." "And why not?" "She was so used to driving a horse that she kept jerking at the handlebars all the time as if they were a pair of reins."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Visitor—What kind of a man is your neighbor, Mr. Flint? Farmer Hornbeak—Wal, for one thing, he is so stinky that he won't let bicyclists fill their tires with air from his farm.—*Puck.*

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

Oh, the whuffy-duff was the prettiest bird That a toy shop ever knew. With a great, long tail and with goose-quill wings, And a glass eye good and true; But his wings are gone and his tail's pulled out, And his head is twisted awry, For the goo-goo has torn him limb from limb, And has swallowed the whuffy-duff's eye.

The ooglety-dum had a wobbling head, And a nice, round, curving horn, And a tail that would almost wag itself, And a nose turned up in scorn; But the ooglety-dum isn't scornful now— He is meek and as sad as can be, For the goo-goo has torn his short horn off, And has broken his tail in three.

The whank-whank-whank, used to squeak her joy— That is, when properly pressed— With a voice that was hidden away somewhere In the depths of her hollow breast; But I wish you could see the hapless corpse That is lying here on the bed; Oh, the whank-whank-whank has a ghastly look Since the goo-goo tore off her head.

IN POVERTY ROW.



One of Them Had to Surrender. During the revolution a little American privateer stole up on a British line of battle ship in a fog, mistaking her for an East India merchant, and ordered her to strike. When the seventy-four ran out her guns and threatened to blow her puny assailant out of the water, the Yankee skipper stepped to the gangway, and, taking off his hat, said politely: "Oh, very well, sir; if you won't surrender, I will."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Appearance Deceptive. "You haven't changed much since I saw you last." "You mistake. When you saw me last I was a Populist, and anti-expansionist and a free silverite. I am now a gold standard Republican expansionist." "It's on me. What'll you drink?" "I've quit drinking, too."—*Chicago Tribune.*

They Need Sympathy. "Yes," said the young man, "literary work is very fatiguing." "I should imagine so," replied Miss Cayenne. "When I realize that some authors have to keep their minds on the stuff they write I feel positively sorry for them."—*Washington Star.*

CHRISTMAS AT KENO.

How Hard Luck Hankins' Tree Was Decorated. "Speakin' of Christmas trees," said Cyclone Murphy as he snuffed a candle on the topmost twig of the Keno Gulch Sunday school tree with his trusty six shooter and then nipped remembrance in the bud by getting the drop on the Sunday school superintendent, "reminds me of a galoot named Hard Luck Hankins, who lived up on Tenderfoot ridge and who was the biggest kicker that ever kicked. This yere Hard Luck Hankins lived in a cabin on top of the ridge and p'tended ez how he was a miner, but he didn't never seem to mine anything and was generally regarded ez a feller without visible means of support. Some folks said he was a road agent and others opined ez how his stealin might be the mine he was workin'.

"The only thing Keno Gulch ever really knowed him to be doin was puttin up a powerful kicker about one thing or another. He allers had some hard luck story to tell, and that was why folks called him Hard Luck Hankins. "There wasn't a decent lookin tree on top of the hull ridge except one, and that tree was a mighty handsome pine that stood right in front of Hard Luck Hankins' shanty. 'She's my old Christmas tree,' Hankins would growl every time Christmas come around, 'but, dern her ole hide, Santy Claws don't never hang nothin on her for me.' "That was jes' Hard Luck's posky and onery way—allers kickin about somethin—and that handsome tree never havin anything hangin on it fer him seemed to rile him 'specially every year. 'What's the use havin a blame Christmas tree that never don't have nothin hangin on it?' he'd growl. 'Have a dern good notion to cut her down!' "This went on year after year, and the boys kep' a-wonderin and a-wonderin how Hard Luck got a livin. One Christmas eve they found out, and it put an end to Hard Luck's quarrel with his big pine Christmas tree.

"For the very first Christmas since Hard Luck had been livin in Keno there was somethin hangin on his Christmas tree. "What was it?" repeated Cyclone Murphy as he snuffed another candle. "Why, it was old Hard Luck Hankins himself, and he was—kickin—ez—usual, and kickin with both feet."—*Selected.*

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

A Suggestion to the Boys For Christmas Celebrations. Why couldn't our boys get up some holiday plays similar to the immemorial "Father Christmas" play, in which the lads of Merrie England have so much fun? The origin of this play is lost in antiquity, but it deals with knights and their adventures, certain of which challenge and fight the followers of Father Christmas, and are in turn routed, till Father Christmas and the Black Knight cope in mortal combat, the latter, of course, being worsted. The boys are dressed in fantastic style, with tall paper caps on and paper fringe around their jackets, wearing masks to conceal their identity. They are called the "mummers," and go from house to house of their friends, invariably receiving a kind welcome and a little treat at the end of the performance. They also take up a penny collection, and everybody has a penny for the mummers who afford so much amusement.

In our early history there is abundant scope for the youthful playwrights, and the object of their performances in holiday week might be some charity in which boys are the beneficiaries, such as a treat of "goodies" to a dozen newsboys or bootblacks, to get supplies for a sick boy or the like.

The Indian in our early history is as good as the knight element for a stirring play for mummers—Massasoit and his tribe, in war paint, feathers and blankets, on the one side, and on the other the prim Puritans, in broad brimmed hats and short breeches.

Or the Pocahontas and Powhatan drama, with John Smith, the hero, and a band of cavaliers to make it lively. The boys of Boston Common and the red coated Britishers was an episode to inspire their fraternity of today, and it would be great fun for our laddies in Christmas week to dress up and illustrate the valor of their ancestors, as their English cousins annually commemorate some otherwise forgotten achievement of feudal days.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Kissing Ball. A green ball to suspend over the Christmas dinner table is made by fastening two keg hoops together, one within the other, turning each way like an open globe. Twine pine around each hoop and put in sprigs of holly here and there. This indeed is similar to the old "kissing bunch," which is seen in many old fashioned homes in England. Two wooden hoops, one passing through the other, decked with evergreens, in the center of which is hung a "crown" of rosy apples and a sprig of mistletoe. Beneath it there are much kissing and romping and the carol singers stand beneath it and sing their songs.—*Selected.*

A Turkey's Lament. Ah, distinctly I remember— It was only last November That they chased me through the back yard! And across the old barn floor! Valiantly and well I fought me Till at last the villains caught me And proceeded then to trot me To the ax beside the door; But, ashamed, they let me go, for I was keeved and nothing more— Skin and bones and nothing more.

Now, I see it is December, And no doubt they will dismember Me, for all my fatter friends Have gone to that other shore; I've grown pale from apprehension, For of late some marked attention Makes me think it's their intention To cut off my legs and serve me. As a redbird from the store— Just a redbird, nothing more!—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The Hazleton *Sentinel* says the farmers around Conyngham feel like kicking themselves for not selling their potatoes some weeks ago when they were worth from 80 to 90 cents a bushel. They hoped that potatoes would advance with the coming of cold weather and so held on to them. But, owing to the heavy shipments from the West, potatoes dropped to 55 and 60 cents with no prospect of any very substantial advance, and now the farmers who held their crops are mourning. Potatoes were not more than half a crop this year and to only get sixty cents a bushel is rather tough on the farmers who are compelled to make the best of everything to make the two ends meet these times.

YOU SHOULD KNOW.—What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

HOOD'S PILLS are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate. An editor of a Western Kansas paper who blows about his success as a collector, says that he picked up a Winchester rifle one day recently and started down the street to deliver it to its owner. His delinquent subscribers, however, got it into their heads that he was on the war path, and every one he met insisted on paying what they owed him. One man wiped out a debt of ten years standing. On his return to the office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of potatoes, and a load of wood and a barrel of turnips that had been brought in by delinquents.

HEART SKEPTICS ARE CONVINCED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives relief in 30 minutes in most acute cases of heart disease. One dose is all that is needed to convince the most skeptical. Thousands of lives have been saved through its timely use. It is one of the wonders of modern medical science.—76. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Methodists of Nescopee are erecting a parsonage at a cost of \$1,000. Rev. Wormer, a six footer, who is to occupy it, works around the building like a common laborer. He helped to excavate for the foundation, gathered stones for the wall and helped lay them, lathed the rooms and carried the hod. There are very few ministers who would hustle the way Rev. Wormer did.—*Hazleton Sentinel.*

LET ME SAY I have used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims. Very truly, (Rev.) H. W. Hathway, Elizabeth, N. J. I TRIED Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances am cured of catarrh. The terrible headaches from which I long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo N. Y. A 10c. trial size of Ely's Cream Balm will be mailed. Kept by druggists. ELY BROTHERS, 56 WARREN ST., N. Y.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.—John Brown, a G. A. R. veteran, of 2446 Marshall St., Philadelphia, says: "By a mere accident I came across Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. I was a great sufferer from that dread malady—catarrh. This wonderful remedy effected a speedy and permanent cure, and I have been so thankful that I am willing to spend much time in spreading the good news."—77. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Some Foolish People Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25 and 50c. TRIAL SIZE FREE. At all druggists. 12 8d.4t

A good way to close the old year is to square up that newspaper subscription. We are pretty busy just now, but can always take time to write receipts.

THOSE WORRYING PILES.—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of blind, bleeding, or itching piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

It is said that Ferdinand W. Peck, our Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, is not a man to be disturbed at trifles. During his recent sojourn in Paris an excited bellboy woke him one night by crying that the hotel was ablaze. "How near is the fire?" asked Commissioner Peck. "In this corridor, monsieur, at No. 15." "Well, this room's No. 40," mused the American; "you may call me again when the fire gets to No. 38."

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup. Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, MASS. Established 1780.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO.

DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts

SOLE AGENTS FOR Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week.

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco

Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars: Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash

Bloomsburg Pa.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF **CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH,** YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT **W. H. BROWER'S**

2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

THAT'S JUST IT! You can't always tell by the looks of a garment how it is going to WEAR.

WHY NOT Get the WEAR as well as the looks, when you can have both

PRICE, \$12.00 Is the starting point of those

Edward E. Strauss & Co.'s Famous Custom Tailored Suits and Overcoats

With an ironclad guarantee thrown in free.

IT WILL PAY YOU To examine this line, and leave your order for one of these handsome garments.

CALL ON **L. GROSS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.**

"All weather is alike to me" I wear the kind that RETAINS THEIR SHAPE.

"That's the kind I'm looking for. I'll order a suit from their agent immediately."

MADE TO ORDER BY **EDWARD E. STRAUSS & CO.** America's Popular Tailors, Chicago. (AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE IN THE U. S. AND TERRITORIES.)

DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE Demorest's Family Magazine

FOR \$1.00 A YEAR. The subscription price of DEMAREST'S is reduced to \$1.00 a Year.

Demorest's contains more matter, artistic, scientific, social and practical, than any other one magazine contains.

It is a magazine for the whole family. It gives as much general matter as an exclusively literary magazine. It treats household topics as fully as a strictly domestic journal. It gives as much interesting matter for young people as a strictly young people's publication. It gives as much fashion news as a strictly fashion paper. It is beautifully printed, illustrated, and carefully edited.

Demorest's Magazine Fashion Department is in every way far ahead of that contained in any other publication. Subscribers are entitled each month to patterns of the latest fashions in woman's attire, at no cost to them other than that necessary for postage and wrapping.

No Better Christmas Gift than a year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine can be made. Remit by money order, registered letter, or check, to DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. ONLY \$1.75 FOR

Great Clubbing Offer For Prompt Subscriptions

The Columbian and Demorest's Family Magazine. Send your Subscriptions to this office.

WOMAN, WHY?—You have sallow skin, pimples, eruptions, discolorations. Why resort to cosmetics and powders to hide the effects? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills regulate the system and restore to the cheek the healthful rosy bloom and peach blush of youth. From one to two pills a dose, will clarify and purify the complexion in short order. 10c. for forty doses. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Husband—"I'd like to be able to live my past life over again." Wife—"I am surprised at you John. Haven't you blundered enough as it is?"—She forgot that he married her.—*Life.*

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.—A gentle tonic that increases the gastric juices, regulates the bowels, assists nature in digesting the food, which gives the nutriment that makes good, rich blood and nerve force, builds up the broken walls that disease has bombarded, forces the enemies of health to capitulate and sue for a truce. 8c. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*