

NEW YEAR GAMES.

Old Fashioned Amusement to Wind Up the Holiday.

The old fashion of game playing seems to be left to children nowadays. In spite of the merry frolics that memory can recall. But in holiday time the most staid and stately are willing to be foolish for the sake of the little ones, and then all games, new and old, are welcomed.

Did you ever try "brothers of pity"? Sheets of newspapers are twisted into hollow cones so as to completely cover the heads of the players. Two small oval holes are cut in each cap so that only the eyes of the wearer are seen. Six or eight people put on these caps and sit in a row, with a big sheet or tablecloth held in front to conceal the whole of their bodies. These brothers are set in a good light, and the rest of the company is then brought into the task of guessing their names. The fun lies in the fact that one's nearest and dearest is often a little doubtful as to the color of one's eyes, and much laughter is provoked when "mother" does not recognize "father" nor sisters their brothers.

The "game of moods" is a good one. A person is sent from the room, and the rest agree to answer his questions in a particular tone—rudely, patronizingly, absently, lovingly or as they decide. On his return he questions each player in turn, and when all have answered in the chosen mood he must guess what the word is. If he guesses wrong, he must go round again, but each must spare no pains to make the mood clear.

"Hunt the whistle" is an old favorite, but it can only be played once at the same party, since all but one know the secret. A player is led blindfolded into a ring of chairs on which all the others are seated. A deaf hand fastens a small whistle to the back of the blind victim by means of a long string with a hook at one end of it.

For this whistle he must hunt, the others catching it and blowing it at every turn, and the effort to discover its whereabouts is often long delayed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

This Tells of One, but It Happened on Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas cheer, new year resolutions and mended ways, here is a little story that embraces them all. "It comes from the lower walks of life," as the story teller would put it—good fortune seldom sees the dismal and intricate windings of. But it is down among these winding ways that I think the echoes of the Christmas chimes and the hope that comes from the beautiful Christmas story mean most when they are heard, and so I will tell it.

There was small promise of a happier day than usual in the little two rooms "back" where an industrious little woman—what her name is does not matter—and her three tiny children, all as neat as new pins, sat and waited. Waited—for what?

It was Christmas eve, and there is always plenty to wait for on that eve—even Santa Claus himself might come! But the waiting in the little two rooms "back" was of the anxious sort. It was for an unsteady footstep. Holidays always meant that the footstep would be just a trifle more unsteady than at other times.

It was presently heard—just as the faintest sound of the chiming bells stole up to the two rooms "back"—but it was a lighter and more sober tread than the industrious little woman and her three neat toddlers had heard for a long time. It was the step that was the outcome of a good resolution made just a little in advance of the new year and in time to make Christmas day very bright for all in the two rooms "back."

There was a tiny Christmas tree next morning for the children, who had been hurried into bed as soon as the footsteps were heard in the court below, and there was a turkey for all, and "all that with the turkey goes."

This was a year ago and now a few days over. The little industrious woman does not do so many "family washings" nowadays as formerly, and when she took home her last small bundle of beautifully ironed linen to its owner on the Christmas eve that has just gone her face looked very rosy and smiling, for she said: "The children will have a good Christmas tomorrow. John hasn't drank a drop for this night one year."—St. Louis Republic.

New Year in China.

New Year is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy, says an exchange. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan. New Year is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds also who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.—Omaha World-Herald.

The New Year.

Here's a Happy New Year! Sunshine's in the sky. Join the throng And swell the song That comes a-floatin' by. Wear a smile for strangers; Welcome all your kin; Carry the roast And give a toast To folks that happens in. Wish we all may prosper In what'er we do. An' we must Ef each'll just Help the others through.—Washington Star.

IN COUNTY KERRY.

The Jolly Irishman Makes Merry on New Year's Day.

The celebration of New Year's is a most important festival everywhere in Ireland, but perhaps nowhere more so than in Kerry. There it is the day of fairs and steeples—lazy, knowing looking donkeys being the principal participants in the latter—and it is the day on which the itinerant fakir bases all his hopes of selling lead for silver and washed copper for "puro 18 carat gold."

At 6 o'clock on New Year's eve the saucy and "piggins" in the little thatched cottages are reflecting their gala day polish and the holly and laurel and ivy on the window sills are doing their best to outshine the sprigs of mistletoe that brighten the old kitchen ceiling. Wax candles of all sizes and colors (having soft soles of turf for candlesticks) adorn the upper windows of the house and light the way of the traveler along the "boreen" or through the mountain intricacies. Fitches of bacon are set aside; luckless chickens ("poor crathurs") have their heads taken off; broad griddle cakes and round oven cakes are baked over the warm turf fire with surprising rapidity, and children are set at stoning raisins for the New Year's cake.

They have a pretty custom in Kerry in connection with this. If a member of the family has died or has emigrated to America or the colonies, a cake is made and stamped with the name of the absent one.

Midnight mass is celebrated in the country chapels, and a more picturesque sight can hardly be conceived than when hundreds of country men and women, clad in their brightest and gayest, make their way along the roads, some on foot, some in donkey carts and some in the jaunty cars which are the pride of every Kerry heart.

After mass the worshippers become revelers, and along the road to their homes they sing New Year's carols and beat improvised drums. As they go members of the party knock at the doors on the way, screaming: "Get up, lazy bones! You've slept since last year!" The man of the house gets up and gives the visitors a "drap" of the crathur" or a bowl of goat's milk and "holiday cake," and they sing his praises until they get to the next house, but woe to the inhospitable one who refuses them entrance, for the peculiarities of himself and his wife are enlarged upon, and every mean tale that tradition has gathered about the family is rehearsed and given utterance to.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

NEW YEAR'S IN ROME.

How the King and Queen of Italy Receive Their Guests.

At Rome the 1st of January assumes additional importance from the fact that it is the day on which King Umberto and Queen Margherita present annual gifts to their relatives and to the members of their household, and inasmuch as they are both of them very generous and seem to know by intuition just what will give most pleasure to the recipients the festival at the court of the Quirinal is characterized by an appearance of infinitely greater enjoyment and happiness than obtain either at Vienna or at Berlin. The king and queen stand on the dais under the canopy in front of their chair of state in the throneroom to receive with due formality the various parliamentary, military, judicial and administrative delegations commissioned to lay at the feet of their majesties the good wishes of the various bodies which they represent.

But as soon as this is over the king begins to stroll about the various apartments, and a good deal of freedom and abandon prevail until the supper hour is announced. The royal party then march in procession to a small supper room and with the ambassadors and their wives take their places at tables adorned with that magnificent golden plate for which the house of Savoy is so famous, while the remainder of the guests rush pell-mell and in a very undignified fashion to the buffets, which are literally taken by storm and quickly devastated, as far as everything in the nature of food or drink is concerned. Philadelphia Press.

The Coming Year.

The new year can be likened unto a blankbook of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the end of the year? Some pages will be stained with tears. Some will be crumpled as if clutched in despair. Some will contain words of hate and anger, which will burn the page whereon they are written. Other pages will be filled with the record of "something accomplished, something done," which has "earned a night's repose." There will be the record of battles fought, and at the end of the year we can turn back and see when we have conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of the self sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions.—Selected.

Varying New Year Dates.

In all Christian countries it is now nominally celebrated on the 1st day of January, but this day in the Gregorian calendar occurs 12 days earlier than in the Julian. For this reason Russia and Greece, which still go by the Julian calendar, celebrate Jan. 1 on our Jan. 13.

Many of the ancient nations began their new year on Sept. 23, at the autumnal equinox. The Romans reckoned, until the time of Julius Caesar, their new year from the winter solstice. The Jews, to this day, begin their new year at a date which, roughly speaking, corresponds to our September.—Selected.

The Swearing Off Vice.

Bilkeys—I'm going to swear off on the 1st of January. Silkeys—Oh, pshaw! I thought you were going to break all those bad habits.—Chicago News Record.

Old Time Treatment in Northumberland County.

We take the following from the Du-shore Review. It was handed to that journal by one of its subscribers who copied it from the records of Northumberland county: "Northumberland, August Sessions, 1784.

At a Court of General Sessions of the Peace held at Sunbury for the County of Northumberland the fourth Tuesday of August, 1784 before John Buyers Esquire. Republica vs. Joseph Disberry } Indicted for felony by the Defendant being arraigned.

Pleads not guilty and jury drawn and being sworn upon their oaths. Respectfully do say that the said Joseph Disberry is guilty of felony whereof he stands indicted.

Judgement that the said Joseph Disberry receives thirty-nine lashes between the hours of eight and nine o'clock to-morrow; to stand in the Pillory one hour; to have his ears cut off and nailed to the Post; to return the property stolen, or value thereof; to remain in prison three months; to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the Honorable the President of this state for the support of Government. Stand committed until fine, fees, and cost are paid.

Worth Nearly Half a Million.

The appraisers of the estate of the late Balser Weber, the Howard merchant who died recently, have filed their statement at Bellefonte, which shows the deceased to have left personal property to the value of \$109,077. In addition there is real estate which will bring the estate of the deceased up to almost \$250,000. Balser Weber was an illustration of what a young man with determination can do in this country. He landed from Germany in 1849 with but \$2.50 to his name, but at once went to work at anything he could get to do. First tanning, then peddling and finally drifting to Howard, where he engaged in the mercantile business in 1858, continuing there until his death. In that time he amassed a fortune of \$250,000. The appraisal shows in holdings an aggregate of 2,750 shares of railroad and bank stock, worth at par \$150,000. The entire estate is bequeathed to the five surviving children.

Schley Was Upset.

Even heroes get upset. Admiral Schley, a few nights ago was the guest of a large part of Philadelphia—of as much of it as could fill one of the theatres. He sat in a box with the handsome and benign Colonel McClure, and every movement he made was watched by the thousands in the place. If he took a glass of water they applauded. If he bowed to an acquaintance they applauded. In fact, the whole evening was an incessant ovation.

But Schley's defeat came at the end of the second act. He arose with his usual grace and started to the next box to call on friends, but he had not taken two steps before a deep bass voice from the upper gallery rolled forth. "Let's all go out and take a beer," placing the accent on the "all." The hero collapsed, sank in a chair and shook with laughter, while the audience shrieked.—Ex.

Like the historic ghost that will not down, the question of a new county, to be formed of the southern part of Luzerne and the northern part of Schuylkill, is being discussed with much earnestness and intensity of feeling. The Pottsville people and the Southern Schuylkill people are, of course, displeased. They want to retain all of their territory and claim that there is no immediate reason for the change. The Schuylkill voters who want the new county declare that it is too far and too expensive for them to continue going to Pottsville to attend court.

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When trolley cars with naught to warn Along the aisle way jerk us, Until we trod some fellow's corn, It's sad to watch the sir-cuss.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The True Wife.

A blessed thing to have is one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and worst in us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and reproof in the days of prosperity and self-conceit; but who, again, will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight our own battles as we can.—Charles Kingsley.

An Atchison woman hides her money in the family Bible, and in a married life of twenty years her husband has never found any of it.—Atchison Globe.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here's proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.—Miss JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write at Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD. BLOOMSBURG DIVISION. In Effect August 1st, 1898. STATIONS. A.M. P.M. EAST. P.M. WEST.

STATIONS. A.M. P.M. EAST. P.M. WEST. SCRANTON, 6:00 10:05 6:00 10:05. BELLEVILLE, 6:05 10:10 6:05 10:10. TAYLOR, 6:10 10:15 6:10 10:15.

STATIONS. A.M. P.M. EAST. P.M. WEST. PITTSBURG, 6:55 11:30 6:55 11:30. HARRISBURG, 7:00 11:35 7:00 11:35. SUNBURY, 7:05 11:40 7:05 11:40.

STATIONS. A.M. P.M. EAST. P.M. WEST. CATAWISSA, 7:10 11:45 7:10 11:45. POTTSTVILLE, 7:15 11:50 7:15 11:50. ROCK GLEN, 7:20 11:55 7:20 11:55.

SOUTH. B. & S. R. R. NORTH. ARRIVE. 8:00 10:05 8:00 10:05. STATIONS. 8:10 10:15 8:10 10:15. BLOOMSBURG, 8:15 10:20 8:15 10:20.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Time Table in effect Nov. 20, '98

Scranton (D & D) 1:45 4:30 1:45 4:30. Pottsville 7:18 11:00 7:18 11:00. Wilkesbarre, 11:30 12:15 11:30 12:15.

Nesquehock, 11:35 12:20 11:35 12:20. Pottsville, 11:40 12:25 11:40 12:25. Reading, 11:45 12:30 11:45 12:30.

Sunbury, 11:50 12:35 11:50 12:35. Harrisburg, 11:55 12:40 11:55 12:40. Philadelphia, 12:00 12:45 12:00 12:45.

Washington, 12:05 12:50 12:05 12:50. Baltimore, 12:10 12:55 12:10 12:55. Harrisburg, 12:15 13:00 12:15 13:00.

Pittsburg, 12:20 13:05 12:20 13:05. Sunbury, 12:25 13:10 12:25 13:10. Reading, 12:30 13:15 12:30 13:15.

Harrisburg, 12:35 13:20 12:35 13:20. Sunbury, 12:40 13:25 12:40 13:25. Reading, 12:45 13:30 12:45 13:30.

Philadelphia, 12:50 13:35 12:50 13:35. Washington, 12:55 13:40 12:55 13:40. Baltimore, 13:00 13:45 13:00 13:45.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway

Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke. In effect July 1, 1898.

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