THE CHRISTMAS BRIGADES.

Blare o' the trumpet and roll o' the drum, A glitter of little tin blades, And, led by their cute little captains, they

come—
The curly haired Christmas brigades!
Was ever an army so fair to view?
And it's marching straight to the hearts

What shall we do 'gainst an army like

this,
That is blest of the angels above?
It comes but to challenge a mother's sweet

kiss,
And its beautiful banner is love!
Sure, never was army so fair to view,
or marched so straight to the hearts of

Come on with the trumpet, the little toy

Come on with the little tin blades!
Our hearts beat a welcome and cry to

you, "Come, , curly haired Christmas brigades!" ee on, little heroes in gray and in blue, we'll capture and kiss every soldier of you!

-F. L. Stanton.

BRAVE LITTLE BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin with. Christmas eve was a little dreary. Maggie only hummed a carol because it was more her way to sing than to cry, and the carol was the only thing she could think of just then. It was the first carol she had ever learned. She could remember just how sweet her mother had looked while teaching it to her and Jimmie, the brother, who would keep his seventh Christmas tomorrow-keep it in heaven, she thought, with a gleam of sorrowful joy. The dear mother who was in the hospital aow, whose Christmas would be spent in a whitewashed ward, clean, bright and tender, with kindly care, but still not so bright as the little attic room would have been if only she could have been there. Maggie's song grew very oeen there. Maggie's song grew very queen at this point of her reflections, and her voice was a trifle unsteady, but she persisted in humming "It came upon the midnight clear," and even smiled a little as she laid down the heap little doll she had been dressing for Sweetie, the dear little sister who was her darling, and who was now being cared for by kind friends of her

mother's youth. In another moment she was dashing down newspaper alley at full speed, el-bowing her way a trifle more gently than the average habitue of that far famed locality, but pushing to the front with a dogged resolution none the less with a dogged resolution none the less, and no sooner had the bunch of papers which came in answer to her warery of "Twenty-five specials—throw 'em along quick, Jimmie!" reached her arms, than she was off with a bound, and a cry of "Papiers! Papiers! Here is yer extry!" which sounded startling. ls yet extry. When soluted starting-ly loud and harsh to come from that girlish throat. Down Mason street she flew, anxious to reach the "stand" which the boys of that corner had unan-imously ceded to her with rough chiv-alry when she had first appeared upon arry when she had hist appeared upon the scene, timid, nervous, afraid to cry her wares. She was the first of all the crowd to reach State street. "Papier, papier! Here is yer extry! All about the accident at Borrioboola Gha!" she shrieked in the voice which would have been sweet and clear but for its hard treatment and out of doors use, or rather. treatment and out of doors use, or rather treatment and out of doors use, or rather abuse, and a queer little smile curved the corners of her mouth as she gave vent to her peculiar "trademark," as the "other boys" were wont to call the odd name which invariably closed her

odd name which invariantly closed method and exhortation to buy an evening paper.

That exclamation had quite a history.

When Maggie had been driven by her mother's illness and the want of food in the home cupboard to try paper selling, she had been afraid to cry loudly, and her conscience, home taught and terrodes had forbidden her to invent. had forbidden her to invent tender, had forbidden her to invent news announcements after the fashion of others of her "perfesh." For some days she had sold very little in consequence, and the capital she had each morning invested in papers seemed in a fair way to be lost, when Irish Pat, the tough-est boy in the gang, had taken her to his heart and shown her the mistake which spoiled her sales. "Yer don't know nothin, yer don't," he had said contemptuously, striding

he had said contemptuously, striding along by her side with an exaggerated imitation of the walk of the last actor imitation of the walk or the last actor
he had admired from the "peanut heavan" of the Academy and keeping level
with her as she dejectedly started
homeward, crying softly and wiping
the tears away with her ragged but
clean handkerchief.
"Yer too bloomin scared," he said,
cryin conjug the Academy actor, both

again copying the Academy actor, both in speech and gesticulation, "an yer'll never do no good till yer makes yer roar more like a better feller than yerself." He paused and looked at Maggie ex-

pectantly, but Maggie had no idea that the "better feller" was Pat himself, and she never dreamed that the pause should have been filled with a compliand she never dreamed that the pause should have been filled with a compliment, well deserved, in Pat's opinion, so she said nothing, and the boy took up his parable again.

up his parable again.

"Now, this yer's the way yer calls," he said, imitating her weak little cry to the life, "an this yer's the way yer oughter yell." And he let out a shout of "Paper here! Paper! All about the great fire on the west side! Many lives lost! Nineteen firemen go down in the ruins!" which startled Maggie and rang down the street for a block or more.

Maggie soon found this to be true, if she was to equal the sales of the other paper sellers. But still, as has been said, her conscience rebelled against the deceit. So she decided with one of the compromises possible only to innocent souls upon inventing a cry about an event which could not possibly happen,

and, having read "Bleak House," she chose the words "Borrioboola Gira" as her "rear." She said nothing to her enose the words "Borrioboola Gha" as her "roar." She said nothing to her mother of all this, although the struggle in her mind was long and severe, and she longed sorely for sympathy and advice. She had grown so accustomed to using the "yell" that she no longer thought of it at all. She called out the long word as she did that of "Paper!" and it had no more significance to her.

long word as she did that of "Paper!" and it had no more significance to her.

But on this particular day, this dreary Christmas eve, as she stood mechanically repeating it, thinking meanwhile of the added pleasure for her mother and Sweetie which every penny meant, she was startled by a light touch on her shoulder and sturned her head to see a kindly fore bestimed arm in the second of the s

shoulder and surned her head to see a kindly face looking down into hers. "Where do you say the accident hap-pened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced man who owned the hand which still lay on her arm. "Did you say Borrio-boola Gha?" I have heard a great many query gries used by newshow? "he said queer cries used by newsboys," he said with a whimsical smile at the pretty face, which bent away from him, "but yours is the most peculiar I have ever known. Did you borrow it from Dick-

"Yes, sir," she whispered, blushing still deeper, and hurrying breathlessly into her explanation. "Yes, sir. You see, the boys said I'd have to make up a roar if I was going to sell papers, and

a roar if I was going to anyway."
I thought that was honest anyway."
"Poor little kid!" he thought later,
"Poor little wid!" ne thought later, "Poor little kid!" he thought later, as he heard her cry ring out under his window as he sat in his comfortable room at the hotel. "Poor little kid! I wish I could do something for her. She reminds me of Jennie, somehow. Poor Jennie!" And in reveries of his dear, lost sight of sister he forgot all about Maggie, and thought no more of her until he heard her again the next morning—Christmas morning.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow who's got nothing but money to help him enjoy himself, and no on to share that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, drearily, for the day promised

that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, drearily, for the day promised to be long and barren. "If I only had Jennie and her babies to help me out. By Jove!" and he quickened his movements with a look of sudden interest, "I'll hunt up Little Borrioboola Gha and give her a jolly Christmas. She looks as though it wouldn't do her any harm, and I can 'play pretender,' as Jennie's baby used to say, play that she is one of Jennie's children."
Hastily completing his toilet, he disposed of a hearty breakfast, his pulses quickening as he thought of the pleasure which lay before him, the pleasure which lay before him, the pleasure

of the present of the pressure which lay before him, the pleasure of giving happiness to another, the one pleasure which neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil has the power to mar or spoil.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night before and gone slowly homeward, resisting the temptation to stay out in the brilliantly lighted streets because of her mother's well remembered request to this effect, and after buying as much candy and fruit for Sweetie as was consistent with saving a few perwas consistent with saving a few pen-nies to buy a flower to go to the hospital with her and the baby tomorrow pital with her and the bady tomorrow afternoon and laying enough away to buy her stock the next day she had got straight into bed. When she awoke, it was broad day-light, the shining light of Christmas

and she sprang up with the sweet Christmas joy in her heart and face, in spite of her aching toes and lonely condition.

"Now for a cup of coffee and a doughnut," she thought as she hurried-ly fastened her garments, "and then for

my papers."
"Well, Little Borrioboola Gha," said the same kindly voice which had greeted her the day before, "merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, sir," she answered

"Same to you, sir," she answered shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes which reminded him so forcibly of his sister. "Paper, sir?" "Well, yes, I suppose so," he re-sponded, reaching in his pocket for a \$1 bill. "How are you going to spend your Christmas?"

your Christmas?"

"I'm going to the hospital to see mamma after I get through selling," said Maggie, who, with a child's quick intuition, had divined that this was a man to be trusted. "And I'm going to take Sweetie with me."

"Who is Sweetie?" was the next question, asked with a sympathetic intonation which somehow expressed all the kindly words he did not say about her mother. And Maggie, whose heart opened easily to any one who used the key of "Sweetie" wherewith to unlock it, grow talkative at once.

key of "Sweetie" wherewith to unlock it, grew talkative at once.
"Sweetie's my sister," she prattled, forgetting her wares in the joy of telling her love to some one. "My baby sister. And she's been specially mine ever since mamma got sick and had to go to the hospital. Auntie and Uncle Stewart have got her now," she went on, not noticing the start the gentleman gave, "but I'm going to get her back to live with us just as soon as mamma can come home."

"Is Auntie Stewart your real aunt?" queried her listener, a strange interest in his tone and manner. "And what is our mamma's name?"

your mamma's name?"
"No. Auntie Stewart is an old friend
of mamma's and papa's," answered
Maggie, tucking her papers more tightly under her arm, "and mamma's name
is Jennie Brownell."

"Jennie Brownell!" gasped the man at her side, grasping her arm so tightly that the tender flesh was bruised. "Jen-nie Brownell! And what was your papa's name?"

Papa's name was Arthur Brownell," said Maggie, wondering more and more at this man's odd behavior. "But he's been dead a long, long time, and mam-

been dead a long, long time, and mam-ma took care of us until she got sick and I was big enough."

"You big enough," exclaimed her listener excitedly. "You big enough, you poor baby! Why, how old are you?"

"I'm just 13," said Maggie proudly, "and, indeed, sir, I'm big enough.

Wh. I've taken care of us for nearly a wi.s. I've taken care of us for nearly a year now, and Sweetle would rather stay with me than with Auntie Stewart. I give her such nice things to eat," she finished innocently.

"To say nothing of the love you evi-

dently lavish upon her," murmured the gentleman to himself. "Well, Little

dently lavish upon her," murmured the gentleman to himself. "Well, Little Borrioboola Gha, what do you say to a change? I think you must be my niece," "Oh, then you must be Uncle Jack," said Maggie, accepting this new and wonderful state of affairs with a child's innocent faith and belief in all things wonderful and bright and good. "Yes. wonderful and bright and good. "Yes, you do look like mamma. She's talked

wonderful and bright and good. "1es, you do look like mamma. She's talked of you so much that I feel I quite know you," she added quaintly.
"You're not going to sell papers any more," said her uncle, as they crossed the street to his hotel. "And now for a party Christmas. It won't be possible. the street to his hotel, "And now for a merry Christmas. It won't be possible to do anything about clothes today," with a rueful look at Maggie's garments, "but we'll do something nice anyway. What hospital did you say your mother was at?"

"St. Luke's," answered Maggie, smiling as happily as though the griefs of the morning had never troubled her. "Are you not not see hor too?"

"Are you going to see her too?"
"Yes," said Uncle Jack, smiling down at the eager face, "we're going there right away, but we'll stop and buy some flowers first."

And they set forth, only to find disappointment awaiting them at the hos-Mrs. Brownell had left the hospital. Airs, Brownell had left the nos-pital that morning in the care of a strange gentleman who had brought a carriage for her. "Was it Uncle Stewart?" asked Mag-gie, and the kindly girl hesitated be-

gie, and the kindiy girl nestated be-fore replying, catching the busy nurse as she turned away.

"Uncle Stewart!" she said at length.
"The old gentleman who came here with her and sometimes brings the lit-tle girl! No, it was a much younger man

"Did mamma know him?" asked Maggie, with a shade of sadness darken-ing her expressive face in a manner which did not escape her uncle's notice, and again the good natured nurse staid

and again the good natured nurse staid her steps to reply.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant, if hasty, smile, "she was delighted to see him and went with him at once."

Maggie turned away sadly, a tear falling on her shabby freek, and she did not refuse the comforting pressure of her uncle's hand as they walked down the law ward together.

of her uncle's hand as they walked down the long ward together.

"Let's go to Sweetie," suggested her uncle, with a view to distracting her. After making inquiries and finding that Mrs. Brownell had left no address Maggie, who felt that all the world was sad and her doll stuffed with sawdust with a vengeance, assented drearily.

"Maybe she'll be gone, too," she said mournfully, her lip quivering with a pitiful sorrow, as they stepped into the carriage again, and she did not speak again until the horses drew up at Mrs. Stewart's door. Her uncle lifted her out. She sprang up the stairs and rang out. She sprang up the stairs and rang the bell, and then—then the world re-

the bell, and then—then the world resumed its normal coloring, and her doll was once more worth loving, for Sweetie had leaped to her arms, and there in the hall behind was mamma.

"Jack!" she said softly after kissing Maggie frantically. "Well, this must be Easter day instead of Christmas. Two resurrections from the dead!" and she drew his attention to another man Two resurrections from the dead!" and she drew his attention to another man who had seized upon Maggie as she re-leased her and was embracing her as though he would never lether go again. "My darling! My own little girl!"

he kept repeating, and it suddenly dawned upon Maggie that it must be her dawned upon Maggie that it must be her papa, alive again in some wonderful, mysterious, Christmas kind of way and come back to care for her and mam-ma and Sweetie.

"We won't waste time upon long ex-

"We won't waste time upon long explanations now," said this gentleman as he put Maggie down at last. "I have been prostrated by an accident which caused me to lose my memory until a week ago and my name was mistakenly sent to Jennie here," indicating his wife, by a tender gluyce "is a smooth sent to Jennie here," indicating his wife by a tender glance, "as among those killed by the collision which only injured my brain. When my memory returned to me, I made all speed to come back to her, and not being able to find the smallest trace of her I thought of dear old Aunt and Uncle Stewart. I knew they would be kind to my poor darlings. And then I went to the hospital and brought her away. We never thought of Maggie going there so early, and I was to wait for her there this afternoon. We hardly knew how to reach her sooner."

afternoon. We hardly knew how to reach her sconer."

"Well, I lost all trace of you all while I was out west," said Uncle Jack, taking possession of Maggie again, "and I only found this little girl by the merest accident." And he lifted Maggie lovingly to his knee, for they had reached the parlor by this time.

And after that? Well, it was Christmas day, and all the stores were closed.

And after that: Well, it was Christ-mas day, and all the stores were closed, but money will do a great deal, and it wasn't long before Auntie Stewart's scantily filled larder was plentifully supplied, and an immense turkey was required in the orea.

roasting in the oven. And when the dinner had been eater

And when the dinner had been eaten and everybody had told everybody else how glad and happy and surprised they were they sat close together and made plans for the future, lovely, wonderful plans, which seemed almost to good to come true. But they did come true, many of them, and, the best of all, perhaps, was Uncle Jack's plan for Maggie.

"This little girl is going to be a beautiful singer by and by," he said, with a tender good night kiss as he carried her up to the little attic room Auntie Stewart had insisted upon their using for the night, while papa followed with Sweetie, "to say nothing of being a noble woman if she grows up as brave and unselfish as she is now. I noticed and unselfish as she is now. and unselfish as she is now. I noticed how strong and sweet her voice bade fair to be the moment I heard her giving the 'roar' which astonished me so much. And I am going to see that it has the best of training. And my pet name for her will always be 'Little Borriobcola Gha.' "—Chicago Inter Cocon." Big Order for Coffins.

A casket company of Allegheny has received an order from the Government for 4,000 zinc-lined coffins to be shipped within thirty days. Each cofficient of the control of th fin is to be accompanied by a rough box. The remains of the American soldiers who have died in Cuba and the Philipines are to be brought back to the United States in the coffins and will be buried by friends or by the Government in the national cemeter

Each coffin is to be zinc-lined and airtight, so that there will be no danger of disease spreading through the removal of the bodies. The caskets are to be finished in rosewood mahogany and oak, and will be satin-lined. same company recently furnished the Govetnment with 1,500 coffins.

What she was told. "I was severely afflicted with salt rheum. I also felt weak and sick. I was told there vas no medicine that could cure me, but I began taking Hood's Sarsap-arilla and it gave me strength. When I had taken four bottles the salt rheum was cured and I have not had it since." Mrs. A. B. Amy, Brownhill,

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 26c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The following story of a new swindle comes from Wyalusing. A smooth-faced young fellow called on some of the soldiers' widows in Wyalusing on Monday, claiming that he was sent out by the government. He not only asked, but demanded \$1 toward a oldiers' monument, and upon being asked for credentials and recommenda tions became indignant and made all sorts of threats about having the pensions stepped; he promises a picture of the monument to be sent at some the monument to be sent at some future date. Very few, if any invested. He was very persistent and made two and three calls at a house.

A PLEASANT DUTY.—"When I snow anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Ham'sburg, Pa, "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder ra, "Dr. Agnews Catarrhai Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. I would not be without it in the house."-82.

Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Somebody says that alcohol will remove grass stains from summer clothes. That is right. It will also renove the summer clothes and also the spring, autumn and winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks, but also from his wife and family. It will also remove the household furniture from the house, and the eatables from the pantry, the smiles from the face of the wife and the happiness from the home. As a remover of things, alcohol has few equals,

In All Stages of Nasal Catarrh there should be cleanliness. As experience proves Ely's Cream Balm 1s a cleanser, soother and healer of the diseased membrane. It is not drying nor irritating, and does not produce safezing. To test it a trial size is mailed for 10 cents or the large for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York. Druggists keep it. Upon being placed into the nostrils it spreads over the membrane and relief s immediate. It is an agreeable cure.

Boston Bill-"Please, mum, kin you gimme somethin' to eat-jist the meat the dog left will do."

Mrs. Miggles—"We haven't any

dog."
"Oh, you ain't? Den you git to work an cook me a plate o' ham an' eggs an' a cup o' coffee, 'fore I kick ye in the jor!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets be-yond 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 suc-cessful 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. 12.8d4t

While Frederic Remington was in the West he observed a well executed portrait on the wall of a dark room in a cabin, and asked whose picture it was. "That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist. "So was my husurged the artist. band," snapped the woman.

PILE TERRORS SWEPT AWAY .- Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for the Piles in all forms. One appli-cation will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days application according to directions will chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day.

Sold by C. A. Kleim

Wife (waking suddenly from sleep)

'Henry, did you cail?' Husband (who has been spending previous evening with the boys)-"No, I'll raise it five."--Harlem Life.

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inted, illustrated, and carefully edited.

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LIFE'S A BURDEN.-If the stomach is not right. Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light Headed? Do you have Sick Headaches? Any and all of these dencte Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. 40 in a vial for 10

ents.—84. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

A ventilated shoe has been invented in Cologne, Prussia. A steel spring works a bellows between the heel and sole, and every step the wearer takes drives a stream of fresh air through the perforationis in the inner sole to every part of the foot.

Bears the Signature Chart H. Fletchers

"Madge is crazy about her three

"How crazy?" "Why, she is afraid to accept any one of them, for fear the others might get promotion first,"—Detroit Free Press.

Don't STARVE YOURSELF to cure Dyspepsia. Eat heartily, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. They assist Nature in performing her functions and in an imperceptible time disease and suffering vanish and old time good health, comfort and youthful buoyancy reign, and life puts on & new and hopeful phase. 35 cents.—85. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

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