

GAIN the tides that flow from time into eternity have borne to the world the blessed anniversary which marked the

dawn of hope for humanity, the day when man saw the ultimate victory over death and the triumph of the immortal over the mortal. Through the darkness the watchers undermeath the midnight skies saw the rising of a glorious star, and its light is still shining upon the world to be a beacon amid the storm, to lead generations yet unborn to the humble manger sanctified by infinite love and compassion, and made hely by the birth of a hope that should lift the lowliest man to the divine heights where he could look unafraid upon the face of his God.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men," sang the heavenly hosts, and the war-vexed world thrilled to the anthem, for in it was heard the thanksgiving of the slave, whose chains were to be made light by the love of the Christ, whose stripes were to be soothed by the hand that touched the leper and cleansed him of his foulness, whose shame was made glorious by a brotherhood with the carpenter's Son of Nazareth, who came to preach the Gospel to the poor. "Peace on earth," the Christmas bells to-day ring out the message that was flung to the winds of night by the angel voices on the plains of Bethlehem, and from the uttermost ends of the earth men come to bow down and offer their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, the incense of grateful and loving faith, at the feet of the infant Jesus who was "born King of the Jews," but who reigns Lord of the earth, proclaiming now, as in the hour when He took upon Himself the likeness of man, that good-will that endureth from generation to generation, and that pities the shortcomings and failures of men with a boundess tenderness.

What bring ye, who come to-day to look upon the holy mystery of the Christ-birth, as an offering acceptable to the Saviour of men; what treasure that shall not perish; what incense that shall be of goodly savor? No longer do men don armor of proof, and buckling on their swords bid farewell to home and friends, seeking far-away lands that they may slay the heathen who believe not in Him; and rescue from impious hands a few brief hours. Christ has revealed Himself as the Saviour of those who know Him not, the lover of peace and the hater of wars. "The captains and the kings depart,"
the stillness of death hushes the shouting of the multitude, the laurel withers upon the brow of the conqueror, the gold rusts in the coffer of the miser. What are honor, renown, riches, as a sacrifice to the King who had nowhere to lay His head, to the conqueror who vanquished death, to the Creator of the world and the fullness

thereof?

Oh ye who seek the Christ that ye may bow down and worship Him, remember: "Still stands the ancient sacrifice; An humble and a contrite heart."

If Christ be truly born unto your souls, let your lives proclaim the message that the bells ring out this Christmas day. The adoration which strengthens your soul anew for the conflict of life should be like a glarious flower, shedding its perfume on the winds that sweep around the world, a purifying influence and a beauty which even the most careless eye can see. Gather up some wandering ray from the star shining over the manger, and bear it into the dark places of the earth, that it may light some soul in the midnight of despair, and lead it to the source of immortal radiance. Catch some wandering tone of the angelic song, and repeat the strain above the pillow where Pain wards off the tender hand of Sleep, where Regret sounds the dirge over wasted hours, where Sorrow means in some haunted chamber in which the ghosts of lost days walk wailing for the sweet sin that left such deep and stinging wounds. He who bore the griefs of men yearns over the wandering sheep, and you who have seen His face, who have read the tender message of His love, who have trodden with Him the road from Bethlehem to Calvary, remember on this Christmas day that again He is born unto you and unto the world. You are the mes-sengers who are to bear abroad the peace and good-will that the Heavenly choir proclaimed on that first Christmas night, you are to interpret the meaning of God become Man, you are to vindicate the martyrdom that bought the highest good with incarnate Virtue, for "unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

LOU V. CHAPIN.

The Bachelor.

He admits with a smile that is mocking.
That Christmas no longer consoles;
He ham't a single stocking That isn't full of holes.

Judge.

AN AWPUL DEATH.



He-I understand Miss Goodgirl, the Sunday school teacher, is dead. What was

She Suicide. She ate some of the candy that was hung on the Christmas tree .- St. Louis Globe Democart.

A Clear Field. She sung a Christmas caro!— A lovely thing—it said: "Meet me under the mistletoe When papa's safe in bed." -Chicago Record.

That Is All. "What is the use of this article?" asked a

ahopper.
"I really don't know," replied the clerk;
"I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."-Puck.

A CHRISTMAS GOMEDY.

Rather Exciting, But All Goncerned Are Expected to Recover.



ELL, how did Christmas go off at your house?" Mrs. Talkmuch usked, had told Mrs. Spilkins exactly how much each of her own gifts had cost and what she had exchanged them for afterwards.

"Oh-h, pretty well, We hope to be fully recovered from the effects of it in a week or two. You see, on Christmas Eve the children were so excited about the coming of Santa Claus that they couldn't get to sleep. Young Mr. Fizzleton stayed pretty late, too, at least it seemed so to Mr. Spilkins and myself, though Ethel didn't agree with us. After he left, we found that Harry's breathing was still too regular to be trusted and we must wait to hang the stockings. I said I'd wait up and do it— I'm a poor sleeper, anyhow. Why, I never close my eyes until I've made Mr. Spilkins get up and investigate the smell of gas in the

"Yes, isn't it odd that it only smells after all the jets are turned off! I never used to smell gas until after I was married, but

"Smell it every night? So do L. Mr. Spilkins said he'd get up and hang the stockings, said he could wake at any moment he chose. It seemed a pity that he never chooses to wake at the regular hour for getting up, but I said nothing—at least very lit-tle. Ethel wasn't sleepy and wanted to hang them, but her father said she'd be thinking of young Fizzleton and forget to notice whether the children were asleep or not. Why, she makes enough noise after he leaves at night to wake the dead!"

"Yes, the worst thing about Love's young dream is the fact that it forgets that other

people need sleep!"
"M'hm. Well, I knew I'd have to hang those stockings, so when it was time I crept down to get them. We had left them on the dining table, but they were gone!"

"Mercy, burglars!"
"I knew that and flew upstairs. As I reached the head of the stairs, I heard some one creeping along the hall. In a second I was in the bedroom, with the door locked, but Mr. Spilkins wasn't there!"

"Gracious, had they-"Then came the most awful groans from the yard below and I knew that they had killed him and thrown him out of the window! I remembered then that I had borthe sepulcher in which His mortal part lay | rowed his best necktie, the day before, without remembering to ask his consent, and now I was a lone widow, who could never ask forgiveness for the ink I had spilled on it! I flew to the window, calling: 'Police!



WHEN HE HEARD WIFEY CALL FOR THE POLICE.

Murder!' Then, I heard some one trying my

"The burglars, of course. Oh, you poor heroine!

"Yes, and then came awful screams from Ethel, her voice sounding as it does when her little brother brings a mouse into the room. Seizing my umbrella, I went to her rescue. In the hall I ran into the arms of a man and must have fainted, for the next thing I knew Mr. Spilkins was telling Ethel to burn the ostrich feathers on my new bonnet and see if that would not bring me

"It did, I'm sure! But I thought Mr. Spilkins was murdered and 'Well, he wasn't. He had gotten the stockings and hung them, when he heard me cull for the police and—"

"But the grouns and Ethel's screams?" "The groaning noise was young Mr. Fizzleton, singing a serenade of Christmas hymns under her window. She slept through that, being roused by her father rattling at my door, and thinking I was murdered!"
"Gracious! I hope that was the end of it!"

"It wasn't. The police came and seeing young Fizzleton in the yard, they brought him in to be identified as the burglar! It took half an hour to induce them to let him go, and then they were still suspicious. While we were thus engaged, the children woke up and ate all the candy in their stock ings. I spent the rest of the night between ministering to them and comforting Ethel, who feared that Mr. Fizzleton would blame her for his sufferings. Yes, it was rather an exciting Christmas, but, as I said, we hope to be fully recovered from its effects in a week or two." ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Between the Lines. My dear Miss Bonds, your eyes pray lift (If this don't win her I am lost!) And deign to view my humble gift;

(I hate to think about its cost!) May it find favor in your sight, (And bring about the end I seek!) Although its value is but slight. (I'll have to fast at least a week!)
-N. Y. World.

Easily Answered.

Hojack-I often see the Christmas goose mentioned in Christmas stories. What is the Christmas goose? Tomdik-The Christmas goose is the man who spends more money for presents than he can afford. Judge.

A Query. The question comes on each Christmas

morn To interrupt men's gentler mirth; 'How can the blowing of a horn Assist in bringing peace to earth?" Washington Star.

All It Would Hold. Dog-Faced Boy-Did yer get yer stockin' full o' good things Christmas? Living Skeleton-Yes, indeed. Dog-Faced Boy-What'd yer get? Living Skeleton-A cigarette. - Town

As Good a Theory as Any. Tommy-What are all the men trying to get to the north pole for?

Willie (scornfully)—What, don't you know, goosey? Why. Santa Claus lives -Brooklyn Life.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

How a Rejected Sultor Got Even with His Successful Rival.



O MY cousin Robert has written that he is sending us a little Christmas surprise, said Mrs. Meekmild for the tenth time. "I felt sure that if he could once be induced to visit our happy little home he would forget that I -ah-treated him rather unkindly in eloping with you on

the very day which was to have seen me his bride. To be sure, I left a note saying that I felt I could never have made him perfectly happy. Had he been a magnanimous person, he would have been satisfied with such a handsome apology—but he was not."
"Not at all," sighed her husband, "he was
most inconsiderate. He—"

"However, a woman's tact has bridged the difficulty, as usual. I flatter myself that I did a elever and original thing in naming one of the twins for him. Who would be so



THE LID WAS OFF THE BOX AT LAST.

apt to appreciate such a compliment as rich old bachelor, I'd like to know?" "No one, I'm sure. But he thawed as soon as he had seen our six little cherubs. How he laughed when little Josiah rode on my back and playfully kicked me in the

eye!"
"And how merry he was when Ariadne spilled milk on my best dress. What a pleasure it must have been to witness such felic ity. To be sure, I am sorry that he happened to hear your remarks when my dressmaker's bill came in, but-"

"And I had rather that he had been out of earshot when you told me your honest opinion of a man who could not match embroid ery silks better than I, after he had been arried ten years. However, this is mere detail. I remember his rage when he found that I had married his little fairy, as he called you. Odd, isn't it, that he has forgiven me now that you weigh twice as

"Humph, I may weigh a few pounds more, but my hair is intact, and that is more

"And now he is sending us a Christmas box. I wonder what it contains? The children will be up at daylight to find out. Well, prosperity will not change us!"
"Never. Even though I am able to dress

as well as our own hired girl, I shall not insist that you write it Xmas, instead of Christmas, nor shall I call it appendicitis when little Rufus has eaten too much pie. Personally, I expect tickets to Europe. "Tickets to Europe, and I such a poor sailor that the sight of a marine in water colors gives me seasickness! Nonsense, he has sent us the deed to a ranch in Texas.

"A ranch—and I so afraid of cattle! How mean of you to think of such a thing. I'll on a ranch "And I shall certainly not go to Europe!"

"I shall, and I'll never speak to you again. "Even your voice would not reach from Europe to Texas. But here is the express-

man, and you'll see that I was right. "That I was, dear. What a huge box! I'm glad that he forgave us just at Christmas when he need not check his generosity. That trip to Europe—"
"Texas, you mean!" The lid was off the

box at last, and a silence fell upon them, as the gifts were opened. When the last one lay before them, they flung themselves despairingly into each other's arms. "The villain said he had forgiven us!" she

"He can afford to-he is avenged!" he groaned.

For the box contained: One music box, which played only rag time; one drum, a fife, three horns, a toy piano, six packages of dynamite crackers, one Chinese gong, a toy pistol and a card, on which was written:
"With Cousin Robert's best wishes for a
very merry Christmas!" A Fair Exchange.

> Now doth the callow youth prepare To show he madly loves, By sending to his lady fair A Christmas box of gloves. But ah, relentless, cruel fate, The maiden is not smitten, And, as she must reciprocate, She gives that youth the mitten. -L. A. W. Bulletin.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.



"What's your little brother cryin' for?" "He hung up his stockin' last night and Santy Claus brought him a little brother, but he wanted a drum!"-Ladies' Home

Sordid Soul. Tudder Mann-I'm trying to find out which she would rather have—a tender toung turkey or a new set of testh.—Chicago Saymold Storey-What are you going to

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The plumber is the only man who gets any benefit from hitting the pipe.

PILES.-Itching, blind and bleeding-cured in three to six nights. Dr. Agnew' Ointment is peerless in curing. One application gives instant relief. It cures all itch ing and irritating skin diseases, chafing, eczema, etc. 35 cents. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

The turning point of a man's life is when he gets away from the grind. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, ours constitution forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fall, druggists refund money. The father of twins realizes to the fullest

extent that misfortunes never come singly.

PILL-PRICE,-The days of 25 cents a box for pills are numbered. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial are surer, safer and pleasanter to take. Cure constipation, sick and nervous headaches, dizziness, lassitude, heartburn, dyspepsia, loss of appetite and all troubles arising from liver disorder. Sold by C. A. Kleim, 6

Two heads may be better than one, but he man with the cold doesn't think so.

There is a class of people who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ‡ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit, 15c, and 25c per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

If ignorance were really bliss what : happy world this would be.

Beauty 's Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No eauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-

beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-tic clean your blood and keep it clean, by itirring up the lazy liver and driving all im-jourities from the body. Begin to-day to sanish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All drug-gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

It's an old girl that doesn't want to get even with her rival.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag actic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranseed Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co. Chicago of New York.

Consistency is the only jewel that women don't seem to care for.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN-Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure feverishness, bad stomach, teething disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. They never fail. It all druggists, 25c. Sample free, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. V. 12 21d4t.

When the unexpected happens there is always somebody to say "I told you so."

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Why is it that the most bashful and reing persons always wear shoes that squeak

A VETERAN'S STORY.-George Lewis, o Shamokin, Pa., writes: 'I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with catarrh for 50 years, and in my time have used a good many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." Sold by C. A. Kleim.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the Briarcreek Farmers Mutual Insurance Company, of Lime Ridge, Pa., will be held at the hall, Centre Grange, No 56, P. of H. on Monday, January 8, 1930, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., for the election of twelve directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

H. H. BROWN.

H. H. BROWN, Secretary,

ELECTION NOTICE. The regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Bloomsburg, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the said Bank on Tuesday, January 9th 1900, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 12 o'clock noon.

12-14 4t. E. B. TUSTIN, Cashler.

NOTICE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Peonsylvania on the thirteenth day of January, nineteen hundred, by Frederick J. Richard, Samuel H. Harman, John I. Richardson, G. J. Richard and E. E. Bittenbender, under the Act of Assembly, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th 1884, and the supplements thereto; for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Richard Manufacturing Company." The charter and object of which is for the purpose of the manufacture of from or steel or both or any other metal or article of commerce from metal, wood or both and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy, all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

12-21 3t.

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 W. H. Hiday.
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 Morris S. Broadt.
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 Business and individual accounts respectfully solicited. Aug. 2, 1899.

ELECTION NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers National Bank of Bloomsburg, for the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year, will be held in the directors' room of the Bank, on the second Tuesday of January, A. D. 1900, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m.

A. H. BLOOM,
CASHIER.

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