

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

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.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men," sang the heavenly hosts, and the war-veiled 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 when he looked 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 boundless 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 and believe not in Him, and rescue from impious hands the sepulcher in which His mortal part lay 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 glorious 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 of the gifts of men years over the wandering 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 moans in some haunted chamber in which the ghosts of lost days weep waiting for the sweet sin that left such deep and stinging wounds. He who bore the griefs of men years 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 messengers 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."

THE BACHELOR. He admits with a smile that is mocking. That Christmas no longer consoles; He hasn't a single stocking That isn't full of holes. —Judge.

AN AWFUL DEATH. He-I understand Miss Goodgirl, the Sunday-school teacher, is dead. What was the trouble? She-Suicide. She ate some of the candy that was hung on the Christmas tree.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Clear Field. She sang a Christmas carol— 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 shopper. "I really don't know," replied the clerk; "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."—Puck.

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY.

Rather Exciting, But All Concerned Are Expected to Recover.

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

"Oh, 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 room!"

"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 now, I—"

"Smell it every night? So do I. 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 little. 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!"

"Mhm. 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 borrowed 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! Murder!' Then, I heard some one trying my door!"

"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 to!"

"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 call for the police and—"

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

How a Rejected Suitor Got Even with His Successful Rival.

"O MY cousin Robert has written that he is sending us a little Christmas surprise," said Mrs. Meskimid, 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 clever and original thing in naming one of the twins for him. Who would be so apt to appreciate such a compliment as a rich old bachelor, I'd like to know?"

"No one, I'm sure. But he thawed as soon as he had seen our 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 felicity. To be sure, I am sorry that he happened to hear your remarks when my dress-maker'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 embroidery silks better than I, after he had been married 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 much!"

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

"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 never live on a ranch!"

"And I shall certainly not go to Europe!"

"I shall, and I'll never speak to you again. There!"

"Even your voice would not reach from Europe to Texas. But here is the expressman, and you'll see that I was right."



WHEN HE HEARD WIFE CALL FOR THE POLICE.



THE LID WAS OFF THE BOX AT LAST.



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WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$300 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank, in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago. 9-28-16t

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's Ointment is peerless in curing. One application gives instant relief. It cures all itching and irritating skin diseases, chafing, eczema, etc. 35 cents. Sold by C. A. Klein. 63

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, 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. Klein. 64

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. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/2 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 a happy world this would be.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to wash pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly, sallow complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, 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 magnetic, fall of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or 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. All druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 12 2141.

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 retiring persons always wear shoes that squeak?

W. M. LOW, Pres. J. M. STAYER, Vice Pres. E. B. TUSTIN, Cashier.

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C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wirt's Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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