

GRANDMA DORKINS' CHRISTMAS

By MARY M. WILLARD.

AS TOM comin' home this Christmas, Mrs. Dorkins' Homer Fox asked, as he delivered the pint of milk he brought daily to the little house at the upper end of Scarborough.

Old Mrs. Dorkins wiped her wet, soapy hands on her checked gingham apron, and got the blue pitcher from the shelf upon which it was sitting. "He ain't quite sure," she answered; "he wants to come, he says, but seems like something always happens at the very last minute to keep him."

"I see you're fixin' for him, anyhow. What's them-mince pies?" "Oh, yes, I fix for him every year. I wouldn't like him to come an' not find everything ready. I don't give him up till I have to. Them's mince pies, an' these are dried-apple pies. Come here."

She opened the pantry door and beckoned him in. "I don't s'pose you know what these are," she said, with a smile half-deprecating, half-and, lifting a cloth from the bread-board.

He peeped over her shoulder. "Gee whits!" he cried, explosively. "You don't mean to say—I've got to have one o' them, Gran'ma Dorkins, sure's my name's Homer Fox! Horse ginger-cakes, by cracky! The very kind you used to make when me an' Tom an' Susy went to school to Aunt Liddy Jackson!"

Grandma Dorkins laughed, and wrapped him up three of the big brown cakes out into some semblance of a horse with her pie-knife. "There's one for you, one for Susy, an' one for Jeff. Tell Susy I sent 'em to remind her of old times. You an' she were sweethearts even when you used to scuffle with Tom for a piece of his ginger-cake."

"Tom's doin' middlin' well, ain't he, gran'ma?" Homer asked, making a start to go, but holding onto the back door as he waited for her reply. "Tom's doin' splendid," the old woman said, proudly. "He's way up in the railroad business now."

"It's near on ten years since he was home, ain't it?" "Nine years this Christmas," she corrected him. "He's been intendin' to come for so long; but he's awfully busy, Tom is. With so much responsibility he can't hardly ever leave."

"Took his wife to Europe last year, didn't he?" "Yes. They was gone three months. He wrote to me after they got back, an' said he thought for sure he was goin' to get up that year, but now he couldn't. I was real disappointed, for I'd been most certain I'd have him here for Christmas."

"It's likely he'll come this season," Homer remarked, by way of comfort. "Don't you know, I'm sort o' positive he will," grandma said, brightening. "I've been disappointed often enough before, but this time it's different—Jim not bein' home for so long—an' I wrote him I hadn't been well lately. My rheumatiz bothers me dreadful this winter. Puttin' it altogether, Homer, I'm bound Tom's comin' this time."

Homer hitched at his faded overalls, shut the door and then opened it a crack. He couldn't find a word to say. "Old Mrs. Dorkins laughed softly as she wiped off the kitchen table. "Don't you ever tell Homer; but I've baked horse ginger-cakes every year for Tom's home-comin', an' then had to send 'em to the orphan asylum over at Wallingford. Now, this year I calculate Tom's goin' to eat 'em himself."

"It's only two days till Christmas," Homer said, slowly. "You ought to be nearin' from him whether he's comin', I'm goin' to the post office. I'll see if there's a letter for you."

"No, Homer, don't," grandma said, hastily. "I'd rather not have it till the last thing. If he shouldn't be comin' I won't have anything to look forward to, an' if he is, my cakes an' pies are all baked. All I've got to do now is to shine the andirons over in the sittin'-room, an' put up some greens to make it seem Christmassy. I wouldn't have the heart to finish Homer, if I knew he wasn't comin'." She was still smiling, but tremulously.

"All right, gran'ma," he said, with a great effect of cheeriness in his voice; "but I'm like you, I'm positive Tom's comin'."

"Yes, I'm most sure we'll see him this time; but if there's a letter Homer, don't bring it. Peter Crump always brings it up to me as he goes home on Christmas eve."

Homer climbed into his clattering old spring-wagon, and with the lines flapping loosely on the gray mare's back he let her take her own gait down the long street.

Arriving at the post office, he exchanged greetings with the few loungers gathered around the stove, sat down on a cracker-box, chewed up a broom-straw, and gazed abstractedly at the dirty floor.

"Want your mail, Homer?" the postmaster inquired, when there came a lull in his duties.

Homer Fox ain't goin' to do his best to fetch him!" "Tom's got to be a reg'lar high-flyer," observed the postmaster. "Has his private car an' all that sort o' thing."

"To see that poor ol' soul havin' faith in his comin' year in an' year out, an' never showin' hair nor hide o' himself!" Homer, broke in, excitedly. "It's more'n flesh an' blood can stand. Gimme a pasteboard box, Peter Crump, one big enough to hold these." He unwrapped the cakes Grandma Dorkins had given him and laid them on the counter. "There! If Tom Dorkins has got a piece of a heart in him away anywhere them cakes'll make him own to it."

"He writes to her sometimes an' sends her money," Peter Crump said, as he brought an assortment of boxes. "Hub! What's the money to her when she wants him!" Homer said, with scorn, selecting a box and trying the cakes, to see if they would fit. "Lemme have pen an' ink an' a sheet o' paper."

He wasn't much of a scribe, and he sucked the top of the pen frequently as he wrestled with his problem. Finally it was done, and he held it off at arm's length, surveying it with pride. This is what he had written:

"Tom Dorkins, for nine years your mother has baked these cakes for your Christmas home-coming, because you liked them when you was a boy. Has she got to send them to the Wallington orphan asylum this year, same as always, on account of your not thinkin' enough of her to come?"

"HOMER FOX." "If that don't bring Tom Dorkins nothin' will," he said, conviction in his voice. His epistle was spread over the cakes, the lid tied on securely, stamped and addressed, while Peter Crump winked at so flagrant a violation of postal laws under his very nose.

On the morning of the day before Christmas, as the general manager of the Pocumoke & Westhaven railroad was leaving his private office, his eye was caught by a small package lying unopened upon his desk.

"Nearly forgot that thing again," he said. "It came last night, and I went home without it. Here, Phil," he called to his secretary, "open this package, and if it requires an answer fix up the polite thing."

When he returned some hours later the package was still upon his desk, apparently unopened. "I thought I told you to open this and see if it needed an answer!" he said, sharply. "I did open it, Mr. Dorkins, but you are the proper person to answer it," the stenographer replied, in a curious tone.

Mr. Dorkins cut the string around the pasteboard box, a tinge of impatience in his manner. Lifting the lid, Homer's painstaking scrawl was exposed to view. He read it, a frown gathering on his brow. Over at his desk by the window the stenographer rustled his papers noisily, not daring to steal a look at his employer.

The general manager tossed the note aside with a muttered imprecation and took up one of the big cakes. It more than covered the palm of his hand, and there was borne to his nostrils a spicy smell that brought with it memories of his youth. Little things he had not thought of in years suddenly crowded upon him. His life had been such a busy one, such a shoulder-to-shoulder, neck-and-neck race for place and power, he had had no time for anything else.

He sat very still, holding the big cake on his outstretched palm, and all the struggle and care and turmoil, all the pleasure of success and a knowledge of power fell away from him. Again he heard the hickory logs crackling on the hearth, the brass andirons glimmering like gold in the firelight. It was Christmas eve, and his stocking hung on a nail by the high, black mantel. He was a great boy of ten, large and strong for his age. "Mother's man," she called him. She—his mother—sat in the circle of light from the cheerful fire, stringing raisins and popcorn on long threads to trim his baby sister's Christmas tree.

He knew what he would find in that stocking in the morning. A red-checked apple in the toe, and a paper of fat walnut-meats and one of popcorn made into taffy by some process known only to his mother. There would be half a dozen sticks of pink-and-white striped mint-candy, a ball of yarn covered with good stout sheepskin by his mother's own hands, and at the top of all such a brown, spicysmelling, queer-looking horse ginger-cake as he gazed down on now.

The noises from the street, the rattle and roar of traffic below them, were the only sounds heard in the general manager's private office. The stenographer had ceased to rustle his papers; instead, he almost held his breath for fear of disturbing the man sitting there so quietly.

Presently Tom Dorkins stirred. "Phil," he said, in such a gentle voice that the young man started. It was so different from the curt, brisk tones to which he was accustomed. "Is your mother living?"

"Yes, Mr. Dorkins." "Are you going to spend Christmas with her?" "Yes, sir," he answered, slowly. He did not quite understand the drift of his chief's questioning.

"That's right," said Mr. Dorkins, heartily. "And I'm going to spend Christmas with mine, too; a thing I haven't done for nine years, boy. But I'll make it up to her to-morrow. Nine I'll make it up to her to-morrow. Do you think I can do it?" He glanced hurriedly at his watch. "I can barely make connections if I'm to get there to-night. I won't have time to go home, Phil; you must stop at the house for me. Tell my wife not to be anxious; I've gone to my mother. She's old, and she's sent for me. I'll be back Monday."

Phil helped him on with his overcoat, and brushed a bit of imaginary dust from his hat before handing it to him. "I wish I had time to get something to take her," Tom Dorkins said, as he pushed the box of cakes into his desk and locked it. "I've always sent her a present."

"You're all she wants, Mr. Dorkins," Phil ventured to say. He was hardly more than a boy, and he had a deal of swelling to do to rid himself of the lump in his throat.

Some spits of snow were falling as Christmas eve drew to a close, and the wind sighed dimly around the corners of the house.

Grandma Dorkins piled an extra log on the brass andirons, and the ruddy glow lit up the room with a festive air. "I wish the wind didn't howl so about the place," she said, restlessly. "It seems that mournful, exactly as if it knew I'd been hopin' against hope, an' Tom wasn't comin' this year, either."

She smoothed her black silk apron with nervous, trembling fingers as the up-train's whistle sounded. "I'll soon know now," she whispered, feeling suddenly weak and old. If Tom shouldn't come, I don't believe I'd ever get over it. That's what's been keepin' me up all through the fall, an' to be disappointed again—! She sat with wide, eager eyes on the door. "He'll come right in, for he knows I'm expectin' him."

Yes, he knew she was expecting him. As he came up the board walk he could see the firelight flickering on the wall, the wreath of Christmas green hanging against the window. His hand fumbled at the latch a minute, then he opened the door gently and went in.

"Tom got home last night after all!" old Mrs. Dorkins cried, delightedly, as she reached Homer Fox the blue milk-pitcher from the kitchen window on Christmas morning.

"Gee whits! You don't say?" Homer exclaimed, stamping the snow from his rawhide boots. "I guess you're happy as birds in the spring-time, Gran'ma Dorkins!"

Tom, hearing voices, came out from the sitting-room, and finding Homer, went half way in the snow to meet him. "Prosperity ain't puffed Tom up a bit," his mother thought, fondly. "He acted real glad to see Homer. What a long hands-bake he gave him."—Farm and Fireside.

A DAY FOR CHILDREN. At Christmas Time Let Us Help Make the Little Folks Happy.

Christmas seems to be the one festival of the year which rightfully belongs to the children—the time when the Christ-child came into the world, born in such a lowly place, that no child, however humble, but should share in the joy of his birth. If we have children in our homes, says a writer in the Farm and Fireside, let us invest the Christmas-time with all the beauty and brightness that is possible. Teach them the sweet old Christmas songs, such as "Holy Night," "Once in Royal David's City," "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Joy to the World."

Teach them again the story of the birth of the Christ. All children love it, and it is ever new. These talks are made more interesting by looking at pictures. Good copies of old masterpieces illustrating the life of Christ are very cheap now, and should be in every home. Such pictures as Correggio's "Nativity," "The Worship of the Magi," "The Madonna and Child," will make a lasting impression on a child's mind.

As Christmas commemorates God's greatest and best gift to the world, it is a sweet custom for friends to give some gift to each other symbolizing their love. In too many homes the children are in danger of having their own idea of Christmas one of getting something, instead of sharing in the joy of giving. In this way they lose the best part of the Christmas joy. Be sure to let even the little ones have a share in the Christmas preparation; teach them that the best part of every gift is the love that goes with it, and to try to make a happy Christmas for as many as they can. It would be a good thing if all children would commit to memory these lines, by Phoebe Carey, and practice them:

Children whose lives are blest with love untold, Whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold, Think of the child who stands To-day with empty hands! Go fill them up and you will also fill Their empty hearts, that be so cold and still, And brighten longing eyes With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have at this best season seek His precious little ones—the poor and weak; In joyful, sweet accord, Thus lending to the Lord!

Never Forget the Note of Thanks. Be sure to send a note of thanks for a gift received at the earliest possible moment. Write it before your ardor cools. Make it hearty, spontaneous, enthusiastic. You need not be insincere. Even if you do not like the gift you must like the spirit that prompted it. Never defer writing the giver in person. You may do that as well when opportunity offers, but do not risk delay. Nothing is more discourteous than belated thanks.—Ladies' Home Journal.

These Points Well Taken.

The United Telephone and Telegraph Co. has sent out a letter to their subscribers discouraging if possible the lengthy use of the wires for frequent frivolous and trivial conversations, and at times to the disadvantage of urgent and important messages. The operators have also been instructed to charge up time against those who hold the wires for more than five minutes at a time. The company also asks subscribers to protect them from the man who steps in and says "Can I use your phone for a minute?" and pays nothing for the service.

Scarcity Affects Industries.

The scarcity of anthracite has had a depressing effect on industrial establishments in various parts of the state, some of them close to the coal belt. If the fuel famine continues factories here and there will be obliged to shut down until the situation is relieved.

ORDINANCE NO. 118

The Town of Bloomsburg, Pa.

WHEREAS, the Delaware Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company desires to extend the switch now connecting with its main line of railroad from its present terminus in the rear of the plant of the Bloomsburg Electric Light & Power Company so as to connect with the manufacturing plants situate on the southern side of the Pennsylvania Canal in the town of Bloomsburg and

WHEREAS, the said D. L. & W. Railroad Company has already prepared the right of way over all private property through which the extension of said switch will pass and

WHEREAS, by the draft heretofore submitted to the Town Council it appears that in the extension of said switch it will be necessary for the same to cross Catharine street in said Town near the intersection with Ninth street and to diagonally cross and occupy Ninth street aforesaid to a point west of the manufacturing plant now known as the Elevator Works:

Therefore be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomsburg and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same: Section 1.—That the said D. L. & W. Railroad Company be and it is hereby permitted to locate, construct, establish and use as a railroad switch of two single tracks across and over Catharine street in the Town of Bloomsburg near the intersection of said street with Ninth street and of one track over and along the south side of Ninth street aforesaid from its intersection with Catharine street to a point immediately west of the plant now known as the Elevator Works subject to the terms and conditions in the ordinance mentioned and to such other reasonable and lawful regulations as may be hereafter by the Town Council from time to time made or required.

Section 2.—The route of said railroad switch, its grade and construction shall be to the satisfaction and approval of the Engineer of the Town; and it shall be constructed, maintained and used in all its parts at the crossing of other streets or highways or upon or along the same at such grade as shall be fixed by the Town Council and to the satisfaction and approval of the Engineer of the Town and so as not to interfere with the use of such streets and highways except so much as is actually necessary and shall be by the said Company so kept, maintained and used, and the said Company its successors, lessees or others operating the same shall submit to and observe all legal and reasonable regulations which may be at any time made by the Town Council with reference to speed of trains, grades, flagmen, etc.

Section 3.—That under reasonable conditions all companies or individuals owning land along the line of said switch shall have the privilege of connecting therewith and the said railroad or switch shall be so operated and managed that there shall be no unjust discrimination in freight or charges and that under just and equitable conditions opportunity shall be afforded to the industries over or to it and from the tracks of other railroads than the Delaware Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

Section 4.—The said Company shall be liable for all damages to public or private property by reason of the construction, maintenance and use of said switch or by reason of any privilege granted by the Town Council, and nothing in this ordinance contained shall be construed in any manner to affect the rights of individuals or others as to damages by reason of the location, construction and maintenance and use of said switch or any construction connected therewith in this ordinance mentioned or referred to and the said Company its successors, lessees or others owning or operating the said switch or constructions shall keep the same in good order and save the Town of Bloomsburg harmless from any responsibility or liability whatever by reason of the location, construction, maintenance and use of said switch or constructions.

Section 5.—The said Company shall pay all costs and expenses incident to the drawing, printing, posting and publishing this ordinance and all services performed by the Engineer of the Town or other Town officers, or employees and expenses incurred by the Town by reason of this ordinance in the construction, maintenance and use of the works of the said Company shall be paid by the said Company.

Section 6.—This ordinance shall not be of force until it shall be certified to the D. L. & W. Railroad Company and by said Company accepted and approved and such acceptance and approval certified to the Town Council.

Attest:—FREDERICK QUICK, Secretary. Passed November 15, 1902. JNO. R. TOWNSEND, President of Council.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Daniel E. Troy, late of Beaver township, deceased. The undersigned appointed an auditor by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county to make distribution of the funds in the hands of C. H. Troy and J. S. Troy administrators of said deceased, will attend at his office in Bloomsburg on Friday, January 9th, 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties interested in the fund in the hands of the said administrator are requested to appear and prove their claims or be forever barred from coming in on said fund. JOHN G. FREEZE, Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of John B. Shultz, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of John B. Shultz, late of Greenwood township, Columbia County Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to J. B. Shultz, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to the undersigned. JOHN B. SHULTZ, Executor.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, the undersigned administrator of the estate of Samuel S. Lowry, late of Madison township, deceased, will expose to sale on the premises on SATURDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1903, at two o'clock in the afternoon the following described real estate:

ALL THAT CERTAIN undivided six-sixteenths or a tract or land situate in said Madison township bounded as follows to wit: On the south by lands of William Hartline, on the east by lands of Theodor Bruny and J. M. Smith, on the west by lands of Nelson Kitchen, and on the north by lands of Peter Wolf, being the lands late of Jacob Mill's deceased, and containing one hundred and twenty-four acres, whereon are erected a

TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, A BANK BARN, wagon sheds, corn cribs and other out-buildings. There is a well of water at the house and a spring at the barn; an apple orchard and some timber.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property; the one-fourth less ten per cent. at the confirmation of sale; and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation date.

JOHN G. FREEZE, JOHN C. WOLF, 124 Attorneys. Adm. of Sam'l S. Lowry

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Exp. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania and to directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg, county and State aforesaid on SATURDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, the following real estate to wit: All that, the right, title and interest of Jacob E. Keifer in all that certain message situate in Bloomsburg Pennsylvania, beginning at a corner of a lot of Wm. Fenstermacher, on south side of Fifth street, and extending eastwardly along said street fifty feet more or less to corner of an alley east of Iron street; thence along said alley southwardly one hundred and seventy-five feet to an alley thence along said alley westwardly to line of lot formerly of Wm. Fenstermacher fifty feet more or less, thence northwardly along line of said Wm. Fenstermacher or one hundred and seventy-five feet more or less to Fifth street, the place of beginning; being lot No. 36 in Walter's addition to the town of Bloomsburg, whereon is erected a

TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, frame stable and out buildings. Seized, taken into execution at the suit of the Sunbury Beef Company vs. Jacob E. Keifer and to be sold as the property of Jacob E. Keifer. FREEZE, ATTY. DANIEL KNOHR, Sheriff.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Pennsylvania Copper and Mining Co. will hold their annual meeting for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, on Monday, January 5th, 1903, at the office of the company's plant in Sugarloaf township, Columbia county, Pa. at ten o'clock in the forenoon. JOSTIAH P. FRITZ, Secretary.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Myrtle Bailey, Petitioner in Divorce, No. 134, vs. Adam Bailey, Sept. T., 1902, Common Pleas, of Columbia County, Pa. To Adam Bailey, late of said County. Whereas, Myrtle Bailey, your wife, has filed a libel in divorce as above stated, praying a divorce from you; now, therefore, you are hereby notified and required to appear in said Court on or before Monday, the second day of February, 1903, to show cause, if any you have, why Myrtle Bailey should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you according to the prayers of the petitioner filed in said Court. DANIEL KNOHR, Sheriff.

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 Tuesday, January 13, 1903, between the hours of two and four p. m. M. MILLEISEN, Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Bloomsburg 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 Tuesday, January 13, 1903, between the hours of ten a. m. and twelve p. m. W. H. HDLAY, Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank, of Bloomsburg, Pa., for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the office of said Bank on Tuesday, January 13, 1903, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 12 o'clock, noon. E. F. CARPENTER, Cashier.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mrs. Ent's Building, Court House Alley, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—Bloomsburg Nat'l Bank Bldg., 2d floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office, in Lockard's Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

JOHN G. FREEZE, JOHN G. HARMAN, FREEZE & HARMAN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Offices: Centrest., first door below Opera House

A. N. YOST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wirt Building, Court House Square, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. A. MCKILLIP, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2d Floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

RALPH R. JOHN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hartman Building, Market Square, Bloomsburg, Pa.

IKELER & IKELER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office back of Farmers' National Bank, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

CLYDE CHAS. YETTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Wirt's Building.

W. H. RHAWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, Corner of Third and Main Sts CATAWISSA, PA.

CLINTON HERRING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office with Grant Herring, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Will be in Orangeville Wednesday each week.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Wells' Building over B. A. Gidding's Clothing Store, Bloomsburg, Pa. Will be in Millville on Tuesdays.

H. MONTGOMERY SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office:—Wirt building, over Alexander Bros. 11-16-99

EDWARD FLYNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CENTRALIA, PA. Office Liddick building, Locust avenue

J. S. JOHN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and residence, 410 Main St BLOOMSBURG, PA. MONTGOUR TELEPHONE. BELL TELEPHONE EXES TESTED, GLASSES FITTED.

H. BIERMAN, M. D. HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OFFICE HOURS: Office & Residence, 4th St. 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., 6:30 to 8 p. m. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. J. BROWN, M. D. THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested and fitted with glasses. No Sunday work. 311 Market St., Bloomsburg, Pa. Hours:—10 to 8 Telephone.

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DR. W. H. HOUSE, SURGEON DENTIST, Office Barton's building, Main below Marke BLOOMSBURG, PA. Ayles of work done in a superior manner and all work warranted as representative

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