

# In Buying Groceries



**The Careful Housewife Makes every cent count.** But she can't make the pennies count by trading at every store in town, spending half her time looking for the cent cheaper article. She can save money only by searching out a reliable grocer and sticking to him. The money is saved by trading with the groceryman who sells dependable goods. Dependable are not to be obtained in every store. Goodness and cheapness appeal to every condition of humanity. There are no fancy prices here and everybody is treated alike. Our goods are cheap because they are good. It's not the prices that make them cheap. Goods that are bought so cheap that they have to be thrown away on account of poor quality are the most dearly bought goods. Better pay a fair price in the first place and get the dependable kinds. You can't buy any other kinds here. We do not keep them.

**G. H. Gross & Co.**

# A Christmas Deal

By **FREDERIC TREAT.**

It was Christmas eve at the Eyrle, the country seat of the Martins, set on a pinnacle in the hills. The place had been opened for the holidays, and the family, with a number of guests, formed a delightful "house party." Tonight general merrymaking was in order. In the hall before the great open fireplace, in which logs were blazing, sat Edith Martin with Ralph Arnold, a recent arrival from the west who had been devoted to her since they had first met, a week before.

"You are not in harmony with the occasion," he said to her. "Instead of a happy Christmas look on your face there is a troubled one."

She drew back for a moment as if withholding a confidence, then suddenly let it all out.

"I must tell you," she said, "but you are not to breathe a word to any one. He is coming by the train that arrives at 11:40 and will be here at 12. He must go back to the city early tomorrow on important business, and"—here she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I am to accept him before this gay night is over."

"Who is he?"

"John Trotter, dealer in foreign laces, a thorough business man and rich. Papa has lost a great deal of money by



THE DOOR OPENED AND MR. TROTTER ENTERED.

the shrinkage in stocks, and Mr. Trotter is going to help him ever so much to enable him to hold what he has till the market rises again."

"And the bonus is your hand?"

"That's very near the truth."

"The contract is to be signed at 12 midnight?"

"I have promised that if Mr. Trotter will come up this evening I will give him my answer."

"It will be yes?"

"It must be yes."

"That is, if he arrives."

"If he doesn't I shall have to nerve myself anew on another occasion."

"How much money is he to loan your father?"

"Papa said it was something like half a million."

"I think they might have left you to spend this Christmas happily. How miserable it is to be poor! If I were rich I might save you this sacrifice, and"—He paused reflectively.

"You wouldn't charge any bonus," she was looking very steadily at the leaping flames.

"Oh, the bonus! It wouldn't be any kindness to you to take you out of the frying pan and put you into the fire."

"I'd rather burn on a gridiron than sizzle in a pan."

The young man sat toying with his watch chain. Had the girl looked at him she would have seen that the expression on his face was not in keeping with the unemotional tones of his voice.

"If he fails to arrive on time and it is possible for you to jump into the fire, will you do so?"

"There is no fire to jump into."

There was another pause. The logs were crackling; the fire was sending a genial warmth and light through the paneled hall. From the rooms adjoining came shouts of laughter as some one was caught and kissed under the mistletoe.

"I am a promoter," said Arnold presently. "It is my business to secure funds for carrying out enterprises. Suppose I could get this loan for your father?"

They were speaking very deliberately—so deliberately that one might have thought they were two people of business making a bargain.

"At the same interest he will pay Mr. Trotter?" she asked.

"How much is that?"

"Now I think of it, I heard papa say 4 per cent."

"That would be satisfactory."

Miss Martia may have been considering the matter of interest. At any rate, it was some time before she reached the next step.

"The bonus?" she asked under her breath.

"That would depend upon whether you would rather 'burn than fry,' or, rather, whether you prefer neither to burn nor fry."

"It would not be fair to withhold the bonus. Nevertheless if it were a burden instead of a blessing"—

He did not help her out. Instead he

took out his watch and noted the hour. It was five minutes to 12.

"It is understood and agreed," he said, "that if the party of the first part doesn't show up when the clock strikes 12 the party of the second part shall consider herself released from signing the contract and will make the same arrangement with the party of the third part—that in lieu of the sum of half a million dollars at 4 per cent interest"—

"The bonus?" She was losing her business equanimity, tapping her foot on the lion skin beneath it. There remained only a few minutes to 12, and the party of the first part might walk in at any moment.

"The bonus shall be optional."

"With whom?"

"The party of the second part."

"But the party of the third part?"

"Will only accept it entire. The heart must go with the hand."

"It's a bargain," she said, extending her hand, which he grasped. At the same moment the clock at the other end of the hall began to strike the hour. It was an old-fashioned time-keeper with enormous weights and wheezed out its arithmetic strokes with provoking slowness. The pair sat motionless, their clasped hands concealed under a fold of the lady's dress, their eyes turned upon the front door. Each stroke brought them nearer to a consummation of their bargain. At the fourth there was a tinkle of the electric doorbell. At the eighth a servant passed the couple on his way to open the front door. Arnold put out his foot, and the man went sprawling on the floor. At the eleventh stroke the servant was on his feet and rubbing his shins. At the twelfth he proceeded on his way. There was a pressure between the two concealed hands. In another moment the door opened and Mr. Trotter entered.

But what entered with him? Christmas morning. Twenty such mornings had come in the lifetime of Edith Martin, but none that brought her such relief and at the same time such happiness as this one. Instead of being obliged to sacrifice herself to save her father she had accepted a man whom the first moment she saw him she knew to be the man she could love.

Ralph Arnold was indeed a promoter and had made a fortune in organizing gold mines. The day after Christmas he telegraphed his acceptance of an offer he had had for his principal mine and loaned the proceeds to Mr. Martin, who in six months regained all he had lost. Mrs. Ralph Arnold on last Christmas eve, sitting before a blazing fire beside her eldest daughter, now sixteen, told her the story of her Christmas deal.

**Christmas Service In Stable.**

At Santa Cruz, Cal., there is an old Spanish church in which the people worship only on Christmas eve. Externally it looks like a stable and has no chandelier. The floor and walls are of stone, and on the eastern side there is a manger, looking through the bars of which one sees the scenes of the Nativity, with the towers of castles and palaces in the distance. In the foreground the Virgin sits by the manger, holding the infant Saviour, with St. Joseph leaning over her and the wise men offering sheep, oxen and various precious gifts. Outside this exterior stable there are figures of men carrying sheep and calves on their shoulders, hastening to the sacred scene. In this chapel worshippers remain all night on their knees. This manger side of the church is against the east wall, high upon which is the only window in the edifice, so that the first rays of the morning sun irradiate the scenes of the Nativity. The rays lend a rosy glow, and as soon as this reaches the worshippers they leave the church, light cigarettes and begin their festivities.

**A Christmas Game.**

A Yuletide version of the donkey party is played thus: On a sheet sketch or paste a design of a Christmas tree. Have each branch of the tree terminate in a circle containing a number, using the numbers from one to ten or one to twenty-five, according to the size of the tree. Each person playing is blindfolded in turn and is given a rosette with which he must "decorate the tree." Each person aims to pin his or her rosette on or near to the highest number of the tree. Each competitor has three trials, the three numbers to which he plus nearest being written down to his credit by the hostess, who keeps tally. The one whose three numbers added together gives the largest sum total wins the first prize.

**The Day of Hope.**

The day of the Nativity is the day of hope—the day of hope to the struggling conscience of man; to the human nature which is uplifted in Christ and made partaker of God; to the families of men who believe that sacred human love is not given to perish with the earth, but in Christ is destined to some eternal purpose; to all who labor and pray for the coming of a kingdom where God shall reign in men, and men shall live in peace and good will, where the war drum shall throb no longer and the battalions be furled.

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

—Right Rev. Davis Sessums, Bishop of Louisiana.

**Limited.**

"Does you feel thankful dis Christmas?"

"Dess middlin'. Providence gimme a good appetite, but he stopped right dar!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Christmas.**

A chandeller,  
A mistletoe,  
A lover near,  
A maid below,  
A scuffle dear,  
A kiss or so.

And that is Christmas, don't you know?

**How We Breathe.**

Men and women do not breathe alike. In a woman the breathing is from the thorax, or chest, while in a man it is mainly from the diaphragm, which is lower down. This peculiar difference is so marked that it is possible to recognize by it a woman disguised as a man, although the disguise may be faultless in other respects. Most physiologists say that this difference is not due to sex, but owing to artificial conditions, such as the wearing of corsets.

**Conscientious.**

Weary Walker—No, ma'am; I ain't dirty from choice. I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soap-maker once and promised 'to use no other.' Mrs. Housekeep—Well, why do you not use that? Weary Walker—Because, ma'am, that firm failed about five years ago.

**He Didn't Want to Arbitrate.**

"The reason I can't get along with my wife is that she wants to submit all our differences to arbitration."

"To arbitration?"

"Yes. She always wants to refer disputes to her mother."

**Feeling Better.**

She—So your ideal jilted you? He—Yes, but I am somewhat reconciled. I have since learned that she married hers.—Puck.

**Editor Versus Lawyer.**

A lawyer in a courtroom may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain or thief, and no one makes a complaint when court has adjourned. If a newspaper prints such reflections on a man's character there is a libel suit or a dead editor. And this is owing to the fact that people believe what an editor says; what a lawyer says cuts no figure.—Routt County (Colo.) Courier.

**The Place For a Pupil.**

"And there is one thing about the pupil of the eye that I can't say about lots of other pupils," remarked the teacher.

"What is that?" asked the scholars in chorus.

"It is always found up around the head."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Making Sure.**

Mr. Totterly—Could you marry a very old man with a good deal of money if he told you frankly how old he was and how much he was worth? Miss Timely—How much is he worth?

**Then He Went.**

Unwelcome Sultor—That's a lovely song. It always carries me away. She—If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both I would have sung it earlier in the evening.

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We have just received a new lot of black satin skirts, the best we have ever had for the money. They are made of good quality satin, with adjustable band, with double rows of ruffles and with accordinian pleats, Prices 50c to \$2.70 each.

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A new lot of Coronet Corsets. Our line is complete, having filled in recently. They are made up of the best quality of material for the price, 50c and \$1.00 each. Also a lot of corsets, odd sizes, \$1.00 corsets for 50c, and 50c corsets 25c.

## DRESS GOODS

We have never had a better line of Dress Goods than we are showing this fall and winter. Do not fail to see them before the best are picked out, and we also have a lot of dress goods that we are selling very cheap and they are going rapidly. There are plaids, cashmires, mixed suitings and wool goods, some of them at half price. From 10c to 25c per yard.

## GINGHAMS

We keep constantly in stock a full line of Lancaster Gingham. This brand is the best that we can get that will hold the color in washing.

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The four button Sack Suits shown in the picture will appeal to good dressers who want to be just a little in advance of the "merchant tailor's styles."

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