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We are showing our first shipment of fall and Winter Suitings. MR. BUCKLAEW is in charge and thinks it a pleasure to show goods.

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Rockwell's Drug Store

is the only place in this county where you can buy the

REXALL REMEDIES

In Rexall we can use the true expression, each remedy is a survival of the fittest. A special remedy for each ill. All guaranteed to give satisfaction. If it does not, come back and get your money, it belongs to you and we want you to have it.

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The Cough Syrup that rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels is

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The personal recommendations of people who have been cured of coughs and colds by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have done more than all else to make it a staple article of trade and commerce over a large part of the civilized world.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowd. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squalidly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair. There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare. At the Rialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeited presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and os-



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had "a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager." No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a proscenium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for

the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tulle had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on. Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a pull at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company:

Dear Sir—I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we—my little daughter and myself—in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I dislike very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a tinkling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vendor on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy hearts, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair, sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stocking, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkey Once a Side Dish.

Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks. Our ancestors thought nothing of having three weeks' holiday at Christmas time.

Modern Progress in New York.

Office buildings 26 stories high, containing a thousand offices, hotels covering at city block, containing 1,400 rooms; many, very many, painted with the L. & M.

Machinery produces L. & M., Paint at 50 times less cost labor than if made by hand.

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If a defect exists in L. & M. Paint, will repain house for nothing.

Donations of L. & M., made to churches.

Sold by Harry S. Lloyd.

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But combined with Egyptian Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenious and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box. For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

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Offers the Popular Comedian

GEO. F. HALL

In the Big, Bouncing Ball of Comedy

I'm Married Now

IN THREE ACTS.

Crisp, Captivating, Clean

If you like fun, see this Show "You'll Miss It if You Miss It"

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Shingles, Lime, Wall Plaster, Portland Cement, COAL and WOOD, Red Brick, Fire Brick and Fire Clay, Sewer Pipe and Fittings, Bowker's Fertilizer and Land Plaster, Agricultural implements

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Business Cards.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. McNARNEY, JOHNSON & McNARNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, EMPORIUM, PA. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-17.

MICHAEL BRENNAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent, Emporium, Pa. 35-17.

B. W. GREEN, JAY P. FELT, GREEN & FELT, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Corner Fourth and Broad streets, Emporium, Pa. All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-17.

AMERICAN HOUSE, East Emporium, Pa. JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r. Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48-17.

MAY GOULD, TEACHER OF PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY, Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music, Emporium, Pa. Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out-of-town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

DR. LEON REX FELT, DENTIST, Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL, DENTIST, (Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.) Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store, Emporium, Pa. 12-17.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED HARDWARE STORE.

We have added to our stock for our Christmas trade a number of special lines which we are sure will be of interest to our patrons.

Solid Cast Aluminum Ware.

"Community" Silver, Warranted for 25 Years

Carvers and Roasters, Skates, Sleds and Iron Toys

Street and Stable Blankets At Prices That Are Bound to Please.

We also carry the largest stock of Coal and Wood Cooking Stoves and Heaters in Cameron County, and if you are in the market for any of these goods you cannot afford to miss looking us over and getting prices.

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Have all sizes to suit the trade, for ladies, men, boys and children.

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Anything in the line you desire. Come look our stock over.

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Shovels, Picks, Hinges, Screws, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, all kinds, Handles and nails, from a shoe nail to a boat spike.

CONCLUSION.

We appreciate your past patronage and shall endeavor to give you the same service and same goods in the future as in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention and delivered promptly by our popular drayman Jake.

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C. B. HOWARD & CO