

# H. S. LLOYD

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The Eaton, Crane Pike Writing Papers are always the first choice of discriminating people. They are by far the finest social correspondence papers made. They are first in quality, and absolutely correct in style. Their artistic and piquant boxing adds much to their general attractiveness.

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In order to make room for our Holiday Goods, we will have a clearance sale on Special lots of Ladies, Misses and Children's Coats.

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WEST FOURTH ST.,  
EMPORIUM, CAMERON CO., PA.

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OUR MOTTO:---Good and Reliable  
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Canned goods, strictly pure, conforming with the pure food law, consisting of Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Succotash and Corn, Corned and Dried Beef, Veal Loaf, Salmon, Sardines in oil and mustard, Pickles by the keg or in bottles, all kinds of Fish, by the piece or pail, Hams, Bacon and Salt Pork, or anything you desire in the Grocery line; also Hay, Feed, Oats, Straw and Flour.

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Men and Boys' work and dress Shoes, Ladies and Children's shoes, Complete line and all sizes. Rubbers of all kinds for Ladies, Children and Lumbermen's.

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Cannot be surpassed in this line. Have everything from a darning needle to a sewing machine. Our line of Embroideries and Insertions are complete. Come look our stock over and be convinced.

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Axes, Shovels, Hinges, Hammers, Hatchets, all kinds and sizes of Nails and Spikes. Our Tinware, etc., consists of Boilers, Milk Pans, Tin Cups, Wash Basins. Full stock of Lumberman's Supplies, Lever Socks, Neck Yokes, Axe and Pick Handles, Spuds, Mauls, Grabs, etc.

We appreciate all orders and shall endeavor to give our immediate and prompt attention and give you as good service and as reliable goods in the future as we have in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention.

Yours truly,

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

## Christmas With The Pickwickians

NO chronicler of Christmas doings has done it so imitatively as Dickens, and nowhere has Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers." One might read the paragraph relating to the observance of the holiday half a hundred times and not become weary. The Christmas spirit is everywhere evident in the chapters devoted to the holiday making. From the beginning when the hero, his three friends and his faithful servant start for Dingley Dell, to the hour of their return there is Christmas in every sentence:

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as light as feathers, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the 23d day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment and open heartedness. The old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and amid the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

After traveling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they draw near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingley Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, but to Sam Weller his face is strange. To follow this first meeting:

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy confronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word, and

the airs of a man who could "skaff" and having shown his ignorance there of, was smartly reproved by Mr. Pickwick. Meanwhile, "Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut out a slide," all hands participated. Says the chronicler of the day's sport:

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which manifested on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he turned around when he had done so and then after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, which happened upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a glowing countenance and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but, being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning, when the party departs from Dingley Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmases that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer. Long live the tale, and long, may we enjoy Christmas with the Pickwickians!

### LONG WALK FOR SANTA.

Tree Burned, Father Goes Eight Miles For New Toys.

Gifts intended for his eight children being destroyed when his lighting of the Christmas tree, just before midnight, caused a fire which damaged his home in Cleveland, Alfred Hammermeister trudged eight miles through snow before he could reach a store.



MR. PICKWICK WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE, WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD APART.

began to stow the things rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to reprint here, but not too much so to peruse with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingley Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room, with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in Dingley Dell. In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burned bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the reader is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe, instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tellingtower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. \*\*\* Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else. \*\*\*

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas day, which was cold and cheerful and good "skatting" weather. The party all went to a "pretty large sheet of ice," where Mr. Winkle, having assumed

keeper and gather another supply of presents so that the children's faith in Santa Claus might not be lost.

The children were asleep when Mr. and Mrs. Hammermeister completed decorating the tree. The father decided to light the candles as a test. They burned; so did the cotton snowballs. The blaze awakened the children. "Santy here?" they piped. "Is it morain'?" The parents gathered them in their arms and rushed to the street. Firemen brought out a lot of fire ruined presents from the house.

"Santy been and gone and our things is burned up!" the children cried. Hammermeister began his weary search for an open store. He employed the infrequent street cars for long stretches, but trudged mile after mile in fruitless search. Finally he routed a storekeeper from his bed and, burdening himself with a new supply, trudged home to turn sorrow into joy.

### Hunting Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost hunting bids fair to become the ruling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas spooker hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country leads some to predict that the fad over here will fail. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccaneer of the Spanish main variety, with cocked hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he links his chains of stolen doubloons.—Washington Star.

### A Christmas Sentiment.

However sincere we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, our charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by yearly gifts of baskets of food and outgrown clothes.

We ought to make the spasmodic kindness of Christmas one of the constant forces of our industrial world. Equality and fraternity are born not of charity, but of justice.

Instead of commercializing Christmas we ought to "de-commercialize" it.—New York Mail.

## Are You This Man?

We are looking for just ONE big, broad-gauged man of business ability in this county to act as our special representative, to look after our present customers and to add new ones.

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## That Lame Back Means Kidney Disease

And to Relieve the Lame and Aching Back,  
You Must First Relieve the Kidneys

There is no question about that at all—for the lame and aching back is caused by a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder. It is only common sense, any way—that you must cure a condition by removing the cause of the condition. And lame and aching back are not by any means the only symptoms of derangement of the kidneys and bladder. There are a multitude of well-known and unmistakable indications of a more or less dangerous condition. Some of these are, for instance: Extreme and unnatural lassitude and weariness, nervous irritability, heart irregularity, "nerves on edge," sleeplessness and inability to secure rest, scalding sensation and sediment in the urine, inflammation of the bladder and passages, etc.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are an exceptionally meritorious remedy for any and all affections or diseased conditions of these organs. These Pills operate directly and promptly—and their beneficial results are at once felt.

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E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill., want every man and woman who have the least suspicion that they are afflicted with kidney and bladder diseases to at once write them, and a trial box of these Pills will be sent free by return mail postpaid.

## LIGHTNING FREEZER

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No fly can get through through the window or door screens we sell. Window screens 25c to 85c. Screen doors \$1.10 to \$1.95. Wire cloth, spring hinges and all accessories for the fly weather. Keep the nasty flies out of the house. They carry the germs of disease. Good bargains in hot plates and ovens. Garden hose 12c and 14c a foot. Keep the lawn mowed and looking nice with one of our good lawn mowers \$3.75 to \$16.00. Builders' supplies, hardware of all kinds. Plumbing and Tinning

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<b>Siding</b>	White Pine, Basswood, Poplar.
<b>Ceilings</b>	White Pine, Yellow Pine, Basswood.
<b>Mouldings</b>	Yellow Pine, White Pine.
<b>Sash, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames.</b>	
<b>Porch</b>	Turned Columns, Colonial Columns, Balusters, Brackets, Spindles, Rail.
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