

Merry Xmas



On Friday, Dec. 17th

We will commence our Reduction Sale on all Millinery.

We are showing the finest and largest assortment of Handkerchiefs we have ever had. Price ranging from 5c to \$1.75 each.

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LUDLAM'S

Christmas Gifts



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Christmas announcements are now in order, so we extend to you our greetings and invite you to visit our store and see our remarkable line. You will find quality that will most agreeably surprise you and our prices cannot fail to meet with your approval.

Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes

Jasper Harris,

The People's Clothing House

Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

SANTA AND THE LITTLE MOUSE.

By FRANCIS TAYLOR.
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One Christmas eve when Santa Claus Came to a certain house To fill the children's stockings there He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend," Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse.
"I thought you wouldn't mind

"If I should stay awake tonight And watch you for awhile."
"You're very welcome, little mouse," Said Santa, with a smile.



And then he filled the stockings up Before the mouse could wink—

From toe to top, from top to toe, There wasn't left a crumb.

"Now, they won't hold another thing," Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes; But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict. Your pardon I implore. But in the fullest stocking there I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho," laughed Santa, "silly mouse! Don't I know how to pack? By filling stockings all these years I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down From where it hung so high And said: "Now put in one thing more. I give you leave to try."

The mouse chuckled to himself, And then he softly stole Right to the stocking's crowded toe And gnawed a little hole.



"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus, I've put in one thing more, For you will own that little hole Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh! And then he gayly spoke, "Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese For that nice little joke."

THE DEAR OLD TREE.

By FRANK H. SWEET.
There's a dear old tree, an evergreen tree, And it blossoms once a year. 'Tis loaded with fruit from top to root, And it brings to all good cheer.



For its blossoms bright are small candles white, And its fruit is dolls and toys, And they all are free for both you and me If we're good little girls and boys.

The Christmas Manger. In France may be almost universally seen representations of the manger in which Christ was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by.

THE CHEERFUL WAX CANDLE.

By ALICE LE BARON.
Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

ONCE upon a time two little candles lay side by side in a big box. Both were pure white. Said one: "I wonder what will become of us. Do you think we would be meant for a Christmas tree?" For you must know that to be put on a Christmas tree is the best possible thing that can happen to a candle.

"Of course not," said the other, who was cross. "If we are meant for a Christmas tree it will be for some shabby little children—see if it isn't."

"If we are," said the first, "I'll shine my very brightest, for the eyes of even poor children with only few pleasures in prospect are enough to rival little candles on Christmas eve."

"If we are," grumbled the second, "I am not sure that I will allow myself to be lighted at all."

Christmas eve drew nearer and nearer. Sure enough, the two little candles, with many others of blue and pink and yellow and red, were lighted for a Christmas tree.

On the day before Christmas, while it still was daylight, some young girls came to arrange the presents and make the tree ready for the evening.

"Oh, what a lot of pretty little candles!" said one of them. "They are such lovely colors—all except those two white ones. We will put those out of sight, because the red and pink ones are prettier."

"Didn't I tell you what would happen?" said the cross little candle in a whisper. "Yes, but wait," replied the other. "Just shine your brightest all the time."

"I won't," snapped the cross one. When evening came, ranged all round the tree were happy boys and



girls. Soon every bough on the great tree blossomed with little lights. Some of the flames were faint, but many were bright. When the little white candles were lighted the cross one just sputtered a minute and then went out. The other shone so brightly that a gentleman standing near said:

"Oh, what a brilliant candle! But it is almost out of sight among the green branches. We ought to put it where it can be seen better."

"Put it on the very tiptop," said a little lady. And that is where they did put it—on the very tiptop of the tree, where it nodded and gleamed in answer to the smiling faces around it.

The Barber's Joke. Christmas morning and the barber very busy. "I'd rather shave ten Germans than one American."

The rubicund brewer in the chair smiled broadly through the lather. "Goot," he chuckled. "Dot vos right! But vy?"

The barber took a firmer hold upon his victim's nose as he replied: "Ten Germans pay me a dollar and a half—one American only 15 cents." And you could have heard the thermometer drop.

Popcorn! "If Santa Claus has corns the same as grandpa," said a wee girl the other day. "I fink he'd be 'fraid to come down the chimney over a hot fire for fear his corns would pop."

Santa Claus' Revenge. Belated comes advice tonight That, "without proper cause," Two foolish boys went on a strike Against old Santa Claus.

They sent him written word that he Must take two trips a year, The first an early one to see What children wanted here.

They said his work of late was bad. They criticised his taste. They said it made them very sad— Those presents gone to waste!

They asked him why he thought a boy Would want a Teddy bear. They said it seemed he could employ Much better judgment there.

They wrote him frankly what they thought. A protest in each line. They told him that they thought he ought To sell out and resign. They covered reams of paper then To tell him what to do— The how, the which, the what, the when They carefully went through— And then they told him what to bring For each boy in their town. And for themselves—"Oh, everything!" Was just what they put down. They thought the saint was far too old To understand their scheme, And each one bought a bag, to hold Their presents, it would seem. But when they woke on Xmas morn With "What did Santa bring?" Why, just as sure as you are born, He hadn't left a thing!

STACY E. BAKER.

A CHRISTMAS AT CAPE HORN.

ONCE I had a shipmate who celebrated the most grateful Christmas of his life at the Horn.

It was on the Mary Ann, in December, 1897. She was a deep cut steel clipper, but she was a four masted bark, and four masted barks are all ugly in heavy seas. The best sea boat afloat will plunge at Cape Horn, but four masted barks are all the time under water. Sometimes they are swamped altogether and boat waterlogged around the Horn. Then the current pushes them south to perish in the lee jam.

Some sailors can be likened to the four masted barks. They are the sailors who have been too long away from home. All sailors plunge liberally into shore life, but the "too long away from home" fellows are, as a rule, swamped in shore life breakers.

One of my mates on the Mary Ann was Bob Janes, a typical "too long away from home" unfortunate. But Bob still had something dear to his heart. He had started on more than one trip around the world with the determination that the end of the voyage should see him rejoined his own loved ones at home.

But on this day, at the end of his trip, his good resolutions had been broken. He had drunk some, and Bob was hither and yon under the stars and stripes of a man's man.

Bob and I, with twelve other Yankee, Dutch and Swede, were on the starboard watch under Chief Mate Dickson of the Mary Ann. When we went below on Christmas eve the sea was running high. Boat and hull came down in the squalls. The western gale had trimmed our sails down to the lower topsails.

We had hardly fallen asleep when we heard the men at the wheel strike one bell. Before the signal for "all hands on deck" was answered forward Bob and I were out of our bunks and had our sea boots on.

"What's up now?" growled Bob, and he got his answer from Jimmy, the deck boy, who came rushing in with out preliminary warning.

"Rise, rise, rise, sleepers! Weather ship for icebergs on the leeward bow. Rise, rise, rise!"

The watch on deck was already setting the fore staysail to head the vessel off the wind. She was running easy when we came on deck, and the storm sparker was hauled out to bring the vessel to the wind on the other tack.

Bob was sent forward to furl the fore staysail. The rest of us went to the braces and pulled the yards in to starboard.

Then came the ugliest part of the job. Slowly the Mary Ann turned to face her foe again. But before she could head her bow against the mighty seas they broke over her from stem to stern.

Bob came aft from the staysail to join us just as we all jumped out of the way, for a big breaker came thundering over the weather rail.

The breaker caught Bob at the fore backstays. He jumped up and put his arm through the coils of the fore sheet, hanging in straps in the royal backstay.

The straps were rotten, and Bob and the coil sheet rope dropped and disappeared in the boiling deck waters.

The waters surged to leeward and carried a dark object with them. The skipper threw a life buoy from the poop.

"Poor Bob!" said everybody to himself. It was all we could do for him. Bob was gone, and there seemed to be no help for it.

We had the Mary Ann snug at last. Our watch had still an hour more below, not long enough to make it worth while to crawl into our bunks, and we lighted our pipes, lay down on our chests and discussed poor Bob.

Bill, who was Bob's own chum, went to Bob's bunk and overhauled the things.

"It is enough to make anybody ripping mad to think of a rotten old strap chucking a poor fellow overboard," nussed Bill. "Christmas night too. Say, boys, when we auction this stuff off we've got to show Bob up handsome to his friends."

It must be explained that when sailors die at sea their belongings are sold at auction to the crew. This custom serves a double purpose. It is easier to ship money halfway around the globe than to insure the safe delivery of an old wooden chest. A good sum of money is also more welcome to most heirs than a chestful of tarred rags.

Besides, the sea auctions give the shipmates of the dead an opportunity to "raise his reputation" by adding generously to his account.

Everybody wanted to fill the Christmas stockings of poor Bob's folks. The chief mate, Dickson, good naturedly consented that the auction should be held then and there and came to the forecabin with pencil and paper to record the sales as fast as they were made.

"Here you are, boys—here you are! Get your money ready. The greatest Cape Horn sale ever held will now start," rasped the old chief. "First

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