



Brief Fum Hawas Barrick.

Belleville Gazette.
LIEVER KERNEL HARTER.

Ich hob de onner nocht en trip
ganumma mit em Santa Claus we
are si rounds g'maucht hut unich
sina glenna freind far senna was se
wella far krishkindlin. Der oldt
karl hut si buffalo robe suit aw un
derno is are nous un si harsh ei-
g'shpoint in der shhdda, un gli sin
mere ivver barrick, un hivvel, un
heiser nows gayawked os es'ghmok-
ed hut. Edlich mohl hov ich ga-
glawbed are daid umshmissa wonare
ols ivver de shonshta nows g'fora is,
un es wore mere so bong are daid
umshmissa won are ols ivver de
shonshta nows g'fora is, un es wore
mere so bong os es u'glick gebt os
ich nix g'schwetzed hob bis mere
about en dowsend mile fardt wora.
Endlich hut der Bellanickel (em
Santa Claus si deitscher nawma)
sich room gadraid un hut g'sawd:

"Coomst, Gottlieb?"

"Farloss dich druff," hov ich
g'sawd, "awver fawr mer net so
dooners shtarick!"

Der oldt karl hut galocht bis es
wasser ene in g'forna druppa we
koogla ivver si rhode bocka. nunner
garulled sin.

"Si net bong, Gottlieb," hut are
g'sawd. "Dare wake bin ich shunt
shier tawd dowsend yohr g'fora un
hob in mein laeva net um'ghmissa.
Ich nem dich widder lavendich
hame tsu dinera levee Polly."

"We oldt sint dere anyhow,
Bose?" hov ich g'frogt.

"Ich con dere farhottich net
sawga won ich gabora bin. Es is
so long tsurick os ich mich nimmy
arrinera con we ich yung wore.
Dare bawrd wore wise fun awfong
en my hore wora so long en dows-
end yore tsurick os se now sin.
Ich hob di grose-grose-mudder ga-
kent we se se g'shuckled hen in ma
aus-gahilichta bluck for en week.
Ich hob era grose-grose-mudder un so
en."

"De tzeida missa sich feel farwex-
eled hovva sidder os du ni g'start
bacht krisht-kindlin peddla. Hen
se net?"

"Woonerbawr," hut are g'sawd.
"Des lond wore ols oll bush, un
ghot mohl hov ich en hoontet mile
ghot fun ame house tsu'm onera,
awver sella mohl wore oll de
shonshta ousa on da heiser nuff ga-
lowed unich hob ols usht draw
farby foro kenna un es soch dorrick
nunner dumpaonyshuppa. Awver
now muss mer en holt dutzert
shonshta unner-sucha bis mer der
recht greekt un derno greekt mer
de socha de helft tzeit on der letz
blotz. De arawet is feel schwarer
now os se ols wore, awver shunt far
feele yohr hut der oldt Adam mere
g'hulfa mit sidera express coom-
bany. My load is aw entirely dif-
ferent fun was os se ols wore. Ich
sind nuch goot, Gottlieb, we du en
glainer boe worstet hov ich ols pawr
koocha gile, en shissel full taffy un
en bushel keshta ob galawda on
eirem house. Es wore so feel fun
sich os en bushel keshta usht about
en hoot full tsu yadem kint ga-
maucht hut, un ich hob en monnich
mohl im shonshta eck g'hooked un
efch tsu gagooked we frok os ere
ward far gward keshta wo de
mommy olla owet far Grishdang
eich ous gadaled hut. Der dawg
sawch Grishdang wore ols de tswet-
ta Grishdang in der shoal, un der
boe woo en gons tzooker shtengly
g'hot hut wore gaglich by oll da
shooler bis si tzooker oll wore. En
gward keshta, a pawr koocha gile
en a bissel belly-guts daid now net
weit ga coonich da kinner. Es
nemt now feel me expensife bres-
ens. Sella mohl wore de duochter
froh won era beau era en peosd
any gabrecht hut, now nemts en
guidene watch oder en diamond

ring, un won aw der boe oll si geld
shpend far bresents so os are nix hut
far shtartha households, don shtaid
are om haichshta by der nudce. Se
denked derno awer net so feel fun
eme won de yung couple en shtore-
box usa missa far en eck-shonk wilr
der duochter-mon oll si geld g'shpend
hut far karraseera. Luss mich dere
sawga Gottlieb, de leit schwetza ol-
lawile fun hardte tzeit un se sin
selver feel de shult. Se wella olles
uff amohl do. Won tswe hira don
doona se grawd en gonser furniture
shtore in era house. Gli wardt des
shae dei furniture fargrotzel, es
wardt nix nias mae ins house ga-
brucht, un we's furniture ouswardt
gad era leeb. Ae ding uff amohl.
Fong oona aw un gae nuff. En
niar shpiggel, shuckel-shtool, odder
even en neie huls-box maucht de
fraw shtuls feela—un luse mich
dere sawga waga shtulse weipelet
was se wella—en faw os net awen-
ich shtuls is holdt sich net sowver,
un en weipsmensch os net sowver is
shtinked, un en weipsmensch os
shtinked is es naixt ding tsu'ra
garriverer. Ich mauch my laeva
on bresents bringa un, mind you,
ich farshite de bisnis."

By daro tzeit wora mere finf
dowsend mile fun hame un wora om
eck fum lond woo's in der se ged,
un mere sin room gadraid.

"Doh is en house," hut der oldt
Santa g'sawd, "os ich dere wisa
will. De kinner in dem house sin
tsu badowera. Dare mon hut nine
kinner. Se in oll shana, uff-ga-
lebede, good-bahafte kinner. De
mommy is good galernt un deot
olles os se con. Se sin nodderlich
schmurt—se orda era mommy
noach. Olla yohr shicka se were
wardt far bicher un tzeidunga, awer
der fodder is en mups. Are con
net selver laeva, un nembt ken tzei-
dunga. Are sawgt de kinner kenna
de Beevel shtuddia wile are tsu
awrem is farena en tzeidung greega
un duch shpend are en fardel daw-
ler de woch far duwock. Won de
kinner uff woxa un cooma unich de
leit far era wake in der weldt
maucha don sin se we glene fish—
de grossa fressa se eb se holwer ous
gawoxa sin. So en mon set mer
farhottich forgaishela."

"Whoa!" hut der oldt Bella-
nickel g'sawd tsu sina harsh un se
hen g'shtnpped. Mere wora far-
hottich widder dahamh om Hawas
Barrick far der Polly eram house
woo se em ledshta soomar gawawfed
hut on minera shrief sale. We ich
runner ga-groddled bin hut der oldt
Bellanickel g'sawd: "Wos soll ich
dere bringa, Gottlieb?"

Un ich hob g'sawd, "En pock
Frishmood."

Ols widder,
GOTTLIEB BOONSTIEL.

WEST BEAVER.

Fred. Gundrum had three or four
teams on the road, last week, de-
livering ties to McClure from the
John O. Goss tract. . . . J. J. Steely
made a business trip to our county
seat last week and reports the burgh
still improving. . . . We have had a
few visiting candidates at this end
looking up, who is the other fellow's
friend. . . . Joseph M. Wagner is in
the line business this winter, and
with the aid of the old veteran line
burner, Levi B. Treaster, he expects
to burn 5,000 bushels. . . . The little
school teacher at the Ridge has the
good wishes of all parents who have
little boys and girls to send by not
allowing the larger ones to impose
on the smaller ones, by pushing
them in the snow and other abuse.
. . . There is a man at this end
claims he is willing to marry the
colored princess, not so much for
love as for money. . . . T. F. Swine-
ford had 150 visitors inside of a
week to spend the evenings, and they
all enjoyed themselves, by telling
stories; drinking cider, and eating
apples until the wee small hours of
the night when they went home
much pleased with their treatment.
. . . P. W. Treaster came home
from Mifflin county last Saturday
to spend Sunday with the family.
. . . One word to the wise. Stick
to the best man, or at least the one
you think the best, at the coming
primary election, and then good old
Snider will be safe. . . . The snow,
Sunday night, has improved the
sleighting as it had been about over.

Selinsgrove Musical Conven-
tion.

A musical convention will be held
in the Opera House, Selinsgrove,
beginning Jan. 24th, 1897. The
singers of the county are invited to
participate. COMMITTEE. T. F.

PROFITS GO TO BUYERS DURING AN IMMENSE CLEARING SALE AT BROSIOUS BROTHERS,

Sunbury, Penn'a.



Sunbury, Penn'a.

Men's, Youths' and Children's Clothing. Suits and Overcoats.

Wednesday morning, January 12th, we began the Greatest Sale of
Clothing and Overcoats ever offered to the people
of Sunbury and vicinity.

WE WILL THEN SELL AT ASTONISHING PRICES.

This Sale will positively last until January 29th.

\$10.00 Suits will be sold at \$7.13	\$18.00 Overcoats at \$12.39
9.00 " " " " " 6.97	15.00 " " " 11.25
8.00 " " " " " 6.38	12.00 " " " 8.98
7.50 " " " " " 5.25	5.00 Reefers for Children 3.98

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "JEMO."

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A Happy New Year to you,
Boys. If it isn't it ought to be. An
unhappy boy is like a chicken that
lays no eggs. If you are not happy,
just look within to see what is
wrong. The fault must be there;
for you have no cares, no anxieties,
no regrets. What privileges you
have to make you happy! A home
with all its comforts, leisure for
sport, holidays and merry-makings.
Even your school is made attractive,
and learning easy. Ask your fath-
ers how lessons were thrashed into
them, how hard and monotonous
were their schooldays, and then con-
trast your own advantages. How
grand too is your health! You can
not even realize the sadness and
gloom of the sick room, the wear-
iness of the dyspeptic, the hopeles-
ness of the invalid. Your toothache
and your headache come from your
own folly or carelessness, and you
have only to deny yourself in candy
and pastry for a few days and you
will be well as ever.

A Happy New Year to you, Girls
and Maidens. You and the boys
have equal rights to happiness; but
remember yours are "woman's
rights." I hope you will be strong
supporters of woman's rights, and
the equality of man and woman. But
do not forget that equality does not
necessarily imply identity. You
have the right to learn all that the
boys learn at school, to exercise your
bodies as they exercise theirs, to
travel, and observe, and work, and
rest as they do. But, though you
do all these things, do them as wo-
men, lest forgetting the distinction
Nature herself has made, you gain
more than your rights and lose all
your privileges.

So, may this year be happy for
you; happy because you realize that
you are women, and that, like the
skilful general, you may win full
many a fight in which you handle
neither sword nor gun.

A Fruitful New Year to All
Youths. You are Fortune's favo-
rites. On you she showers her
choicest gifts. You have the heart
of a child and the will of a man.
Days full of innocent happiness are
behind you. Myriad pleasures open
around you. Golden visions lie be-
fore you. Hope rests upon your
head; love is in your eyes; courage

in your breast; the world is at your
feet, and, for you there stretches now
an opening century.

So, may this year be happy to you.
Happy, because your eyes are clear
to recognize your many gifts; happy
that passion does not weaken your
heart, nor affliction hold you back
from high enterprise; happy in your
rich inheritance of life, and in the
wisdom not to waste its glorious
fullness.

A Prosperous New Year to you,
Fathers. You have thought your
individuality worth perpetuating,
and have won an attribute whose
name belongs to God himself. You
are an autocrat. Whistful eyes watch
your every look and word, and eager
minds strive to mould themselves on
your character. You have provided
for yourself an earthly immortality,
a second self to take up your ambi-
tion and carry on your works of
good or evil.

So, may this year be happy to
you,—happy, because you have had
courage to undertake responsibility,
and confidence in your worth and in
your good intentions.

A Bright New Year to you,
Mothers. Consciously or uncon-
sciously, you have made the great
sacrifice. You have risked pain,
sorrow, anxiety and death itself, in
the sacred hope of a Hebrew mother,
that to you may fall the honor of
bringing into the world some prince
of peace. That sacrifice was a de-
dication. You are a priestess for-
ever.

So, may this year be happy to you;
happy in the knowledge of your
high calling; happy in the discharge
of its holy duties; happy in the hope
that your constant care may furnish
to the world a being worthy to hand
on the torch of lofty deeds; happy
in the thought that you have forged
another link in the chain of love,
whose clasp is held by God.

A Happy New Year to you, In-
valids. Does happiness seem a
mockery, and my very wish almost
an unkindness? Nay, I know it is
not so; for the same power that per-
mitted the demon Pain to work his
will with you, chained him to the
angel Patience, and you will be
happy in her tender councils. For
she whispers to you that all is not
vain; that souls hungering to do
good deeds love to minister to you,
and, that from your agony are borne
into the world pure self-denial and
sweet compassion. May, then, the

breath of sympathy so stir for you,
during this year, the sullen waters
of affliction, that they break into the
laughter of a summer stream.

A Tranquil New Year to you,
Aged ones. You have anchored in
the harbor, and only wait the mas-
ter's call to land. Meanwhile the
waters are calm around you. The
anxious captain, and the busy sailors
sleep, the weary helmsman stretches
his strained limbs. You can watch
the changing sea beyond, smile at its
sunny stillness, send warnings of
storms, and counsel the strife where
your past is done. Your fellow
veterans are moored beside, and
cheer you with their brave familiar
shapes. Together you live again in
tender thought the varied voyage,
together hail the new-trimmed craft
that pass outward on some unfinish-
ed quest, rejoicing that they may
gain fresh courage by seeing you
safe sheltered after storm, and shoal,
and strite.

And now "Success to All!"
What is it to succeed? Is it to gain
Applause from men, the vacuous refrain
From feeble crowds, who waste their idle roar
Like ocean waves upon a rock-bound shore,
Whose fiercest fervor fades as suddenly
As does the full-eyed sun from tropic sky?
Is it to gain great store of gathered gold
That can for you earth's choicest gifts unfold
But brings no happiness to minds untaught
To use its wondrous powers as they ought,
Which tempt too long a stay in pleasure's
bowers
Like bees in over lush of summer flowers?
Nay, rather 'tis to take the life that's given,
And mould it to the pattern set by heaven:
To train the every possibility
"As ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye"
To work and strive that others, sore distressed
May, by your living, be forever blessed
To shun no toil, nor yield to adverse fate,
But willing be to labor and to wait:
To keep your motives pure as sleeping lake,
Doing each duty for dear duty's sake
Such is the ideal God himself will bless—
Such are the attributes of true success.

DIED.

Dec. 25, at Beavertown, George
A. Smith, aged 84 yrs., 3 mos. and
28 days.

Dec. 24, near Kreamer, Mrs.
Mary Benfer, aged 74 years and 3
months.

Dec. 30, at Knousetown, Mrs.
Catharine Deane, aged 86 years, 6
months and 15 days.

Jan. 3, at Selinsgrove, Mrs. Har-
riet Bergstresser Ulrich, aged 80
yrs., 7 mos. and 22 days.

William Stroub, son of Samuel
Stroub and his wife, Anna Maria,
(a born Staily) born apr. 8th, 1856,
died Jan. 7th, 1898, aged 41 yrs.,
9 mos. and 2 days.

UNION TWP.

Edwin Shrawder, a prominent
clerk of Shamokin, spent Saturday
and Sunday with his parents and
friends here. . . . Protracted meeting
is still in progress at the Olive
United Evangelical church. . . . A.
W. Aucker sold one of his track
horses last week. . . . Artie and
Reuben Aucker were visiting friends
and relatives at Shamokin last week.
They say they saw many wonderful
things over there. . . . Merchant Shaf-
fer, of Pallas, was seen on our
streets last week. . . . Artist S. J.
Stroub is kept busy finishing and
delivering pictures. He turns out
first class. . . . Auctioneer I. W.
Lougore, of Verdilla, has already
slated many sales for March. . . . We
were pleased to see that so many
parents took an interest in our joint
teachers' institute at Chapman last
week.

KREAMER.

The young people in this locality
attended quite a number of sleighing
parties last week. . . . Frank Keeler,
an accomplished young man of Johns-
town, who used to live in this place
nine years ago, was visiting friends
in this locality. . . . Mrs. Chas. Mit-
chell was in Lewisburg last week.
. . . Last Tuesday a sled-load of
Selinsgrove enjoyed the hospitality
of J. F. Walter's. . . . A. D. Kream-
er was in Selinsgrove last Monday.
. . . The death of Mrs. Henry Snyder,
who lived one mile north of this
place, took place last Friday. In-
terment took place at Salem last
Tuesday morning. . . . Nora Kream-
er is confined to her bed with a
severe attack of pneumonia. We
hope to see her well again before
long. . . . Chas. Mitchell, who has
been visiting his sisters in the vi-
cinity of Phila. for several weeks,
has returned home.

MIDDLETOWN MARKET.

Corrected weekly by our merchants.
Butter
Eggs
Onions
Lard
Tallow
Chickens per lb.
Turkeys
Side
Shoulder
Ham
Wheat
Rye
Potatoes
Old corn
New corn
Beans per 100 lbs.
Middlings
Cheap
Flour per bbl.