

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.		
PENN. R. R.		
EAST.		WEST.
7:15 A. M.		8:15 A. M.
10:15 P. M.		12:15 P. M.
6:00 P. M.		7:00 P. M.
SUNDAYS.		
8:15 A. M.		4:35 P. M.
D. L. & W. R. R.		
EAST.		WEST.
6:30 A. M.		9:00 A. M.
10:15 P. M.		12:15 P. M.
2:15 P. M.		4:15 P. M.
SUNDAYS.		
6:30 A. M.		12:15 P. M.
6:00 P. M.		4:30 P. M.
PHILA. & READING R. R.		
NORTH.		SOUTH.
7:30 A. M.		11:25 A. M.
10:15 P. M.		6:00 P. M.
SILK HOLLOW STREET.		
7:30 A. M.		11:25 A. M.
10:15 P. M.		6:00 P. M.

**J. J. BROWN.**  
THE EYE A SPECIALTY.  
Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.  
11 Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.  
Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Telephone 1436.

**THE BRITISH TOURIST.**  
He Was Pleasantly Surprised by the Train Boy's Attention.  
The British tourist sat in the car and gazed idly across the bleak prairie. He felt a slight touch and, looking around, found that a uniformed youth had deposited several ruddy oranges on the seat.  
"He didn't wait for the money," remarked the tourist, gazing from the fruit to the rapidly retreating train boy.  
"He never does," said the fellow passenger, with a knowing smile.  
"Oh, I see! It is one of the advantages of your great railroad system. Free fruit for its patrons?"  
The British tourist was just peeling the second orange when a dainty package of chocolate confectionery was deposited on his knee.  
"By Jove," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "this is delightful! When I return home, I shall write a paper on the excellence of American fruit."  
In less than ten minutes he was the recipient of another package. It was a little box containing a black cigar and two matches.  
"No wonder you Americans like to travel," he said, biting the bitter end of the cigar. Then he found that a comic publication had found its way to his seat.  
"This is great!" he grinned. "I am going to tip the boy. Wait a moment." The train boy halted, and the tourist held out a dime.  
"What is that for?" asked the boy.  
"For yourself."  
"You owe me a half, mister."  
"Owe? I thought you were giving these things away?"  
"Not today. The half please."  
"But why don't you take the money when you leave the stuff?"  
"Because you'll never sell it."  
The tourist reluctantly handed over the coin.  
"Going to write about the excellence of American travel?" asked the fellow passenger.  
"Not I," responded the British tourist. "I am going home and tell the nation about the train robberies over here!" Exchange.

**JOHN ADAMS' WIFE.**  
A Letter From Abigail Adams—The Vice President's Function.  
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6, 1797.  
Dear Sir—I received your letter of Nov. 24 by the notes you write me about, I wish you to do by them as you would by your own, as I do not want to present either principle or interest. I think it would be most for my interest to do by them as you propose. The method you mention, of adding to the out-house so as to give me a dairy room, I like very much and would leave it to your judgment. I think it would be best to have it large enough to take of a closet that cold victuals, etc., may not be mixed in with dairy affairs. I should be glad to have it completed if possible before I return in the spring, but the winter has set in with great violence here, and the rivers are already frozen up, so that I fear we shall not have a chance of getting any cheese here.  
Congress are but just getting into business, and the vice president is not yet agreed to sit six months together. Regulating debates, moderating warmth and reading papers is a laborious task and what, I fancy, the present V. P. does not like so well as rocking in his pivot chair or amusing himself with the whist of a pendulum.  
We are all well. The cold weather has never yet seen the southern man, Washington excepted, who could bear close application for any length of time. What a ringing world there have been in all the Jacobinical prayers from one end of the United States to the other if somebody else had done so! We are all well. The cold weather has entirely put a stop to the yellow fever, and no person would now suppose that such a calamity had ever befallen the city. The synod recommended a day of fasting and prayer. The difference between this place and N. England was this, being recommended by a body of Presbyterian ministers, none of the church clergy would join in it. Every shop in the city was open as usual, and a very small proportion of the inhabitants attended worship. Business and pleasure went on as usual.  
Remember me to Mrs. Tufts and all other friends. From your ever affectionate  
ABIGAIL ADAMS.

**Awkward Compliment.**  
There is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well meaning professor who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house in which his hostess had taken the leading part met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.  
"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. That part fits you to perfection."  
"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly. "A young and pretty woman is needed for that part."  
"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Stupid Settlement.**  
"That sale you made settles you," cried the merchant angrily. "You're an idiot! You're discharged!"  
"But, sir," protested the new salesman, "you told me I might sell that vase for \$1."  
"Of course, you idiot, but the woman you sold it to called it a 'vase.' If you had asked her \$5 she would have paid it!"—Philadelphia Press.

**To make cheese rancid melt a half cupful of grated cheese in a double boiler. Season it with a saltspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika and a tablespoonful of nutmeg. Use it as smooth. It spread it on many slices of bread that have been dipped in milk and egg and fried in butter.**

**"THE CARETHER."**  
We give him much!  
We do not think it much at all, but just the selfish, hollow way of one's own will, the Master's way ignored quite; his love so true, in all his thought for me and you, we pass it by and hold it not!  
Our one excuse, "We just forgot!"  
We give him much!  
We do not think it much at all, but he looks on with love so true, and all his care for me and you, and sees the loving thought of him, the cup of water to the brim, he sees it filled, for his dear sake given, studies a child to make, we please him much!  
He loves us much!  
The moments all; yet every thought of him, each smile, each tear, the glance we take while thinking him for pardon sweet, the trust we feel, the hope we meet, the grants for service—all are dear to him; there's naught for us to fear!  
He loves us much!  
—Fanny Edna Stafford in Boston Transcript.

**A Game of Cards.**  
How a Man Innocently Fell Into Bad Habits.  
"You wish to know," said Baron Malton, "why I refuse to play cards with you?"  
"But first let me describe the baron. He is a man who carries his 50 years well; he is tall, of striking appearance, regular features, scrupulously neat in his apparel, in manners cordial, polite, circumspet and always self possessed. He impresses one as being the personification of order. His comprehension is as slow as his tongue. He knows, but his mental acquisition requires time to formulate itself and to give itself expression. If snails had the power of speech and were holding a conference, such a snail as he would talk a lot of nonsense."  
"He was formerly a captain of cavalry in the Austrian army, and was obliged to quit the service after the battle of Sadowa, where he was wounded in the leg. He then resided in a small town in the province of Bohemia, where he was without compensation, for now when the baron walks he has the measured walk of a soldier on parade, his right hand feeling by force of habit for his missing sabre—that beautiful sabre, close companion of the spurs, whose musical jingle thrills the ear of the cavalierman the world over. Every one knows that he is poor and proud, but still he is often invited to the castle, more because he is an Austrian than on account of his title. He accepts with dignity, and being an educated man and an attentive listener, his company is eagerly sought. And, now that we know something of the man, let him tell us his story."  
"My story," said he, "is a short one, quite commonplace and not of thrilling interest. However, here it is: I cheated at cards."  
"At these words we all looked at one another with blank amazement. Malton noticed the look of horror on our faces, nodded his classic head in confirmation of our astonishment and, stroking his long, gray mustache, said slowly, "Yes, I—Malton."  
"Then, seating himself in an armchair and stretching out his Sadowa leg tenderly, he related the following tale with characteristic slowness:  
"Twenty-five years ago I was a young married man, a very young subaltern, and very young in many respects. Since then I have grown older and wiser. My poor young wife is dead, and since her death I find my life well nigh intolerable. I can scarcely call it living. I simply exist. At the time of which I speak we resided in a cozy little house in a suburb of Vienna. It is often raining when the weather was pleasant we used to go out walking past the Elizabeth bridge, and the eight stanzas on that structure have lived upon us more than 100 times as we walked slowly past arm in arm. We talked about many topics. She dreamed war. I wished a call to war. We more than once expressed astonishment that we, holding views so opposed, should be married, but our talks always wound up with plans for the future. We even discussed how to bring up our children before we had any.  
"When the weather was bad, we remained at home in a little world of our own, and after supper we found our chief amusement in playing cards, usually cards, but a bottle of lavender oil contains but about a thimbleful of pure oil, for a larger proportion would not only render the water too strong for use, but would burn holes through the handkerchief wherever the scent touched it.  
"A small lump of borax, three or four grains dissolved in the mouth and gradually swallowed, is recommended for hoarseness or loss of voice by speakers or singers. The solution acts upon the orifice of the glottis and the vocal chords, precisely as "sweeting" acts upon the notes of the flute.  
"A Financier.  
"A financier is a man who makes lots of money, isn't it, father?"  
"No, Freddy; a financier is a man who gets hold of money and other people have made it."—Our Dumb Animals.

**What I Represented.**  
As a man of wealth it becomes his duty to encourage art and culture. Somewhat proudly he displayed a recent acquisition.  
"That," said he, "is a fine specimen of the Impressionist school."  
"So it appears," said the friend, "but what does it represent?"  
"Four hundred dollars."—Indianapolis News.

**Expensive Ignorance.**  
The total income of all the colleges of this country is \$21,000,000 a year, and the poor people of New York pay annually \$10,000,000 into the police shops of that city. Here is an illuminating contrast. The whole country pays \$21,000,000 annually for its highest education, and the metropolitan city alone puts \$10,000,000 yearly in a game that only profits on the ignorant.  
I fancy no college man ever played solley except in the pursuit of knowledge and by way of experiment. When ignorance is so costly, higher education cannot be very dear at times; what is now spent on it. —Ainslie's Magazine.

**A Shocking Calamity.**  
Late befell a railroad laborer, writes Dr. A. K. Kellet, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Buckle's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for Burns, Bruises, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cures guaranteed. Sold by Paules & Co. drug gists."

**WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR.**  
A Londoner Calmly Returned Money Given to Him by Mistake.  
A gentleman of my acquaintance had a curious experience of manners and customs of modern England a few nights ago at the theater. He had taken four stalls, but at the last moment found two of his party unable to come. On his arrival at the theater he left the two spare tickets at the box office, the clerk promising to sell them for him and send the cash to him when they were sold. He took his place and soon afterward was gratified to see his two surplus seats occupied. The individuals who took them were attired in evening dress and bore the outward semblance of gentlemen. My friend began to look out for the money which was to come from the box office. Presently a concessionaire entered and addressed one of the two newcomers. My friend noticed that the concessionaire passed something to one of the gentlemen, who put it into his pocket without a word.  
A sense of uneasiness stole over my friend to the 15 shillings that was due to him, and as the evening was getting on he thought he would go and make an inquiry at the box office. His suspicions were verified. The clerk had sent in the money by a commissionaire. The commissionaire with the money in his pocket, seeing my friend at once realized that he had given the money to the wrong man. He promptly went back to the theater, my friend following to see the fun. The commissionaire went straight to the party to whom he had handed the money and said, "Excuse me, you've got 15 shillings that don't belong to you." The other replied in an unconcerned way, "Oh, yes?" took the money out of his pocket and returned it to the commissionaire. "He showed no trace of embarrassment," says my friend. "He handed back the money, as he had pocketed it, without turning a hair."  
I always like to think the best of people, and possibly this individual, being a stranger to music halls, was under the impression that it is the practice of the proprietors of such establishments to send a commissionaire round from time to time to instruct each householder among the audience.—London Truth.

**The Wise Assistant.**  
The Photographer—But this picture does not look like her.  
Astute Assistant—Of course not, but it looks like she thinks she looks.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Retort Courtneys.**  
"What are you worrying about? Don't you know care killed a cat?"  
"That's all right, but 'don't care' has killed more."—Philadelphia Press.

**That Box of Rogers'.**  
That box of Rogers' had quite me from rain such a best as he!  
If ever mischief was hatched down, 'Twas that day in that box of Rogers'.  
"The biggest snipe of all agreed, 'Twas that ar box of Rogers'!"  
He let us twenty years ago; I was out west a month or so; I was young, a Jack, my boy, says he, 'Twas that ar box of Rogers'!"  
"The government! Wait, sir, I'm caught, I knew him when I need him fast—'Twas that ar box of Rogers'!"

**CONUNDRUMS.**  
The Information and Exchange Editors Get Off Some Good Ones.  
"While you're talking about smoking," said the exchange editor, "maybe you can tell why a 5 cent cigar is like a young half breed Indian squaw."  
"Maid of poor stock," replied the information editor. "What's the difference between a roller towel and the people who live to use it?"  
"One is a wiper, and the other is a generation of wipers. What's the difference between a catfish and a wad of chewing gum?"  
"Not much. It's all in the mouth. Why is a ripe apple like the ghetto?"  
"Full of juice. Why is a grain of sand like the faith cure?"  
"All in your eye. Why does a—"  
"Hold on. That isn't right. You didn't have the answer, either, about the 5 cent cigar and the young squaw."  
"It's a mistake to furnish a match for it. Then you were all wrong, too, about the roller towel and the people who use it."  
"The one's a crash, and the other's a push. If that isn't it, I wash my hands of it."  
"Soap yourself! It's because the people are changed every seven years and the towel is never changed. Why is a—"  
"Then you ought to change boarding houses. You didn't get the right point between the difference between the catfish and the chewing gum."  
"They're just alike. You can get stuck on both. I say they're not!"  
"Gum off! I say they're not!"  
"I say they are! It isn't need to use either."  
"Why wrong! You can use one for a big fry, while it is only the small fry that uses the other."  
"Worst I ever heard. You made the wrong guess about the ripe apple and the ghetto, besides."  
"Did it on purpose. Why is a present of a mammy like a wig?"  
"Because it's a dead give away. Why does a man—"  
"Why is the leader of an orchestra—"  
"Like a fast watch? Because he beats time. Why is a customer at a department store—"  
"Like a man 100 years old? Because he's waiting a long time for his change."  
"Then the information editor closed his knowledge box, while the exchange editor sneered off.—Chicago Tribune.

**Stood Death Off.**  
E. B. Monday, a lawyer of Henric, Tex., was flogged a grave-digger. If says, "My brother was very low with malaria fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued in that way until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life. This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates the liver, kidneys, and all skin eruptions, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaint, gives perfect health." Only 50c at Paules & Co., drug gists.

**SPOTTY, THE SPORT.**  
One of the Amusing Experiences of Spotty Repeating.  
When we visited our house, we didn't expect to keep chickens, but our landlord was moving out of town, and after he had his chickens coddled he found there wasn't room in the car, so father bought them.  
There were a black Minorca, two Plymouth Rocks, a Light Brahma, a Leghorn and a cross-bred—a black hen with just a few white feathers and a rose comb. We called her Spotty.  
One day, when we were getting settled in our new home, Spotty walked in through the kitchen door, and we found her eating crumbs in the pantry and an egg under the shelf.  
The next day, when it was raining and the door shut, we heard something tapping on the window and found Spotty lying against it. We were afraid she might break the glass, so mother told me to remove her away, but before she could close the door she was in and making for the pantry again.  
We thought her so wise that we let her alone, and she laid in the pantry until she began to molt. Whenever the door was closed she came to the window. I never saw an uglier hen than old Spotty when she was molting. She was ragged, bare necked and pinfeatherly all at once, but we were going to school then and didn't know when she stopped molting, though father said once that Spotty seemed to be spotted with black instead of white as the other hens. About Thanksgiving time father wanted to sell some chickens, and mother told him to sell the lightest ones, especially one which was nearly white. When he came in, he said, "My dear, there is a beautiful snowy white pullet in the chicken house with a rose comb. Who do you think she came from?" Stella had been reading poultry papers, and she said at once that it was a sport; that Barred Plymouth Rocks sometimes sported white chickens.  
As we were half a mile from a neighbor, father thought that was right, until one rainy day he heard a tapping on the window and found the white pullet in Spotty's familiar place. Then every one remembered that with the increased number of chickens from the summer hatch Spotty had been lost from time to time in strange places among the audience.—London Truth.

**Spotty's Story.**  
"And the chicken was a white one, wasn't it?"  
"Yes, it was a white one, wasn't it?"  
"Then, let me tell you a story. I was a poor fellow, and I was a white one, wasn't it?"  
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