

## OLD YEAR, YOU LIMP.

Old year, you limp, you're getting old,  
Your head is bald, your teeth are few,  
If you can't stay around a nice old lady,  
Just get right out in the snow.

Come, hurry up there, stiff old legs,  
We want a better step and stride,  
You lag us if you walk in a circle—  
As if the most of you had died.

You've carried me through many a storm,  
You've borne me on a cold wintry night,  
You've brought me on a cold wintry night,  
You've brought me on a cold wintry night.

You're weary, the winds have lent your form,  
For me, the storms have made you old.

Yes, better on, I will not sneer,  
But when you've passed beyond the gate,  
And when I smile on a new year,  
I'll drop a tear upon your trail.

W. A. Buxton in Yankee Blade.

## ROSE JAFFREY'S LOVER.

Was there a madder little bit of beauty  
In all the town than Rose Jaffrey was?  
And in her love of dancing, of music,  
Of dress, of lovers, of life! Not that she loved  
The lovers, nor of one of them. She let them  
Love her and hover around her for want of  
Better. But the one she might, she could,  
She would have loved only looked on while  
she danced.

"Why shouldn't I dance," she said to her  
demure cousin Margaret, "because Gordon  
Penmore looks daggers at the dancers? You  
should see his (Gordon's) eyes as he  
watches me lying in Haydon Roth's arms  
in that new figure, and floating, floating,  
floating— And I'm not really lying in his  
arms at all, you know, but taking care of  
myself like a piece of cut steel. I don't  
know why Gordon Penmore should make  
it his affair at all. Oh, how I should hate to  
be obedient to his whims—to any man's  
whims."

And before she had ceased speaking the  
little spry face was buried among the  
sofa cushions, and she was shaking with  
a gust of sobs. "The idea!" she cried,  
springing to her feet the next moment.  
"Crying for all I am worth because Gordon  
Penmore is in existence! What should I  
care for the great arrow pointed eyes?  
I will let him see tonight!"

And she did, as she danced at Mrs. Bad-  
don's ball—danced as the waves dance,  
as lightly, as gaily, as tirelessly. She stopped  
suddenly—stopped just where she stood, at  
the conservatory door.

"It makes one almost giddy," she said,  
smiling faintly.

"Quite," said he gravely.

"Thanks, Mr. Roth. Now I am going to  
remember my promise for the rest of  
the waltz in favor of my cousin Margaret.  
If you want to do me a favor you will take  
her out. And I will stay beside Mr. Pen-  
more till you bring her here."

"You don't approve of all this, do you?"  
she said, looking up at Gordon.

"Don't approve," he repeated.

"No, you don't approve of it. And I  
wonder what you are here for. You know  
you are just as wicked in countenancing  
the wrong by looking on as I am in do-  
ing it. Oh, what a lovely art! How can  
you keep your feet still!"

"You can't," he said, smiling.

"Oh, if you only knew anything about  
dancing," she exclaimed, "you couldn't  
either. It is like having wings. Ah! that  
air is simply delicious."

"Well, let us try it," said Gordon Pen-  
more. "I can waltz on occasion. Let me  
see if dancing is a 1 you say it is—that is,"  
remembering himself, "if it will do me  
the honor."

"Oh, honor!" said Rose, laughing like a  
mischievous spirit. "You know you don't  
regard it so at all. You look at it almost  
as a degradation. All the same, you are  
dancing! And I will show you that you  
have never danced before." And then  
Gordon Penmore, with Rose in his arms,  
her soft cheek flushing under his eye, her  
sweet breath warm on his bending face,  
her heart beating so that he could feel its  
throbs, was whirling in the maddest  
waltz of the night. But waking from the  
dream they were just beside the conservatory  
door once more, and, neither exactly  
knowing how, they had wandered down  
one of the dewy alleys, and had paused as  
if to breathe the bewildering odors in the  
shadow of a group of lemon trees. Nei-  
ther of them spoke, till slowly, as if drawn  
by an unwilling fate, their eyes met in a  
long deep gaze, and his head bent, his  
arms were around her, and their lips met  
in the strong sweet kiss of a passion that  
belonged to the eternities.

When next morning Gordon Penmore  
came, Rose crept into the drawing room  
like a guilty child.

"I thought—oh, I thought," she whis-  
pered, after he had reassured her, "that  
you—you despatched me."

"I shall never even despise dancing  
again, now that it has given me you," he  
exclaimed. "How could I dream you  
loved me?" he said.

When he left her that day he left on her  
hand a ring of a strange and fragile set-  
ting, that held an old mine stone of rare  
brilliance. "It is the most sacred thing I  
have," he said. "It was my mother's be-  
loved ring; it shall be yours."

"Oh," she cried, "I am not good enough.  
I am not half good enough for you. You  
should have chosen Cousin Margaret, who  
is a saint, instead of a frivolous butterfly  
like me, whose feet are her wings."

"You have wings," he said, "but they  
are angels' wings." Oh, never spread them  
to leave my arms.

And how he loved her, or seemed to love  
her. He would have lavished the world  
upon her; jewels and all costly things, but  
her cousin Margaret would let her have  
none of them, and so instead he filled the  
house every day with flowers. But her  
dancing days were over. "After that  
night," said he, "I can never dance again.  
You cannot repeat heaven." Nor could he  
ever see her thus in the arms of another.

Ignorant of the crown that Rose had be-  
stowed on his rival, Haydon Roth still de-  
vised himself to her with the ardor that  
comes from love and hope. And Gordon,  
who was jealous of the wind that touched  
her, became uneasy and sometimes spoke  
scurvily of him. Sometimes he spoke  
scurvily of him, and once he went out having  
forgotten Rose to recognize the persistent  
fellow when next she met him.

But Rose did not mind. "Of course he  
did not mean it," she said, when in her  
room with Margaret, as she combed out  
her long lovely hair—hair like spun gold.  
"He couldn't mean anything so unkind as  
that." Don't you see how he is reforming  
me, Cousin Margaret? I shall some day  
be as much a saint as you are. He says I  
am an angel now! Oh, no, he will come in  
next time very likely arm in arm with  
Haydon Roth.

"He is coming to take us to the opera to-  
night, Cousin Margaret," she said, coming  
into the drawing room after luncheon.  
"Oh, how happy I am! I am so happy that  
I feel as if something were about to hap-  
pen. But I suppose," she added, "that it  
is only because I don't deserve him! He is  
so great and good and fine and noble  
and— And then, with her hands clasped  
above her head, she was off all alone by  
herself, swimming down the room in a  
waltz to the tune of her own caroling.

And suddenly a strong arm had stolen  
around her, a hand had grasped one of  
hers, and Haydon Roth, who had been  
shown in by the butler, was waiting down  
the room with her.

Then all at once she sprang after some-  
thing that rolled away, and cried in a  
piercing voice: "Oh, Margaret! my ring!  
my ring! It is broken! It has come off—  
the stone is gone! Oh, what am I to  
do? Oh, it was his mother's!" she cried,  
forgetting all about Haydon's presence.  
"He said it was sacred. I mustn't tell  
him, he will think I took no care of it.  
And I was dancing!" And she was  
moving everything, looking everywhere,  
searching in vain for the stone and the  
broken fragment of the fragile setting;  
which it.

"It is of no use," thought Margaret. "I  
won't have the child suffer so for the few  
hundred dollars another stone would cost."  
And she came down and handed the broken  
ring to Haydon Roth, asking him to leave  
it at the jeweler's and have it repaired, and  
the stone replaced at any price before the  
next noon.

Rose descended dressed for the opera  
when her lover came that night. There  
was time only for Gordon to note a singu-  
lar agitation and a heightened color about  
her, while she wept and laughed at the  
music in a half hysterical way, and trem-  
bled as he handed her up the steps at last.  
"Oh," she said, nestling a moment in his  
embrace as they parted in the dim dining  
room, "nothing could ever let you leave off  
loving me?"

"No power in all the universe," he an-  
swered her.

"I shall have to tell him tomorrow,"  
said Rose tearfully after he had gone.

"Oh, tomorrow we may find it," said  
Cousin Margaret, "and afford to laugh  
about the whole thing."

A half hour afterward, as her maid was  
taking down the great coils of hair, some-  
thing bright as any star was seen to hang  
fixed in the meshes. It was the diamond  
that her rapid turn of hand and wrist had  
torn away from its slight stem of gold  
after it had caught in her hair.

"Yes," said Cousin Margaret, "we can  
tell the whole story tomorrow, and I shall  
have a diamond to spare. You didn't  
know I had sent the ring to the jeweler's,  
did you?"

And tomorrow Gordon Penmore met  
Haydon Roth drawing on his glove over  
an obstructing ring upon his little finger.

"Where did you come across that ring,  
may I ask?" he exclaimed, pausing directly  
in front of the other.

Haydon answered: "It belongs to a lady  
with whom I was dancing yesterday after-  
noon. I do not like to take liberties with  
names; it is enough that it was given to  
me by a lady."

In another moment he would have ex-  
plained his poor jest, but Gordon, his face  
as white as ashes, had merely bowed and  
passed on.

She had danced with another man and  
against his wishes, and she had given away  
his mother's ring. He left that town that  
night without a word. Rose waited for  
him—waited one year, waited half a score.  
If he were dead, her heart was in the grave  
with him, and whether he were dead or  
not she could not know.

It was a wintry night in one of those  
islands that are the outposts of our north-  
ern coast, where a person's young, still  
beautiful, but with a strange still sadness  
in her beauty, who had chanced upon the  
place in its summer radiance of smiling  
seas, had come again to make a home the  
year round, to teach the children of the  
fishermen and to live the life of a Sister  
of Charity among the dwellers in the fishing  
huts, half driftwood and half primal rock.

She had her dead Cousin Margaret's for-  
tune, and she spent it with her own, on  
these people, but she gave them more than  
money, for she gave them all herself, read-  
ing to those that could follow, talking to  
those that would listen, working with  
them and for them, and finding her only  
cheer and consolation so.

It was the last night of the year. A  
group of the young girls had come down  
to Rose's cottage to bring her their gifts of  
shells and seaweeds and were lingering  
there, when suddenly in one of the awe-  
struck silences came the sharp report and  
rolling echo of a gun.

In a moment men were running to the  
boats, the women thronging to the shore;  
the young girls and children, and Rose  
with them, were building a bonfire on the  
cliffs. Dimly could be discerned on a dis-  
tant reef the dark outline of a huge steam  
ship that had struck the reef with tremen-  
dous force, had broken in two, and with  
a frightful rapidity was settling to her  
fate. With ropes about them the fish-  
ermen waded and swam out; thrown back  
breathless, once again venturing; at length  
one awful screaming billow, seeming to  
soar into midair, and then threw them all  
together in a mass upon the shore.

It was more than an hour that the wild  
wives of the place worked on the uncon-  
scious being whom the sea had cast up,  
and whom they had taken into the nearest  
cottage—the cottage where Rose dwelt.  
At length a long shiver ran through his  
frame, and he opened his clouded eyes  
and murmured something huskily and fell  
into a deep sleep.

It was an hour or more afterward that  
he awoke. The others had all gone, dis-  
missed by her. Rose sat at his feet, dis-  
tinct against the sapphire vault of the  
moon lighted sky seen through the uncur-  
tained window, and only a low gleam of  
the fire now and then falling across her.

"Rose is dead, then," he said. "And you  
are some mocking spirit in her form. Oh,  
you cannot deceive me, though you come  
the curl out of the yellow hair, though you  
put on's cloth on that supple shape, for  
you wear my ring upon your finger, and  
she never looked so till I broke her heart!"

"You are talking in your sleep," she  
said, bending forward and taking his burn-  
ing hands. "This is Rose. Your Rose  
All the rest is nothing now."

He gazed at her steadfastly a moment,  
the cloud clearing from his eyes, the oppres-  
sion from his brain. "Nothing!" he  
cried, "nothing!" the words coming in  
quick gasps. "I was coming back to find  
you at the beach, but I had seen my foot-  
prints. I had said, 'She is mine, she is  
always was mine! She loved me! May the  
thing be accused that parted us—ring or  
dance or childish freak or maddened  
temper. I will never ask her. She shall  
never tell me!'"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell!" cried  
Rose.

He held out his arms to her. "We have  
lost ten years," he murmured. "We will  
have the rest of the threescore. Nothing  
shall part us now. Oh, Rose!"

"Nothing shall part us!" she repeated.  
"The years I've burned out my folly and  
your fury. Hark! A new one is begin-  
ning and our new life with it."

"It is our wedding veil," he said. And  
then her lover's arms were about her as  
if they would never loosen, and their souls  
met at their lips while the cathedral chime  
of the island clock tolled out over the  
waters the first hour of the new year.—  
Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

### BULKELEY IS GOVERNOR.

#### Decision of the Supreme Court in Connection with the Election of Bulkeley.

HARTFORD, Jan. 6.—The decision of the Supreme Court of Errors in the quo warranto case of Judge Luzon B. Morris against Gov. Bulkeley was rendered yesterday, and it upholds Bulkeley as governor de facto and governor de jure of the State. The decision, which is unanimous, was written by Chief Justice Andrews.

The basis of the argument of the Court in sustaining Gov. Bulkeley is in the fact that the Legislature made no declaration of the election of State officers, and the Court holds that the election is not complete until such declaration is made. The provision of the Constitution that this declaration must be made on the second day of the session is explicit, and the fact that no declaration was made precludes the possibility of the present General Assembly from completing the election by declaring the result, as any such declaration now would be unconstitutional. The only way, the court says, that Judge Morris can now establish the fact of the majority he claims is through the Superior Court.

#### SUCCI OUTDONE.

#### A Young Girl Who Has Lived Two Years on Very Little Food.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Two years ago May Cross, a young daughter of Edward Cross, a carpenter, was taken ill with an attack of the grip, which left her with a weakening of the spine. This was aggravated by an attempt to lift a heavy tub, and since that time she has been bedridden. For long periods her stomach absolutely refuses to retain food, and her parents claim that she has gone sixty-five days without taking more than a teaspoonful of nourishment. For a time she would take a sip or two of cider a day. When that refused to assimilate milk was tried, then broths. At present time she can only retain mutton broth, of which she drinks half a cup every morning. The girl is quite plump and healthy in appearance. She never sleeps at night, and can only close her eyes for about an hour in the morning.

#### QUAY THINKS ALGER ISN'T IN IT.

But He Says There is No Telling What May Happen Between Now and June.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 4.—Senator Quay spent several hours in Pittsburgh yesterday on his way to Washington. He does not take much stock in the reports of Gen. Alger's candidacy for the presidential nomination.

"I don't believe Gen. Alger will be a candidate," he said. "There are only two names spoken of in connection with the coming nomination—Harrison and Blaine. If the convention was held to-morrow I think President Harrison would be nominated if Blaine was not a candidate. If Blaine was a candidate he would be nominated by acclamation. But there is no telling what may occur between now and June. I am confident, though, that Blaine will accept the nomination if it is given him."

#### CANADA'S DESTINY.

Henry Labouchere Says It is to Become Part of the United States.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Truth, Henry Labouchere's newspaper, says that the manifest destiny of Canada is to become a part of the United States or else to become a part of the great republic.

"The change," he says, "is inevitable, and the sooner it occurs the better, as Great Britain would then be relieved from the necessity of engaging in transatlantic squabbles in which she has no concern."

"The only sufferer," Truth says, "would be the Canadian Indians, who would be transferred to what is probably the most corrupt and rascally institution on earth, the Washington Indian Bureau."

#### Cost of the Eleventh Census.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Supt. Porter reports to the Secretary of the Interior that the cost of collection of data for the eleventh census has been \$3,600,355, and that the total cost of the census, excluding printing and farms, homes and mortgages will not exceed, he thinks, \$7,000,000, or a trifle over eleven cents per capita. The tenth census cost \$5,000,000, or about ten cents per capita. The census work proper, he thinks, will be finished and ready for the printer by the close of this year.

#### Burned the Jail.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 5.—Talton Hall, the red handed assassin of ninety-nine men, was removed from Gladesville jail yesterday to save his neck. A mob organized and would have hanged him.

They advanced on the jail, and were so wild over his removal that they set fire to it.

Hall was removed to Wizen in a close covered wagon. The people of that section are wild.

#### She Has Fasted 640 Days.

ALLENSTON, Pa., Jan. 4.—Mrs. Adam Wucher, of Whitehall, seven miles from here, whose strange experience as an involuntary faster created such widespread interest during the summer and fall of 1890, is still alive, apparently having subsisted 640 days without tasting even liquid nourishment. She is now blind, bed-ridden, paralytic and wasted to a shadow. She began her fast on April 4, 1890.

#### Grip Bacillus Discovered.

BERLIN, Germany, Jan. 6.—Dr. Pfeiffer, son-in-law of the distinguished Professor Koch, has discovered the influenza bacillus, and has transplanted it in six cases with complete success. He has also discovered the original cause of affection. The bacillus of influenza is the smallest bacillus yet discovered.

## CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of  $\frac{3}{4}$  Horse Blanket is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it hasn't the warp threads, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that  $\frac{3}{4}$  Horse Blankets are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the  $\frac{3}{4}$  trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

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FOR a year a horse named John B. Henderson, of N.Y., was sold for the head, which he had lost, for \$100. It was found that he was not John B. Henderson, but a horse named John C. Henderson, and he was sold for \$10. The horse named John B. Henderson was sold for \$100, and the horse named John C. Henderson was sold for \$10. The horse named John B. Henderson was sold for \$100, and the horse named John C. Henderson was sold for \$10.

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Towel rings.  
Mirrors, all sizes.  
Perfume bottles.  
Celluloid, plush and leather collar and cuff boxes.  
Leather writing tablets, with and without locks.  
Leather memorandum books.  
Leather toilet sets.  
Cigar boxes lined with silver-ine.  
Jewel boxes.  
Nut sets and cracker.  
Napkin rings.  
China plaques, hand painted.  
Match boxes, silver.  
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Banks, all styles and sizes.  
Indian baskets direct from the Caughnawaga Indian tribe: These goods are made and designed entirely by Indians. 75 styles, all prices.

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Satin handkerchief and glove cases hand painted, all the new shades.  
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Celluloid calendars, hand painted.  
Celluloid whisk broom-holders.  
Silk shirred glove and handkerchief cases.  
Satin card cases.  
Satin spectacle cases painted.  
Match receptacles.  
Satin shirred hand painted jewel cases, edged with lace.  
Celluloid shaving papers.  
Celluloid hair receivers, hand painted.  
Celluloid pin trays, hand painted.  
Sachet bags with calendar.  
China silk saddles, figured.  
Fancy figured plush pillows, down filling.  
Plain pillows, down filling.

### QUEENSWARE DEPARTMENT.

Meat platters 8 in. plain, 10c each.  
Soup turcun, with cover, 25, 42, 50, 75c and \$1.00  
Children's tea sets 10, 15, 25, 35, 42 and 50c a set.  
Wine glasses, 50c a doz.  
Liquor glasses, heavy, 20c doz.  
Liquor glasses, flint 60c doz.  
Plain goblets 40c a doz.  
Flint glasses, with leaf, \$1.00 a doz.  
Glass sets, six pieces, 25, 50, 75c and \$1.00 a set.  
Tea sets, 56 pieces, blue, brown and pink decorations, \$4.00 a set. Better ones at 6.00, 8.00 and \$10.00.  
Dinner sets, 100 pieces, brown, blue and gray decorations: \$10.00 a set, better ones at 15.00, 18.00 and \$20.00.  
Stone cuspidors, decorated, 20c each.  
Yellow stone pudding dishes and gelatine moulds, pie plates, bakers, etc., 5c to 50c each.  
Lamps of all kinds, all styles, plain and decorated, 15c to \$7.50.

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