#### THE PASSING CENTURY.

Old century, tottering to thy rest, All vainly dost thou beat thy breast; A new dawn gilds the mountain crest

The glory of thy wondrous day, With all its glitter and display, In twilight shadow dies away.

Almost the poet, in whose rhyme Thy praise is sung in verse sublime Begins his lay "Once on a time."

Strange fancies fill thy time-worn brain Thou dreamest thou art young again, With battle cry on land and main.

And a dread turmoil of unrest Embroils the Orient and the Alarums sound at thy behest.

E'en Israel's children, in thy throes, Imagine o'er again their woes; And many a hope toward Zion goes.

The world is mad-men shout and cry Renewing faith in prophecy.

Old century, we love thee well, Thy fame the chronicler will tell When long forgot thy funeral knell,

For many a noble thought hath sped To nobler action by thee led, And many a high-souled word has said.

New happiness came in thy wake. Righted was many an old mistake; An age-worn thirst thy springs did slake.

Rest thee—new hopes begin to play; They drive thy death-born fears away, And ushers in the newer day.

Rest thee, brave requiem shall be thine, Whose lustrous deeds will long out-

shine The strange vagaries of decline.

#### THE WORLD'S JUDGMENT.

They were both guests at the same They were both guests at the same condity house, that autumn. He was an artist, handsome gifted, well born, but poor as the proverbial church mouse and proud as Lucifer. She was an heiress, who, on attaining her majority some three years ago, had come into about \$5,000 a year. Added to this attraction she was braight, high-spirited and very independent, as suitors soon found to their cost. "You'll be an old maid, Isbel," remonstrated the aunt with whom she lived. "You are nearly twenty-four, my dear."

monstrated the aunt with whom she lived. "You are nearly twenty-four, my dear."

"I don't care, auntie," laughed the young lady. "An old maid is as good as anything, a thousand times better than having a husband one doesn't care for. I'm not in love, dear, and, so I mean to keep my freedom."

That was said—and said truly then—some weeks before she came on this visit to Halcombe Grange and there met the artist, Eric Errington; but could she have said the same as truly now, when the visit was drawing to a close? The lips might, perhaps. The heart was another matter entirely, and she knew it. She was no tyro of a girl in her teens, but a woman who lived in the world and neither could nor would deceive herself. She knew that she loved Errington and he loved her, despite his proud reticence and silence. What woman could not read between the lines? What man could possibly at all times completely guard every look and tone and touch when thrown so constantly each day with the loved one? He is unconscious how or when this secret is betrayed to that one.

But no one save Isbel Brandon herself suspected Errington's secret. He neither held aloof nor markedly sought her. But there were one or two others among the party who did so, and one day Major Glyn, the host, said half jestingly to Eric:

ingly to Eric:
"My dear fellow, why don't you try
your chance with the beautiful heiress
and win a fortune, and therewith a
speedy rise to fame."
"Thank you, not I," said the action

your chance with the beautiful helress and win a fortune, and therewith a speedy rise to fame."

"Thank you, not I." said the artist, with a laugh and a shrug, to cover the deeper feelings stirred. "I have no intention of being ticketed 'fortune hunter' by the world or the fair lady herself. Even a poor artist may keep his pride and honor untarnished."

"But, Errington, nonsense!" Glyn said. "Suppose you really cared for a girl who happened to be rich?"

"So much the worse for me, Glyn."

"You really mean that you wouldn't woo her or ask her hand?"

"Never," shid the other.

This had passed on the terrace. Someone half behind the lace curtains of a window above drew back with quivering lips and heaving breast.

"Is this terrible gold of mine to be ever, then, a hopeless barrier between two lives?" Isbel muttered, locking her white hands. "He will never speak, never breathe a word, and I—what can I—the woman—say or do without shame? And yet—yet—is gold and a mistaken but noble pride and sense of honor to keep us apart forever? I know he loves me—would tell me so at once were I poor. Oh, it is cruel, cruel? Something ought—must be done, but what?"

There it was; she, the woman, was so helpless. And shortly after this the party broke up.

A month later the artist, one evening, received a letter from Isbel, and, to his

mistaken but noble pride and sense of honor to keep us apart forever? I know he loves me—would tell me so at once were I poor. Oh, it is cruel, cruel? Something ought—must be done, but what?"

There it was; she, the woman, was so helpless. And shortly after this the party broke up.

A month later the artist, one evening, received a letter from fishel, and, to his utter surprise and Joy, oddly mixed with pain, she wished him to paint her at II the next day. Of course, he would go, but how go through the ordeal with out self-betrayai?

Isbel had to strive with herself much harder for the ordeal she had at length, with an infinite courage, resolved to face. Therefore was it she had named an hour free from all visitors, and we may her aunt, Mrs. Brandon, would still be in her own apartiment. One of the with coals behind if both the:

"I the boats behind if both the best would and burn the boats behind if both the:

"I the saw, must cross the Rubbleon and burn the boats behind if both the:

"I the heaves to the would not, well, she, the hear the would not, well she went in the drawing-room—when almost the actual moment had arrived—her heart sank, and at the very door she had to pause a minute to pull herself together. This is all I have to give you now, but I höpe to do better next time."—Cleveland Leader.

When she was to la will sake the state and moment had arrived—her heart sank, and at the very door she had to pause a minute to pull herself together. The she went in. How the man's dark eyes lighted up! How unconsclously continued to the work of the wor

an honor you do me to let me paint

an nonor you do me to let me paint your portrait!"

"Is it? It is good of you to call it so," Isbel answered brightly, but inwardly every nerve was quivering and strained. "Aunt Mary began again, yesterday, about having my picture done, so I wrote to you. My aunt will be down presently, but in the meanwhile we can arrange the sittings, dress and so forth."

Errington passed by the "so forth,"

Errington passed by the "so forth," and only arranged for her dress and

the sittings.

"But now," she said, "that that is settled, we come to—you must please

Pardon me," Errington interposed, "Pardon me," Errington Interpose, with resolute quietude that in itself gave her fresh surety of her ground, "but you must do me the great favor to let that part rest until the work is finished. You are not like a stranger

"Indeed, I hope not," Isbel said gent-ly. "Well, be it as you please, then."
"Thank you very much, Miss Bran-

don."

He rose. She, too, stood up. The moment had come. The woman's heart stood still for a moment that was agony. Two lives' happiness or misery hung on her courage or failure.

"Well, I suppose your time is valuable?" she said, turning to him, but her eyes did not fully meet his. "By the by, Mr. Errington, I believe—if I am rightly informed—that I have to congratulate you!"

"Congratulate me!" repeated the artist in genuine surprise. "For what? On what account?"

His surprise and, oddly enough, the

His surprise and, oddly enough, the comedy of the position gave her new

Why, I heard that you are engaged

"Why, I heard that you are engaged to an heiress," she said.
The Rubicon was crossed. There was no going back now. Errington flushed to the brow, then paled again.
"It is absolutely untrue," he said in a strained way, and drew back a step. "It never could be true of me!"
"But why not?" persisted isbel, now standing to her colors with true feminine stanchness, her eyes aglow, her

"But why not?" persisted Isbel, now standing to her colors with true feminine stanchness, her eyes aglow, her soft tones steady. "If, as I heard, you are attached to her, why should your angagement be an impossibility, as you imply?"

Had some one—Glyn, perhaps—dared to tell her this, meaning herself, but without naming her, flashed across Eric in haughty wrath and pain.

"Why impossible?" he repeated, stung to a sort of desperation. "Because I am a poor, struggling man who holds his honor dearer even than love, if the story were true. Neither the world nor any woman born should have the right to believe me a dishonored fortune hunter."

"The world's judgment!" she said, and now her breath came quickly, her eyes flashed like diamonds. "You are not such a coward, I know, as to fear that. But is it much less cowardly to be afraid of even the risk of the woman's mistaking your motive—the woman's mistaking your motive—the woman's mistaking your motive—the woman's mistaking that dazzled him, of a personality beneath the overt meansense of something that dazzled him, of a personality beneath the overt mean-ing, an assertion of his love for the heiress as a fact, not a mere figure of argument. "The woman you love, remember, and whose happiness, perhaps, your pride may wreck as well as your own, who doubtless knows your heart's secret and curses the miserable gold and cruel pride that stands be-tween your lives."
"Isbel!" Errington sprang to her

gold and cruel pride that stands between your lives."

"Isbel!" Errington sprang to her side, caught her hands in his own. The girl burst into tears as he locked her to his heart. The Tension must needs give way at last, brave though she was.

What matter if some of the world did say, when the marriage took place, that it was the bride's money the painter had sought? He cared not, and those who knew him and his wife knew well it was a love match entirely. The picture—not a mere portrait—of beautiful Mrs. Errington, when seen the next day at the academy, made a sensation and sent up the rising artist's name at once.

"So, after all, you see, Eric," his wife says, arch and tender in tone, "you will win the best in the end, fortune and fame."

"And the priceless treasure that

"And the priceless treasure that neither gold nor fame could buy," he answers, smiling down on the dear face, "my wife."

Looking Forward,

A Cleveland clergyman, who is not given to putting on a long face either in his pulpit or out of it, says that before he came here from the South he was one day asked by a young man to unite him with the woman of his choice in the holy bonds of wedlock upon the evening of a certain day.

"I am very sorry," said the reverend gentleman, "but I shall be out of town upon that day."

The young man was crestfallen; said that he had set his heart upon having that particular minister perform the ceremony and asked if there was no possible way. In which it could be ar-

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Two More in the Growing Series of Billy Mason Tales.

The latest story about Senator Billy Mason concerns the energetic Senator Chandler, of the Granite State. Long ago the large-hearted Illinois lawmake had a friend whom he has, in recent years, lost sight of. The friend lived for a time in Illinois, and later tried his fortunes farther West, in the State of Colorado. There he participated in Republican politics, won the esteem of his fellow-workers, and early in the present session of congress was named by Major McKinley as Postmaster of his town. He had been here more than a week before the session, attempting to secure the appointment, and, being

a poor man, was running very low in purse before his name reached the Senate. Then there was a long wait for confirmation, and he was on the vergo despair. 'Thus runs the preface in the Washington Post. At last he came across the friend of his boyhood, Senator Mason, and to him he poured out the story of his trials. He had purchased a round-trip railroad ticket, the limit of which had nearly expired, and his nomination was still buried with a heap of similar other papers, and little chance of being reach-ed.

"Just stay here for a minute," said Just stay nere for a minute, say senator Mason, after listening patiently to his story. The meeting was in the Senate corridor, and the Senate was about to begin an executive session. The Illinois Senator entered the cham-ber and immediately called up the Colorado case, requesting confirmation at

"I object to that unless there are some unusual circumstances," put in Senator Chandler.

wenator Chandler. "Well, there are unusual circumstances," replied Senator Mason, and he began to talk pathetically of his friend's hardships. "Why, his wife died—"

died—"
"That is enough," interrupted Senator Chandler, peremptorily; "I withdraw my objection," and the nomination confirmed then and there.
"I didn't intend to deceive you," said Senator Mason to Senator Chandler a few minutes later, "but you didn't allow me to finish my sentence. This man's wife died two years ago."

Dean Stanley's Writing.

Dean Stanley's Writing.
Dean Stanley's handwriting was so bad that when he answered an invitation for dinner, the histess would sometimes write back asking if it was an acceptance or a refusal. When the first proofs of his book, entitled "Sinal and Palestine," came back to him, he was surprised to read that from the sountain of Sinal was visible "the born of the huming beast." He had meant of the burning beast." He had meant to write "the horizon of the burning bush."

Another astonishing statement in these same proof sheets was that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany there suddenly burst on the spectator, a magnificent view of Jones! The word the Dean had meant to write was Jerusalem. Once when the Good Dean had indited a letter of reply to some working man who had asked him a certain question, the had asked him a certain question, the man wrote back that he wasn't used to the handwriting of the aristocracy, and couldn't make out the note, asking if His Honor would be so kind as to let someone else write his answer.

Coming in on the Painesville car the other morning two real estate dealers were "talking shop." "I heard a man get off a pretty good thing about Dash and Blank the other day," said one of them. "What was it?" the other asked. "He said: 'I'd much rather deal with Dash than with Blank. 'Why so?' I inquired. 'You know Dash is a man whom you can't believe under any circumstances.' 'That's the very reason I prefer him to Blank. Dash lies all the time, so you're never fooled by him, but Blank lies only half the time, and the great trouble is that you never know when he's doing it.'"

Questions Politely Answered.

Boston Conductor—"Fare, please."
Passenger—"what is the fare?" "It is the tariff or tax levied by the corporation owning and controlling the charter and franchise of this street-car line on those persons who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the company to secure more rapid and agreeable transportation than pedal locomotion." "How much is the fare?" "Five cents, please."—Detroit Free Press.

Properly Timed, It was at one of these restaurants where a small oschestra plays during the feeding hour.

A waiter let fall a tray of dishes. They struck the floor with a loud crash

## A Woman's Heart.

The wife of a clergyman tells the story of her suffering with neuralgia of the heart, with the hope that her experience may indicate to others the way to regain

health.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than heart disease. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden, instant death, with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most severe lingering illness.

The slightest excitement brings great suffering and danger to people so afflicted. Such was the experience of the wife of a well-known clergyman. She tells her story for the sake of doing good to others. "I feel," she said, speaking carrefully and weighing her words, "that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People relieved me of a lifetime of sickness and sorrow, and I cheerfully recommend them."

This grateful woman is Mrs. Wamsley, wife of the Rev. C. E. Wamsley, who lives on West Sheridan Street, Greensburg, Ind. She continued:

"My heart became affected after the birth of my youngest child, about six years ago. "The pain was constant. Frequently it grew so severe I would be forced to cry out.

"I could not endure any excitement." It would increase the pain so I would scream and fall down in a state of collapse. In this condition I was helpless.

"These spells would come on me at home, in the street, or anywhere I might be. "I could not sleep at night. I ate very little.

"Different doctors were called in. They

little. "Different doctors were called in. They said I had neuralgia of the heart, resulting from nervous prostration.

"The doctors treated me, but the relief they gave did not last."

"I was a physical wreck, when my eye fell on an item in the local pape describing how Mrs. Evans, of West End, had been cured by Dr. Williams? Pink Pills for Pale People. Her suffering was like mine.

"I hope other suffering was like mine.
"I hope other sufferers who read this account will have the faith I had when I read of Mrs. Evans.

"My husband bought me one box of the pills. The change they made in my condition was encouraging. I took another box; then bought six more boxes.

"All the time I gained in health, strength, hope, nerve force—steadily, surely!
"Before I finished the eighth box I ceased the treatment. I felt perfectly well, and the doctor said I was entirely cured."

To add weight to her story Mrs. Wamsley made alfidavit to its truth before John F. Russell, a Notary Public of Greensburg.
Neuralgia of the heart is only one of many serious evils that grow out of derangements of the nervous system or of the blood. The remedy that expels impurities from the blood and supplies the necessary materials for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues reaches the root of many serious diseases. It is these virtues that have given Dr. Williams? Pink Pills for Pale People their wonderful curative powers in diseases that at first glance seem widely different.

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CHAS. A. DANA'S

These reminiscences contain more unpublished war history than any other book except the Government publications. Mr Dana was intimately associated with Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, and the other great men of the Civil War. He had the condence of the portant investigations in the army. Lincoln called him "The Eyes of the Government and the Front." Everywhere through these memoirs are bits of Secret History and Fresh Recollections of Great Men. These Reminiscences will be illustrated with many Rave and Impublished War Photographs from the Government collection, which now contains over 5,000 negatives of aimst priceless value. The Christmas McClurks's contained a complete Short Story by Rudyard Kipling entitled "The Town of His Anorskrous," the tale of a clouded Tiger, an officer in the Indian army, and a rebellious tribe. We have in hand also a New Bullated.

STORIES & POEMS a prequent Contributor.

ANTHONY HOPE'S

NEW ZENDA NOVEL

"Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," in splendid invention, in characters, in dramatic situations, it is the noblest and most stirring novel that Anthony Hope has ever written.

ever w

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MASSACRE
The account of this terrible fight, written down by Hamilia Garlan as it came from the lips of Two Moons, an old Indian chief who was a participant in it.

MASSACRE ticipant in it.

Its houses, streets, means of travel, water supply, safeguards of life and health, sports and pleasures—the conditions of life of the perfected city of the next century, by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., Commissioner of the Street-Cleaning Department of the Mark Twalin contributes an article in his old manner, describing his MARK TWAIN Mark Twalin contributes an article in his old manner, describing his voyage from India to South Africa. The illustrations are by A. B. Frost and Peter Nevell, and are as droil and humorous as the article itself.

Andree: His Balloon and his Expedition, from materials turnished by the brother of Mr. Stripberg, Andree's companion. Seen Hedient Unexployed Asia, a story of remarkable adventure and endurance. Landor in Tribet. His own story, the was captured, tortured and finally escaped to India. Jackson in the Far North. The famous explorer writes of the years he lived in regions far north of the boundaries of human habitation.

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The great Arctic explorer has written an article on the possibilities of reaching the North Pole; on the methods that the next expedition should adopt, and the important scientific knowledge to be gained by an expedition; concerning the climate, the ocear currents, deepths and temperature of the water, etc.

This knowledge will be of the greatest value to science.

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