

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 west 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— Beholding wonders in the sky, 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 usher 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 country house, that autumn. He was an artist, handsome, gifted, well born, but poor as the proverbial church mouse and proud as Lucifer.

"You'll be their old maid, Isabel," remonstrated 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."

"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."

"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."

"I thought the matter over," said the clergyman, in recounting the experience, "and finally agreed to return for the express purpose of complying with his wishes."

an honor you do me to let me paint your portrait!" "Is it? It is good of you to call it so," Isabel answered brightly, but inwardly every nerve was quivering and strained.

"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 name your—"

"Pardon me," Errington interposed, 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," Isabel said gently. "Well, be it as you please, then." "Thank you very much, Miss Brandon."

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!"

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

His surprise and, oddly enough, the comedy of the position gave her new courage. "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 Isabel, 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 engagement 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 dishonest 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 it is much less cowardly to be afraid of even the risk of the woman's mistaking your motive—the woman you love, remember?"

"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 between your lives."

"Isabel!" 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 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 arranged.

"I thought the matter over," said the clergyman, in recounting the experience, "and finally agreed to return for the express purpose of complying with his wishes."

"So, upon the day set for the ceremony I traveled nearly two hundred miles, paid out eight dollars and fifty cents for my railroad ticket and other accommodations, and gave the happy couple one of the best marriage services in my repertory."

"After the ceremony the groom came to me, blushing furiously, slipped a five dollar bill into my hand, and, in all seriousness, said: 'This is all I have to give you now, but I hope to do better next time.'"

"I was three dollars and fifty cents out of pocket on the transaction, and I guess I'll let him hunt up somebody else 'next time.'"—Cleveland Leader.

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 lawmaker 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.

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 reached.

"Just stay here for a minute," said 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 chamber and immediately called up the Colorado case, requesting confirmation at once.

"I object to that unless there are some unusual circumstances," put in Senator Chandler. "Well, there are unusual circumstances," replied Senator Mason, and he began to talk pathetically of his friend's hardships. "Why, his wife 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 handwriting was so bad that when he answered an invitation for dinner, the hostess would sometimes write back asking if it was an acceptance or a refusal.

Another astonishing statement in these same prof 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 Jerusalem.

The Untrustworthy Liar. Coming in on the Painesville car the other morning two real estate dealers were "talking shop."

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."

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

They struck the floor with a loud crash and much broken crockery resulted. "You awkward lout!" roared the head waiter. "See what you've done!"

Edison's Latest Achievement. Edison's Wonderful Invention. The result of eight years' constant labor. Mountains ground to dust and the iron ore extracted by magnetism.

The Railroad Man's Life. The account of this terrible fight, written down by Hamlin Garland as it came from the lips of Theo Moon, an old Indian chief who was a participant in it.

Mark Twain. Mark Twain contributes an article in his old manner, describing his voyage from India to South Africa. The illustrations are by A. E. Frost and Peter Newell, and are as droll and humorous as the article itself.

Nansen. 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 ocean currents, and temperature of the water, etc.

Illustrations. The best artists and illustrators are making pictures for McClure's Magazine. A. E. Frost, Peter Newell, C. D. Gibson, Howard Pyle, Kenyon Cox, C. K. Lawson, W. D. Stearns, Arthur Bretners, and others.

Was Hunting Trouble. "I saw a big two-fisted fellow this morning who was looking for trouble." "How was that?"

He had a girl on his arm and was asking the way to the marriage license office."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

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 carefully 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. It 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 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 paper 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 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 affidavit 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. This famous remedy is for sale by all druggists for 50 cents a box; or six boxes for \$2.50.

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