

One New Year's Eve

THE wish of a blue dress, a faint breath of violets, as in passing, and he felt rather than saw Marie Summerfield go by.

Standing a little apart from the knots of merry young people thronging the pleasant rooms, he was conscious of a thread of pain running through the last night of the old year, touching only Miss Summerfield and himself.

By her, I mean Leigh Rebyrn, the owner of the old-fashioned, low-roomed grange beneath whose roof the young people of Gladbrook had gathered to keep a merry watch-night.

Her voice seemed to falter a little on the repeat as it fell to a soft cadence. Was it possible she was thinking of the old so tenderly—the old love, for instance? Ah! well, he did not know.

The yule log had burned out a week ago, but he had not the heart to take up the sly ashes from the old, red brick hearth as yet.

She was coming home to-night on the late train; and he was so hungry to see her; only God knew how famished of heart he was!

He would take the down train, get off at Rockland when she changed cars for Gladbrook; no one could prevent him from riding home in the same coach with her; and even that would be a blessed comfort.

In 15 minutes he was inside his great coat and locking the hall door, with a nervous, glad excitement stealing over him, like the coming of a new day.

Having thus delivered himself, Joe Antrim, without waiting for reply, betook himself to the smoker, leaving Rebyrn in just the state of mind he intended, half-way between insanity and desperate intent.

But by and by Rebyrn's mind cleared to Joe's last sentence. Only gossip. Of course that was all; but Joe was meant to snub it over to him of all persons, and in such an insinuating manner, too.

complete bridal party; he would see for himself, and if it was all true, why, he would not go home that night, and perhaps Gladbrook would never see him again.

At Rockland he had only a few minutes to wait between trains, and already the home-bound one was waiting on a side-track. Purchasing his ticket, he ensconced himself where he could plainly see the passengers leave the cross-train.

"Now for the bridal party, at least the bride and groom," he said, trying to be peevish with himself, although his face was very white and his mouth twitched nervously.

At the cry "train, train," everybody began to bustle about. Friends, baggage and good-bys were mixed up indiscriminately, but Leigh was very still. He could hear his anxious heart beat out its suspense in great suffocating leaps, as the fatal train thundered in.

Notwithstanding this plausible thought, Leigh slipped into the home-bound coach, like a thief, taking the corner seat in the rear end of the car.

When Miss Summerfield came in, the terrible groom-to-be, to whom the bridal party had dwindled, even he, was not in attendance. Marie carried her own "grip."

The man felt a tremor of hope quiver all over him, something like an electric current. She took the third seat from the door and leaned her head on her hand wearily.

She looked up, surprised and startled. After the confusion had left her lovely face, she gave him her hand gingerly and asked, in strained tones: "How came you here, Mr. Rebyrn?"

"I could not help it," he confessed, flushing, but looking straight at her. "I wanted to be near you once more. You don't know how miserable I am without you."

There was a world of emotion in the undertone, but he kept bravely on. "I came down to Rockland for nothing else than that I might get a glimpse of you. I felt it would comfort me to ride home in the same coach—to-night of all nights."

He stopped and looked at her in such a pitiful, hungry-hearted way. It was all out now, this confession of his. He meant to make it at the risk of everything before his heart failed him—and he had done so.

Of course she could do what she pleased with it, and him, too; he had staked and would win, or lose, all. Putting his elbow on the barrier and leaning a little toward her, he waited for her to speak.

"Marie, darling! Could you—did you think—O, Heaven! as if I could love anyone but you! O, Marie!"

JOHN HOBBS' ERROR.

How It Helped Him to Break a Gastric Iron Resolution.

IT was the eve of the New Year. In one short hour the bells would peal for the birth of 1900.

John Hobbs, lawyer and notary public, sat in his office thinking, for he had much to think of. Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine had been what he called a "croaker."

He was young and handsome, and the poorest lawyer in the city, both as to finance and legal ability. And he rightly attributed this dual poverty to a pair of brown eyes. Had he devoted as much of 1899 to the study of law as he had to those brown eyes, he would have progressed vastly in legal lore.

"And, by Jove!" he cried, bringing down his fist. "I will not wait another minute on the little coquette! I have let her play hob with me long enough, and to-night I draw the line and dismiss the case!"

Having said which, he took up his pen and wrote the following ironclad resolution: "Chicago, Jan. 1, 1899. 'I hereby resolve and promise during this year just arrived to have nothing whatever to do with Anna Sara Atkins.'"

Having written this, he appended the following: "I, John Hobbs, having appeared before me, John Hobbs, a notary public for the county of Cook, state of Illinois, do most solemnly swear that I will keep the above resolution." JOHN HOBBS.

To this he affixed his notarial seal, and, taking 50 cents from his right pocket, paid it to himself, and put it in his left pocket.

The clock struck twelve. John Hobbs immediately underwent a revulsion of feeling. He felt that life itself would be worthless without Anna.

"But I have sworn it," he said, "and it would be perjury to think of her now!" But suddenly a gleam of joy lightened his face.

"By Jove!" he cried, "this resolution is null and void! There is a technical error in it! I have succumbed to the inevitable force of habit, and dated it 1899, instead of 1900! Anna, my darling, I am free!"

With a cry of joy he coiled the sworn resolve into a lighter, and lighted his pipe with it. Some people swear when they date everything incorrectly on the first day of a new year. As for John Hobbs, he only smiles. They will be married in June.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WHY THEY ARE BACHELORS.

One Hundred Reasons as Stated by English Bachelors Why They Never Married.

The writer was allowed to look at the book of membership of the largest bachelor club in the Midlands.

Each member stated after his signature why he joined the club; and, as no one is allowed to become a member until he is 30 years old, these reasons should be studied by the other fellows' sisters, says Stray Stories.

Taking a random 100, the writer found that 30 members were still suffering from the wounds of a jilting; 20 owned that they couldn't stand the idea of having some woman always near them who had a right to continually talk; 12 considered that women got in the way of men's work, and never helped their husbands; eight feared the continual interference of mothers-in-law, nine considered that no man should ally himself with a creature who spent her time in gossiping and wearing new clothes; seven could not find their ideal woman; six dreaded the noise of children; five, who had joined at the same time, had given their lives up to trying to discover what good women had ever done in the world, and three owned candidly that they did not—taking into consideration the worry of marriage, the greater amount of work the husband had to do, the chance of not marrying the right girl and the risk of having their gray hairs brought in sorrow to the grave by the doings of their offspring—consider the game worth the candle.

It only now remains for some bachelor club to state their reasons for blessed singleness, and the reasons may be removed.

AMERICA'S LOCOMOTIVES. Wonderful Engines Are Ready for Any Emergency Which May Confront Them.

The American locomotive engineer deems it advisable to design his engine with a large margin of power. If an express engine is designed to take a 200-ton load at 50 miles an hour, and if that load should happen to be increased to 300 tons, the locomotive is still expected to be able to take it and keep time, and usually does so.

But if an English engine is given a single coach above its prescribed load the driver at once insists upon having a "pilot," and commonly he gets one. Or should the weather be bad, with strong side wind or a slippery rail, he demands an assisting engine, and is accorded one, as a matter of course.

Weight of American Mails Unknown. Strange as it seems, the United States government has not taken a complete accounting of the actual total weights of the mail matter carried by it for over 20 years.

"Grasp All and Lose All." Many people are so intent on "grasping all" that they lose strength of nerves, appetite, digestion, health. Fortunately, however, these may be restored by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has put many a business man on the road to success by giving him good digestion, strong nerves and a clear brain.

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.—Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures chills, chafes, swollen, sore, itching, damp feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 12 2144

DELIGHTFUL RELIEF FROM CATARRH.—Here is one of a thousand such testimonies. The Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: "I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Fowler is in a case of catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave most delightful relief. I now regard myself entirely cured after using it for two months."

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN WITH CASARETTA. Candy, 25c. Laxative, cure constipation forever, 10c. 25c. I. C. C. C. Fall, druggists refund money.

FIND OUT YOURSELF.

Why ask a physician to find out whether your kidneys are diseased. Take a glass tumbler and fill it with urine. If there is a sediment after standing twenty-four hours, your kidneys are sick. If you have a desire to urinate often, a pain in the back, or if your urine stains linen, you should at once take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, as delay is dangerous.

Even the most superstitious girl wouldn't object to getting thirteen presents.

SALT RHEUM CURED QUICK.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures salt rheum, and all itching or burning skin diseases in a day. One application gives almost instant relief. For itching, blind, or bleeding piles, it stands without a peer. Cures in three to six nights, 35 cents.

It seems strange that the person who never comes to the point should be the greatest bore.

40 GEMS, 10 CENTS.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure all troubles arising from torpor of the liver. Easy and quick—banish sick headache—purify the blood and eradicate all impurities from the system. The demand is big. The pills are little, easy to take, pleasant results, no pain. 40 in a vial, 10c.

TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!—Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts.

SOLE AGENTS FOR Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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Bloomsburg Pa. IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S

2 Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. 10 CENTS A COPY. NOTABLE FEATURES FOR 1900. THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles.

Harduppe—"Alas! all flesh is grass." Wigwag—"And that, I suppose, is an excuse for your speedy appearance."

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh.

The far-figured housewife is saving the price tags from the most expensive presents for use next Christmas.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS FOR District Office Managers in this State to represent me in their own and surrounding counties.

The publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., whose card will be found in another column, tell us Biggle Cow Book is most elaborately and beautifully illustrated in wood engraving.

Many a man would be more likely to wake and find himself famous if he didn't sleep so late in the mornings.

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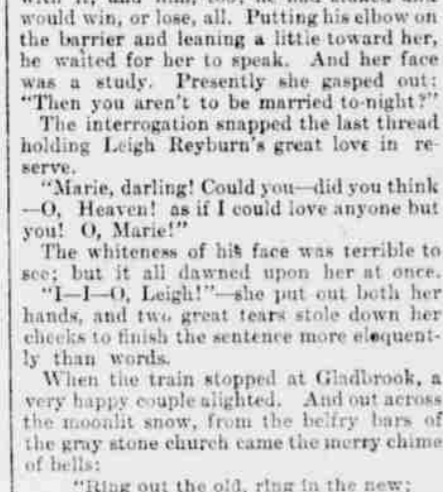
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HE WHISPERED: "MARIE"



AFFIXING HIS SEAL.



HER VOICE SEEMED TO FALTER.



EVEN THE WORM WILL TURN.

A Habit of His.

Major—Going to swear off drinking this year, old man?

Minor—I suppose so. I generally do—Town Topics.