By Manda L. Crocker.

THE swish 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 pleasent rooms, he was conscious of a thread of pain running through the last night of the old year, touching only Miss Summerfield himself.

By he, I mean Leigh Reyburn, the owner of the old-fashioned, low-roomed grange beneath whose roof the young people of Gladbrook had gathered to keep a merry watchnight. With music and laughter and gay repartee they meant to dance a welcome to the joyous New Year without much thought for the staid old twelve-month which had served them so faithfully.

But Leigh moved uneasily, sending im-ploring glances after the blue gown, all to no purpose. Marie was absorbed with the incinating company of Maurice Davenport, and was smiling her sweetest-and Marie sould smile divinely-and entertaining him

Reyburn was thinking hard, and, it must be confessed, uncharitably. Had he wor-shiped and petted and lived for Miss Summerfield these two blessed sunlit years, to have hope and happiness go into the grave of the frail old year leaving nothing but

What was that Marie was singing to the aweet-toned guitar she held so daintily, strapped in place with a blue riband? Ring out the old, ring in the new;

The year is dying, let it go; Ring in the new; ring in the new," 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 derly-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 silvery ashes from the old, red brick hearth as yet. Ever since that other night he had kept his yow and closed his doors to all merriment for two long years. But some-how the lads and lassies of Gladbrook had lain their sympathies on his door-stone and worked themselves into his good graces once more, and before he realized what he was doing he had given up the silent rooms again to a Christmas party. But no more New Year frolies under his roof, he said; not until -well, maybe- He stopped short in his musings; still the remnant of the mistletoc hung in the bracket work of the old chandelier and he remembered now, as he looked at it, how pure and fair Alicia Merrill looked when Herman Montrose kissed her beneath its potent spell a week ago. put him in mind, O, so much, of her. Covering his eyes for a moment with trembling went to the window and looked White and glistening as an angel's wing lay the snow on the intervening fields, Over there was her house, but she had been away now for a long time studying music, and he had heard, for she did not write to him, that her voice was simply divine, and

as a musician she was wonderful.

Nevertheless, it was a night like this, nodding toward the flooding moonlight out-side, that they-he and she-had their misunderstanding. A spasm of pain crossed his fine face and he caught his breath a little. He could not tell just how it came about, never clearly understanding, but that night so much like this, and New Year's Eve, too, marked the beginning of their di-verging paths. And he had heard of diverging paths which came together again

To-morrow was the glad New Year again. Would its happy greetings be only mock-

ery to him?

Suddenly a thought, which had smouldered in his mind for days, flashed up like a gleam of heavenly light, radiating his

She was coming home to-night on the late



HER VOICE SEEMED TO FALTER.

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 Bockland when she changed cars for Glad brook. No one could prevent him from riding home in the same coach with her; and even that would be a blessed comfort. Then, maybe, something would come of it.

In 15 minutes he was inside his great coat and locking the hall door, with a ner yous, giad excitement stealing over him, like the coming of a new day. A ten minates' walk brought him to the station.

Going away for the New Year?" queried the agent, pleasantly, handing Reyburn the required pasteboard.
"O, a little way," he replied, absently.

pulling on his gloves.

Searcely had he settled himself in the outward-bound train than Joe Antrim thumped him on the shoulder and sang sut: "Hullo! going away on a blow-out, I suppose? Well, so am I. Some are going way, and some are coming home.

In the awkward silence which followed Joe's voluble introduction, he seemed to read Reyburn's thoughts, for, without look og further for reply, he began again: "Miss Summerfield is coming to-night, they say; and they say, too, that she is bringing ter best fellow with her. Gladbrook looks or a wedding at the Summerfield home tomorrow. But, of course, I don't know; it sonly gossip, maybe."

Having thus delivered himself, Joe Antrim, without writing for reply, betook him-elf to the smoker, leaving Reyburn in just the state of mind he intended, half-way beween insanity and desperate intent.

But by and by Reyburn's mind cleared to loe's last sentence. Only gossip. Of ourse that was all; but Joe was mean to each it over; to him of all persons, and in weh an insinuating manner, too. Well, he | Minor-I st

complete bridal party; he would see for himself, and if it was all true, why, he wo not go home that night, and perhaps Giad-

brook 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 enscenced 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 jocular with himself, although his face was very white and his mouth twitched nerv-

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 fateful train thun-

Sure enough, there was Miss Summerfield; and the fine-looking young man who helped her alight also took charge of her bag-

Heaven have mercy! Were gossip and Joe Antrim right, after all? But pshaw! any chivalrous fellow traveler would have done as much.

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, 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 cur-She took the third seat from the door and leaned her head on her hand weari-A strange air for a bride, thought the man in the corner. He could not see her



HE WHISPERED: "MARIE."

face, but some way he felt that this New Year's Eve was not what she wished. O, was she in trouble, too? He had half a mind to go to her; the seat directly behind her was providentially empty; he could whisper "Marie" over the back of her seat when his courage warranted it.

At the next stop he took advantage of the stir of the passengers and slipped into the coveted groove. Blessed privilege! He had not been near, so near her for years, and his heart was on fire. When he could wait no longer, he whispered over the bar-"Marie!

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. Reyburn?"

"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 pit-iful, 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. And her face was a study. Presently she gasped out: Then you aren't to be married to night?" The interrogation snapped the last thread holding Leigh Reyburn's great love in re-

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

The whiteness of his face was terrible to see; but it all dawned upon her at once. "I-I-O, Leigh!"—she put out both her hands, and two great tears stole down her cheeks to finish the sentence more elequentthan words. When the train stopped at Gladbrook, a

very happy couple alighted. And out across the moonlit snow, from the beliry bars of the gray stone church came the merry chime "Ring out the old, ring in the new;

The year is dying; let it go."
"Ring in the new," said Leigh, drawing her arm through his. "The years of misunderstanding are dead; let them go, dear-"We will," she answered, softly and hap-

And Joe Antrim laughed in his sleeve, and said to the bright New Year morning: "I am glad I set those two simpletons right a bit of strategy. A little prevariention, hem! But all is fair in love and war."

EVEN THE WORM WILL TURN.



"Wouldn't this jar you," said the Early Bird, testily; "not a worm in sight."
"Perhaps," said the Night Owl, "this being New Year's, the worm has turned a new leaf."—Kansas City Star.

A Habit of His.

Major-Going to swear off drinking this year, old man? Minor-I suppose so. I generally do.

JOHN HOBBS' ERROR.

How It Hefped Him to Break a Gast-Iron Resolution.

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 ninetynine had been what he called a "corker." In other words, it had been vastly unsatis

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 waste 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 resolu-"Chicago, Jan. 1, 1899.

"I hereby resolve and promise during this year just arrived to have nothing whatever to do with Anita Sara Atkins. "JOHN HOBBS."

Having written this, he appended the "I, John Hobbs, having appeared before

me, John Hobbs, a notary public for the county of Cook, state of lilinois, 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.



AFFIXING HIS SEAL.

The clock struck twelve. John Hobbs immediately underwent a revulsion of feeing. He felt that life itself would be worth-

"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

"By Jove!" he cried, "this resolution is rull and void! There is a technical error in I have succumbed to the inevitable force of habit, and dated it 1809, instead of 1900! Anita, my darling, I am free!"

With a cry of joy he coiled the sworn resolve into a lighter, and lighted his pipe 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.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR. its Advent Is Marked by Various Customs in Many Lands.

ORE attention is paid to New Year's in our national capital, Washington, than in any other city in the ORE attention is paid to New Year's United States. The state levee at the white house is but the beginning of the calling that continues throughout the afternoon and well into the night in official and private houses. In fact, the social season is formally inaugurated on New Year's day. It is grand rallying day, and men call then who never emerge from their shell again during the year. Lists are published in the newspapers of the houses where receptions will be held, with the names of the assisting women. The latter often attract more callers than the hostess, and newly arrived families are on the lookout for popular women for their receptions. The affairs are conducted with lavish southern hospitality. Tables are loaded with viands—real southern egg-nog or bowls of Fish House punch mixed by a well-guarded formula, an heirloom in the family, is served. It is a gala day for Washington, and

it is well it comes but once a year.

New Year's day is made much of in Europe, and in some countries its celebrais on a more elaborate scale than Christmas. Gifts are exchanged with reckless abandon, recalling the days of feudalism, when every landlord presented his tenant with a fat capon. An orange stuck with cloves was the common gift of poor people. Among the rich, gloves were a popular present, and often a sum of money, called glove money, served as a substitute. When pins were invented they took the place of gloves, and every woman was proud of her collection of pins made from thorns, bone, silver, gold or steel. The expression, pin money, was originally used to designate the money often presented in lieu of the pins for their purchase. Under good Queen Bess the custom of giving presents on New Year's was at its high water mark, and the most extravagant packages were distributed anonymously with no inscription but a verse S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

expressing greetings.

According to an old superstition, one's luck for the year is dependent on the complexion of the first man who calls. If he is a blonde, fate will be kind, but if a dark-complexioned man steps over threshold first, sickness, trouble and financial disaster are apt to step with him. So firmly was this superstition implanted in the mind of an elderly woman that she made arrangements every year by which her first caller was sure to be of a light

complexion.

The holiday revels in England end with Twelfth Night. In America they are drawn to a close with the New Year celebration. The stripping of the Christmas tree, which properly takes place New Year's Eve, is frequently made the ex-cuse for a jolly party. There is very likely to be a package on the tree for each one present, containing a joke that will be as good-natured as it is amusing.

Drink His Only Solace Now. "Yes, I'll swear off on New Year's day,"
He said, "If my neighbor's kid'll
Swear off from trying to learn to play
His everlasting fiddle."
—Chicago Tribune.

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 bach cloress club to state their reasons for blessed singleness, and the reasons may

AMERICA'S LOCOMOTIVES.

Wonderful Engines Are Rendy for Any Emergency Which May Confront Them.

The American locomotive engineer leems it advisable to design his engine with a large margin of power. If an express engine is designed to take a 200ton load at 50 miles on hour, and if that load should happen to be increased to 100 tons, the locomotive is still expected to be able to take it and keep time, and usually does so. Such, at any rate, is the experience of such an impartial and level-headed observer as Mr. W. M. Acworth. If an American express be late at one point of its journey the engine is expected to make up the lost time even if the load be larger than usual, And, again, this is generally done, says

the Engineering Magazine. But if an English engine is given a angle 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. Obviously this applies especially to the case of singlewheelers, which are so largely used on some English railways because their range of power is much more sharply limited by adverse conditions than is the case with coupled engines. But in either case it seems indisputable that a smaller range of power is given to an English locomotive than to an Ameri-

can.

New Words for Old Things. The young woman whose vocabulary is mostly adverbs and adjectives - we have all met her, or her sister-was with an excursion party on the Potomac river. The Washington Post treasures a fragment of her conversation. "This is Alexandria we're coming to now," sald Margaret. "You must go over there before you go away. "What is there to see?" asked the young man. "Oh," said Margaret, "there's an old graveyard there-the funniest old place you ever saw, with just a lot of the cutest old gravestones in it. It's just perfectly grand!"

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 diges-tion, strong nerves and a clear brain. It does the same thing for weak and tired

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion

"Aha !" exclaimed the heavy villain, "the plot thickens." It's about time," remarked the occupant of the gallery; "it's been pretty thin so far,"

IT KEEPS THE FEET WARM AND DRY .-Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, It cures chilblains, swollen, sweating, sore, aching, damp feet. At all druggists and shoe Sample free Address, Allen

Frequently the difference between an optimist and pessimist is simply that the former has never had dyspepsia.

DELIGHTFUL RELIEF FROM CATARRIL-Here is one of a thousand such testimonies.
The Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, eays:
"I wish all to know what a blessing Dr.,
Agnew's Catarrhal Fowder 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

Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Educate Your Dowels With Cascareta. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever, 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fall, druggists refund money.

"Pd lay down my life for you," protested the poetical lover. "Ye-," argued the prau-tical maiden, "but would you lay down the the the Kind You Have Always Bought atter Charff Fletcher.

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. There is no ques-tion about its being the best and surest medicine in the world for any and all diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and of the urmary passages, rheumatism, dyspepsia or constiation of the bowels. It quickly relieves inability to hold urine, and the necessity of getting up often during the night. It stops that scalding pain when passing urine and corrects the bad eeffcts of whiskey and beer. It is sold by all druggists at one dollar a bottle. You can have a trial bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice sent free by mail postpaid, by mentioning the Co-LUMBIAN and sending your address to the DR, DAVID KENNEDY CORPORA-TION, Rondont, N. V. The publisher of this paper guarantees the genuireness of this

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 tching 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. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

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 cradicate all impurities from the system. The demand The pills are little, easy to take, pleasant results, no pain. 40 in a vial, toc. Sold by C. A. Kleim. 69

Faint heart ne'er won a fair lady, nor laughed at his own jokes.

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, who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made of pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 4 the price of coffee, 15c. and 25c. per package by all grocers.

The man who doesn't consider himself a little above the average is hopeless.

CASTORIA. Chart Helitchers Signature

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS. Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion, and the whole train of ailments that follow. One tablet after each mail will aid digestion and cure most chronic cases. 18 in a box, toe. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Harduppe—"Alas! all flesh is grass."
Wigwag—"And that, I suppose, is an excuse for your seedy 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 catairh. Avoid all drying juhalants and use that which deanses, soothes and heals, Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in head easily and pleasantly. All druggists sell it at 50 cents, or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

The far-sighted 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 ounties. Willing to pay yearly \$600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References ex-changed. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. Park, 320 Caxton Building, 12-21.16t Chicago.

"This is what might be called a trial trip," remarked the facetious customer as he stum-bled over a mat while testing the fit of the

The publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., whose card will be found in another column, tell us Biggle Cow Book is most claborately and beautifully illustrated in wood engraving, in half tone and in color work; and the type, press work and binding, are simply superb Eight of the principal breeds are shown in colors, true to life, by a first-class artist. No expense has been spared on these portraits, and they must certainly gratify and please. There are twenty-six chapters, cov-ering the whole ground of the dairy. The villager with one cow will find the work a great help. The creamery chapter is up to date, and will certainly interest many. It is an up to date book, and should form part of the library of every progressive farmer and cow owner in the United States. It contains 144 pages of type matter, and 130 beautful illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth. The price is 50 cents, free by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

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