THE BLACK FLAG

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

By Opie Read.

PHYSICIAN ordered Crandall to go south. "What for?" the young go south. "What for?" the young fellow spoke up, rather testily. "You forget that I was the successful center rush of—"
"Yes I."

Yes, I know all about that," the doctor broke in. "And I also know that in your great strength—in the over development of your muscles, there lies a danger. Go south for the winter and rest. You can af-ford it" And, acting upon the physician's advice, Crandall went down to the gulf coast of Mississippi and took up his abode at Ocean Springs, a place settled by the Spanlards many years before there was a New Orleans. He rented a cottage built high upon the pine wooded bluff, hired a negro cook and was soon at home with his guns and fishing tackle upon the walls. Some one asked him if he had brought any books with him and he answered: "No, I left them in the black shadow of the university. What I'm looking for is sunshine. And, by the way, yonder it is now, out in that boat." That, in fact, was not the name of a girl sitting in a boat not far out from the end of the pier on which Crandall and a newlyformed acquaintance were standing. It was not the name by which she was known among the neighbors, but a name which any stranger might have applied to her. Her hair, as it streamed in the breeze, was a way-

ture of a grace so true as might never be effaced from the mind.
"Who is she?" he asked of the man who stood beside him; and thus was he enlight-ened: "She is the granddaughter of an old fellow who lives in that queer-looking house up yonder, the one with the round tower. About here it is known, and he himself boasts of the fact, that he is the grandson of a famous French pirate who once infested the coast along here, and whose offenses were condoned by the government on account of services which he rendered Andrew Jackson's army. I don't know what her name

ing flame, so golden was its hue; and when

ment Crandall spoke of her, she was a pic

stood erect, which she did at the mo-

"I believe I'll row over and have a talk with her," said Crandall.

You may do as you like, but the old man is dead set against any attentions that

strangers pay her."

By this time Crandall was in his boat. The girl did not take notice of his approach—she paid not the slightest heed to him until he spoke, and then, turning toward him, she said: "I'm not acquainted

with you."
"A fact which I acknowledge with regret," he replied.
"Oh, you do!" she said, giving him a full
view of her wondrous eyes.
"Yes, and your name is—let me see. Isn't

res, and your name is—let me see. Isn't your grandfather a grandson of the Le-Feete—or whatever his name was—who robbed on the sea and built a fort on Lake Ponchartrain?"

"You seem to have read history, at any

"Yes, I have skimmed the most important events, and I can dip up a happening all right, but dates run through my skimmer. What are you trying to eatch here?"

"Fish," she answered; and he replied:
"I might have surmised as much;" and then
she rejoined: "Oh, as to that, a man doesn't often take the trouble to surmise reasonably when his only object is to gain an oppor-tunity to ask a question."

"By George, Miss Pirate, you are as sharp as your old ancestor," and when she had looked at him and laughed, for the re-

mark did not displease her, he added: be small concern to you, but we are neighbors. I live up yonder among the

"Oh, you are the crazy man," she said, lookon, you are the crazy man, she said, looking at him closer. He looked back at her in astonishment, and she explained: "That's what some of the folks believe. What else could they think of a man who hangs up a leather bag and hits it nearly all night?" He explained that he was merely taking exercise and she asked him why he didn't cut wood, and he replied that it would give him pleasure to make chips fly for her. She tried to frown at him, but laughed. They had been drifting along together. Now she took up the oars. He asked her what she was going to do, and she replied that she was going home, of course. He could not expect her to remain out there with a stranger. And, laughing, she rowed off from him; and shortly afterward he muttered an imprecation against himself for not having nerve enough to follow her, and late that night he turned from the punching bag and said to himself: "Come, old fellow, brush that face out of your mind. But is it in my



"I'M NOT ACQUAINTED WITH YOU."

mind? Isn't it deeper? Ah, didn't the heart camera take a snap shot at her?" bounding up, he furiously attacked the bag. It was his intention to go out upon the wa ter early the next morning in the hope of seeing her, but the dawn came with a lash-ing of rain on the roof. But later in the day he went over to the "Piratage." There was a high fence about the house, and the rusty iron gate was fastened with a chain and padlock. He shook the gate and shouted and after a time an old man with a bushy head of fierce looking hair came out upon the veranda and demanded to know the cause of such a disturbance at his gate. Crandall replied that no disturbance was intended, and then the old man asked him what he wanted. Crandall didn't know exactly what to say—he didn't care to blurt out that he wanted to see the girl, so he re-marked: "Why, you see, we are neighbors,

"Oh, we are!" the old man broke in.
"And if that's the case don't you think you ought to have waited for me to call first?"
"Well, yes," Crandall admitted, "that would have been more formal; but I am willing to dispense with formality."
"But I am not," said the old man, step-

ping inside and shutting the door; and as Crandall was about to turn away he thought he heard the music of a mischievous laugh. During all that day, and during nearly all the night he worried over the truth that the picture had been taken by his heart instead of his mind. The next morning he was on the pier when the sun arose and his eye swept the flashing water, but he did not see her; and after waiting until nontime he returned to the house to brood over her, gaze inward at her picture, with streaming like a flame. Late in the after noon he wandered by the wooded shore and suddenly he halted, with his heart beating hard, for there she sat beneath a pine tree, gazing out upon the quiet water. He hatted, stood and looked at her, and she did not withdraw her eyes from the sleeping sea, for she had not heard him; but he stepped back, to retreat in the timidity that sudhad come upon him; a twig snapped beneath his foot and she looked round

"I beg your pardon," said he; and she re-ed: "Oh, no, but I beg your pardon for laughing when you were driven away from

He sat down beside her and she made no objection. And they talked with a freedom that cut an hour short. At last a voice called her and she started up, declaring that she did not know it was so late. "He called you Marette," said Crandail. "It is a pretty

'Good-by," she said, running away from

When may I see you again?" be called after her, and back came the words: "Oh, you mustn't think of that. Perhaps not at

He returned to the place the next after-noon and waited until after the sun had set.



THE OLD MAN AT THE DOOR.

She did not come. But the next day he found her reading in the woods. She was self-possessed, but this time she blushed when suddenly he appeared before her And now how soft were their accents, so different from the tore of raillery that had characterized their first meeting.

And thus they met, sometimes every day for a week, and then not at all for several days. She would never agree to an appointment, always leaving their meeting to chance. One day they sat gazing out upon the dreamy sea. "I had taken so severe a course in athletics that I had reason to beleve that all emotion had been trained out of me," he said. "Violent exercise is sometimes an offset to strong mental-I might say heart emotion. But I find that with me this belief was all a fallacy." She looked at him as if she did not understand his mean-ing, and, though He knew she did, yet he pretended that he did not. "Have you trying to feel strong emotion?" she asked and he replied: "No, not trying to feel it." "I don't know what you mean," she said, and then he cried: "Oh, yes, you do," and then he cried: "Oh, yes, you do," and he put his arms about her; and the hours flew and the sun sunk low and flamed upon the water, "like your hair spread out," he said. And then they heard the old "like your hair spread man calling her. He was near at hand and he saw Crandall. "Here," said he, "I've got a word to say that may be of use to you. From this time on you will see the black flag of my ancestors flying from the tower on my house. If you come on my land you will be shot, and if you attempt to influence any further the mind of this child I will hunt you and kill you."

'She is to be my wife," said Crandall. "Then she is to be a bride and a widow at the same time," replied the old man. He led the girl away and Crandall went home and walked the floor all night; and when morning came he looked out and there was the black flag of the Ponchartrain pirates floating from the tower on the old man's house. He roamed about in the woods all day, but did not see the girl. And each morning there was the black flag, and there it was at night, a patch of deeper darkness against the dark sky; and one night, when lightning flashed, he raw it streaming, red. like a flame-like her hair. Once he ven tured near the house, and a bullet nipped a hit of bark under a tree just above his head. Early one morning he stood on the pier waiting for the sun to rise, but, instead, a loud and a wind arose, almost a hurricane Suddenly he saw a sailboat near by, strug-gling hard, and then it was overturned and b. wn fast away, leaving a man struggling in the water—an old man, and Crandell thought that he recognized the girl's grandfather. He did not hesitate. He sprang into the sea, seized the old fellow and swam to shore with him; and, staggering upon the sand, he looked at Crandall and said: fool, why didn't you let me drown?"

Crandall went home and sat down to brood, with the black flag still in sight. It was the last day of the year. Early the next morning before it was light he went out and was standing near his door when a cloud lifted and the sun flashed; and then his heart leaped, for the black flag was gone. And just at that moment the old man, leading the girl by the hand, came round the corner of the house. "I have brought you a New Year's present," he said.

Method.

"Rivers, in all my experience I have never known you to smoke as vile eigars as those you are indulging in now." "That's all right, Brooks. I am trying to

make it easier to swear off New Year's day. -Chicago Tribune.

Her Dinry.

New brooms sweep clean, as everyone must While she at first is careful to express Each triffe in detail, how soon 'twill grow "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

A Matter of Necessity. Willie-Why does a man swear off so many things at New Years?"

Crabshaw—He has to, my boy, for he spent all his money at Christmas."—Judge.

Tennyson-Up to Date. "Ring out the old! Ring in the new!
Wring out the hotel napkins, too!"
-Town Topics.



and cheer, Down the pathways

Opening wide to all the nations now the And bringing to all the nations now the laureled gates of peace.

And bringing to the captive soul the long looked for release;

Far behind him lie the sorrows that fore'er have constant.

have passed away.
But an echo seems to linger where the laugh was found and say;
And the New Year, tripping lightly o'er his velvet path of snow,
Brings the Future's bright fruition that we dreamed of long ago.

In the splendor of the dawning of the Twentleth Century We may see the fleeting shadows of the

When the nations shall be brethren the modest or blossoms doth rust arriors stender younds has and the battle And the Prince of Peace be ruler over all this mighty World. flower blossoms where doth rust the warrior's blade, And the grass grows

tail and tender o'er the wounds that war has For the Century's first New Year will be giorious, true and strong, And the mingled voices of the world shall greet it with a song.

Hail the Century's roseate dawning, greet the guest who seeks our door.
For he ushers in a cycle that is ours forevermore;



From the snowy crests of north-land to the land of endless sun
Let the people greet
the New Year
with a sense of
duty done;
As a Nation proud
and honored with
a flag that makes

men free, Let us hall the Century's coming on the land and on the sea. For it cannot bring

us sorrow when we battle for the right. And our Past is grand and glorious as our Future must be bright.

Greet the New Year crowned with luster, hall the morning bright and fair! Set the tuneful bells a-ringing till they stir the winter air; the silence of

Let the silence of the steeple broken be by happy That prophesy for everyone the dawn of better

with a Century be-fore us we shall march to newer fame, And the Year will

crown with glory's wreath the flag we love to name. For the footsteps of the New Year, seen amid the

fleecy snow, nall guide us to the grandeur that we dreamed of long ago.

Thus to us shall come the New Year with an anthem and a smile,
And the people shall be happy as the bells
ring out the while;

We rejoice that on
the threshold of
a cycle still unknown



We are mighty and resistless, stretching far from zone

to zone; Hall, all hearts, the guest who seeks us thro' the Cen-tury's portals wide, Let the New Year

enter boldly in his majesty and pride; God is with us as a Nation and He gives the Century

To advance us on to glory and to splendor T. C. HARBAUGH.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY BELLE.



One that will take a lot of "ringing:"

The Man Who Swears Off. Don't go around and boast about Your swearing off on New Year's day; Don't get upon the house and shout That you have driven Vice away, He may return to mock at you, So merely quit, without display— A man amounts to little who Is forced to swear off, anyway. —Chicago Times-Heraid.

Incorrigible.

"Are you going to give up any of your old habits?" "Yes," answered the man with a defiant air; "one. I'm going to give up this old, old habit of swearing off every New Year day." -Washington Star.

A DAY OF GOOD WILL

Needy Thousands Enjoy Cheer and Plenty of Christmas.

PRISONERS AND POOR REMEMBERED.

Salvation Army In New York and Other Cities Gives Hollday Dinners to All Who Apply-A Glad Oceasion to Many,

NEW YORK, Dec. 26,-All over the city Christmas reigned supreme. Rich and poor held high revel, and there were smiles in prisons and happiness in hospitals. Newsboys feasted like lords, home less men were given a chance to eat to repletion, and nowhere in the city does it seem possible that any person could have

gone without a dinner. Never before was Christmas so generally celebrated, nor so much done by those who were able for others whose holiday time would have been sad with-

Society entertained in its usual way with house parties and dances, but in the homes of the poor there were many hoppy families. There the shrubs chemply decorated brought as much fun as the

large tree loaded with expensive gifts. Political leaders renewed their strength with their constituents by furnishing a banquet free to all, and societies having rented halis set huge tables grouning with good things for those unable to provide

for themselves. Many out of town parties were given by society leaders. Mrs. Howard Gould gave an entertainment to 500 village chil-dren at Fort Washington, on Long Is-land. Mr. George Gould held a Christmas party at Georgian Court, Lakewood, N. J. The Vanderbilt and Twombiy house party and dance was held at the Twombly villa, Madison, N. J. Amos T. French kept open house in Tuxedo and gave a house party in honor of Miss Elsie French and her fiance, Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt.
At Madison Square Garden more than

40,000 persons were the recipients of the Salvation Army's Christmas cheer in the form of a dinner.

Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker were at the Garden as early as half past 8 o'clock preparing for the coming of the crowd. Accompanying them were at least 150 soldier boys and lassies who immediately set to work preparing the dinners and decorating the amphitheater for the festival.

Arranged on the main floor of the Garden were 54 long tables. On these the dinner was served. One immense table extending from the entrance on Madison avenue to the exit on Fourth avenue was piled with baskets. There were 3,200 of these baskets, and each one contained a chicken, four pounds of potatoes, two pounds of vegetables, a loaf of bread, baif a pound of beets, half a pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of coffee. Each one of the baskets was made up to feed a family of five. At 2 o'clock not one of these baskets was left.

Seven hundred homeless and hungry men were treated to a Christmas dinner at the McAuley mission, 316 Water street, this being the fifteenth annual dinner given by the mission.

Christmas In Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—Christmastide was favored in France with bright, cheerful weather, and Parisians celebrated it in characteristic fashion. All the restaurants and cafes were crammed Christmas eve with festive supper parties, which did not disperse until early in the morning. At midnight masses with special musical attractions filled the leading churches to overflowing. The charitable side of the festival was represented by numbers of ree meals and seasonable gifts to poor families and outcasts. Mme. Loubet gave 7,000 francs to be used for the relief of widows in necessitous circumstances.



for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that

way. It creeps its way along. First you think it is a little cold, nothing but a little hacking

cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. Better cure your cough today.

You can do it with

The pressure on the chest is lifted, that feeling of suffocation is removed, and you are cur-ed. You can stop that little cold with a 25 cent bottle; harder coughs will need a 50 cent size; if it's on the lungs the one dollar size will be most economical.

"I confidently recommend Ayer's Cherry Poctoral to all my patrons. I am using it now in my own family. Forty years ago I feel sure it saved my life." A. S. Etnson, M. D., Jan. 4, 1898. Fort Madison, Iowa. Write the Doctor at any time. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Convicts Entertained.

SING SING, Dec. 26.-The convicts in the state prison had as merry a Christmas as the accommodations would permit, thanks to the kindness of George Thatcher's minstrels and Warden Johnson. Immediately after breakfast the minstrel troupe gave a performance in the Protestant chapel in the prison. The stage, which had been erected at the west end of the building, was handsomely decorated with the national colors and holly and evergreen. In the body of the chapel were seated 1,300 convicts, all wearing the usual striped shirts, with vests, but no coats.

Fifteen Hundred Christmas Dinners. CLEVELAND, Dec. 26.—The Salva-tion Army fed 1,500 poor people in the Grays' armory. Twenty-five long tables were used, covered with paper and furnished with tin dishes. A large squad of police had a busy time keeping the and boys in good order. Senator Hanna, who is a stanch friend of the Salvation Army, was present and was greeted with cheers. He made a short speech,

Christmas Dinners For the Poor. SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Dec. 26. The local corps of the Salvation Army fed every poor person who could be found in the city, 518 Christmas dinners being given away. The workers of the organization, under Captain and Mrs. Drazieil. hunted up every person who was too poor to buy a turkey dinner and made them weleame.

Poor Remembered In St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.—The inmates of the various elecmosynary and corrective institutions of the city enjoyed Christ mas along with the rest of the world There were special celebrations in all of the institutions. The Post-Dispatch provided 15,000 dinners for the poor in different parts of the city.

Christmas Gift For Employees. CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—The 3,000 em ployees of the Crane company, manufacturers, will receive substantial and acceptable Christmas presents from their employers this year. Every man in the service of the company will receive an amount equal to 5 per cent of the aggre gate of his wages during last year. The total amount which thus will be distributed reaches \$100,000. This is the result of a year of unparalleled prosperity.

Natural Bridge Sold.

LEXINGTON, Va., Dec. 21.—The Natural bridge property, including over 400 acres of land, has been sold for \$50, 000, of which \$20,000 was paid in eash The deed was entered on record in the county clerk's office of Rockbridge. The purchasers are a syndicate of Richmond and northern capitalists, with F. H. Brooke of Richmond as president.

SNEEZE AND BLOW. - That is what you nust do when you have entarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soothes and heals the inflamed sur-faces, rebuilds the delicate tissues and pernancutly cures catarrh by expelling from the blood the scrofulous taints upon which it desends. Be sure to get Hood's, The non-irritating cathartic-Hood's Pills.

People are apt to lose confidence when they see crape on a doctor's door,

WANTED-ACTIVE MAN, OF GOOD character, to deliver and collect in Pennsyl-vania for old established manufacturing wholesale house, \$900 a year, sure pay, Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank, in any city. Enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St , Chicago. 10-25-16t.

NO HEART TOO BAD TO BE CURED,-Testimony could be piled high in commendation of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No case against this great remedy where it did not relieve the most acute heart suffer-ings inside of thirty minutes. It attacks the disease in an instant after being taken. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

A dollar's worth of experience is usually orth a thousand dollars' worth of advice,

If there's a hint of catarrh taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay, It will save you suffering, heal you quickly, whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head and catarrhal headaches in ten minutes. The Hon, David Mills, Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada, endorses it, 50 cents. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

A SENSIBLE MAN Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is cur-ing more coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample bottle free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy Price, 25c and 5oc. (20d

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For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back, I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Celery King. One package cured me and made a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Klee-hammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases, 2

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