

RE-UNITED.

The snow-packed, moonlit road, between Haddam and Deansville, echoed to the sound of animated chatter in girlish and masculine voices, many laughs and high pitched giggles, gruff sallies and little feminine shrieks.

The people in the thinly scattered houses rushed to their front windows and lifted their curtains to look after the flying team and the long "bob-sleigh," and observe with sympathetic smiles that it was a load from Haddam out on a sleigh-ride.

It was, in fact a party of eighteen lively young Haddamites—a conglomeration of good humor and jollity, buffalo robes and hot soap-stones. The driver had been instructed to stop in Deansville. Precisely what they were to do in Deansville nobody knew nor cared greatly. It was an impromptu affair and their was a distinct enjoyment in not knowing what was coming next.

Under all the fun and good-fellowship, there ran an under-current of astonishment and disquieted inquiry, caused by the fact that Laura Robson's escort Chauncey Howard, a promising young lawyer, who had not been a resident of Haddam long, but who had lately been appointed Justice of the Peace; and that Lint Gordon had his cousin Carrie Marsh, under his wing. Apparently innocent facts, to be sure; but considering that Lint Gordon and Laura Robson had been the most devoted of engaged lovers for a good while back, they were highly exciting ones.

"What under the sun?" Jack Chaffee whispered to Kitty Knox, as he tucked a shaggy robe more closely about her.

He jerked a thumb toward Lint sitting in sombre silence beside Carrie Marsh (it is not positively necessary to be deeply attentive to ones cousin) and toward Laura, whose pretty blonde face muffled in her fur collar, was turned smilingly to the young justice, who was bending over her and evidently in the midst of a funny story.

"Well I don't know that it's so," Kitty Knox responded; "but Sadie Ross told me she heard it was something about a ribbon that Laura wore one night. Lint didn't like the color or something; I don't know. Sadie didn't know either; but she heard it was something about a ribbon."

Whatever it was all about the breach appeared to be a serious one. Lint Gordon remained gloomily silent amid the noisy merry-making. Now and then his cousin, a quiet little person, looked up at him in soothing tone generally failing to elicit a response.

But if Laura was suffering a like depression, it was by no means so apparent. She smiled into her companion's face, as she listened to him, prettily; she never once glanced toward Lint. As an engaged young lady, she had hitherto been profoundly indifferent to Mr. Howard; now she seemed to be making up to him for her past neglect. She gave him a close and admiring attention; her bright laugh mingled with the sound of the bell as they sped along.

Lint Gordon's endurance presently exhausted itself. He stood up in the sleigh as they passed a snug little house with a cheerful light twinkling out through its closed shutters. The house was Lint's own—an inheritance from a recently dead uncle. It was occupied by a farmer and his wife, who worked the place "on shares." Lint's share, to be sure, was not oppressively large. He was a generous open handed fellow, and he made a most satisfactory landlord.

He laid a hand on the driver's arm and the bells ceased their jingling. "I think I'll stop off here over night. I have some matters to arrange with Amidon," he announced. "Chaffee you see to Carrie, won't you?"

But there was a shower of chorus of remonstrance and derision.

"Oh come now!" cried Chauncey Howard himself; you'll do nothing of the sort. We can't spare you. Sit down—tumble in again!"

"Arrange matters with Amidon?" said Ben Dwyer, sarcastically. "Some thing about those two apples? Gordon had two apples out of Amidon's hundred bushels last fall," he explained gravely.

"That's better than he did with the potatoes," said Jack Chaffee. Amidon

just sent him a photograph of the potato patch for his share."

Lint was pulled into his seat amid the laughter which followed, and the sleigh flew on past big snowy fields and straggling houses, till it jingled into Deansville hotel.

Its proprietor came out on the porch and welcomed them in affably.

The girls were shown up stairs, where they took off their wraps before a long mirror and smoothed their ruffled hair, and demanded of each other whether they looked quite like frights and went chattering down in the parlor, where their escorts were waiting.

Then somebody proposed having supper, and they went across to the long dining-room and disposed of a surprising quantity of hot oysters.

When they went back to the parlor Kitty Knox sat down obligingly and played a waltz, and followed it up with a quadrille; and then the girls declared, with one voice that it was "awful late," and ran upstairs forthwith to bundle up again.

The sleigh was brought to the door, and the soap-stones, freshly heated at the kitchen range, were tumbled back into it, and the jolly load of Haddamites jingled back toward Haddam.

There was not quite such a babel merriment as before; in a tired and half drowsy state it was impossible to be uproariously lively. But there was an increase of enjoyment, if that were possible. Everybody was carrying on a low toned *tete-a-tete* with somebody else.

Two couples crawled cozily under a spacious robe and told ghost stories. Chauncey Howard sat close to Laura Robson and talked to her in a low voice; Lint Gordon, with his eyes turned sternly away from them, sat motionless and spoke to nobody.

Kitty Knox said to Jack Chaffee that it couldn't possibly have been a ribbon; it must have been something more serious.

There were no lights in the windows now. People had been in bed for four good hours. The sleigh slid along monotonously enough between the darkened houses, set in the midst of wide, white stretches, which shone in the moonlight.

But all of a sudden there was a dire break in the monotony. A stray piece of paper on the roadside was caught into the air by a gust of wind the horse nearest it eyed it wildly, and then swerved sharply, and the movement turned the sleigh neatly on its side.

There was a chorus of frightened screams and the astonished interjections. The driver leaped down and stood at the horses' heads; the girls were pulled out of the snow and hastily brushed off; the sleigh was pressed into its proper position, and the buffalo robes piled back into it.

Then somebody perceived the rumors outside of the affair, and giggled and the victims joined in a tale of good humored laughter as they climbed into the sleigh.

"Oh, we don't mind a little thing like that!" said the young justice, gaily. "Drive on! Are we all in by the way?"

They were not all in. A dark figure lay half-buried in the snow of the deep ditch at the side of the road.

The others had fallen at the safe distance from its edge; this one had been thrown over it.

Laura Robson stood up in the sleigh and gazed downward. Her pretty face was white, and her blue eyes opened in a wide, frightened stare.

"It's Lint!" she cried, unsteadily. She sprang to the ground, and before they could stop her, had clambered down the slope and was kneeling beside the motionless form.

The others followed her hastily. She took Lint's head into her arms. His face, upturned to the bright light of the moon, was white and unconscious. The girl gave a little, broken moan.

"He's dead!" she whispered. "He's dead! Oh, Lint!"

She looked up pitifully at the group about her.

If Chauncey Howard was taken aback by this sudden shifting of the scenes, he had the good taste not to show it. He bent down and took Lint's hand.

"Oh, no!" he said briskly. He's only stunned."

He felt about in the snow for a minute.

"He hit his head on this big stone

here when he fell. I don't think it can be serious. Here, you fellow, help me lift him up."

They raised him carefully, with Laura clinging to his hand and haltsobbing.

The sound seem to rouse him; he opened his eyes and looked at her.

"My dearest girl!" he murmured. Perhaps that young justice might have been excused for looking a little disgusted. Certainly it was not the time or place for lover-like effusions. "Are you hurt?" he inquired with some brusqueness.

"I hurt my head, I think," Lint responded.

But he spoke as though that were altogether a secondary consideration; he was smiling up blissfully at his trembling sweetheart.

"Well get him into the sleigh," Chauncey Howard commanded, and they walked slowly up the roadside with their burden.

"Where are we?" said Ben Dwyer, looking about him. "Why that's Gordon's place just down the road there. See here wouldn't it be better to leave him her with Amidon? It's a long ride home, you know and it's pretty cold. It might hurt him."

There was a murmur of approval but Lint was silent. He was tucked into a corner of the sleigh, with Laura close beside him. His pale face was on her shoulder, and her arm was about him. They appeared placidly unconscious of the fact that they were observed with interest—but it was a deeply sympathetic interest.

Lottie Mixer said to Ben Dwyer, in an enthusiastic whisper, that is was "too lovely," and she was "so glad," and Ben Dwyer responded that things did seem to be straightening themselves rather.

Amidon came to the door with a lamp in his hand, and in an obviously hasty toilet, in response to the loud thum and shouts, and stood gaping at the crowd of young people as they filled in. They more than filled the small sitting room; there was hardly room for Mrs. Amidon to bustle about and set chairs, and stir up the half-dead fire.

Lint sat in the midst of them, with his head on a pillow which somebody had produced. Laura, with a sudden rush of consciousness, stood back timidly among the girls.

"I'm not hurt," said the young man following her with his eyes; "but I guess my best plan is to stay here. I do feel rather broken up."

"Well," said Chauncey Howard, turning up his collar and glancing at the clock which stood at a quarter of three; "we'll bid you a fond adieu. I'll send down a doctor, if you say so. Good-by."

Lint looked wistfully at Laura. She gave him a tender glance in return, and drew on one glove hesitatingly.

"I—I hate to have you go," he said in an injured way.

"I don't like to leave you!" she faltered.

Jack Chaffee gave a sudden whoop. He seized Laura by the arm and Chauncey Howard by the shirt collar and dragged him up to Lint's chair. He put Laura's hand in Lint's and placed the young justice before them.

"Don't you see?" he shouted. "By George! don't you see?"

They did see. Chauncey Howard raised his brows and smiled. Laura turned a glowing pink and tried to get away; but Lint held her fast.

"Go on, go on!" he commanded. "Heaven bless you, Jack Chaffee! Here stand up with me; and Kitty Knox, come along and be bridesmaid. Now tie the knot Howard! I came rather near losing her. I won't risk it again. Hurry!"

It was all over in a minute. The young justice had repeated the marriage service; the bride and groom had made the responses—the former tremulously, and the latter firmly—and Lint Gordon and Laura Robson were pronounced man and wife.

Everybody was shaking hands with the bridegroom and kissing the bride, and the Amidons were beginning to recover from their petrified astonishment.

"Don't forget to come around tomorrow and register," said the young justice, practically. "Good-night, Mrs. Gordon!"

"You needn't mind about sending a doctor," said Lint, beamingly. "I'm cured."

"Stop off and tell mamma," said

Laura in a beseeching whisper to Carrie Marsh. "Tell her I couldn't help it."

The wedding guests climbed into the sleigh, with a noisy confusion of talk and laughter, and the bells struck up merrily as it dashed away, with Lint and Laura waving good-by from the doorway.

BUYING WALL PAPER

"If I pick out some wall paper right away, can you send a man to my house to hang it this forenoon?" she asked in a paper store three or four days ago.

"Yes'm."

"Very well; you may show me some samples."

She sat in a chair before the sample rack until 11:45 o'clock, and then went to dinner. She was back at 1 o'clock and remained until it was almost 5 o'clock, when she finally heaved a long sigh and said to the patient clerk:

"Dear me but it is such a task and so late in the season that I guess I won't get any at all. Much obliged, and I'll probably buy one of you next spring."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Mrs. Brown (with her dander up)—"Didn't I caution you not to make a noise with that horrid tin whistle?"

Little Johnny (quite crestfallen)—"Why, pa told me to."

Mrs. Brown (getting angry)—"You naughty boy! you know very well he didn't."

Little Johnny (pertinaciously)—"Oh yes, he did ma. I asked him to buy me a bicycle and he said I would have to whistle for it."—*Judge.*

A BAD BOY AND A WASP.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis express on the Erie Railway between Port Jervis and Jersey City, a short time ago, was a much overdressed woman, accompanied by a bright-looking Irish nurse girl, who had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical two year old boy, of whom the overdressed woman was plainly the mother. The mother occupied a seat by herself. The nurse and child were in the seat in front. The child gave such frequent exhibitions of temper and kept the car filled with such vicious yells and shrieks, that there was a general feeling of indignation. Although time and again he spit in the nurse's face, scratched her hands, and tore her hair and bonnet, she bore it patiently. The indignation of the passengers was the greater because the child's mother made no effort to correct him, but on the contrary, sharply chided the nurse whenever she manifested any firmness. Whatever this boy yelled for the mother's cry was uniformly:

Let him have it Mary. The child had just slapped the nurse in the face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack, when a wasp came from somewhere in the car and flew against the window of the nurse's seat.

The boy at once made a dive for the wasp and it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quickly caught his hand and said:

Harry mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!

Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick and slap the nurse. The mother awoke from a nap. She heard her son's screams, and without lifting her head or opening her eyes, called out sharply to the nurse:

Why will you tease that child, Mary? Let him have it.

Mary let go of Harry. The boy clutched at the wasp, and caught it. The yell that followed caused joy in the entire car, for every eye was on the boy. The mother awoke again.

Mary, she cried, let him have it!

Mary turned calmly in her seat and said:

Sure, he's got it, mum!

This brought down the car. Every one on it roared. The child's mother rose up in her seat with a jerk. When she learned what the matter was, she pulled her boy over the back of the seat and woke sympathy by lying him across her knee and warming him nicely. In ten minutes he was as quiet and meek as a lamb, and never opened his head again until the train reached Jersey City.

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