Polly.

"You'll stand by the poor children, Polly? You'll always stand by the poor children?"

God knows I will, dear."

"I should not mind leaving them so much if they were boys. But girls—just at the age when they most need a mother's influence, and with Jim what he is—oh! it makes me feel terribly anxious. But if you promise to stand by them, Polly——"

"I do, Sis. I promise faithfully."

"Thank you dear. Bend down and seal the promise with a kiss, Polly. I know I can trust you. Other people forget their promises, but not you. Hush, here comes the children. Yes, let them in. I shall not see them many times more. Let them with me now as much as I can."

A dying woman and her sister— or, rather her adopted sister, for Polly was no blood relation—were the speakers. Mrs. Hooran, who lay now upon the bed from which she was not again to rise, was the wife of James Hooran, the well known outside broker. James Hooran was so public a character in his professional capacity that it is scarcely necessary to say more about him from that standpoint than that he made a great income, not always by the most scrupulous means. But his personal character and his domestic relations demand a more intimate description.

He was a coarse-minded, coarse-mannered, selfish, yet, in a certain sense, good-natured man. After a fashion, he loved his wife; after a fashion, also, he was fond and very proud of his two little girls. Yet the animal nature was strong within him; in fact, dominated him; and, under its influence, he often behaved cruelly to his wife, and thoughtlessly toward his children. It was, indeed, a great pity that Mrs. Hooran had ever married him; for she was a woman cast in a far finer mould than he, and his nature was quite impervious to her elevating influence. The consequence was that when her physical strength began to decline, and her personal charms to fade, her husband took to neglecting her for more congenial company.

And, in truth, no lady-like woman ever was, or could be, congenial to a man of his stamp. He was far more in his element when associating with barmaids or ballet girls, for he could understand their ways of thought and their line of ideas; and they could be delighted with his fulsome gallantry and his rowdy chaff. With such, therefore, he frequently consorted, and although in his better moments—for he had better moments—he was full of remorse for his neglect of his wife, and showed many tokens of repentant affection, yet his worse nature invariably reasserted itself, and he lapsed once more into his old courses.

Mrs. Hooran could not fail to see how ill her husband was using her. But she never thought of protecting herself by any legal remedy. For the sake of her girls alone she would have ignored his conduct. But apart from that, she was not the woman to assert herself under any circumstances. There are some delicate, sensitive natures, which are made to be trampled upon by the coarse vulgarians of the earth. Mrs. Hooran was one. She seldom complained; never made a scene; always affected, before outsiders, to be ignorant of her husband's evil ways. More than once, when he was in drink, he had struck the poor creature. The blows were given when they were alone. They remained a secret between them.

Yet, as has been said above, the fellow did, after a fashion, care for his wife. He would have done almost anything—except deny himself—to make her happy. He loaded her with money, with gifts. She had the prettiest pair of cobs to drive that gold could buy. She had jewels, dresses, luxuries in abundance. A dozen servants were at her beck and call. She had only to state a wish for any material good thing, and it was gratified. Her two little girls also, were nursed in the lap of luxury. The most expensive attendants and governesses were engaged for them. Did one of them seem sick or ailing, the best physician in London was summoned to prescribe for her. They were deluded with costly toys; surfeited with all childish delights that gold could procure. Their frocks were the envy of all their little playmates. Not a child in the place but longed, with all his little soul, to have such an indulgent father as Mr. Hooran.

The two little girls knew nothing, of course, as yet, of the other side of the picture. But toward their mother it was always turned, withering and blasting her life, as though it had been a very Medusa. It was this, indeed, that wore out her physical strength long before its time, and rendered her an easy prey to the painful illness which at last attacked her. It was a lingering malady, but from its first inset there was no hope. Her adopted and dearly beloved sister, a girl of two or three and twenty, came to nurse the poor lady during the last months of her existence, and did all in her power to alleviate the anxieties and sufferings under which she labored. No one was so well qualified to do this for Mrs. Hooran as her adopted sister, Polly, to whom she was devoted, and in whom—with good reason—she reposed implicit confidence.

When Polly promised to stand by the little girls at any cost their dying mother was as happy about them as in the circumstances it was possible for her to be. And in a few days the merciful release came, driving James Hooran into an agony of grief and remorse, which lasted for nearly ten days.

Polly remained in Hooran's house to look after his domestic affairs, and especially to take care of the children. It did not seem to her, or, indeed, to any one, that this course was in the least open to objection. Although not, in fact, related to Mrs. Hooran, yet she had come to regard herself and to be regarded as that lady's own sister; and she had always looked upon James Hooran in the light of a veritable brother-in-law. Nay! Hooran's dead wife had actually exacted a promise from her husband—which he gave readily enough—that Polly should be allowed to remain on as long as she might wish to do so. Perhaps the promise was no absolute guarantee, for Hooran both gave and broke pledges with a facility acquired by long practice. But as the broker liked his sister-in-law and seemed desirous to keep on friendly terms with her, there was no immediate prospect, at any rate, of Polly's having to seek another home.

For some time after his wife's death James Hooran kept wonderfully sober and straight. He eschewed bad company; came home at regular hours; spent his evenings in the society of his little daughters and their auntie. It was, altogether, a marvelous change. Polly was pleased and relieved beyond measure by the reformation. She had yet to discovere its true cause. And then, after a while, she did so, her pleasure and relief were speedily vanished. The discovery took place within six weeks after Mrs. Hooran's death.

It was one evening. The children had gone to bed, and Polly was alone in her brother-in-law's company. Then he delivered himself of his secret. He spoke words of love to Polly. He vowed that she was the light of his life and the star of his soul (James Hooran's soul!); that, bereft of her, his future would be a blank; and much more in a similar strain, according to his ways and methods of passionate declaration.

As soon as Polly's amazement and disgust allowed her to speak she cut him sternly short. Did he realize what he was saying? Did he understand that his—his wife had not yet lain six weeks in her grave? Did he understand that—that she—she—had always regarded him, treated him, thought of him, as her own brother-in-law; and that to him speaking so to her struck her with unspeakable horror! Besides, if there had been no such barrier—nothing to stand everlastingly between them—she could never have cared for him—in that way. No! Let him utter such words to her again. Let him—let them both—forget that they had ever been spoken.

James Hooran was silenced and abashed. Only, however, temporarily. To have abashed a man of his nature otherwise than temporarily was quite impossible. After a short interval he returned to the attack; not, indeed, in the same bold and open manner as at first, but by a thousand little stratagems and side assaults, which were indefinitely harder to repel.

He was always making her presents, paying her fulsome compliments, treating her with an exaggertated deference unspeakably annoying to her. She met all his advances with a cold disdain, and, as far as possible, avoided his company. At last James Hooran grew annoyed—sulky. He treated her rudely. She took no notice. He made disparaging remarks at her in the presence of the children. She ignored them. And in the end, finding that his hostility and his friendliness were treated by her with the same contempt, he—to her great thankfulness—gave up persecuting her, and left her alone.

In order to make clear the acute mental suffering which the poor girl underwent during this period, it is necessary to make a few remarks on her character and temperament. She shall not be here described as "high-principled." For that might convey a wrong impression. High principle frequently has the misfortune to be associated with priggishness—not to say pharisaism—that we are apt to regard its possessor as an obtrusive embodiment of conscious virtue; one who possibly is not as other men are, but who certainly feels an offensive pride in the distinction. That, however, was not Polly's way. If there was one quality which she consciously lacked, this was the spirit of self-appreciation. Nay, she seldom thought of herself at all. Kindness and goodness came to her spontaneously. They blossomed in her as the bloom on a plant—naturally, and because they could not help it; and it never occurred to her—any more than it does to the plant—to analyze and introspect the worth or quality of what was thus produced. A purer-minded girl it would have been impossible to meet; nor one whose nature was more essentially innocent, and that not with the innocence which owes its existence to a jealous exclusion from all knowledge of, all contact with, evil; but with the innocence which the fullest knowledge and contact are impotent to soil.

To a girl of this character, James Hooran was, in the nature of things, repulsive; and under any circumstances she could only have considered a declaration of love from him as odious and offensive. But considering that her adopted sister had only been a few weeks dead—considering, too, the relation in which she stood to Hooran (whom she had so long been accustomed to regard as bound to her by ties which made any love, except fraternal love, impossible)—the thing came upon her as a painful outrage.

The impulse which urged her, in her first bewilderment and disgust, was to leave Hooran's house without delay. It was checked at once both by the thought of her promise to her dead sister, and by her own personal devotion to the two little girls. They were just at the age—eleven and twelve, respectively—when good influences and pure surroundings were above all things essential to them. If they were left to their father, and to the sort of women he might choose to look after them—why, God help the poor girls! After all, the danger to them, if she went away was greater than the danger to herself if she remained. She had knowledge sufficient to guard her from hurt or harm. Her nieces, on the contrary, were at the mercy of their surroundings. In the next few years characters would be formed in them which would determine their whole future. It was for her to superintend and direct their formation. Nothing should deter her from that.

As the months went by she began to feel very thankful that she had found strength to fulfill her promise, and to stand by the little girls. Her presence and protection became every day more necessary. During his wife's lifetime Hooran had had the grace to pursue his vulgar flirtations away from home. But now, since she was dead, and especially since Polly had repulsed his addresses, he seemed to have thrown regard for appearances to the winds. When the master of a house takes to flirting with his own maid-servants, it is plain that he is in a fair way to lose, if he has not already lost it, his self-respect altogether. To this vulgarity James Hooran now stooped. He selected the parlor maid, named Ellen, for the object of his attentions. He carried on with her in an odious manner; and the girl—not unnaturally, perhaps—had her head completely turned, and hinted among the other domestics that she was likely soon to be made Mrs. Hooran, and mistress of the house.

She gave herself absurd airs, and became so offensive to Polly and the children that the poor girl was compelled to remonstrate with Hooran, and to urge him to discharge Ellen at once.

Hooran flatly refused. He even had the caddishness to garnish his refusal with coarse badinage in this strain:

"Ha! my girl, I see how it is. Your nose is out of joint—eh? Well, you've brought it on yourself. You had your chance, and wouldn't take it. Blame no one else!"

She treated this offensive insinuation with silent contempt.

"For the sake of your little girls," she said, "that young woman ought not to remain in this house."

"Ha, I dare say! For the sake of my little girls?" Hooran sneered. "Won't wash, Polly. One for them and two for yourself, my girl."

"But, oh, James! for the sake of your dead wife, whom you promised—"

"—— you," he broke in, with an oath. "Stop this preaching. I'm master in this house, and I won't be interferred with. If you are not satisfied, the front door is open to you any minute you please!"

There was no more to be said; at least, not then. The fellow was more than half drunk. His face was bloated and fiery. His bloodshot eyes were alight with evil passion. Polly left his presence in disgust. But her determination not to desert the children was more than ever fixed.

As time went on, matters grew worse. Ellen's airs became more and more insufferable. She wore fine clothes, smart gew-gaws, refused to do menial work, gave the law to the other servants, and by her conduct drove all the better among them to leave. She hated Polly, whom she regarded as a rival, and as an obstacle to the fulfillment of her designs; and she now behaved to her with an insolence which could scarcely be supported. In addition, she was using strong persuasion with Hooran to rid his household of stuck-up Miss Polly; and, although the fellow had, so far declined to take this step, yet it was obvious that Ellen gained his ear more and more every day.

A crisis was, in fact, approaching. The parlor maid began to give out openly what she had hitherto only ventured to hint at—namely, that James Hooran had decided to marry her within a few weeks. Polly was in despair. She knew that if this disastrous union took place, she herself would be deprived of the charge of her little nieces. She foresaw what was likely to happen to the children, if brought up under the management of that vulgar, vicious woman. She nerved herself to a course of action which she loathed, for she knew to what odious misconstruction she should expose herself. But she braved that, as she was ready to brave anything in the cause which she had so faithfully espoused. She went to Hooran with a last appeal. She asked first whether this rumor of his intended marriage with Ellen were true.

James Hooran looked at her for a minute without speaking. She was strong, tall, beautiful. Even he—dense, sodden creature as he was—felt a dim sort of way that she was far, far above him. Yet with this conviction, and with the recollection that she had spurned and repulsed him, the longing to possess her rushed back upon him with renewed and overwhelming force.

"It will come true—unless you prevent it," he said at last, in a tone whose meaning could not be doubted.

Polly did not affect to misunderstand him. She pressed her hands to her bosom, gave a little gasp, but said nothing.

"Look here, Polly," Hooran continued, with a sudden accent of coarse tenderness, which to her was more repulsive than his vilest oaths and diatribes: "I love you, my girl. And even now, if you'll have me, I'll marry you and make you a good husband. It just comes to that. I shall not ask you again. Will you have me?"

"No, James, no! It is impossible."

"This is definite—eh, miss?" he demanded, with a threatening look.

"Quite."

"Very well, then. Please yourself, my girl. But you shall be sent about your business; and I'll get a license and marry Ellen within the month."

And then he added, eyeing her pale face very keenly as he spoke:

"Damn it, Polly! I'll be easier with you than you deserve. You've spurned me twice—you've treated me like dirt. But I know that some of you prudish misses take a lot of wooing' (with an unpleasant laugh). "You'd all of you rather die than say 'yes' to a likely fellow. I'll give you twelve hours to decide. D'ye take me? My offer is open till tomorrow morning, miss. After then, closed and sealed—forever."

With that he flung himself, swaggering, from the room, and Polly did not see him again that night.

Next morning she went to him with her answer.

Eh? Well? Which is it to be?" he demanded, with ill-concealed excitement—"Yes or no, Polly?"

Her face was like marble—as white, as cold, as firm; her blue eyes very clear and steady. She murmured one word. It was "Yes."

She formed a strange contrast to Hooran, who, at this, broke into a frenzy of gratified delight—such delight as creatures like him are susceptible of. He sprang forward. He placed his arm around her. He drew her to himself. He kissed her. Her face was pale as death; her lips an ashy gray. She never shuddered. She offered no resistance.

Polly had put her hand to the plow. She would not look back.—London Truth.

A CHARMED LIFE.

In a railroad accident the other day a man sustained ten complete fractures of the bones of the limbs, three fractures of the pelvis, and a score of bruises, gashes and sprains, and yet he is recovering. Men and women sometimes withstand great physical violence, but succumb to the invisible germs of consumption—so small that they can be seen only under a powerful microscope. The starting point of consumption is in the stomach, which, when deranged, makes bad blood because digestion is not perfect, and in bad blood the microbes multiply and flourish. Sooner or later the lungs are attacked, and in the weak spots the germs begin their deadly work of tearing down the tissues. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stops the encroachments of consumption microbes. It builds up and fortifies the whole system by aiding the stomach in its many functions. It assists in the proper assimilation of food. This scientific remedy cures lingering coughs, bronchitis, bleeding at the lungs, and every other symptom that eventually leads to consumption. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who makes this wonderful medicine, gives *free*, fatherly advice to all who write him.

"Last spring I was taken with severe pains in my chest, and was so weak I could hardly walk about the house," says Mrs. G. E. Kerr, of Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa. "I tried several physicians and they told me I had consumption, but that I might 'brush it over' and perhaps live a good many years. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I thought I would try some of it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was very much better; I took five bottles of it and have not yet had any return of the trouble. I have also taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' with good results."

When the bowels are obstinate, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They don't gripe.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Independent Waists and Skirts. Princesse Gowns—Fur Collars and Capes—Jewelry—Bracelets—Gentlemen's Rings.

Special Correspondence to The Tribune.

New York, Jan. 6.—The independent waist survives all attacks and not only for general and theatre wear, but for full dress occasions is conspicuous and regarded as indispensable. True, there is special style in a dress which is really a dress; the same admits of delightful harmonies throughout, and has a pictorial superiority impossible to a divided garment. Nevertheless, an outfit of independent waists brings about the perpetual variety desired by wealthy persons, while to competing poverty, it becomes a veritable tower of strength. Independent skirts are, of course, a necessity, and at present preferably made of thin fabrics, crepe de Chine being in very great favor, but mousseline, net, lace, and the like afford change, and in the way of thicker skirts, Liberty satin is used quite largely.

SPANGLES,

of course, never come amiss; their lustre is still a fashionable fad, and dressmakers who would utilize brocades, now do so upon occasion, by outlining patterns with spangles, which endorse them once more in fashionable esteem. Independent velvet skirts, when correctly worn, form a superb contrast to thin waists. Princesse gowns are a natural consequence of the sheath-like skirts that have found favor, and each week such style is more frequently noticeable at indoor gatherings. As yet, the princesse contour is confined to dresses of rich material unsuited to street wear. But as the style under consideration is adapted only to comparatively good figures, it can never become common, although much in the way of concealing deficiences is accomplished by full and ornate fronts. The great popularity of velvet has doubtless contributed toward the wearing of princesse dresses, and while eminently suited to fabrics having some body, yet the ascendancy of thin materials at present is such as to induce their frequent employment in outlines that at another time would be thought too severe. Of course strain, however, is laid on the silk lining, upon which diaphanous goods can be laid at will.

FURS

are an interesting question at all seasons, and it may be added are appropriate to all departments of dress, since they have their high position not only in evening dress but millinery as well. A low-neck ball dress trimmed with fur is most highly esteemed; on fairy-like capes and neck accessories touches of fur give a distinction possible to nothing else, and a fur-trimmed gown may be counted upon by a fashionable woman as a means beyond compare, for exciting those pangs of envy in the hearts of other women, which bring such satisfaction to her own. Fur, too, can be changed around in an almost magical manner; can adorn here, or give warmth there as reason or fancy may dictate, and is really an economical investment.

FUR COLLARS AND CAPES

Are now a necessity during spring and winter to all women who dress well, and are also of great service during the winter as accessories over jackets or capes. C. C. Shayne offers his usual New Year's reductions, and the tide of custom sets in the direction of his establishment, partly because of his fair prices, but chiefly for the reason of absolute reliability, since as very few persons are judges of fur one cannot overestimate the importance of such a fact. The Shayne collection of Russian sables are noted everywhere, and an elegant example sold twelve years ago, has been made over this season into an exquisite "Victorine," having stole fronts that fall nearly to the hem of the wearer's dress. Another lovely shoulder cape, worn over an opera cloak by a society belle, has a high collar and full front of four long tails that reach to the waist. The same will be utilized this summer during seashore drives at Newport and Bar Harbor.

JEWELRY.

In necklaces, gold chains of almost threadlike fineness, with drop charm attached have quite a position, but where expense comes in as an element, single pearls in strands of greater or less length are preferred to anything else, diamonds not excepted, and this because every year pearls are becoming more difficult to obtain and also for the reason of greater innate refinement. For brooches, semi-precious stones set in pearls or diamonds are greatly in order, amethysts and turqoises ranking high on the list, but new and beautiful brooches are in floral sprays of gems and enamel.

NEW BRACELETS

consist of a very delicate gold chain with drop charm attached and the charm is so made as to be drawn in to the arm upon occasions and sometimes is of sufficient length to form a short necklace. But flexible bracelets showing gems alternating with gold links are still fashionable, and these likewise can be worn as necklaces by uniting several together. For rings, five stones set in a row take the lead, but three stones similarly placed are popular and an expensive fancy is to wear in unison three or four rings of harmonizing colors, the same being shown at jewelers' in one case. Diamonds, rubies and emeralds form a favorite combination, and sapphires art effective. Another new style of ring is set all around with quite small stones.

GENTLEMEN'S RINGS

are preferably now with plain top on which is a coat of arms or initials can be engraved, and otherwise the ring is in Oriental finish. special prestige attaching to an Oriental finish in green cast. Oriental finish is also much liked for cuff buttons that are still in link style, and here, too, greenish gold is in high esteem. Single semi-previous stones are very fashionable as cuff buttons for both ladies and gentlemen.

Fannie Field.

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LOST IN THE WOODS.

A Deer Hunter Three Days Without Food and Well Used Up.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal

A little over a week ago a party consisting of Oliver Cookson, Frank Norton, Randall Goodwin and Albert Cookson left Newport for a hunting trip. They went to a camp about sixteen miles from Costigan, and the experiences of the party while away were such that the members are not likely to soon forget them. The light snow that fell about the time that they commenced hunting enabled the members of the party to track deer readily. Albert Cookson was left at the camp to look after the things, being lame and not able to get through the woods like the other members of the party. Wednesday, while alone at the camp, a large deer came up within a short distance of the place, and Mr. Cookson tried his luck with the rifle. The deer was wounded, but had vitality enough to make good speed in getting away from the spot. Cookson followed in the hope that he would have something worth while to show the others on their return. He followed the deer for several hours as best he could, but the animal kept out of his way, and as darkness began to settle he commenced to think that it would be best for him to get back to camp.

During the time that he had followed the deer he had not for a moment thought about the camp, and he had little idea in what direction it lay. He had a compass, however, and consulted it, but thought that the instrument was out of order, for it did not exactly coincide with his views. He, however, followed the compass as best he could, walking as long as he could see, then built a fire and prepared to camp for the night. During the night the snow was thawed so that he could not retrace his tracks, and the men who returned to the camp before dark, being unable to find him that night, could not track him the next morning. Cookson remained with his fire and without food the following day and during the next night the rain that fell put out his fire. Saturday two young men named Baker, and belonging in Costigan, found him, after he had been nearly three days without food. Though weak, he had sufficient strength to walk back to camp, which was only about two miles from where he had been stopping for three days. Cookson returned to his home in Etna Tuesday, and will no doubt be more careful the next time he chases a deer.

One Idea of It.

"I've never been quite able to make up my mind what constitutes an epigram," said Willie Wishington.

"An epigram," answered Miss Cayenne, "is what a cynic calls any pointed assertion over which he is too indolent to argue."—Washington Star.

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1899 Scranton Tribune Almanac

which is generally acknowledged to be the leading and most complete book of reference published in this county. If you have not already purchased from your carrier or news agent, you had better order at once from our business office.

The following are two of the many complimentary notices of this year's edition of our Almanac:

From the Scranton Times:

The Scranton Tribune, Truth and Republican issued their customary annuals today. All three are creditable specimens of this sort of publication, but The Tribune's year book is the most elaborate of the three.

From the Wilkes-Barre Leader:

The Leader acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the Scranton Tribune Year Book for 1899. It is one of the best that has so far reached the Leader sanctum. It is well filled with interesting and valuable matter, is neatly printed, handsomely illustrated and reflects great credit on its compilers and publishers.

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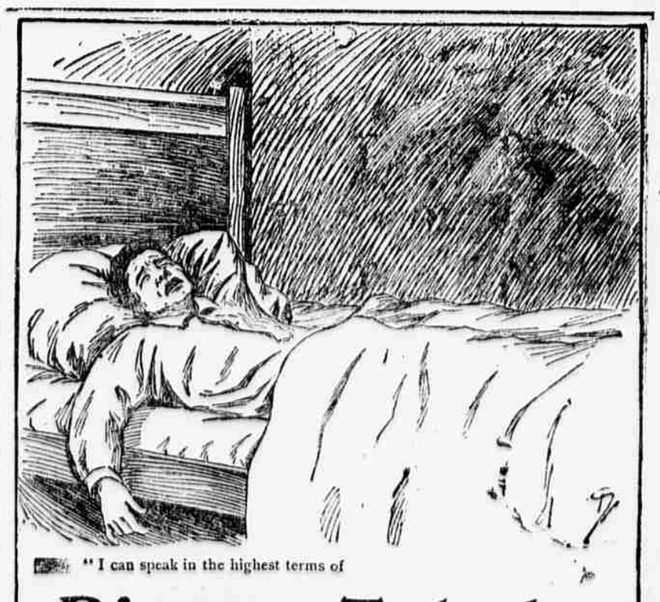

"I can speak in the highest terms of

Ripans Tabules

said the man from Washington. I have been for years troubled with nightmare (an erroneous expression, but one that thousands are familiar with), and have suffered a thousand deaths, being caused directly by a torpid liver, thence stagnation of the blood. A short while after retiring I would experience the most terrible sensation that human can fall heir to, such as having heavy weights upon you, seeing horrible animals, burglars, etc., and being unable to get out of their reach. I have tried everything on the market that I could think would be of benefit, but never struck the right remedy until I tried Ripans Tabules, and since that time nightmare with me is a thing of the past."