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BREVITIES.

iny persons have had the experience r. Peter Sherman, of North Strat-N. II., who says, "For years I red torture from ehronic judigestion, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure made a well of me." It digests what you eat is a certain cure for dyspepsia and y form of stomach trouble. It gives f at once even in the worst cases, ean't help but do you good. Grocity drug store.

Sandtzer, Palo Alto, aged 35 years, Killed; Joseph H. Bennett, laborer, aged 40 years, Pottsville, fatally hurt; John F. Sterner, machinist, aged 40 years, Pottsville, badly injured.

trouble between the employes ing Valley Traction Company over n demands relative to wages and of labor, which threatened a tie-the system, has been amicably ad-

Same t'ing wid all de brotherin, I knows 'um, lef'

en right, En w'en dey go ter talkin, don't dey shet dey eye up tight? Dey can't see nuttin roun' 'um while dey spoutin by de yard; Dey knows I lookin at 'um, en I t'inkin mighty hard!

come en gone)

Ter sen' de ole year whirlin en he'p de new year
on.

I ain't in favor er it; I never t'ink it's wise;
I ruther read in private all my titles ter de skies!

LOST IN THE PINE WOODS.



LEM—her name was Clemence—buttoned up her jacket, pulled its high fur collar up around her throat and struck off into the pine woods in pursuit of holy berries, for it was the day before New Year's.

Clem was a joyous young girl, very pretty and very light hearted; the only inmate of a white cottage on the outskirts of the village besides Dr. Randolph, her father, and old Nance, their housekeeper, her former nurse.

Being 17 and unacquainted with the world's gayettes beyond an occasional simple gathering and an evening at the theater or opera when on a short visit or relatives in New Orleans, Clem's pleasures consisted in much reading, unlimited rambles through the woods and down the country roads and much practice on her violin.

For an invalid violinist of talent and reputation had sought refuge in that balmy pine region to rebuild health, broken and shattered by too continuous and arduous work and, being Dr. Randolph's patient, had become Clem's teacher, with pleasure and profit to both.

Professor Andrade, a first graduate from the Berlin conservatory, declared Clem had great natural musical gifts, and Clem never tired of her violin.

The weather had been unprecedentedly cold all through November, and in the early part of December a flurry of snow had fallen, making the woods beautiful as it capped the green boughs and spread a white carpet over the mosses and thick bed of fallen pine meedles underfoot.

This New Year's eve the air was cold, still and bitting, and when, in the afternoon, Dr. Randolph started off in his buggy to visit an old bedridden Acadian woman ten miles away Nance put an extra overcoat on the custions and hot bricks wrapped in carpeting to keep his feet warm, and Clem slipped a flask in his pocket as she kissed him goodby, standing on the steps between the wheels to do so.

"Now, don't stay late. Be sure you come back before the train comes in, for you know Ned is coming tonight," she warmed.

come back before the train comes in, for you know Ned-is coming tonight," she warned.

"We have partridges for supper, remember," she called out as Dumps, the doctor's cob, started out at a pace that meant business.

Nodding backward gayly the doctor swept down the street and disappeared around a curve.

"I wonder what that silly, thresome boy Ned has grown to be?" said Clem aloud to herself as she inspected the supper table, already daintily set with old silver and cut glass.

In the center a huge bunch of narcissuses and hyacinths was placed, for the doctor was somewhat of a gourmet, and his life abroad and in big cities



"On, DIEU DE BONTE!" EXCLAIMED CLEM.
having left its mark upon him his was
a choice restheticism with an insistence for tasteful and ornamental surroundings, so that their table was always rarely well appointed.

The absence of decoration struck
Clem as she gave a few touches to the
celery, olives and wintergreen.

Donning a warm suit and a fur lined
jacket without telling Nance of her intention, she started off toward a spot

"Well, I hope his travels have improved him, for his college days were bad enough."

"Heigh ho! I wish he would stay away and not tumble down on us to spoil our delightful New Year's. I never could stand him."

Clem recalled what a villainous tease Ned had been when on his visit to them during vacation.

"He was a tease, but he was a handsome boy," she concluded.

Then casting Ned out of her thoughts, she stopped to gather a great armful of the glorious holly.

The distance was greater than Clemand supposed, and the afternoon had darkened considerably when her flaming branches of berries were tied with a wisp of gray moss and she turned to go home.

Skirting the edge of the "Branch."

a wisp of gray moss and she turned to go home.

Skirting the edge of the "Branch," as those streamlets which cut through the pine forests are called, she came to a sudden halt.

From which side had she come? And how rapidly twilight drops into night these short December days!

Of course she passed that big elm and those pines, and—

Clem was bewildered and had to confess most reluctantly that she did not know whether she came by the right or by the left.

Her heart gave a flutter as the word "lost" ran through her mind, but she had lived all her short life more or less in the woods, so beyond a slight tremor Clem was not frightened.

What added to Clem's bewilderment was the light snowfall, which covered up all paths and made everything unfamiliar.

But for that Clem might have real-

familiar.

But for that Clem might have realized where she was going and not deflected away, as she did toward a stretch of heavily timbered swamp land totally unfamiliar. Night was drawing on with cruel rapidity, and the forest shades were deepening into black patches and somber vistas, while above, as Clem looked up, she could see a few stars beginning to glimmer. Suddenly she remembered with tercor that she had left the house without seeling dear old Nance or telling her anything about her proposed quest after holly berries.

The wind was rising, and—well, night and darkness had come. Clem was lost in the heart of the woods. Clem went steadily forward, knowing that if she stopped she would be a thousand times more frightened.

At last Clem's steps faltered. Staggering, she sat down exhausted at the foot of a tall pine, in whose branches the night breezes were playing as on an Æolian harp. "Oh, Dieu de bonte!" exclaimed Clemi, lapsing into French, her mother's toague, as she often did under excitement or when in distress. But her French blood soon asserted itself, and, rousing, she peered around in the darkness which enveloped all things. What was that dark object a little way off? Clem got up and began a cautions approach.

Her heart gave a bound of pleasure on recognizing an abandoned coal burners's hut.

The door, as she pushed it open, though sagged, still held on its hinges, and, feeling around, Clem found a pleee of candle sticking to a board and some scattered matches.

Clem's heart was beating furiously. Suppose they were too old to light?

But the one she scratched sputtered and lit, as did her canale, and Clem found herself in a hut begrimed with smoke, bare, but clean, in which were a rude bench, a table and a heap of dried pline needles in the corner.

Clem sank down with an exclamation of hysterical gladness. Placing her bunch of berries on the table, Clem found herself in a hut begrimed with smoke, bare, but the wooden she house and in the order, and terrific commotion, an awful bumpling, a hiss



composure, "I will tell you tomorrow," Ned said

The door, as she pushed it open, though sagged, still held on its hinges, and, feeling around, Clem found a plece of candle steking to a board and some scattered matches.

Clem's heart was beating furiously. Suppose they were too old to light? But the one she scratched sputtered and it, as did her candle, and Clein found herself in a hut begrinded with smole, bare, but clean, in which were dried plue needles in through the control of hysterical gladness. Placing her bunch of berries on the table, Clem closed the door and drew the bench grainst it, while the wooden shutter of the window was held fast by its rude fastening.

Throwing herself on the soft mat of pine needles, Clem send a prayer heavenward whose anguished intensity she, being 17 years, had never langined.

There were various vexations delays. The evening train on which Edward Singleton was lelsurely smoking was run at intereased speed to make up for lost time.

Suddenly there were a crash, shouts, cries and a terrific commotion, an avful bumping, a hissing and roaring noise, a shattering of glass and direful shricks, and the coach, topping half way over, stood still.

Tearing his way out, Ned realized what the accident was.

Rumning over a terrified cow, the engine was derailed. It had torn its way through an adjoining field, where it finally stood, panting and hissing, while two conches were wrecked, and the one in which Ned had been was overturned and ditched.

Ned was a good walker, and the prospect of the concept of the concept of the wrecked train and lamenting passengers, struck out for the village by cutting through the assertained that there were contusions innumerable, while hight had already come.

Ned remembered with pleasure the epinewas and according a bottle, while high the distribution of the wrecked train and lamenting passengers, struck out for the village by cutting through the woods of hollowing the old millitary road.

To Edward Singleton's utter astonishment, after an hour's brisk walk he realized that not only had he lost the e

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a

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New Year

and a

Century

of

Prosperity.

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