

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL!



AREWELL, a re-... friends must part... as a token of... How fond and dear... Old Year, Old Year... Here take a gift of gold from out my hand... A shade of rose from cheek and lip... Sprinkle a touch of snow before you go... Good-by, God-speed... One look into your fading eyes, my friend... So fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year... There's a slight regret within my heart in place of pain... All that was sweet in this shall once again in memory live and make me glad... Old Year, then why be sad?



Now that we're parting, I'm impelled to say... What I've to say is that for many a day... Yet still I love you, dear Old Year... You've always worn a somewhat somber face... You've never had the winsome sprightliness that I remember in your foregone kin, Old Year, that I have ushered in.

Your stay was shorter, too, it seems to me... Than that of former years was wont to be... Oh, fond and dear Old Year, Old Year... Mayhap for me all time is near complete... And toward the end you're hastening with glad feet... Then speed no longer stay! Old Year, go swift thy way!

Dakota night. The prairie rolls away in mysterious shadows... wraps away to the south and vanishes among the ghostly stars... Through the sedges of the marsh the night wind sighs fitfully; and the frogs, from their reedy haunts, croak a hoarse accompaniment.

For Hans Brynjulson, smoking in the door of his "back," and looking out over the moonlit plain and coteaux, there is but one word in the heart, one song on the lips of nature.

Christina! Well, indeed, did Hans remember her! Aids of golden hair—her sparkling eyes—the fair beauty of her northern face. They had parted—but that was long ago. "You will make your fortune in America, Hans. Be brave. I will come when you want me. God be with you, my dear one!"

Not a day passed but these words leaped from the memory to the heart of Hans Brynjulson. They were often on his lips than were his prayers.

The first year, the dreaded southwest wind scorched and withered a field almost ready for the reaper, but Hans saved enough grain to plant the land again. The second year, crops were backward, and the wheat was "nipped" by frost and shriveled and blackened in the husk. The third year crops were beaten to the ground by hail.

How had Hans contrived to keep body and soul together during these years of trial? By mortgaging his possessions. His claim, his horses, his farming implements—everything—had been laid under contribution to tide him over the hard times.

In his hands he had a letter. It was dark and he could not read it—but this was unnecessary. He had conund it by rote. The letter was from Christina. She told her lover, in simple words, that she could not remain away from him longer. A longer absence, for her, was worse than death. Surely, her willing hands would prove a mighty factor in his hard life. The meanness drudgery at his side and for him would be happiness for her. The Stockholm sailed on the 1st of December for New York. Could he not send her money to pay her passage? If so, she would come third-class all the way. God bless him for the faithful lover that he was!

Poor Hans! He had never written Christina of his heroic struggle with fate. What should he do now? Tell her all? No, no. His heart rebelled against such a course. Fair, loyal Christina! He would send her the passage money. But where was he to get it? He started suddenly to his feet. The moonbeams, striking his haggard face, wreathed it with a strange beauty.

"Ay shall do it," he murmured in his broken English; "ay shall see Messer Yonson in da mornin'!"

"Say, do you know what that 'ere crazy Swede from Pony Gulch has been up to?"

Chris Larkin, the blacksmith, dropped the head of his hammer on the anvil and supported himself on the handle with his bare, sinewy arms as he addressed this sentence to Cal Higgins, a farmer.

"What now?" asked Higgins. "What's the latest?"

"Gone an' mortgaged himself to Lawyer Johnson for \$100."

"Tain't possible!"

"Tis, too—but it can't be legal."

"S'pose the Swede can't pay up when the mortgage is due?"

"Johnson'll foreclose, I s'pose."

"Then he'd own the Swede, hey?"

"More'n likely. Then he'd hire him out by the day, yee see, an' git his money back in that way."

"When's the mortgage due?"

"New Year's Day."

"What did the Swede want the money for?"

thundered up to the station, "we'll have a regular bender to make up for this. When the snow comes, it'll be us all in a heap—see if it ain't. What's the matter, my man?"

The last words were spoken to Hans Brynjulson, who had touched the conductor on the arm.

"Ay been lo'kin' fr mae little Christina by dees train, but Ay can't see her, no place—" began poor Hans.

"Ah," went on the conductor, with a laugh, "some girl from the States that you're going to marry! No—there were no passengers for Sykeston."

Hans turned with a sigh. The postmaster was walking off with the mail-pouch, and the foreman Swede followed. He had a vague thought that the mail-pouch might contain some news for him. Half an hour later the letters and parcels had been assorted and the postmaster began distributing them to the waiting throng. There were Christmas presents and loving tidings from dear ones in the East and many a pioneer's face wreathed with happiness as the letters were read or the presents tucked snugly away in warm breast pockets.

"Here's something for you, Hans," called the postmaster, and the pale-faced man who had been lingering near the door, doubtful but expectant, started forward with a smile and an outstretched hand. That handwriting! The letter was from Christina!

The envelope was hastily torn open and a pair of happy blue eyes began perusing the text. Suddenly, the happy light vanished from the face. Hans Brynjulson's limbs grew rigid and he lurched over against the counter with a moan of anguish.

English words, even in a free translation, are powerless to catch the pathetic vein that ran through Hans Brynjulson's

Wait, blessed Christmas morn
When Christ, a child was born
Of Mary, holy maid
In heavenly grace arrayed.
Amen! Hallelujah!

battle-scarred and brushing his ragged streamers across the sky, the cloud came on with ratchets speed. And then came the blast in all its fury. Helter-skelter, here and there, blew the wild white flakes; rushing under the corner of Lawyer Johnson's house with an angry roar, the bits of snow played hide-and-seek among the caves and then skurried away in the mad gambols of a whirlwind.

"Goodness me, S'las," said Mrs. Johnson, turning from the window, "I can't see a yard away. What will become of Bessie?"

"She'll be all right—don't worry. The schoolhouse will not let the scholars leave the schoolhouse until the blizzard is over."

Fears, however, if long enough persist-

nothing is known. The lawyer's daughter could not tell. She started home, she said, was overtaken by the storm and finally grew bewildered. Struggling vainly for what seemed an interminably long time she had finally sunk senseless and exhausted into the snow.

When found she was snugly wrapped in the lawyer's fur coat while a pair of thin, rigid arms folded her close as though to protect her from the drifting flakes. And when the snow was brushed from Hans Brynjulson's icy face, congealed tears were found in the eye-lashes, and about the mouth—mystery unsolvable—there hovered a smile. Happiness crowned with tears!

Perhaps they were tears of joy; per-

for you today, dear. He is waiting in the hall now.
Pinkery—How kind (kiss) and thoughtful of you, dear. (Kiss, kiss). I am just dying to see what it is. (Impatiently) Why don't you have the boy bring it up?
Mrs. Pinkery (embarrassed)—That fact is—er—darling, it has come C. O. D.—Life.

To the Children.
Hear Kris Kringle with his bells—
Christmas bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the sky air of light;
While the stars, that overprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With their stockings full of light;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a merry Christmas rhyme,
To the Unimagination that so mysteriously swells
From his bells, bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of his bells.

Measure for Measure.
It's not the right sort of feeling, perhaps, but at Christmas I like to give just as valuable presents as I receive.
"So do I. My wife is going to give me a hundred-dollar dressing gown, and I am going to give her a hundred-dollar check to pay for it."—Life.

Is it Are.
Ah, Santa Claus, come in, come in.
Your income is beyond all measure,
You're glad to have you come and stay,
Your Christmas presents are a pleasure.

A Small Boy's Complaint.
I don't like the month of December
As much as I possibly should,
Because when Christmas is coming
Small boys must be awfully good,
And while long division ain't easy,



letter, but here are its contents, done into our own language:

On board S. S. Stockholm, Dec. 10.
My Dear One:
When you read this, my faithful love, who writes it will be with you—but in the spirit, I am to die, the ship's doctor says, and I thank God that I have the strength to send you this last word. I would that our Heaven were so near that I could work for you, but since this is impossible, work doubly hard for yourself. Be brave, dear Hans, for my sake. Be patient and you will be fortunate. God tempers the wind to his stricken children and he will not forget these, my darling. My strength ebbeth—a last farewell.
CHRISTINA.

As the shades of evening crept over the sky and brought out, one by one, the cold, clear-cut stars, the words of a Christmas carol floated through the doors of the little Sykeston church and settled, like so many spirits of peace, over the quiet village.

A man, reeling through the semi-darkness, heard the song and stopped to listen. As the last bar of the song died away, his cadence was broken by a discordant groan. A moment later as Lawyer Johnson with his wife and little daughter came out of the church, he nearly stumbled over the form of a man lying prone upon the ground.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Hans Brynjulson!"

"Let him lie where he is," said Mrs. Johnson; "he's drunk, no doubt."

"Well, drunk or sober, if he lies here he'll freeze. It means a hundred dollars to me," said the lawyer, grimly; "ah, he's reviving. Come, come, my man, don't you know where you are?"

"Messer Yonson?" returned Hans interrogatively.

"Yes, yes; get up and follow us. You'll freeze to death lying there. You must freeze, you know. It wouldn't be treating me fair. You understand why, eh? You can sleep in my barn to-night."

The day after New Year's dawned with a calm that would have been forboding, had not unusual weather so far marked the winter in Wells County.

ed in, will shake the stoutest confidence. Thus it was with the lawyer, and when, some moments later, his wife suggested that Hans be sent to the schoolhouse to see if Bessie were there, he consented. Hans was called in from the shed and given his commission. He bowed his head, buttoned his thin coat tightly around him and laid his hands on the

hops the bolterous winter winds became summer zephyrs in the ears of Hans Brynjulson and whispered to him the word, "Christina, Christina," perhaps this also was the burden of the snowflakes as they rustled down over him and wove their spotless wool into the web of his life.

Lawyer Johnson caused it to be duly known that Hans Brynjulson had cancelled his mortgage and it was Mrs. Johnson's own hand that gave the document to the firm—W. W. Cook, in Detroit Free Press.

A Christmas Scheme.
A lady who was shopping saw her husband examining pocketbooks at a showcase in another part of the store. When he had gone she approached the saleswoman in that department.

"Did he get the one I wanted?"

"Yes, the one with the silver horse-shoe. I told him it was the best and would just suit."

"You're a jewel. I feared he would get something I didn't want. Thank you ever so much."

The husband had gone to his favorite drug store, when he asked:
"Has my wife been here?"

"Yes," said the clerk, with a grin.
"Did she get a toothbrush or a box of signs for my Christmas present?"

"She looked at cigars."

"Ha! I know a brand—\$2 a hundred. Well, if she buys a box change them to my regular brand, and I'll pay the difference—see?"

And the drugist—saw.

A New Year Song.
Who comes dancing over the snow,
His little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door; though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in, and make him cozy.
Take him in, and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and use him kindly;
For you must carry him, yes or nay.
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly,
But whether he brings joy or fear,
Take him! God sends him—this good New Year.

A Slight Delay.
Mrs. Pinkery—The boy has just come with that lovely Christmas present I got

And spelling is poky and slow,
This behaving for three weeks 'fore Christmas.
Is the hardest old task that I know.
—Harper's Bazar

New Year Advice.
Don't wait for the wagon while the walking is good.
Don't grieve over spilt milk while there's one cow left in the pasture.
Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow ten dollars on them.
Don't let the grass grow under your feet. The cows can't get at it there.

A Christmas Surprise.
She asked her experienced father,
"Dear papa, tell me, I pray,
What shall I give my husband
To surprise him on Christmas Day?"

"A present for Clarence?" he murmured, His mind with past years away,
As he thought of his wife's dear presents
For which he had had to pay.
"This is sure to surprise him, daughter,
If there's anything that will—
A gold watch and chain to give him—
And include a receipted bill."—
Judge

Watching for Santa Claus.
The children were sitting on the floor, their eyes fixed on the door, waiting for the arrival of Santa Claus.



READY FOR BUSINESS.
With a very active, energetic working-man, or a man of business, a cane or crutch is a sign of some infirmity, but he will have to use one or both if sciaticitis sets in and disables his hip. Worse than all this, he may be bed-ridden for a long time, and still worse, may be obliged to resort to surgical treatment. Why all this should be endured when the trouble can be easily cured must be because he doesn't know that St. Jacobs Oil, the great remedy for pain, is a special cure for this very much dreaded malady. It has proved to be the most soothing and penetrating remedy for reaching the sciatic nerve and effectually curing its agonies that has perhaps ever been tried.

A flowering plant is said to abstract from the soil two hundred times its own weight in water.
BORNE DOWN WITH INFIRMITIES
Age adds its cruel pains in the benighted old age, afflicted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which counteracts rheumatic and malarial tendencies, relieves growing inactivity of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorders of the stomach, liver and nerves. Nervousness, too, with which old people are very apt to be afflicted, is promptly relieved by it.

The human race is but a contest of dollars.
Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
This school is located at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D. It is accredited at the State and Stanford Universities, and is one of the best of its kind. Twelfth term begins January 4, 1897.

SWATH OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, O.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County of Lucas, State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A million acres of forest are cut down every year to supply European railway companies with sleepers on which the lines are laid.

FOR PEOPLE THAT AGE SICK OF
"JUST DOPE" For Weak
DR. GIBBS' LIVER PILLS
are the One True Remedy

Only One for a Dose.
Samples and Free Trial
Dr. H. H. St. John, Co. Phila., Pa.

OPPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured in 10 to 20 Days
DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEHIGH, PA.

I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THE GENUINE BLACKWELL'S DURHAM!

Cheapest Power.... Rebuilt Gas and Gasoline Engines. IN GUARANTEED ORDER..... FOR SALE CASH

Hercules Gas Engine Works 105-7 Sansome Street San Francisco, Cal. Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H.P.

Eczema All Her Life. Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve.

Clary's The Fair 312 Washington St., Po. Land, G.

WHEAT Make money by successful speculation in wheat. Buy and sell wheat on margins. Fortunes have been made on wheat by trading in futures.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. In wearing qualities are unsurpassed, and outlasting two boxes of any other brand.

A Real Blood Remedy. Take a blood remedy for a blood disease; a tonic won't cure it. Our books on blood and skin diseases mailed free to any address.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Dr. J. C. Smith, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.