AREWELL, farewell, the best of friends must part. And as a token of how dear thou art. How fond and dear. Old Year, Old Year, Here take a gilnt of gold from out my hair.

hair.

A shade of rose from cheek and lip, and there
Sprinkle's touch of snow before you Old Year, before you

into your fading eyes, my friend, and and dear, Old Year, Old Year, old Year, unlid regret within my heart in

was sweet in thee shall once

amilib natury five and make me glad, Year, then why be sad?

that we're parting. I'm impelled to say, it're in secret thought for many a day—et atill I love you, dear Old Year, i've always worn a somewhat somber never had the winsome sprightly

That I remember in your foregone kin, Old Year, that I have ushered in. faor stay was shorter, too, it seems to me, of former years was went to be, of and dear old Year, Old Year, Old Year, of or one all time is near complete, and the end you're hast'ning with

Then speed, no longer stay, Old Year, go swift thy way!



Dakota night. The prairie, wrapped in mysterious shadows, The rolls 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, cronk a hoarse accom-

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

Well, indeed, did Hans remember her 1 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 Amer-ica, Hans. He brave. I will come when you want me. God be with you, my

Not a day passed but these words leaped from the memory to the heart of Hans Brynjuison. They were oftener on his lies than were his prayers.

The first year, the dreaded southwest wind scorebed and withered a field almost ready for the reaper, but Hans savel chough 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 hush. 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. 1. a claim, his horses, his farming implements-everything-had been laid under contribution to tide him over the hard

In his hands he had a letter. It was dark and he could not read it-but this was unnecessary. He had conned it word for word until he could have recited It by note. 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 werse than death. Surely, her willing hands would prove a mighty factor in his hard life. The meanest drudgery at his side and for him would be happiness for her. The Stockholm sailed on the 1st of December for New York. Could be not send her money to pay her passage? If so, she would come third-class all the 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 be do now? Tell her ali? No. no. His heart rebelled against such a course. Pair, loyal Christina! would send her the passage money. But where was he to get it? He started suddealy to his feet. The moonbeams, striking his haggard face, wreathed it with r

strange hearty, "Ay skall do't," he murmured in his broken English; "ay skall see Messer Yenson in da mornin'!"

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

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

"What now?" asked Higgins. "What's the latest?" "Gone an' mortgaged himself to Lawrer 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 Spede, hey?" 'More'n likely. Then he c'd hire him

out by the day, ye 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 "Danno. He went over to the postoffice, bought a money order an' sent

"Don't that beat all!" exclaimed Higgina disgustedly; "that's jest like them Swedes. Some fool spekerintion, I'll bet

a copper. It was Christmas Day. In the nooks and crannies of Wells



LO'KIN' F'R LITTLE CHRISTINA. County there was a bare suggestion of The white flakes were unusually betward, that year, in taking possession of the country and the settlers shook their leads forebodingly as they spoke of a free Christmas" and a "fat church-

"Don't worre Chris," remarked the

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

The last words were spoken to Hans Brynjalson, who had touched the conductor on the arm. "Ay been to'kin' f'r mae little Chris-

tina 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 Sykesten."

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

and a pair of happy blue eyes began in the mad gambols of a whirlwind. lurched over against the counter with a Bessie?"



battle-scarred and brushing its ragged nothing is known. The lawyer's daugh-"Here's something for you. Hans," streamers across the sky, the cloud came ter could not tell. She started home, she called the postmaster, and the pale-faced on with racehorse speed. And then came said, was overraken by the storm and a handred dollar dressing gown, and I and he will enter the adjoining house man who had been lingering near the the blast in all its fury. Helter-skelter, finally grow bewildered. Struggling vain am going to give her a hundred-dollar as tenant to-morrow."

as tenant to-morrow."

Not if I know it, I ward with a smile and nu outstreached flakes; rushing around the corner of Law-hand. That handwriing! The letter yer Johnson's house with an angry roar, was from Christina! The bits of snow played hide-and-seek. When found she was snugly wrapped in

The envelope was hastily form open among the caves and then skurried away the lawyer's fur coat while a pair of a pair of happy blue eyes began in the mad gambols of a whiriwind. The lawyer's fur coat while a pair of thin, rigid arms folded her close as perusing the text. Suddenly, the happy light vanished from the face. Hans son, turning from the window, "I can't flakes. And when the snow was brushed from Brynjulson's limbs grew rigid and he see a yard away. What will become of from Hans Brynjulson's by face, con-

though to protect her from the drifting

for you today, dear. He is waiting in the

Pinkerly-How kind (kias) and thought ful of you, dear. (Kiss, kiss.) I am just dying to see what it is. (Impaliently) Why don't you have the boy bring it up? Mrs. Pinkerly imburrassed)—To fact is er-darling, it has come C. O. D. -Life.

To the Children. Hear Kris Kringle with his bells— Christians bells! What a world of merriment their melody

forestella!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the bey aft of might!
While the stres, that aversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle,
With their stockings full of light;
heaving fine, time, time,
In a nerry circlemas rhyme,
the intinuabilation that so musically

From his belia, belia, belia, belia, belia, limbs, belia, belia,

Measure for Measure.

"It's not the right sort of feeling, peraps, but at Christmas I like to give just valuable presents as I receive. So do 1. My wife is going to give me

Is or Are. Ah, Santa Claus, come in, come in, Your welcome is beyond all measure, Ve're glad to have you come and stay, YourChristmas | Were to ure is a pleasure.

A Small Foy's Complaint.



into our own language:

On board S. S. Stockholm, Dec. 10. On board 8, S. Stockholm, Dec. 10.

My Dear One

When you read this, my faithful love, she who writes it will be with yon-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 Heavenly Father had spared me to work for you, but, since this is impossible, work doubly hard for yourself. Be brave, dear Hous, for my sake. Be patient and you will be fortunate. God tempers the wind to his stricken children and he will not forget thee, my darling. My strength eiths fast—a last farewell.

As the shades of evening crept over the

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 pence, over the

qv' + village. A man, reeling through the semi-dark-ness, heard the song and stopped to listen. As the last bar of the song died away, its endence was broken by cordant grean. A moment later as Law-yer Johnson with his wife and little daughter came out of the church, he near g stumbled over the form of a man lying se upon the ground

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Hans Brya-"Let him lie where he is." said Mrs. Johnson; "he's drunk, no doubt."
"Well, drunk or soler, if he lies here

he'll freeze. It means a hundred dollars o me," said the lawyer, grimly; "sh, he's reviving. Come, come, my man, don't you know where you are?" "Messer Yonson?" returned Hans inter-

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

The day after New Year's dawned with to start home. The teacher had not where the day of the start home a calm that would have been foreboding made a very serious attempt to thwart made a very serious attempt to thwart for you must early him, yes of hay, that resolve, feeling porhiaps, that she whether he beinged how ould have ample time to prove the distance of the start whether he beinged how ould have ample time to prove the distance of the start whether he beinged how ould have ample time to prove the distance of the start whether he beinged how only the start whether he does not start whether he was a start whether he will be start to make the start whether he will be start to the start whether he will be start to the start whether he discussed he will be start to the start whether he is start to the s The day after New Year's dawned with to start home. The teacher had not

that resulve, feeling perhaps, that she would have ample time topover the disthe winter in Wells County.

Little Bessie Johnson went to school in the morning and she had been gone from home an hour when a black cloud, without comment and once more vanished rifted with wind, appeared in the north- into the storm. medictor of the passenger train that had west. Like a great outnows banner, Of what he did after this absolutely with that levely Christman present I got

see if Bessie were there, he consented. around him and laid his band on the

"IT'S HASS BRYSJULSON!"

bor-knob. The lawyer was holding in

"Put this on," he said.

Reaching the schoolhouse in safety,
Hans found it occupied by the teacher
and a few frightened pupils. But Bes-

sie Johnson was not there. At the first appearance of the cloud in the northwest the got had persisted in a determination

his hands a great fur coat.

letter, but here are its contents, done ed in, will shake the stoutest confidence. haps the boisterous winter winds became Thus it was with the lawyer, and when, summer zephyrs in the cars of Haus some moments later, his wife suggested Brynjulson and whispered to him the that Hans be sent to the schoolhouse to word, "Christina, Christina," this also was the burden of the snow Hans was called in from the shed and fiskes as they rustled down over him and given his commission. He bowed his bead, buttoned his thin coat, tightly of his life.

Lawyer Johnson enused it to be duly known that Hans Brynjalson had can celled his mortgage and it was Mrs. Johnson's own hand that gave the document to the fire,-W. W. Cook, in Detroit Free Press.

A Christmas Scheme,

A lady who was shopping saw her hus-and examining pocketbooks at a showuse in another part of the store. When e had gone she approached the sales-

man in that department. 'Did be get the one I wanted?" Yes, the one with the silver horse I told him it was the best and

ould 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 frng 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 igars for my Christmas present? She looked at eights. "Ha! I know the brand-\$2 a hundred. Well, if she buys a box change

them to my regular brand, on I I'll pay the And the druggist-saw. A New Year Song.

Who comes duncing over the snow.

His little soft feet all bare and roay?

Open the door, though the wild winds blow;

Take the child in and make ldm coxy,

take blur in, and hold nim dwar;

the is the wonderful New Year. Open your heart, he it sad or gay, Welcome him there and use him kindly;

Year.

A Slight Delay.
The boy ha Mrs. Pinkerly-The boy has just come And spelling is poky and siow, This behaving for three weeks 'fore Christinas Is the burdest old task that I know, -Harper's Bazar New Year Advice.

walking is good. there's one cow left in the pasture.

Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it Butter . Don't tell the world your troubles. You peeting her, and greeted her with a can't borrow ten dollars on them. Don't let the grass grow under your eyes of the furious Phineas.

feet. The cows can't get at it there. A Christmas Surprise.

She asked her experienced father, "Dear pane, tell nos, I pray, What shall I give my husband To surprise him on Christmas Day?" "A present for Clarence?" he murmured, His mind with post years away. As he thought of his wife a dear presents For which he had had to pay.

This is aure to surprise him, daughter, if there's narthing that will-A gold, watch and chain to give him-And include a receipted bil."

Watching for Santa Claus.



my garden into a howling wilderness?

strosities shall not enter there." naturalist."

ed Mrs. Peel; "and now, listen to me,

the matter once for all.

heard of these plaguey naturalists be- sition. fore. I've no desire to come downstairs some fine morning to find a ring-tailed town and consult his brother John, the menkey sitting on the window sill, acting as referee while the kangaroos and movements of Herr Schmidt watched, crocodiles play leap-frog over the flower when he was startled by the click of beds. No, madam! No naturalists for the letter box. Phinony Peel!?

Pretty Mrs. Peel never allowed her and did not alter her determination in on dirty paper was the following: the least,

"Has it slipped your memory, Phineas," she asked, "that Rhyd cottage is clear out to-night. The front door is a portion of my property? If I choose to let it to a naturalist-even though he 10:30 sharp." be a foreigner-1 am perfectly justified in doing so." This was true enough, and Phineas

calmed down.

"Herr Schmidt's collection of 'mon-Peel, "probably contains nothing more dangerous than a death's head moth in a bottle. Anyhow, I have no intention fly. Phineas Peel, seated on a well to disappoint him." "But I--"

"You will treat him with the respect due from one gentleman to another, Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel. "And now, dear, we'll dismiss the subject."

Phineas Peel was-though at times he doubted it-a lucky fellow. He had heavy feet moving cautiously over the carried off a young and handsome woman from a host of sultors.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a plain, everyday sort of fellow as the dithe shock caused by the announcement of her engagementt,

Mary appeared to be happy enough, too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was jealous, that was true, but his wife came to regard that as an extra proof of his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd cot tage been an aged, decrepit, brokendown old man, Phineas would have stretched out the right hand of fellow-ship. But alas! Herr Schmidt was young and handsome-far too handsome, Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phineas, taking his hat from the peg and making for the door, "you have overruled me as usual, and must be prepared for the consequences. In less than a week we shall have the house and garden overrun with every conceivable variety of reptile-from the beastly lizard to the boa constrictor."

And Phineas stalked indignantly forth with the merry laughter of his

wife ringing in his ears. A month or more had passed, and so far the fears of Phineas proved to be groundless. Herr Schmidt's "monstrosities" had been kept well within bounds. and as yet Mr. Peel had not seen so much as a strange caterpillar in his garden, which never looked better.

However, he was not happy. He had taken an aversion to the new tenant from the first, and would never be satisfied until he had got rid of him. "Confound the fellow," muttered

Phineas one evening, as he sat on an upturned bucket behind the peasticks, 'he's prowling about on the other side of the hedge again. Hope he won't Don't wait for the wagon while the catch sight of me, for I'm about tired of his olly tongue and eternal smile. Don't grieve over spilt milk while Hullo! what the deuce is the meaning of this?"

Down the garden path tripped Mrs. Peel. The naturalist was evidently exsmile that almost brought tears into the

"Good efeving," he said. "You vos loost n leetle inte!"

It was soon evident that this was not the first chat indulged in over the boundary bedge. Though Phineas strained his ears, he could not eatch the drift of the conversation. Like a flash he remembered that Mary had often of late clear away but for that clever wife of taken a stroll in the garden at dusk Was this the explanation?

ple from behind the peasticks for ten mation. It is to her entirely that the minutes or so, when he saw his wife credit of the capture is due. Tell her take a rosebud from his favorite tree [1]] call around and thank her myself toand hand it over the hedge with a morrow. By-the-bye, the gang of which charming smile to the delighted Herr he is the head, got wind of our intennight!" Mrs. Peel tripped lightly into a warning. Harper doesn't appear to the nouse,

"You villain!" bissed Phineas, savagely, jumping from his seat and shak- things a little more clearly. ing his fist after the retreating figure this."

to be remembered. Nothing but blood, er-I thought I might as well see the he vawe@ would obliterate his wrongs. fun." rom the book in the hall.

THE: NEW: TENANT. OW, Mary, I have spoken?" | "There's a German vulture in the

Mr. Peel threw biniself back | neighborhood," he volunteered, impresin his chair as if that settled | sively, "and I'm going to bag him at the first opportunity." "I heard you, dear," sweetly respond-

However, as nothing short of an earthquake would have induced the old I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer, gun to go off in any circumstance-and Phineas had made assurances doubly sure by dropping in the shot first and "Not if I know it, madam?" shouted powder afterward-the "vulture" in Phineas, Jumping from his chair and question was not likely to be seriously bringing his fist down on the table, damaged, and Mary contented berself "Do you think I am going to have Rhyd with expressing a hope that her huscottage turned into a menagerie, and band would not hurt himself.

On the following evening Phineas The house may remain tenantiess for- took up his old position in the garden, ever, but Herr Schmidt and his mon- with murder in his heart. Herr Schmidt, however, did not put in an appearance. "Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a After waiting some time, Phineas reentered the house and reared his duck "I know it?" stormed Phineas, "I've gun up in the hall in a conspicuous po-

He had almost decided to run up to detective, with a view to having the A scrap of paper lay on the mat.

Picking it up, Phineas glanced at it, temper to get the better of her. She turned deadly pale, then hurrled into laughed softly at her husband's fears, the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil "Peel has discovered everything. We

have not a moment to lose and must unsafe. Will meet you at the back-There was no signature. "Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas,

after reading the note for the third time. "I'd no idea matters had gone so far. Oh, yes, Mr. Schmidt," he addstrosities, as you call it," went on Mrs, ed grimly, "I'll meet you at 10:30 sharp. It was about 10:45, and raining heav

> with his duck gun laid across his knees, was beginning to feel uncomfortable. "The note said 10:30," he muttered. "It must be after that time now. What's

> overlooking the back of Rhyd cottage,

that?" Phineas had caught the sound of gravel. He grasped his gun and peered into the gloom, but could distinguish nothing.

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently at the front of the house. He was about minutive Phineas Peel was always a to quit his position under the impresmystery to her acquaintances. The sion that Herr Schmidt was leaving by wedding was an accomplished fact be- the front door after all, when one of fore her relatives had recovered from the back windows was cautiously raised and the lithe form of the naturalist dropped lightly to the ground.

Creeping along the side of the wall on which Phineas lay, he presented an excellent mark. Mr. Peel, however, could not bring himself to shoot a man down in cold blood. He would give him a chance.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted. The effect of the challenge was scarcely what Phineas had anticipated. Herr Schmidt darted forward and seized the barrel of the gun.

"Keep your tongue still, you fool," he hissed, "or I'll brain you. Now, quick, help me over the wall."

Phineas hesitated, but the threatening attitude of the other induced him to rise. However, he had no intention of giving in.

Obeying his instructions, he caught hold of Schmidt's foot to give him "a leg up." Before the naturalist could grip the top of the wall, however, Phincas saw his opportunity.

Bracing himself for the effort, he exerted all his strength and pulled Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell flat on his face, and before he could recover himself Phineas jumped on his back and seized him around the throat. emitting a yell that would have done infinite credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was dragged off from behind and found himself in the clutches of a burly member of the police force.

Four or five others seized Schmidt, who struggled in vain to free himself. "What am I arrested for?" gasped Phineas. "There's your man."

Phinens would no doubt have been led off with the other prisoner but for the timely arrival on the scene of the last person in the world he had expected to see-his brother John! "Here, what on earth is the meaning

of all this?" he demanded when, as the result of John Peel's Interference, he found himself free. John stayed behind a minute or two

to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "naturalist," and Edward Harper-the notorious forger, who had defled new Scotland yard for the past six weekswere one and the same. "It was a smart dodge of Harper's."

said John Peel, "and he might have got yours. Phineas. Mary suspected the man from the first and supplied me Phineas had been glaring at the cou- from time to time with valuable infor-Then, with a pleasant "good tions, and a man was dispatched with have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand

"I suppose this will be it," he rein the next garden, "I'll pay you for marked, producing the note and handing it to his brother. "You see, the mes-The rage of Mr. Peel was something senger left it at the wrong door, and I-

But he would smile and smile and mur | Por some little time after Phiness der while he smiled. Seizing a peastlek | was of the opinion that he had made a he tracically buried it in the heart of fool of himself. Lately, however, he an unoffending cabbage, and played has taken a different view of the mathavoe with a stately row of sunflowers. ter, and is never fired of relating how Half an hour later Mary saw him he literally "dropped on" Harper, the take down an old-fashioned duck gun forger, allas Schmidt, the naturalist, next door.-Cassell's Saturday Journal