

FROM POLE TO POLE

A SMART SCOUNDREL

PORTLAND, Dec. 30.—I. N. Hibbs, the Lewiston, Idaho, postmaster, arrived here today in care of the marshal of Idaho. An application for his release on a writ of habeas corpus will be heard next Tuesday.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

NEWPORT, Dec. 30.—Lieut. Jones overstayd his leave of absence one week and rather than be disgraced by a court martial he shot his brains out with a revolver; will die.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30.—Henry Kemper, a prominent grocer of this city, was found this morning lying on the floor with his head split open. There was no trace of the weapon. The murderer secured eight dollars. A mulatto is suspected.

TRUE IF IMPORTANT

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 30.—Teemer, who recently defeated Hanlon, has agreed to go to Australia, there to row two races with Beach.

SHAKEN UP

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30.—A sharp shock of earthquake was felt here at nine this morning; no damage.

WHERE IS HARRY GENE?

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Peter B. Sweeney, one of Tweed's old partners in the ring, after an absence in Europe of twelve years, returned today and will resume the practice of law.

DEMSEY AND FOGARTY

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30.—Jack Dempsey and Jack Fogarty have been matched to fight with gloves to a finish inside of six weeks, for \$1,000 a side.

WARRIORS

EL PASO, Dec. 30.—Four thousand troops en route for Guaymas have been put against 6,000 Yaquis, and a desperate struggle is expected.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

CAIRO, Dec. 30.—The British forces under Gen. Stephenson attacked the rebels, and after three hours hard fighting the rebels retreated. The English loss is reported small.

THE PASSING YEARS.

And So the Ceaseless Stream Runs On.

"Gone! Gone forever! like a rushing wave, another year has burst upon the shore of earthly being and its last sounds are dying to an echo."

It has always been the fashion to greet the new year as a friend. We sentimentalize over the milestone in the endless road of time which we call the beginning of a year. It holds hope, success, happiness—all the goods of the gods—in its keeping. It is to measure out our joy and supply our sorrow, and so we meet it with propitiatory advances, hoping, nay, half believing that according to our cordiality will it be unto us.

We have pictured the New Year as a rosy boy, bright with the promise of gladness, flushed with the spirit of joy. We have fancied it climbing the hills in a halo of gold, bringing with it sweet odors from the unknown Gardens of Peace.

To the Old Year we give the same personality Time has worn since mortals made him figure in their calculations, that of a withered old man, whose sickle falls from his nerveless grasp as the midnight bells ring in his successor. He is dropped from our lives like a worn out garment; but he holds his place in memory; he has recorded himself in history; he was and is not.

These mutations of time we think about and commemorate, forgetting that there was no old year and is no new; that what we call marks on the dial of time exist merely in our imagination, and only enable us to space off that bit of the ceaseless stream which we happen to be in contact with. We talk of the turning points of time—time that had no beginning and has no end.

Mankind has a fancy for philosophizing on what it does not comprehend. No subject receives more attention than Time. The schoolboy makes it the text of his first efforts at penning thought to paper. The village graduate gives it the benefit of his bookish intellect and tawdry rhetoric. The professor descends upon it. The sentimentalists harp thereon, and the poets make it their pet Pegasus.

Old, new Time; measureless, ceaseless Time. We talk of the flight of Time—of his swift wings, his pauseless progress. We marvel at his rapid rowing when his boat is in sight of the Happy Isles. Yet we go; Time stays.

"What is the wisest of things?" asked an Egyptian king three thousand years ago, and a sage replied, "Time, for it has found out many mysteries already, and in the long run it will solve all."

And so the ceaseless stream runs on. That part of it we touch may be known by any name, it is so brief, yet each mortal in the boundless egotism of his soul feels that the sun shines for him, and for him alone the earth blossoms with verdure and flowers. Around the little horizon which the circumstances of his life have made he looks, in lowering self-consciousness, forgetting that the shining cricket and crawling worm are as great within themselves; forgetting, too, that the grave is in the distance.

Thinking of these things we remember the New Year; remember to smile at the similarity between it and the year just going, or the years all ready gone. They differ no more than two ticks of the same clock; they are only two atoms of time. With one we have become well acquainted; the other holds the hands of fate in its keeping.

This new year will be a year like other years. It will have its full complement of tears. It will hear the sound of laughter and the voice of mourning. Death will come into it. Poverty will walk through it. Hypocrisy will stalk pompously down its broadest streets, while humbly cowers and shrinks at the corner. It will have millionaires to amuse and beggars to feed. It will hear the voice of mercy pleading for the erring, and it will grow familiar with the sounds of woe. It will see fools flaunt their folly, and the wise wait in vain for the recognition of their wisdom. It will look upon Genius starving in its garret, and Mediocrity faring sumptuously every day. These, and thousands of other inconceivable, inexplicable, incongruous things it will see, because all other years have seen them.

LAFE DAWSON'S FLUTE.

The Reason Why He is to be Sent to Alaska.

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