

EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL 'tis growing colder
Every year,
And my heart, alas! grows older
Every year.
I can win no new affection;
Every year,
I have only recollection;
Every year,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year,
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year,
Of the ties that still might bind me
Every year,
Until Time and Death resigned me
Every year,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year,
When the clouds grow darker o'er us
Every year,
When we see the blossoms faded,
Every year,
That to bloom we might have aided,
Every year,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year,
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
Every year,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
Every year,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old pleasures, clinging, fret us,
Every year,
The living more forget us,
Every year,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
Every year,
And the heavy burden lighter,
Every year,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT



REPEATED robberies of the stage coach which made a weekly trip from Flagstaff to Pittman Valley, Ari., finally aroused the ranchmen and small storekeepers along the line to the determination that something must be done to put a stop to the holdups by the desperate highwaymen. So bold had the robbers become that not infrequently pas-

to anything of a man," mused Agent Willard, as he tenderly took the little one in his arms and placed her in his own comfortable bed in the rear of the express office. But he had other things to think of, and after kissing the sleeping baby hurried about his work of getting ready for his trip.



In the morning he was up bright and deep snow except the hoofprints of an elk or stag. "Don't see how we can make a move without a trail to work on," said the sheriff. "Might as well give it up." But this did not suit Wesley Hawkins, an old mountain trapper. "These elk hoofprints are a mystery to me," he said. "I know positively that there are no elk this high up in the mountains now and haven't been for going on three years. They are all in the valley below, and for one I think we ought to follow this trail." "Mebbe you're right," said the sheriff, who set off on the elk trail, followed by his posse. Two hours of quick walking brought them to a cavernous-like opening, around which were seen innumerable human footprints. Cautiously they bent to their hands and knees and began to crawl in at the mouth of the cavern. In a few moments they heard voices and came to a small, stout door, which stood partly ajar. The poorly furnished room they peered into was ablaze with the light of a huge log fire, and seated in the middle of the floor was little Helen Grace Morris gazing in rapt wonder at the big Christmas tree laden with articles which the highwayman had at various times secured in his forays on the express coach. "All these things is your'n, little one," said the rough-visaged robber as tears rolled down his coarse, weather-beaten face. "You are my Christmas present, an' all them things is your'n. I've taken many a chance for my life to get 'em, but I never will do it again for your sake, for I've got somethin' to live for, an' I'll raise you like a lady."

The highwayman then knelt on the ground floor of the cavern and prayed that he might be forgiven as he stroked the golden curls of his little companion, on which his tears glistened like dew. "Sh! sh! boys," said the sheriff as he slowly backed out of the cavern. "Come on, don't make a noise; we ain't seen him do nothin'. He'll never rob another coach, for she's made a man of him, and he got the best Christmas gift Santa Claus ever had in his big storehouse." Agent Willard recovered and five years ago came to Chicago and is the owner of a small hay and feed store in Beiden avenue.—Chicago Tribune.

Yuletide Amenities.
Miss Antique—My stocking was so full they couldn't get anything more in it.
Miss Pert—You poor thing! And was that all you got?—American Humorist.

Holiday Troubles.
"What do you intend to get your husband for a Christmas gift?"

HERE'S A BRAND-NEW STATE.
Republic of the Acre, the Latest Government in South America.
Probably there are not many people who have heard of the republic of the Acre. It is a brand-new state which has arisen in South America in the last few weeks. It owes its origin to the fact that a large part of the interior of South America is a no-man's-land, some parts claimed by two and even three of the republics, which have no clearly defined limits.
A certain Rodriguez Aries happened along and determined to take advantage of this state of affairs. He was an adventurer who had seen much of the world, having been successively a bank employe in Spain, a theatrical manager in the United States, a clerk of works in Paris, and a broker in the Argentine Republic. While in Buenos Ayres he made the acquaintance of the gentlemen who are now his Ministers of state.
Rodriguez Aries proclaimed a vast territory bordering on Brazil and Bolivia as the Republic of the Acre, so called from the river of that name, a tributary of the Amazon, which flows through it. The territory has an extent of some 200,000 square miles and an estimated population of 50,000. It was claimed by both Brazil and Bolivia, but that did not matter to Rodriguez Aries. He established his capital at a small village called AntimZari, appointed his Ministers, and was ready for business. He calculates on raising revenue from a royalty on the rubber gathered in his territory, which depends principally on that staple for its commerce.
Rodriguez Aries is an intelligent, wideawake man, apparently about 50 years of age. His face is of a decided Spanish cast, with kindly looking eyes, which beam on you through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. From his appearance one might take him for a professional man—a lawyer or a doctor.
Whether the new Republic of Acre will take a permanent place among the family of nations remains to be seen. It may be noted that there are prosperous states in existence today which have arisen in the same manner as the Republic of Acre, among these may be mentioned the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in South Africa, which were also established by adventurers in a no-man's-land, and are now of sufficient importance to make no small noise in the world.
The region of the Acre is one of the hottest and most beautiful in South America. It is also one of the richest in rubber, which grows wild in the woods in great abundance, and those engaged in the rubber trade can generally calculate on making their fortunes in four or five years if they escape the malarial fevers and other diseases which dog the steps of the white man in these latitudes.
The territory of the Acre, or a portion of it, was granted not long ago to an American syndicate by the government of Bolivia, which had a very doubtful title to it. The syndicate was to build a railway and make other improvements, but the project never came to anything, owing partly to the disputed ownership of the land, which led to litigation, and finally resulted in the proclamation of independence already referred to.

DERVISH POWER BROKEN.
English Arms Gain a Distinct Triumph in the Soudan.
The defeat of the Dervish forces in the Soudan and the killing of their leader, Khalifa Abdullah, will be the first intimation that Great Britain is simultaneously waging two wars in Africa. The war in the Soudan began over three years ago, when General Kitchener led a strong Anglo-Egyptian force down the Nile to Khartoum. Omdurman in September, 1898, found the Dervishes in force and attacked them. The Arabs fought the fanatical fury that has ever characterized them and in solid masses advanced to the muzzels of the British artillery and quick-firing pieces, slaughter was terrific. Over 10,000 of them perished on the field of battle, the remnant under the Khalifa fled to good their retreat. Since the Dervishes have been reorganizing the struggle that they knew would follow and the British, too, in a sure way made necessary preparations. Lines of railroad were extended, bridges built and a government organized in the region so long terrorized by the Khalifa and his predecessors, Mahdi.
The battle in which the Khalifa was killed was fought Nov. 24, near a town south of Khartoum. The British advance was led by Gen. Wingate, commanding the Anglo-Egyptian forces. The Dervishes fought bravely and were mowed down in masses by the machine guns. Khalifa, with many of his leaders, with his face to the enemy and those of the Dervishes that remained surrendered.
This effectually breaks the Dervish power in the Soudan, and reclaims civilization the long-lost province of Egypt.
The Khalifa was the successor of a false prophet, the Mahdi, who, in 1881, overthrew the Egyptian power in the Soudan. He was the chief lieutenant of the Mahdi who took part in the storming of Khartoum, when General Gordon fell. After the Mahdi's death the Khalifa Abdullah succeeded him. Abdullah was a man without much of a following. It was he who gave the order for the "quarter" at the storming of Khartoum and who subsequently authorized the wholesale massacre of women and children. Without any reason but his whim he caused the death of thousands of people. He was as heartless as he was cruel, and his passing is a distinct gain to the future of civilization in northern Africa.



KHALIFA ABDULLAH.

New Year Day in y^e Olden Time



sengers were shot down before they had even offered the slightest resistance. Something must be done, and G. Frank Willard, the agent at Flagstaff, finally made up his mind to drive the coach on its next trip. He announced his intention to his assistant and told the new driver that he could lay off a trip. "I will find out who are killing our passengers and robbing the company on almost every trip," said Willard, the night before his departure, to a group of ranchmen who had come down the mountains to purchase trinkets and provender for the Christmas days. Every effort had been made to apprehend the stage robbers without success. Not even a trail in the deep snow could be discovered. Footprints of a man or men within a radius of twenty feet of the robbed coach were all that was ever seen. They could be traced nowhere. Only the single print of an elk's hoof could be found, and elks, as a rule, do not rob stage coaches. It was a mystery, but Agent Willard was determined to unravel it.
When the incoming coach from Volunteer Springs got into Flagstaff to transfer its freight to Willard's care it was found that he had intrusted to him a most precious burden wrapped snugly in warm, soft blankets. Opening the bundle a pair of big blue eyes, shaded by clusters of golden curls, gazed at him in babyish wonder.
A note pinned to the blanket near the throat of the little one stated that the baby was named Helen Grace Morris and that she was sent to her father at Pittman Valley as a Christmas gift from her mother, who was too poor in health and purse to make the trip.
"Truly a precious present if her father

quickly strode to the coach, picked up the wounded man, threw him under the seat, and began rifling the small box, containing the money destined for the Pittman Valley office, was all that was secured. As the robber backed out of the coach his eye caught sight of the little bundle of blankets on the seat. Stooping down he pulled aside the covering, and was startled by hearing a wee little voice say:
"Is you my papa? I'm his Christmas gift; mamma sent me."
"You bet I'm your papa, and I take you as the most precious Christmas gift mortal man ever got."
Fondly clasping the cooling baby in his big brawny arms, he leaped from the coach, cut loose the dead horse and its living companion, and then lashed the remaining pair into a run in the direction of Pittman Valley. A moment later, as he stood in the middle of the pass, he gave a shrill whistle, and from a clump of pine trees on the side of the road emerged a tall and powerful elk. Without hesitation the stately animal moved quickly to the side of the robber, who hastily tied on its back the box of money, and then, still hugging the precious bundle, he leaped on the elk's back and was soon lost to sight in the valley below.
The clattering of the maddened coach horses as they dashed into the little town of Pittman aroused its citizens, who soon learned from the wounded agent, who had recovered consciousness, what happened. A posse was at once formed, and with the sheriff in the lead set out for the scene of the robbery and attempted murder. Arriving there they were nonplused at failing to find any trail in the

County, Oregon, as attention is made in the mind whether to give him the curtains, a dinner set, new portieres or a drawing room clock."—Chicago Record.

Discovered.
"Papa," said little Petie, "does Kriss Kringle bring little boys toys ahead of Christmas?"
"No, my son," replied the father. "Why do you ask?"
"I was a wonderin' what them new toys was I found away back in the loft behind the trunks."



Puzzle.
Find the stocking that Willie hung up.
Discouraging.
Mr. Fangle (to Johnny Cumso)—Well, Johnny, are you praying for many Christmas presents this year? Johnny—No, I ain't. I didn't get half what I prayed for last year.—Puck.

SMALL BOY IS A DRAYMEN.

Youngest Teamster in Chicago Earning Money by His Enterprise.
Chicago has perhaps the youngest drayman in the United States, if not in the world. He is little Jimmy Tully, the son of J. J. Tully, a plumber living at 5121 Dearborn street, and he is a trifle more than 8 years old. About a year ago little "Jimmy" conceived the idea of earning a little spending money in some other way than by selling newspapers, said to his father:
"Papa, I want you to make me a dray; just like the ones men have, and



JAMES TULLY.

I will take some money I have saved and buy me a 'burro,' and then I can do draying."
Mr. Tully set to work and during the odd hours last winter constructed a wagon for Jimmy. Then the boy bought his "burro" and was ready for business.
A license was secured and a few months ago he hauled his first load, which was an eighth of a cord of wood. Since then Jimmy has done all sorts of work with his miniature truck, from hauling a trunk to taking a bundle of laundry to "Ah Sin's." He hitches and unhitches without any assistance, and has started a bank account with money earned by his "dray."—Chicago News.

Public Money to Run Pawnshops.
In Germany the capital for carrying on the pawnshops by the municipal authorities is derived either from the city treasury or the city savings bank which is usually operated in connection with the shops. The articles offered in pawn are valued by sworn appraisers.
Success shows off a man's good qualities and the lack of it his defects.

Angling for Anchors.

There are many extraordinary ways of gaining a livelihood practiced in New York, but the queerest of all is the occupation of dizzling for lost anchors. At least six sloops and schooners are engaged almost exclusively in this trade, and the anchor husters are familiar with the ground where they are likely to be found in the bays, rivers along the coast, and even in open sea, as the fisherman is with his favorite haunts of the living inhabitants of the sea.
The method pursued in fishing for anchors is very simple. A chain is thrown down in a loop long enough to go along the bottom, and the vessel continues on her way, with all hands on board eagerly alert for a "bite," the "bite" generally results in a catch.
The recovered anchors are usually sold again at 5 or 6 cents a pound. The price is now the prevailing price, that is just one cent under the market price for new anchors. A big anchor will weigh 5,000 or 6,000 pounds, and the anchor fisherman makes a profit on his haul of from \$250 to \$500. But more often the anchor recovers weighs from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds. Nevertheless, there is said to be a profit in the business, even at that.
Clim d "Spur Money."
The choir boys of St. George's Church, Windsor Castle, in accordance with an ancient custom, have the right to claim five shillings as "spur money" from a military man wearing his spurs at church during service. On a recent Sunday an officer had innocently infringed this regulation, and at the close of the service the boys, to his surprise, demanded the fine.
Some men are considered wise because they are considerate enough to keep their opinions to themselves.
What a jolly old world this would be if others could only see us through their eyes.