

EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL this growing colder Every year.
And my heart, ah! grows colder Every year.
I can win no new affection Every year.
I have only recollection Every year.
Deeper sorrow and deeper devotion Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows banded Every year.
Of the joys of friendship Every year.
Of the ties that still bind me Every year.
Until Time and Death resigned me Every year.
My infirmities continue Every year.

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

To the past more glad to look back Every year.
As the loved leave more distant places Every year.
Everywhere the sad cry of "Adieu" Every year.
In the evening's dusk they greet us, 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, fade from us Every year.
The living more forget us Every year.
There are fewer to regret us Every year.

But the truer life draws nearer Every year.
And its morning star grows brighter Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows weaker Every year.
And the heavenly burden lighter Every year.
And the dawn burden brighter Every year.



New Year

passengers were shot down before they had a chance to get to the nearest resistance.

Something must have happened at Flagstaff, said Willard, the agent at Flagstaff, frankly made up his mind to drive the coach on to Phoenix, where he would have been taken to his assistant and told the new driver that he could lay off a trip.

"If you are going to be killing our passengers and robbing them, I am not going on almost every trip," said Willard, the agent, right before his departure, to a group of passengers who were about to buy Christmas to purchase trinkets and provisions for the Christmas days. Every effort was made to get the passengers to get rubber rubbers without success. Not even trail in the deep snow could be discovered. Footprints of a man or men with a gun were seen, but no one was seen. Each were all that was ever seen. They could be traced nowhere. Only the single tracks of a man or men, and a few tracks of elk, as a rule, do not stop stages. It was a mystery, but Agent Willard was determined to unravel it.

When the incoming coach from Volcano Springs got into Flagstaff to transfer its freight to Willard's care it was found that the coach was loaded with the most precious burden wrapped snugly in warm, soft blankets. Opening the bundle a pair of big blue eyes, shaded by a pair of big blue eyes, shined in the darkness of the night, gaze at the English wonder.

the morning he was up bright and lively, had little Helen tucked away snugly inside the coach, and was off for his last journey. He was in the distance, near the San Francisco range of mountains, when "Good luck to you, Willard," was uttered after him by the ranchmen who had gathered about to bid him success in his quest for the daring spot in the desert. Nothing out of the usual happened during the greater part of his journey, and he was fast beginning to think that his quest would be without incident when he neared the long, low hills. Here almost all of the robberies had taken place. Standing his Winchester by his side and placing his revolvers in his belt, he stepped out of the coach on either side. Suddenly, as he turned east in the narrow pass, a figure loomed up in the center of the road and shout-



quickly to the side of the robber, who hastily fled on his back the box of money, and still lugging the precious bundle, he leaped over the stile's top 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 nonplussed at failing to find any trail in the deep snow except the hoofprints of an elk or star.

Day in ye

three year. There are all in the valley below, and for aye I think we ought to be there."

"Mebbe you're right," said the sheriff, but set off on the elk trail, followed by his posse. Two hours of quick walking brought them to the top of a high, open mountain, around which were seen numerous "squaw" footprints. Cautiously they bent down and looked over the edge. A great caw in the mouth of the valley and began to blow. The sheriff and his posse were on moments they heard voices and came a small, stout door, which stood partly ajar. The sheriff stepped forward and entered into was ablaze with the light of a huge log fire, and seated in the middle of the room a little head Grace Morrell, gazing in at the door. She had a Christmas tree laden with articles which a highwayman had at various times seized from her, and she was looking at them with a look of intense interest.

"All these things is your'n, little one," said the rough-visaged robber as tears came into his eyes, "a better-beaten horse, 'You are my Christmas present, little one. All these things is your'n. I've taken you a chance for my life to get 'em, but I've got 'em, and I'm glad to give 'em to you. I've got something to live for, an' I'll live like you a lady."

The highwayman then knelt on the ground before her, and heaven and prayed that he might be forgiven as he stroked the golden curls of his little companion, and she looked down at him with a

the collars of lawn and lace, light blue, and the girl's hair is pinned straight to a girl of restricted means. The latter especially when they are marked with her own initials. Indeed, any girl seems nicer and more especially inclined for just you if your initials are on it.

Discovered.

"Papa," said little Petie, "does Kriess believe bring little boys tops ahead of Christmas?"

"No, my son," replied the father.

"But, Papa, do you ask?"

"Yes, I was a wonderin' what them new boys was I found away back in the loft and inside the trunks."

His Awful Fate.

"Lisitor (in dime museum)—Where is human ostrich who was on exhibit here last week?"

2000 2001

MY papa says at Santa Claus
Is going to bring to me
Another mamma, Christmas time,
And pay says at, she
Is beautiful and good and kind
And says she hopes at I
Will like her awful much and learn
To love her by and by.

My papa's often seen her, and
He says her eyes are blue,
The same as mine is, and her cheeks
Has dimples in them, too,
And she ain't more'n half as old's
My other mamma was,
And papa says I ought to thank

Presents for the Poor.
 "In your Christmas purchasing do not be tempted to forget those who, because of their poverty, are unable to do any thing for themselves or for others," advises Frances E. Lantieri in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Let your presents to them be of a substantial character—a ton of coal, some warm clothing, some money, a box of groceries, or a kit of Christmas marketing, topped with a smile."

Olden Time

over, perhaps, had a new dress in her eye. Accompany your Christmas greetings with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thought is in your mind and that you are giving to every one you reward, and that in the year to come the memory of the Christmas when you gave the most and received the least will be the happiest of all memories to you."

NEW YEAR'S DAY LONG AGO.

Barbarians Rejoicing in Merric England, Scotland and France.

THE customs pertaining to New Year's day were accompanied with the highest demonstrations of merriment in the day of long ago. In the homes of our forefathers of various nationalities seeing the old year out and the new year in and celebrating the first day of the new year was as much important as Christmas and the Fourth of July.

led by a reign of engraved cards; the former two years' day hospitality was a thing of the past. The conventional "at homes" are now the rule. The tastes of generations "treading on the heels of time" have brought about many changes to be regretted, even if the customs may have been a trifle baronous, compared to the state of civilization which the world of to-day has attained.

Our jovial and pompous Old England of the house appeared in tight breeches and high-heeled shoes, in a white kerchief wound about his neck, and on New Year's eve surrounded by the members of his family, and with a flowing beard, he uttered the following words of good cheer that passed on the wassail bowl were the ancient words, "Wass hael," signifying "your health."



REAL DAVID HANNUM

HE WAS "DAVE" HANNUM OF
HOMER, N. Y.

Original of Westcott's Hero Was a
Banker and Horse Trader Like His
Prototype, and Died as Poor as When
He Began Business.

Even yet that one of their "number
 should get into print. "I doubt
 not," says why this here Westcott
 picked out Dave. "I want to put in a
 book," said one fellow to me the
 other day. "This town had a book
 sitch bigger den nor ever Dave Han-
 num wuz. We sent men to Congress,
 and there's lots of fellers who has gone
 West and made their fortins, and wuz
 a darn sight more distinguished than
 Dave. Now, if I wuz writin' a book I'd
 have picked out some fellers as those.
 Dave wuz an ordinary kind of amusin'
 cuss, but he never done anythin' much,
 and he died poorer 'an a church
 member."

Nagsheadlers. Haman is full of 'em.

Next to being a horse trader, "Dave" perhaps would rather have been a showman. He had all the instincts of

"People live and die here in Homer every day," exclaimed a citizen. "But here never was but one 'Dave' Hanning. He was the 'living, breathing' Dave Harum," the "Home Magazine" once wrote.

HOW R ISINS ARE SEEDED.

Novel Contrivance Which Enabled California's Raisin Culture to Thrive.

Unlike the eastern fruit culture, California seeded raisin, says the Vineyardist, is subjected to a dry temperature of 140 degree Fahrenheit from three to four months. The fruit is then submitted to a chilling process, and while in this reduced condition of temperature is passed through cleaning "brushing" machines, which remove the seeds. The raisins are then removed to a bin, where they are then taken automatically by elevators to a room where, spread upon

roller of similar surface rollers, and the seeds to the berry and the seeds to the surface of an unrolling roller catches the seeds in its periphery, deftly removing them from the fruit, while the latter passes on, minus its seeds, but possessing every attribute of its flesh. The seeds are released from the berry by a "licking" or "chinking device," which, along to the seed receptacle, finally ending in a journey in the engine-room, where they are burned as fuel.

Four hundred and fifty car loads of 4 tons each, or 3,000,000 pounds of dried raisins, were shipped from the Fresno district last year, and a very large tonnage will be turned out this year.

Some estimate can be formed of the

side out whether the bald-headed man |

But when one pale-faced young man asked a giggle to his smile the nickel was dropped. The young man, who didn't hand it over to the conductor, she fished it out, but leaning forward with a winning smile on her face, she began at the head of the line and asked:—
"Will you please be so kind as to change my money?"

It was impossible. A young man with only a dime in his pocket has no show to bust a bill. The next one had a quarter, but he had to decline, and so it went to No. 3. His hand sought his pocket as his turn came, but it didn't bring out a cent. The next two tickets had been replaced by sheep's heads and they rubbed elbows and tread on each other's feet in trying to look out of the windows. There was a long minute of painful suspense, and then the good-

matter where a comparison with other nations places us in a position other than first. It appears we have only eleven vessels of over 10,000 gross tons—headed by the *Oceanic*, with her 17,000 tons. But Germany has twenty-three vessels in that category. The United States is the only other nation with vessels above 10,000 tons, and she

thern India, show that they possess a remarkable custom not elsewhere known and that is, they do not use their incisor teeth. They accomplish by clipping the teeth to a point, giving them the form of cones.

The deep sea is in total darkness, and the light from the sun penetrates only a few feet. The deep-sea fish, therefore, is quite absent over 95 percent of the ocean bottom. Fishes and Invertebrates, however, are scattered over the floor of the ocean at all depths. The deep-sea fish, deep-sea squid, and deep-sea shrimp are all obtained by catching the mud, or ooze, that is falling from the surface. It is probable that three-fourths of the deep-sea fish are passed through the Atlantic canals of marine animals.

A surprising history is presented in Bulletin No. 57 of the Department of Agriculture, one of America's greatest contributions to the world. The world, Indian corn. Under the effects of cultivation, the recognized varieties have increased from the few to the many. Early explorers to more than five hundred years ago were interested, especially as regards the height of the stalk. This runs from a foot and a half to some

ten to 21.4 bars. In 1900, he anticipates, it will be 22.4 years. By "mean age" is meant that which divides the population equally, one-half being younger and the other half below the mean.

The records of the hydrographic bureau at Washington show that the terrible hurricane which wrought wholesale destruction in Porto Rico in August last was longer lived than any other hitherto reported to the bureau. It lasted from Aug. 3 until Aug. 21, 1900 and the time it traveled between 1000 and 1200 miles also began its farther than any other storm yet on record. It was first noted on Aug. 3, about half way between the coasts of Africa and South America, a little below north latitude

o man is as tough as his reputation. ever

HAD TWENTY-FIVE BABIES.
Mrs. Swartwood, Married 27 Years,
Has 20 Living Children.
Mrs. Samuel Swartwood of Wilkes-
barre, Pa., is the mother of the largest
family in the United States. Although
a comparatively young woman, being
only 41 years old, she is the mother of
twenty-five children, twenty of whom
are living. The youngest is only a few
weeks old, and gives promise of being
the king of the household.

Will when we were 14 years old. I loved him when we were kids and I wanted to be married. Ever since we have been very happy, and I would not change places with any rich woman. Look at these children! Ain't they riches enough, and every one living at home except the two girls that got married. It's nice for father and me to have them all here, although it does crowd us a bit. We haven't got a big house, as you can see, and every bit of the space is used. Walk into the dining-room there and look at the table."

It was a table to look at, of generous width and very long. It bore plates and knives and forks for twenty-two people at a moment's notice.

"What do you think of married life?" ventured to ask.

hus left no property of any account. Even his private letters and the King and the Queen, and even Yousen, were for years in the habit of sending Humboldt a present on his birthday. At length it became difficult to know what would be very acceptable to him, and his presents were of few and tastes so simple, that he habit to send an all-day-employment to a few weeks before his birthday to him, if he could, the sort of gift and matter that was acceptable to him, and to ascertain that it was not a present sent. Shortly previous to one of these anniversaries, and in reply to a similar inquiry, the royal couple got to know that the philosopher would be in the country, and they immediately considered what in the world could have it into Humboldt's head to ask for double bed, having probably never in use in one all his life, and having been used to a single bed, and to the luxurious sleeping apartment of the nobleman. The old man died, however, before the expected birthday anniversary. It then transpired that Humboldt, for him and his wife had been a sick man, and that the royal arms upon it, and had twice

of the water in your garden, but the amount in the water, while the operation is going on, is enough to kill any fish and innocents to a rock. How can you be so sure of the safety of its use? My bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful warblers, as you call them, have other besides looking pretty. They have a corrosive food for a large mouth. This is hidden deep down among the scales of their scales, and it is very deadly. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish fish touches one of the rosy tips is struck with poison as fatal to it as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops breathing; and then the other beautiful ones very quickly follow him, until he is drawn into the mud.

every scheme that works is soon done.

The Marriageable Age.
A spinster who is still living in hope says the marriageable age is anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.—Chicago Daily News.

The Typewriter Invention.
A statistician has proven that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to help nature to bear the strain which

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