

EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL 'tis growing colder Every year. And my heart, alas! grows older Every year. I can win no new affection; I have only recollection, 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 Until Time and Death resigned me My infirmities remain'd 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, That to bloom we might have aided, 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, 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, fret us, The living more forget us, 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, And the heavy burden lighter, 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, Ariz., 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 robberies become that not infrequently pas-

in his search for the daring highwaymen. Nothing out of the usual happened during the greater part of his journey, and he was fast beginning to think that his trip would be made without incident when he neared the lonely spot at which almost all of the robberies had taken place. Standing his Winchester by his side and placing his revolvers in his lap, he slowed up and peered cautiously on either side. Suddenly, as he turned a bend in the narrow pass, a figure loom-



"ALL THESE IS YOUR'S."

ed up in the center of the road and shouted: "Hands up!" In an instant the agent had caught up his revolver, but before he could pull the trigger the highwayman fired, and the plucky agent rolled from his seat a desperately wounded man. Before advancing a step the robber fired again, killing one of the lead horses. He then quickly strode to the coach, picked up the wounded man, threw him under the seat, and began rifling the old vehicle. A 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; maamma 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

stole 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.

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 shopping either for themselves or for others," advises Frances E. Langan 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 basket of Christmas marketing, topped with a bunch of holly. And to the little children in whose homes Christmas is little more than a name, send some of the many bright, new tin toys which are so inexpensive; some candy, some fruit, bright red woolen mittens and Tam o' Shanter's, and, if you can afford it, some good stout shoes and warm stockings. A piece of bright colored plaid will make a pretty gift for the little girl who has never, perhaps, had a new dress in her life. Accompany your Christmas presents with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thoughtfulness will bring its own reward, and that in the years 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."

Yuletide Amenities.

Miss Antique—My stockings was so full they couldn't get anything more in it. Miss Port—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?" "I can't make up my mind whether to

BICYCLE BUILT FOR WAR.

Here's an Improved Wheel for the Use of the Soldiers. The value of bicycles in warfare has been fully demonstrated, and all the large armies of the world now have a bicycle corps. To meet the peculiar requirements of the case, however, special "military" bicycles are necessary, which differ from the ordinary type as much as the original high wheels differed from the modern racer. A military bicycle must have provision for carrying the soldier's knapsack, canteen and gun, and the latter must be carried in a convenient position, so that the



THE SOLDIER'S WHEEL.

rider on jumping off may grasp it instantly. It must also be disposed so as not to fatigue the rider or interfere with his pedaling. Another important feature is to provide for the wheel when the rider dismounts. It is hardly practicable to take time to stand the wheel upright every time the rider dismounts, and in the case of the wheel shown in the illustration this feature is nicely provided for by extension handle bars, which telescope when the wheel is being ridden. The rider can, on dismounting, either trail the wheel behind him, or in emergency abandon it instantly. The gun is carried vertically in a rest, over the small front wheel.

Girls with Missions.

Young ladies who think it their mission in life to visit the poor need an enormous amount of tact to carry them smoothly over the hidden shoals of the pride among the lowly that resents patronage. One of a set of girls who lately have been devoting themselves to poor visiting in the slum district met with the unexpected in her last round. She was a novice in the work, and not quite up in the regulation questions. Her natty tailor-made was severely and expensively simple, her collar the highest she could possibly wear and the crown of her hat was so big it would scarcely go through the narrow doorway. She seated herself on the edge of a chair, and her hostess continued scrubbing over in the other corner, as if just she and the floor were alone. Finally the determined-to-be poor visitor stammered: "Does your husband drink?" "No. Does yours?" came the very sudden reply, which drove the tailor-made and the big hat into outer sunshine.

Merely a Question of Spelling.

He was the engineer of an ocean liner and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity coming up, he indignantly combated the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it, and, leading him to a window, told him to pull up his sleeves and place both hands flat on the glass. They then, on either side, took a firm grip on his wrists. At the end of a few moments his wife said: "Don't you feel a pain, Willy?" "No!" he replied, and returned a like negative to a second and a third inquiry.

At this third response most of the company began to laugh, and it suddenly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the same.

A Burst of Music.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you

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 Bitter. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement.

Foolish men make feasts and wise men eat them.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Wholesale Drug Lists, Toledo, O. Wholesale Drug Lists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is known generally as being directly on the blood, and in some instances of the system. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by all drug lists. Testimonial is free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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Dainty, fragrant tablets of confection—Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the medicine of today. Pills and liquids are out of date. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

Wyoming's coal mines are producing 22,000 tons per day.

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Will cure any acute or pain in the human body. Send for trial bottle, 25c. This offer lasts 30 days only. Large bottle (300 doses of 5 DROPS each) \$1.00 or 2 for \$2.50. SWANSON'S RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 167 and 169 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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Scenery, altitude, sunshine and air, constitute the factors which are rapidly making Colorado the health and pleasure grounds of the world. Here the sun shines 357 days of the average year, and it blends with the crisp, electric mountain air to produce a climate matchless in the known world. No pen can portray, no brush can picture the majestic grandeur of the scenery along the line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado. Parties going East should travel via this line which is known all over the world as the Scenic Line of the world. For any information regarding rates, time tables, etc., call on or address R. C. Nichol, general agent, 251 Washington street, Portland, Or., or any agent of the O. R. & N. Co., or Southern Pacific Company.

His Misfortune.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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The Big 45 Cent Cures, and discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of the bladder, prostate, ureters, and all ailments of the urinary system. Sold by Druggists. Sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

WOMEN!

New Year Day in y^e Olden Time



... before they had resistance. ... and G. Frank Flagstaff, finally ... the coach on ... speed his inter- ... ed told.

big bravay 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 ... the ste ... al moved ...

give him lace curtains, a dinner set, new portieres or a drawing room clock."—Chicago Record.

Discovered.

"Papa," said little Petie, "does Kris 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."

His Awful Fate.

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