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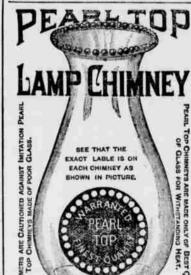
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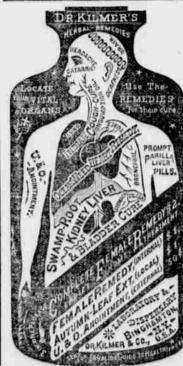
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THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

I am fading from you, But one draweth near, Called the angel guardian Of the coming year. If my gifts and graces

Coldly you forget, Let the New Year's angel Bless and crown them yet. For we work together; He and I are one, Let him end and perfect All I leave unslone.

I brought good desires, Though as yet but seeds; Let the New Year make them Blossom into deeds.

I brought joy to brighten Many happy days; Let the New Year's angel

If I give you sickness, If I brought you eare, Let bim make one patience And the other prayer.

Where I brought you sorrow, Through his care at length, It may rise triumphant Into future strength. If I brought you plenty, All wealth's bounteous charms Shall not the new angel Turn them into alms?

I gave health and leisure. Let him make them nobler Work for God and man,

If I broke your idols, Showed you they were dust, Let him turn the knowledge Into heavenly trust. If I brought temptation, Let sin die away,

into boundless pity For all hearts that stray. If your list of errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this new born monarch
Melt them into tears.

May you hold this angel While he crowns my past.



THE SWEEPERS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY WHICH DESCRIBES How IT WILL BE.
The evening was clear and cold, the stars smited down upon earth so fondly that when I looked from my window late in the night I longed to go out under them, and let their benign spell charm away the fret and fever on and on, feeling the restful influence of the silence and the beauty of the night. A cres-cent moon glittered in the sky, the myriads of stars blazed in unwonted glory, and the earth slept under a white blanket of snow. As I walked farther and farther in the cold, white silence, the everyday world, with its worry and vexation, fell away from me. The people of the village slept. Their houses were locked and lightless; the earth itself slept. I only seemed to be awake. But no; another was abroad as well as myself. Not a meditative sul, evidently, for he came toward me whistling and singing cherry songs. He had no vexations to be charmed away in the silence of the night, that was

away in the silence of the night, that was certain. There was a confident ring in his step as he ground his heel into the hard beaten snow of the highway, and there was assertion in the notes he whistled and sang.

As he came in sight I saw that he was an exceedingly spruce youth, with a finely de-veloped figure, and, as near as I could see in the white light of the stars and the snow, a beaming face. He was clad in velvet and fur, dressed with foppish care and nicety, and he carried a brand new broom.

"Good evening." I said, as we were about

"Good evening," I said, as we were about to pass each other on the narrow road. "Evening?" he said, interrogatively. "I never knew any such thing. I belong to the morning."

"Has the boy been drinking?" thought I. A second look convinced me that he had not. He stuck the handle of his broom firmly into the snow as he stopped and spoke. I made

up my mind that he was a youth brimming over with life and health and superfluous energy. That he was vain any one could see from his walk, his speech and manner. I wanted to prolong the conversation, and for want of a better subject I mentioned the beauty and mawness of the broom. That pleased him. He smiled approvingly, shook the broom triumphantly and said: "Yes, it's a splendid broom, and it's well that it is for I have a bir contract of sweening on it is, for I have a big contract of sweeping or hand, and am just on my way to begin."
"You!" I look at him incredulously. Was
the boy a merry lunatic! Going to do a job of
sweeping, clad in velvet and fur! "Have you

ever swept any in your life?" I asked.
"No; but I have studied sweeping, studied "Ah! and what are you going to sweep, may I ask!"

"Why I'm going to sweep the earth," he said confidently, as he flourished the broom above his head, and then scratched around with it a moment in the snow, merely to show his expertness as a sweeper.

"That's a large contract for a theoretical sweeper," I answered; "I am curious to know something about you." "Don't recognize me, eh! Well, how could you, since I am not yet born?" And he laughed aloud.

By this time I was convinced that I had met a jolly and extremely original lunatic.

As he seemed harmless as well as mirthful, I
didn't mind hearing him talk a little. "What

particular style of dirt do you intend to sweep off the earth?" I asked. "Everything offensive and harmful," he replied, in a most positive voice. "All corrup tion, oppression, dishonesty in high places, and degradation in all places. Yes, and disease; that, toe, must go. And poverty also. Everything that is hateful and makes the heart bitter shall be swept away."

He seemed so serious and earnest about it that I pitied him for his delusion. "How long will it take you to finish such a con-tract;" I asked, feeling a great compassion for his disordered mind with its humanitarian



THE NEW SWEEPER. shall make great changes ath," he said confidently. "T earth will be another place alterether before long. It needs nothing but a good sweeping. I and my broom will do the work and do it

Lock out for universal bounds, good times, safe banks, good wages, clean minied statesmen – but really, I must harry on, I have an appointment, I begin my sweeping in a few minutes."

Columbian.

few minutes."
"But you haven't told me your name?" I
called out as he started on, with his broom
on his shoulder.

He looked back, a broad grin on his handsome young face, and answered, "Eighteen
Eighty-Seven." Before I recovered from my astonishment he added, "O. I can sweep; I'll show you," and he went on in his vanity and ignorance. Poor, foolish, inexperienced, happy New

Year."

Turning about, I started toward home, and in a moment more I heard the village bells "ring out the old," and "ring in the new."

I had not gone far when I met another traveler, a very different figure from the velvet-clad youth with the confident air who had they belt an early with a tired. vet-chai youth with the confident air who had just left me. He was walking with a tired step, and was bent, as under a burden. As he approached I saw that he was elderly, somewhat broken down, careworn as to countenance, threadbare as to garments, and under one arm he carried a tremendous scrotl, and in the other hand the worst wreck of a broom I had ever laid eyes on. "I was impressed," as the chirryoyants say, with the belief that he was Eighteen Eighty-Six, and by that name I accosted him as courteously as I could, and offered him my sympathy. "Sympathyf said the old man, laughing till he shook. "Sympathy! Well that is really laughable. Thanks, my good friend, but I don't need it. Your congratulations would be better. If you have any sympathy to throw around recklessly give it to my successor. I knew the size of the load he has to pick up. That is a line broom he carries, too.

cessor. I know the size of the load he has to pick up. That is a line broom he carries, too. Mine was as good a year ago. Look at it now! Hardly a spear of it remains, and with all its hard usage, I fear I have in left the earth much cleaner. I found the contract too much for me, though I started in as chip-per as he does. I was chock full of reform ideas; but you see how my efforts to clear up per as he does. I was chock full of reform ideas; but you see how my efforts to clear up the earth have aged me, and how I have scuffed my clothes, as well as my soul. But I'm through with it now, and am going to disembody myself, and look on at the other fellow awhile." His eyes had a humorous sparkle, and he certainly wore a look of happy relief.

"Is it possible that your record is so bulky?" I asked, pointing to his scroll.

"Bulky!" said the old man, with a sarcastic grin. "If you want to know the heft as well as the bulk of it you should glance over it. It is made up of deaths, roots, earthquakes,

is made up of deaths, riots, earthquakes, broken banks, trusted officials going wrong, wrecks, runaways, blow up-, wars, rumors of wars, the overthrow of the Liberal parliawars, the overthrow of the Lessral parlia-ment in England, crazy monlarchs, boodle aldermen, new recruits for Sing Sing, con-tested wills, hard times, strikes, suicides, sickness, murders, burgiaries, thefts, and nearly every unpleasant thing you could think of. Think of the heartnehes repre-sented in this record. The thought of them oppresses me."



"But you have done some things t ale yourself upon, haven't your I he tale yourself upon, haven't you? I asked,
"Yes, I think I have," he said, looking
pleased. "I set up the Liberty statue in New
York harbor; I inaugurated a new political
perty—I think I have—and I brought a big
thought wave, which is making people hunt
up their souls and take some care of them, as
well as of their bodies. I sowed some seed
that will not bring forth thistles, mark me,
and then I am so thankful that I wasn't a
campaign year."
"It is a little melancholy, though, to go
away forever, isn't it?"
"Forever!" he repeated, musingly, looking
down at the white snow a moment. "Forever! I am not sure that I do. This talk
about the continued re-embodiment of souls
that is going on now in the western as well as
the eastern world is something I am interested in and have encouraged. For aught I
know I may come again, with a new name
and a new bory, and further or finish what I
have begun here. It is said that all that is
dead shall live, and all that lives shall dix
Let me quote Edwin Arnold a moment:

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is, Worse-better-list for first and first for last; The angels in the heavens of gladness reap Fruits of a holy past,

The devils in the under worlds wear out Deeds that were wicked in an are gone by, Nothing endures; fair virtues waste with time Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a princo For gentle worthiness and merit won; Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags, For things done and undone. Only while turns this wheel invisible No pause, no peace, no staying place can be Who mounts may fall, who falls may mor the spokes Go round unceasingly.

He finished, and taking a fresh grip on his penderous scroil, and using the handle of his worn out broom for a staff made rendy to move on. Then he spoke again: "You, too, my friend, must die and live, and live and die. You may meet me again, but you will have changed. You will wear a new face, and be known by a new name. The sunrise comes. Peace be with you. Au revoir," and he passed on out of my sight forever.

MAX ELTON.



arp and woof are past and future time.-O Time! the beautifier of the dead,

The infant at the blackboard rubbing off

the old record is one of us, for we are all children and always will be in wisdom. The idea is not a bad one. Expunge the old record and begin again. The future is al-

time, the avenuer: unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee
a gift.





THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

As the midnight hour drew nigh, the Old As the midnight hour drew nigh, the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hands was an hour glass, whence the last sands were falling. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. I spoke earnestly to him:

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I gave thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every morn-ing. Thou hast indeed from my heart's gar-den uprooted some hopes I planted there.

ing. Thou hast indeed from my heart's garden uprooted some hopes I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

"Praise God for what I gave and what I took away," he said, "and lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes are oftsines changed into the fruits of rightcourness."

But I answered: "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the loving. Closis are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my call no more. To the homes they made fair they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever."

Still he said: "Give praise to God. Your lost are with him. They have preceded you. None can drift beyond his love and care." Then his voice grew faint, and he murmared, "My mission unto man is done. For me the "My mission unto man is done. For me the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepalcher. I will enter in and slumber with all the years of the past forever."

And he straightened himself out to die. As I knelt by his side I said, "Oh, dying year, dear, dying year, I see a scroll beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me when Time for me is done?"

Low and solemn was his voice: "Thou shalt know when the book of the universe is constant."

opened." The midnight clock tolled, and I covered my

The midnight clock tolled, and I covered my face and mourned for his death, for he had once been my friend. I remembered with pain how often I had slighted his warnings, neglected the golden opportunities of growth he had given me, and cast away the precious hours he had been so generous with, and I buried my face and wept. When I again lifted my face and wept. When I again lifted my head, lot the New Year stood in the place of the Old.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer. But I was afraid; for to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said: "Pear not. I come from the great source of all good, whence come all good gifts."

Trembling, I asked: "New Year, whither will thoe lead me! Art thou appointed to bring me poy or sorrow, life or death!"

Looking with glowing eyes into the untrodden future, he replied: "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know: only He who sitteth thereon. Give me your hand and question not. Enough for thee, that I accomplish His will. I promise thee nothing. Follow me and be content. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next may not be mine to give, yet if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee a cup of joy be thankful, and be pitiful to those who mourn; and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lips be not too cager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weak-ness of thy failt. God's perfect discipline terness cleave unto thy lips be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count those happy who endure. When morning breaketh in the east, girl thyself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving, and when night putteth on her coronet of stars look over the day just gone and let its failures and blunders guide thee to better things on the morrow, so that when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou wilt bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

Like wind flies Time 'tween birth and death;
Therefore, as long as thou hast breath
Of care for two days hold thou free
The day that was and is to be.
—Omar Khayyam.

New Thought for the New Year. The new year ought to mean new thought if the old has been oppressive. The new year's resolve has something of the divinity in it, early and oftea as it is broken. Even the resolve to break off some old habit is a stride forward, a step upward. Every re-form, every upbuilding must have its origin in a new thought. A thought lies behind

In making new resolves, nothing is more necessary than to cultivate the art of forgetting. The reason some people are chronically wretched is because, if they had a sorrow, a burden or a disgrace, they are forever thinking about it, and so forever remaining conscious of it. They carry it in their mind, which is really keeping it alive all the time. Did they but know it, the world would soon forcet it, if they would allow it to. If they forget it if they would allow it to. If they would throw it out of their mind and compel it to stay out it would case to exist. No lu-man soul ever grew upward who nursed has former blunders, failures and sins in his

in to stay out it would cause to exist. No human soul ever green upward who nursed his former blunders, failures and sins in his mind.

"How can I forget my woes!" says one. "They inhabit my mind incossantly, and I can't get a minute's respite from their torture." Yes, you can. Bring into your mind new, fresh, good thought and the old, oppressive, soul destroying kind will leave, because it will not feel at home with the new. When you light up a room you don't first try to drive the dark out. You make a light and, lo! the dark is gone. It cannot stay where light is. It is the very same with despondent and destructive thought—it leaves when there are no dark corners in the mind for it to lurk in.

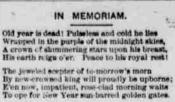
Thought is something more than "airy nothings of the brain." It is substance, the finest substance in the universe, the invisible motor of manitind, mentally and physically, for it is behind every movement, every action. Frentice Mulford says:

"To learn to forget is an excessary and useful as to learn to forget is an excessary and useful as to learn to remember. We think of many things every day which it would be more profitable not to think of at all. To be able to forget is to be able to drive away the unseen force (thought) which is injuring us, and change it for a force or order of thought) to benefit us. To day thousands on thousands never think of controlling the character of their thought. They allow their minds to first. They never say of a thought that is troubling them, I won't think of it. Unconsciously, then, they demand what works them ill, and their bodies are made sick by the kind of thought which they allow their minds to fasten on. An ugly or melancholy mood of mind is a devil. It can make usick, loss us friends and loss us money."

So the resolves that abound on New Year's morning are wise and well. They are the beginning of good action. They may fall into ruins before the day is out, but having once entered the mind they will come back again if encouraged.



anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.



To shower in fickle homage gracious gifts, As now she kisses Old Year's pallel face, That oft inth glowed beneath her fond embrace. Poor, fallen year! pierced by Time's cruel blade, A phantom wandering is the past's drear shade. Thou soon will be; in long procession days Will follow, weeping, chanting loud thy praise. And laurel wreaths to twim thy empty skuil, The world's hands eager, thoughtfully will cull: And where thou liest on thy snow-palled bier The coming age will drop regretful tear.

Then rest, thou royal Old Year; though the New We welcome in with loval hearts and true We welcome in with loyal hearts and true, Still art thou dear to all. Best Old Year, rest, I lay the rose of sweet remembrance on thy breast And though its colors fade, its crumbling heart A perfume pure shall subtly e'er impart Its sweetness to our senses. Have no fear— Thou will not be forgotten, dear Old Year! Manin LeBanos.



The King is dead? Then let me peal
A proan from my tongue of steel,
Hosannais for the joy we feel
To see in dust his banner trailed,
His sorrow palled, his passion paled,
And hope 's brightstar once more unveiled,
Let it resound.
A King is dead, a King is crowned.

A king is dead; a king is crowned.
The King is dead! I, too, would tell
A dirac to his departed soul,
Out in the night, from pole to pole,
O'o' deep and desert, mount and vale
Roll, roll it out upon the gale,
Till all earth lists the thrilling tale
In cottage homes
Neath gilded domes
Behold the King!
He comes! He comest

As the old year blends into the new every mortal stops and gives his enemy, Time, a little respectful consideration. His power is acknowledged; the speed at which he travels is commented upon, if not with approval then with astonishment. His revenges are remembered, and plans are builded for conciliating him. He is admitted to be a formidable foe, sure to close in on one eventually, but who can be bribed and cajoled and persuaded into leniency for many a day to come. Most of us try our best to pull the wool over his eyes, and believe we are doing it finely, only to find out at last that we never succeeded.

THE OLD BELL RINGER. The old cathedral white and silent lies, The old cathedral white and silent lies,
Its sl- ider towers rointing to the skies,
Crowned on each pinnacle with heavenly light:
The morn looks down and smiles her silver smile,
Touching the world to loveliness the while,
Yet breathing such a silence from her height
That we could fancy even an angel's tread
No holier calm upon the air should shed
Than this sweet silence of the moonlight night.

And all the land lay warm beneath the snow, (See) higher still the shadows softly steal!) They laid my darling in her narrow bed, While I upon its brink felt cold and dead. Bearing a sorrow which no time could heal; (For a few moments with my weakness bear, I scarce to night can cross the snowy square, Though I must join you in your midnight peal)

Remember? I remember it so well,
Each thry snowfiake kissed her as it fell
Upon the lowly mound that stood alone;
For hours I dumbly knelt, but could not pray,
And then I turned and went my lonely way—
Missing the hand that used to clasp my own,
Missing the dear face were at my side;
I had but her in all the world so wide!
What wonder that my heart seemed turned to
stone?

That right the Old Year died. Some one had said That I—whose love lay still and dead.— Should ring the birthday chime of the New So from my loneliness I rose and came—

Would not my grief be everywhere the same? Ah! you remember now. So full and clear The joyous chime flew on the fresty air! You wonder I your laughter did not share; How could you guess this was my wordless prayer? And that I knew at last my God could hear.

Alone and still her grave lay far below,
Covered so softly by the quiet snow.
But far above she dwelt is whiter dress,
In brighter joy and purer swellness!

And toward this home our happy peal arose;
What wonder I could lift my eyes at last,
And, lifting them, the darkest hour seemed pan
I'm coming freedag how dim the morn life.



Just thirty times, with every new born year, Have I been the among the ringers here, And now each tone has grown into a friend, a faithful friend, whose happy voice I love, The friend who bore my first weak prayer above, in that great grief my Father chose to send. Now my last peal some lonely heart shall cheer, and then, though dying with the dying year. I shall have borne His message to the end.

The fierce winds hold their breath: the rocks give

The stars look down to guide her up the height; And all around her lonely footsteps play Auroral waves of spiritual light. Nothing before her but the peak, the sky!

Nothing? Ah, look! beyond is everything!

Over these mountains greener valleys he;

A happier New Year, an eternal Spring?

—Lucy Larcom.

That great mystery of Time, were there no other, the illimitable, silent, never resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent like an all embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the universe swim like ex halations, like apparitions which are, and then are not: this is forever very literally a miracle—a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it.--Carlyle.

OLD WEATHER PREDICTIONS. If New Year's eve night wind blow south It betokeneth warmth and grouth;
If west, much milk, and tish to the sea;
If west, much milk, and tish to the sea;
If north, much cold and atomic there we
If east, the frees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, fee it, man and brute.



What is time! The shadow on the dial. what is time? In smallow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries; these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul.—Longfellow's Hyperion.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December, So let your dead sins with your dead days lie. A new life is yours, and a new hope: Remember We build our own ladders to climb to the sky. Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong; We waste half our strength in a uscless regret-ting:

We sit by old tombs in the dark too long Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining; Did you faint in the race? well, take breath for

Did the clouds drive you back! but see youder their lining;
Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a As each year hurries by let it join that processing Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past, While you take your place in the line of progres-

With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of hiserrors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve:
It is never too late to begin rebuilding.
Though all into rulus your life seems hurled.
For look: how the light of the new year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!
—Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.

PHIL'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

In one of the big buildings in the "down In one of the big buildings in the "down-town" of New York, whence the newspapers emanate and the financial wheels that move the whole country revolve, there is a cigar store presided over by a young man known as "Phil." He has a more pretentious name, no doubt, but the customers who buy cigars there have never heard it. His face has been daily reflected in the glittering show cases of that establishment for five years. In de-scribing him it would be enough to say that his principal apparent possessions are a fiery his principal apparent possessions are a flery and formidable mustache and a kind heart. The little newsboys and newsgirls in his neighborhood have learned to be very found of Phil in the five years they have known him. When the weather is cold they flit in and out of his place of business like stray birds seekof his place of business like stray birds seeking shelter, and they are always welcome. Phil never said a word or wore a look that would cause the raggedest and dirtiest of them to feel that their presence was an intrusion. They fluttered in at all times with rags flying like flugiets over their shivering little bodies and hair failing over their red and group faces. They warned their key and grimy faces. They warmed their being perfectly at home in Phil's shop, and the

singly, or in groups, darted out into the cold to pursue the difficult business of carning their bread.

On last New Year's eve, just before Phil was ready to close the store, a party of his little friends rushed in. Their eyes were glowing, and their manner indicated that something unusually exciting was in the wind. The company was headed by a black eyed, baby faced girl, who has no other name than Mary. She had been selling papers on the corner for three years, and when she first began she was so little she could not walk up the steps. Faddy Haggerty was next in the provession. For years his father had a new procession. For years his futher had a news stand on the corner of Bockman street, and just four weeks before New Year's had dropped dead there. Besides these there were Mickey-the-Pig. Snowball Billy, a fuzzy headed blende; Becky McGill, Osear-the-Dude and wee little Bilde Back, so called because he have hamp between his shoulders resembling a family Bible. Yes, and 'Siplas Johnny was also one of them. He acquired his name from a chronic rash on his face resembling erysipelas.



PRESENTING THE HANDKERCHIEF. The procession marched up to the counter with an air of mingled mystery and solem-nity. Then Paddy Haggerty pulled off the remains of his hat and struck a stagy atti-

"Phil," he said, "me an' the rest of us is been about your shop a good while and we's always got used white. You'se done lots of always got used white. You'se done lots of decent things by us, and we likes yer. So Mary and the Dude was sayin' as how we might get yer a present for New Year's. When we passed around the hat we got quite a little pot, and Becky and Bible laid it out." The little Italian girl stepped to the front as Paddy concluded, and from beneath her thin and faded wrap drew a gorgeous old gold silk handkerchief.

"Ain't it a corker!" she said as she handed it over the show case. Phil took it and for a

it over the show case. Phil took it and for a whole minute was silent. Tenrs stood in his kind eyes, and when he did speak his voice tembled. All be could say was "Thank you, ittle friends; thank you," and then the small procession faced about and marched out.

Phil sets a higher value on the old gold handkerchief than on any gift he ever received. It represents sincere gratitude and abundant good will.

The Burglar Lost His Ec ts.

We wish to return our sincere thanks to the enterprising but misguided burgular who broke into our residence night before last, under the impression he was cracking the crib of the druggist who lives rext door. He entered the window and carefully removed his boots, setting them down on the floor. To this circumstance, and to the fact that we saw him come in, we are indebted for the first pair of good boots we have had in ten years. While he was rareacking the house we quietly slipped out of bed and exchanged our old boots for his, and then went back to bed and fell asleep. How long he was in the house we do not know, but the presumption is that when he went away he took the old boots. They bave been missing ever since, and there was nothing else to take.- An Idaho

Paper. An ill wind-A puff from a sicker-