THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Old Year goes away; her eyes are sad—
  The eyes of one who hopes or fears no more.
Snow is upon her hair; gray mists have clad
  A form the vesture of the Spring which wore.
The new buds quicken now beneath the clay;
But not for her—the Old Year goes away.

The New Year enters in; a happy child,
  Who looks for flowers to fill her out-stretched hand,
And knows not fear although the winds be wild.
  Soon shall the birds be singing in the land,
On the young leaves the patter of soft rain.
And violets ope'—the New Year comes again.

So with this mortal life; now young, now old,
  A Spring which never dreams of frost and snow,
Summer and Autumn—then the tale is told;
  With tired step, in wintry days we go.
God grant a wakening on some happier shore,
Where the lost youth and joy come back once more!

—Mary George, in Chambers's Journal.

ONE PAY DAY.

BY FRANK FARRINGTON.

Bob Newell loved Mattie Hendry. She was a brisk little stenographer and bookkeeper employed by the cycle company of which the senior Newell was president. Bob was a well dressed fellow whose mission in life seemed to be the compassing of his own amusement. When he asked Mattie to marry him she said—

"Bob, you know I love you—no, wait! Listen to what I have to say. You've never done a thing toward supporting yourself, and while your father may be willing to share his income with you to an extent which would permit you to marry, you would not desire that, nor should I. Even if our pride did not prevent such a course our judgment would, for if he should lose his money you wouldn't have the faintest notion of how to earn enough to keep us. I am going to make this condition: when you have secured a paying position and saved $500 of your own earnings, then we will be married. Do not thing me hard and mercenary, dear. I truly love you, but I want to start right."

A long and rather businesslike speech for a young woman to make in answer to a declaration of love from a man whow she loved; but Mattie Hendry had a cool head, and her heart was under its control.

Of course Bob acknowledged the wisdom of her words, for he was really a sensible fellow, and he left her with a resolve that on the next day he would search for a position and begin to save money.

The following morning he surprised his father by asking him where he could find work. Mr. Newell, after assuring himself that his son was in earnest, asked—

"Well, Robert, what can you do?"

"Not a thing, father, that any one would pay me for."

"Do you want to learn a profession?"

"No, no—that takes too long, I cannot spare the time."

"Well, then," said the older man, "are you willing to begin at the bottom of some trade, or would you rather have a clerkship somewhere?"

"I believe," replied Bob, "that I shall have to learn a trade. I should like that of a machinist. If I have any natural talent it is in that direction."

So Bob decided to go into the machine shop of the cycle company, and began at the foot of the ladder. He did so well there that he began climbing upward even in the first year; at the end of the second he had saved $300 and hoped for promotion, as the assistant foreman of his department had been advanced and his position was to be filled from the shop; but a man younger than Bob, though of greater experience, was considered more suitable for the place.

This other man was James Dant, a showy looking fellow who lived next door to the Hendrys, a circumstance which enabled him to frequently walk to and from the factory with Miss Hendry, a privilege of which he seemed glad to avail himself, much to the annoyance of Newell. He was not jealous of Dant; but he felt that despite his fair outside appearance he was untrustworthy, and not a fit companion for a good woman. He told Mattie so, but of course she only laughed at him, girl fashion.

"James is all right," she said confidently. "We have been neighbors ever since we were children."

"Is that sufficient to prove him of good character?" said Newell, sarcastically.

"Don't be hateful, Bob. And don't be imaginative. I won't let Dant walk home with me if you object. But I'm sure there is no harm in him."

Bob wasn't; so he watched the smooth spoken young man, and found that he had steady acquaintances, kept late hours, and gambled.

"I guess I shall get that vacancy," mused Bob; and he worked harder than ever.

The factory hands were paid every two weeks, in cash in envelopes, and as there were some 500 of them, the pay roll amounted to over $7500. One Saturday afternoon Mr. Hamley, the manager, brought up to the office the money, leaving Miss Hendry to put it into the envelopes. He had no sooner left her when the door re-opened and a man entered. He was well dressed, a stranger, and smilingly bade Mattie "Good afternoon" as he advanced. When near her he suddenly drew a revolver and said in a low voice—

"Hand over that currency, miss, and those filled envelopes, too—you heard me! Be quick!"

Mattie was a brave girl.

"You shall not have the money! Shoot if you dare!" she exclaimed.

But the stranger jumped over the rail and grasped her throat with one hand while with the other he stuffed the money into his pocket. She tried to scream, but he forced her from the chair to the floor, and as she gasped and ceased to breathe he walked out of the office with a sang froid which would have deceived even Mr. Hamley had he met him.

It may have been a minute, it may have been five, that the girl lay there before the door opened and Dant walked in. Seeing her prostrate form he went to her and, succeeded in restoring her to consciousness just as the manager returned. Both listened to her story, told rather disconnectedly; then Dant called a carriage with the avowed intention of taking her home, and Mr. Hamley went to inform the police of the robbery.

About an hour before the thief entered the office, Bob Newell, working at a bench observed a man watching the factory from a house across the way. There was nothing in this to cause comment, but Bob soon saw that Dant was hovering near, his eyes on the man, and evidently nervous. When Mr. Hamley presently came out of the office, Dant's agitation increased; he passed the window, waving his handkerchief with feigned carelessness. The man over the way at once left his position and crossed the street, disappearing up the office steps.

All of these movements Newell watched with growing interest, but with no thought of any danger until, upon the stranger's coming out again and walking hurriedly away, Dant made some trivial excuse and went down to the office. Newell wondered what called him there, but made no movement until he saw Dant assist Miss Hendry, who seemed ill, into a carriage and drive away.

"Something has happened to Mattie," Newell thought, and filled with alarm he ran down stairs, reaching the front of the office just as the carriage disappeared around the corner of the street in which the Hendrys lived. He ran after it, and saw it disappear through a gateway a short distance down the avenue, Mattie lived at its extreme end. Something was radically wrong. Bob ran up to a policeman who at that moment came from a side street.

"Smith, you are the very man I want. There has been trouble at the office, I don't know what, and one of the workmen, Dant, has taken Miss Hendry, the stenographer, away in a closed carriage. It has entered the private grounds of one of those fine houses you see in the distance. Go and see where there are fresh wheel tracks from the road across the walk. I suppose you cannot arrest any one on mere suspicion, but if all were right Miss Hendry would have been taken home instead of to that place. I will go into Doctor Brown's office here, borrow a coat and follow you."

The policeman went down the avenue, easily found the tracks leading from the freshly sprinkled street into the grounds of one of the houses, and strolled back to meet Newell. The two then went directly to the house and rang the door bell. A burly Irishman, looking entirely out of place, appeared, and in reply to Newell's inquiry said there was no Miss Hendry there, and no such man as James Dant, nor did he know of any carriage driving in recently.

The policeman was without authority, so nothing could be done; but Newell, firmly convinced that he was on the right track, left Smith on guard, hurried back to the office, and found there the chief of police and two detectives with Mr. Hamley. To them he told his story from the beginning, and taking the three officers with him, went back to the suspected house.

They found the door fastened, and receiving no response to repeated summons, finally broke it in, only to find the place apparently deserted; but as Smith declared that no one had left it they began a search which resulted in finding Miss Hendry locked in a closet, while in the cellar were Dant, the Irishman and the thief. The last named was the only one of the trio who was armed, and when he saw the muzzles of three revolvers pointing his way he made haste to surrender, and turned over the money which he still had in his pockets.

The party, prisoners and all, returned to the factory, and after telling Mr. Hamley the story of the capture the police departed with the criminals, leaving Newell, Mr. Hamley and Miss Hendry together. Mr. Hamley was the first to speak. Turning to Newell he said—

"Young man, you have done us a great service today, and I do not know whether we owe more to your persistence or to Miss Hendry's courage. I am going to take the liberty, however, of giving each of you in behalf of the company, $250. And by the way, Newell, you may now consider yourself assistant superintendent of your department.

The efforts of the two to thank him he waved aside, bidding Newell take Miss Hendry home before the effect of the excitement came. If the lovers stopped in the narrow hall for a moment it can be nobody's business but their own.

His Story "Goes" Until He Does.

There is in Crowley county a big two-fisted farmer who has the reputation of being the biggest liar in the township. But he will fight at the drop of the hat, and men are very chary of accusing him. The other day he went into Dexter and told that he had a nine-month-old calf that gave three quarts at a milking, and, after recounting this story, the paper said, "Mr. Horrell is still in town, and we are convinced that that calf is a wonder."—Kansas City Journal.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Bound Me.

"A lesson in geography,
  With all the states to bound."
My boys grew sober in a trice,
  And shook their heads and frowned;
And this was in the nursery,
  Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue—
  Youngest of all is he—
And stood erect beside my chair.
  "Mamma," he cried, "bound me!"
And all the other lads looked up,
  With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head:
  "North by a little pate
That's mixed in mental 'rithmetic,
  And 'can't get fractions straight;'
That never knows what time it is,
  Nor where are books or slate.

"South by two feet—two restless feet,
  That never tire of play,
Yet never fail to gladly run
  (Even on a holiday)
On others' errands willingly,
  In most obliging way.

"East by a pocket stuffed and crammed
  With, oh! so many things—
With tops and toys and bits of wood
  And pennies, knives and strings,
And by a little fist that lacks
  The glow that water brings.

"West by the same, and well explored
  The pocket by the fist.
The capital two rosy lips,
  All ready to be kissed!
And darling, now I've bounded you.
  The class may be dismissed."

—Marcia Bradbury Jordan.

Born in Dewey Arch.

Dewey, George, Manila and Cavite, four of them, all born under the shadow of the Dewey arch, are the envy and admiration of all kittens. A cab knocked several large holes in the base of the western column of the second pair of columns south of the arch in Madison square. Then a cat, a gray feline, went into the opening made by the cab wheel and declared that the retreat was hers.

Four kittens appeared at the aperture last Wednesday. Cat and kittens were duly adopted and christened by cabman who has a stand in front of the Fifth Avenue hotel. The mother is Olympia, and the progeny bear the names which have already been given.

Olympia and her family are protected and happy. The policeman on the block keeps a watchful eye on their welfare. The Fifth Avenue hotel furnishes the feline larder and the cabmen make contributions from their luncheons. A shopkeeper has provided a bed of excelsior. With food and lodging assured, Olympia and her family are happy and contented.

Several women who were attracted to the column by the cries of the family wanted to adopt the kittens. The cabmen would not assent to such a proposition, and the policeman sustained their objections.—New York Herald.

Sunflower Farm in Illinois.

Down in Lawrence county, Illinois, there are acres of good farm land that every summer are given up entirely to sunflowers. When the new wheat is getting strong in the fields of other parts of the country, the fields of Lawrence valley are dotted with little tree-like plants that grow with astonishing rapidity and finally burst into blossom, turning great purple-brown disks fringed with golden petals to the sun. These sunflowers make a wonderfully pretty picture when one gets up on a high place and looks over the top of a field of them. Every blessed flower faces the south, or as near to it as possible, and many a moon-faced and heavy sunflower may be seen trying to push its fellows along in order that it may look at the sun. In the fall, when the seeds begin to ripen, thousands of American goldfinches camp in the sunflower fields—for the seeds are favorites with them—and you may see them bobbing their brilliant black and golden bodies from disk to disk of the flowers and making their peculiar chuckling call as they fly.

But the sunflowers are not cultivated for the benefit of the goldfinches. They form a valuable farm product of Lawrence county. Lawrence valley is said to be the great sunflower-seed market of the world. Since the first clever farmer raised a crop and sold it at nine cents a pound, sunflower-seed raising has become an industry among the local farmers. The cost of raising thrashing and preparing for the market an acre crop of sunflower-seed is much less than the cost of raising an acre of corn or wheat, and the crop is less disturbed by drought.—Chicago Record.

Indian Chief Stolen by Woman.

This is a story of a stolen Indian. He was stolen by a woman—a white woman. But he was not in a position to object to the proceedings which made him her captive, for the very excellent reason that he was dead at the time he passed into her keeping.

The white woman who purloined the cremated remains of this Indian did so in the stillness of an Alaskan night and in the interests of science. Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, representative in Alaska for the Smithsonian Institution's bureau of ethnology at Washington, D. C., has for several years past devoted her time to researches among the Indians of the far North, and has learned much of their customs, folklore and religion.

The incident occured en route to Dawson. For two years Mrs. Crane has had this ashy companion stowed carefully away beneath her sleeping couch in a Dawson cabin. She feared to let it be known that she had so queer a relic in her possession, as the Indians are very vengeful and superstitions and she would doubtless have forfeited her life for her daring in robbing a grave of its chief.

"We camped about four miles from a graveyard," said Mrs. Crane, during a recent business trip to this city, "and when I saw the caches at that distance determined to visit the spot; if possible to persude an Indian to guide me there. They are excessively superstitions where the molestation of the dead is concerned, although it be another tribe. I offered $25, then $50, but could not induce a guide to go for less than $75.

"We had to be very cautious in order not to be detected. At midnight I slipped out of my tent and met the guide. He was very unwilling to keep to his bargain with me, and said that if he were found out he would be put to death in some terrible way. I paid him in advance, he refusing to go otherwise. I have learned not to trust the Indians—they are so treacherous—so I proceeded cautiously, carrying my gun.

"It was a weird trip to that graveyard in the stillness of night. The people in camp were sleeping soundly after their hard day's journey, and not a human being but ourselves was to be seen.

"The Indian would not go near any of the caches, I examined several and finally came to one where a curious bundle of something was placed in lonely state.

"'Him big Siwash chief—no take him!' grunted the guide warningly. But a Siwash chief was exactly what I wanted, so I seized the bundle and fled the place. We had gone but a little way when my guide disappeared. I thought I never would reach camp with my heavy burden. It was some days before I had even a glimpse of the contents of the birch bark bundle. Inside was a fine Indian blanket, and within this were fragments of bones and ashes, and a gunstock, which had been burned with the chief."

Strange Philippine Pets.

One sees strange pets in these new possessions of ours in the tropics. One that amused us all very much during a recent visit was a baby rhinoceros that was brought up by hand.

"Master, what happens when one finds a little rhinoceros that had no mother?" was what the native who had the little one asked my friend. "Who is there that has killed the mother of the young one?" was the guarded reply.

It is a misdemeanor to kill these animals except under certain circumstances, and the natives had probably been playing high jinks in the jungle. Of course, all knowledge of the demise of the mother was absolutely denied, but the possible suspicion that if the circumstances were found out somebody would suffer brought the price of the baby down to the very lowest limit.

The animal was the personification of ugliness. The horns on its huge upper jaw were just about forming and its legs looked for all the world like those of an old-fashioned square piano. Two teeth had already made their appearance, and there were evidences of others about to come. The daily diet was supplemented by leaves that the young fellow chewed in great shape.

But he dearly loved his bottle of milk, and the fuss he made about it was truly laughable. Then, too, another interesting thing he did was to set up a terrific whining whenever those who had visited him walked away.

The drollest creature of all was a Malayan sun bear that was a perfect running river of harmless merriment. He had been picked up in the jungle as a very small cub, and when on all-fours, his most infrequent position was about a yard long and half as high. He was an admirable performer as a biped, and the first sight of him was enough to upset most people's gravity as he came forward to greet the stranger with a rolling lurching gait and a most absurd resemblance to a miniature mariner in an overcoat of black fur and slightly the worse for liquor.

No stranger could ever be persuaded that the extraordinary performances of the animal were not the results of teaching instead of being solely the work of native genius. He possessed—for he quite understood "meum," if not "tuum"—a rough wooden ball about the size of a Dutch cheese, and with this he would constantly practice a series of feats with as serious and solemn an air as if he were training for a gymnastic championship.

He will deliberately stand on his head for some minutes, the ball balanced on the soles of his hind feet. Then he would drop it into his front paws and shuffle along to the edge of the veranda, climb the posts hugging the ball with one arm, and in some way contrive to lie on his back on the top rail, about two inches broad, while he kept the ball incessantly rolling between his fore and hind paws. Another trick was to clasp the ball with both arms, and in this position to turn slowly heels over head the whole length of the veranda. These and other tricks he did at his own will and pleasure, refusing steadily to learn from man any accomplishments.

He was the most inquisitive beast imaginable, and woe to the storeroom or wardrobe that was ever left open. In two minutes Bruin's long, sickle-shaped claws would drag its contents in a heap on to the floor, while his flexible snout would be rooting it in every corner. On one occasion he was discovered in the act of carrying off a clock for investigation at leisure, and on another, being accidentally shut into the "go down," or storeroom, he entirely ruined a brand-new saddle and gnawed into shreds a quantity of floor matting.—New York Times.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—With the coming of the rude blasts of winter the veil becomes an important adjunct to the toilet of all lovers of trimness.

Women declare that it is impossible

AN ARTISTICALLY DRAPED VEIL.

to feel well dressed with their hair blowing in every direction at once and an unbecoming redness decorating their noses and eyelids. The present style of hat is not especially well adapted to the adjustment of elaborate veils, and the shops are showing mostly fine plain tulles in black or white, and thin nets with small chenille spots. Plain and figured nets in silk and cotton are also seen, and velvet spotted and fine hairlines are popular. The tulle veil with big velvet dots is becoming to fine complexions, but great care must be taken in its adjustment. Three or four dots to a veil is the rule, and if one dot is allowed to come under the eye, another to the side of the chin and a third well back on the cheek, or near the hair on the temple, the effect is piquant and striking.

A pretty French veil is of light weight net, bordered with a narrow ruche of lace. Chiffon veils with and without spots are worn on frosty days by women with delicate skins.

All the newest veilings come in eighteen-inch width, to fit the toque-shaped hats so universally worn. Few colors besides black, white, browns and grays are in demand, although navy blue and mauve are occasionally seen on well dressed women.

Ornamenting the Hair.

One of the charms of the present fashion being eclecticism, one may select for ornamenting the hair other ornaments besides fringes without being outlawed. Just what styles in coiffures are most prevalent is revealed in the following chat by a New York woman of fashion. She said:

"Last week I went to see my hairdresser. She is the one who gets up those stunning coiffures for Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, Jr., and for those beautiful blond Levi Morton goddesses. Her quick fingers did up my locks in three styles, and all of them, she assured me, were bound to hold first place for evening attire for the next six or eight months. My hair she pompadoured, so to speak, all around in a soft roll above the face and then elaborately puffed the length of it on the crown. Just a love-lock or two she permitted to stray out on my forehead, and then she inveigled me into the purchase of three distinct styles of hair ornaments by the shrewd device of fastening them in among the coils and puffs and leaving the mirror and my vanity to do the rest.

"However, they are the smartest little aids to beauty. The first is a butterfly made of lisse, covered with opalescent spangles and with a delicate white osprey springing in place of antennæ from his spangled wrought head. The second is a rose of black lisse, to the petals of which spangles in charming imitation of tiny diamonds, are attached like dew drops. This rose is to set right in the centre and front of my hair, and from its stem, at the back of the petals, springs a black osprey, rather thickly threaded with twinkling little rhinestones, and anything more sweetly becoming to a woman with blond lights in her hair you will not see this season. My third extravagance was a serpent. There now! don't gasp with horror, for it is not one of those wicked-looking reptiles made of frivolous metallic-colored paillettes, but a very up-to-date and lovely ornament, having the flexible, tapering body covered wholly with breast plumage from a pheasant. She had a whole family of them, some covered with the blue-black raven feathers. These the blonds usurp, and a number are made with the rich mottled plumage of the breasts of wild ducks.

"Whatever one's prejudice may be, the serpents are already vigorously adopted, and so entirely fascinating did I think myself with my new coiffures that I have had my picture taken in every one just as the hair-dresser completed them, in order to have an authority to refer to when I begin to do my pompadouring and puffing at home." The coiffures for evening wear spoken of are shown in the large illustration.

COIFFURES FOR EVENING WEAR.

Corduroy as a Waist Fabric.

Corduroy as a shirt waist fabric promises to be very popular.

New Material For Tea Gowns.

Something new in material for tea gowns and wrappers is a smooth-faced cloth, glossy as satin on one side, and woolly after the manner of eiderdown flannel, on the other. It is less clumsy, however, than the latter, but very soft and pliable, and much thicker than the broad-cloths.

Chenille Fringe in Favor.

Chenille fringe is greatly favored as a garniture. This is shown chiefly in colors, its width varying from three inches to twelve inches, according to the purpose for which it is required.

Charming Bodice Fashion.

In the accompanying cut is illustrated a "cunning little bodice" which has just been designed by a versatile modiste in New York. The owner describes it as follows: "My bodice is of plain and white spotted red silk, the collar toned down with straps of black taffeta and plenty of little clear glass buttons at the points of straps, on the cuffs and elsewhere. My only objection to red is that it really appears less worn this winter than ever. You almost might take for granted that the whole world of women is in full or half mourning from the overwhelming preponderance of dead black, gray and deep dahlia or mulberry purple gowns."

A RED AND WHITE SILK BODICE WITH CLEAR GLASS BUTTONS.