

A NEW YEAR'S BASKET

"Love Will Find a Way"

By ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE

FROM the time I was a boy in kilt...

She was right. Their pineapples were twice the size of ours...

After that error I felt it my duty to become more winning and agreeable...

Though the Steele house was stately outside, once within those hospitable doors...

Mary's mother was altogether different. She was a small, fair woman...



"I SNATCHED HER CLOSE"

I thought it a breach of courtesy to cough or sneeze before her...

Mary's mother was altogether different. She was a small, fair woman...

Year after year passed in pleasant, even fashion, until I reached the age of 12...

"My son," said she, "you are old enough now to bear responsibility...

I wondered why mother was saying this to me, when tears came in her beloved eyes...

Then I understood, and putting my arms about her neck, pledged myself in the name of my dead father...

"Up, up, Jack! My son must not be a sluggard on New Year's day..."

The day had been dull and gray. A whiffy sense of snow thrilled through the sharp, wintry air...

I hurried from my bedroom, and into my hat and coat, when mother called:

When I opened the door, he stood at my bedside in astonishment...

necktie added warmth to the atmosphere; and made me accept Grandma Steele's formal kiss...

Through the long parlors, under both the big prismatic chandeliers...

Mary and I were getting on very well. Grandma Steele had taken us to the pretty...



HE LAY PROSTRATE

table. We feasted, girl and boy fashion; I had proposed a philopona...

Grandma Steele drew herself up very tall, proudly so. She smiled and talked, but her smile was like the frost on a window-pane...

Mrs. Steele smiled and jested gaily, exchanging badinage in her light-hearted way...

Mary groaned and covered her face with both hands, and I, in a fury of rage...

I stood by the novel post a second, flushed and panting; gazing down in disgust at the prostrate man...

The memory of my morning's pledge came to my mind. I walked to the parlor, and said to the three gentlemen:

fashion; and it was the proudest moment of my life when Grandma Steele laid her hand on my yellow lead and said, quietly:

Mr. Steele came in shortly after that. Grandma Steele met him at the door, and his order to Pompey, as I went home...

Year by year the good old custom dwindled; killed by just such sights as had disgusted my young soul...

The stately Grandma had passed away, and Mary sometimes wore her pearl-pearl miniature...

She responded briefly, and in the tone used through all her letters: "I thank you for the high compliment..."

What a change from the old days! Every shade of every house on the block entirely covered its window...

So I mounted the steps and gave the bell knob a vigorous pull. Old Pompey opened the door...

"Miss Mary, she'll be delighted. Dismiss her so on regular; jes what she likes!"

"Mr. Stewart Kingsley." "Mary," I gasped; "surely you are never going to marry the man who insulted your mother 12 years ago..."

"Then he did not send the basket?" "Oh, no!" laughed Mary.

"Come, let's measure it." So I took my handkerchief to measure and finished up the inches on the ribbon that hung from her belt...

"That was a mean trick!" I cried, delightedly, snatching my darling to my heart, "and I'll never speak to you again, unless you promise to repeat it every day of your natural life!"

Sympathetic Souls. Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Mormon Bishop—Then you refuse to become my wife? Mormon Maid—I must. Thirteen is such an unlucky number.

Limit to His Authority. "You'll pay your fare, you old bum, or you'll get off and walk..."

No Worry. Young Author—What do you think of my new play? Friend—Hem! You're in luck, old fellow.

Only Two Classes. Stenographer—Do you write "Dear Madam" at the beginning of a letter to an unmarried woman?

Employer—Yes—at the beginning of a letter to any woman—whether she is married or just wants to be.—Somerville Journal.



Headache

kills, not necessarily suddenly, but SURELY. It preys upon the intellectual powers more than we realize...

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

"As a result of neuralgia I lost the sight of my right eye, and the pain I have suffered is insupportable..."

Wise to Escape. "Sir," said the rash young man, "with a forked twig from a hickory tree I can locate water—pure water, sir..."

"Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!" warned the sturdy Kentuckian. "Git out of the state quickly, boy. Let that get around and the crowd'll hang you before you can get your collar off..."

CASCARETS

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

"How you married Women's clubs in this village?" asked Mrs. Strongmud, strolling leisurely up and down the sidewalk...

"Yes'm," replied the sad-eyed native who was sitting on a nail keg and whitening a stick. "Lots of 'em. That big brick buildin' over there on the left is a broom handle factory, ma'am..."

"Was your son Josiah a leader of any of his classes?" "Reckon," answered Farmer Cornfossil. "I have been told that a good many of the young men who tended Josiah's school blundered to the leisure class..."

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A FEW FEATURES FOR 1902

New Romantic Love Story by BOOTH TARKINGTON. author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire..."

True Story of the Standard Oil. By IDA M. TARBELL, author of "Life of Napoleon," "Life of Lincoln," etc.

Greatest of the Old Masters. Clara Morris's Stage Recollections. Stories of Salvini, Bernhardt, Mrs. Siddons and others.

A Battle of Millionaires. By the author of "Wall Street Stories." The Forest Runner. Serial Tale of the Michigan Woods.

Josephine Dodge Dakam. More Child Stories. William Allen White on Tillman. Emmy Lou Stories by GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR But at any price THE BEST

NEW YEAR BELLS. HEAR the bells of midnight ringing ever sweet and clear. 'Neath the starry fields of azure while the earth is white with snow...