A NEW YEAR'S BASKET

Love Will Find a Way"

ELVIRA FROEMCKE

ROM the time I was a boy in kilts, ealling on the Steeles formed part and parvel of my New Year's day. They lived in a great ston house across the way. Their windows were larger, their front door broader, and the iron pineapples on their gateposts barger than any others in the neighborhood. I am sure about the the neighborhood. I am sure about the pineapples, for Mary Steele and I measurement ured them one day after a wordy battle. We used the hem of her pinatore as far as it would go, and finished the inches upon

my pucket handkeremer. Sue was right. Their pineapples were twice the size of ours, and I admired her pretty, exultant face, as it pressed closely to see that I "played fair." She was so that her breath blew her loose hair across my check. Suddenly, I snatched her close and kissed her again and again. She struggled and freed herself. Indignant tears were in her eyes. "You are a very mean boy," she said, "and I'll never speak to

It was a mean trick, and my cheeks flush yet when I think of it; but I was "only a boy," as Grandma Steele said, when she patched up the row; "and boys have impulses, as well as girls."

After that error I felt it my duty to become more winning and agreeable. I tried with my boy's might to keep myself neat, and corrected a dozen small faults, of which mother despaired, in order to stand well with Mary. Strive as I would, there was a lost something that could not be re-stored, and Mary's distrust of me made my self-love ache. It was only on New Year's day that she treated me with the interest I craved. Dear old New Year's days! I love the memory of them.

Though the Steele house was stately outside, once within those hospitable doors formality was forgotten, until one met Grandma Steele. Her handsome fare and fine manner suggested high-breeding, and unconsciously one put forth one's best speech and conduct when in her presence.



"I SNATCHED HER CLOSE"

I thought it a breach of courtesy to cough struggle have I had with self to avoid these

Mary's mother was altogether different. came to my mind. I walked to the parlor, She was a small, fair woman, with merry and said to the three gentlemen: Mary's mother was altogether different. little ways, a continual laugh, and the manners of a child. The sort of a person that one must pet, and indulge, and excuse. My mother was also a very small woman, but her manner to Mrs. Steele was that of a sail woman bending to a midget.

Year after year passed in pleasant, even fashion, until I reached the age of 12. Mother wakened me as usual one New Year's morning, but, contrary to her custom, scated kerself en my bedside, and, facing me, elasped my hand in hers.

"My son," said she, "you are old enough now to bear responsibility, and learn manly ways and ideas. Your father was a gentle-man. He was kind, leving and tender; ever ready to defend a girl, a woman, and the He never drank to intextention, and hoped his son might also be exempt from this temptation. If not, he prayed that strength might be given him to leave it entirely alone.

I wondered why mother was saying this to me, when tears came in her beleved eyes, and she continued:

"I am telling you thin, dear lad, because you always visit the Steeles on New Your's day, and there are many young mon whom you may see there young men who drink toe much, my toe much, and whose manners are not always the manners of gen-

Then I understood, and putting my nume about her neck, pludged myself in the name of my dead father to be temperate, faith-ful and true. The bells of St. Margaret's broke into a merry chime just then, and

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

The day had been doll and gray. A whitey sense of snow thrilled through the sharp, wintry air, which made the warmth and comfort within intoxicating. From nine o'clock in the morning a line of callers had poured over the door-sill of the Stocke house. Carriages emptied their leads of elegant looking men at their curbstone, the tails of rich costs flourished like black wings belind the flying figures, while white satin waistcoats and light gloves gleamed in confirst as the callers rushed up the steps. Few little buys were among the guests, and my iminus heart absorbed a grain of comfint in a this knowledge.

hat and region, when caribe called: "Come, death It's our clock! Aren't

Con

When Poster around the door, he slowed all the door, he unit at my manufacture. I was clud in ed jacket that had fratted my masculine dignity for two years. Someone has said that a sense of being well-dressed gives one self-possession that religion cannot be

falt this as I on med the parlor, and

ne-ktie added warmth to the atmosphere; and made me accept Grandma Steele's formal kins and Mrs. Steele's laughing greeton my yellow head and said, quietly:
"My! O! My! Jack, but you are a "My boy! My little protector! I thank ing: "My! O! My! Jack, well," as my rightful due.

Mary was especially nice and glad to see me. She had two or three little tricks of speech lately that I liked, and her laugh was getting so sweet and low.

Through the long parlors, under both the ig prismatic chandeliers, was spread "the that wonderful feature of New Year's hospitality in olden New York. It was laden with substantials and delicacies. all beautifully arranged; and on a side table steaming coffee and chocolste, and rich punch were dispensed by Pompey, who made a capital bronze cup-bearer, in color and figure, always ready to "serve de gem-

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; had proposed a philopena, and was about asking for one of those pink ribbons when a party of gentlemen came in, and suddenly the air changed. In a moment it became evident they had imbibed too freely, and were too hilarious for the society of ladies.

Grandma Steele drew herself up very tall, proudly so. She smiled and talked, but her smile was like the frost on a window-pane, and her words were like bits of ice striking the sides of a thin goblet. In a quick undertone she gave Pompey to understand the punch-bowl needed replenishing. It disappeared as swiftly as if he had been a prestidigitator; and the black conjuror for-got to bring it back. Clever Pompey!

Mrs. Steele smiled and jested gayly, exchanging badinage in her light-hearted way, and looking very fair and pretty. She rippled out a merry laugh, as one young man fell to his knees while making a gal-lant speech over her extended hand. Across Grandma Steele's face came a flash of color. She stepped quickly toward her daughter-in-law, exclaiming:
"Mary! Be careful;" but she was too late. The daring young man was on his

late. The daring young man was on his feet, and made a rush for the now fright-ened lady. He caught her tightly in his drunken embrace, and started to run off, with her. The other men were lauguing helplessly, treating the matter as a huge

Mary groaned and covered her face with both hands, and I, in a fury of rage, dashed m front of the young man and tore open his arms with the power and ease of some mighty avenger. Mrs. Steele, thus freed, fairly flew up the stairs, her face filled with terror and distress.

I stood by the newel post a second, flushed and panting; gazing down in disgust at the prostrate man. Then, as Pompey lifted the drunkard to his feet, a volley of curses, or sneeze before her, and many a heroic black and deep, that were intended for me,

befouled the air. The memory of my morning's pledge

"Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. Pompey is waiting at the door. I will make your excuses to Mrs. Steele."

They bowed themselves out in a maudlin

HEAR the bells of midnight ringing ever sweet and clear,
'Neath the starry fields of azure while the earth is white with a

They open to the nations all the portain of the year.

And tell anew the story of the spec long ages.

The wild winds bear their music over lette and will produce.

And oche 'mong the della that he cand the carp target.

It seems to float aleft and frad a ledgment in a star.

That sheds he soft and radicant light upon a discourage.

THROW the easement wide to hear the author Carte That ring at midnight's selema hour to lot the Place Tourist

His acceptor in his eager bands, his heart a living sease.

He comes to millions writing by the mersing's gains of light.

THE Old Year, fitting by us, leaves his feet-tracks to the snow,

I give the parting guest a smile to cheer him on his way;

To eatch the music of the chimes that weher in the day;

He hears the bells at midnight and listens with a sigh.

The monarch old has left his throne and all his return of state.

And cowerd comes the youthfulking beneath the beades sky.

Earth-welcomed by the gleesome bells, with children beart clate.

Methinks be steps a moment where the winter winds we low

O GOLDEN bells of midnight! the gladsome year po bring

Is welcomed by a happy world, is growned in every sens:

And halls the mystic music of the unsum blissful bells.

And afters his good bank homeward by the Now Year's shining star.

The while upon the distant above the sacred prean swells,

O DELLS that usher in the year! O chimes of love and peace!

The portals of the morning hard our carbod, are standing with, The Old Year drops upon the snow th uncorrelations.

As the nations hall the New Year to hit givey and his with-

T. C. HAR PAUGH

A THE RESIDENCE OF THE LOCAL PROPERTY AND A SHAPE OF THE PARTY AND A SH

O tuneful belia that first of a surge above the floody snow I
Hearts glad some grow and a contract a transpart to an adiacrows coase.

As backward from some more participate some some of loog agg:

in every heart the charge of the chimes is echoing.

And fills with joy the humblest cot and surecles the three:

The pilot on the vasty deep at midnight gazes for

Ring Istal, O belia of midnight, the char to the year,

They breathe of happiness and posses and each glad one feet The dewrites of a cycle new above the GM Year's dis; Methinks I hear the feetsteps of the New Year young and street. As radient, like a little child, he treads the paths of night;

They open to the nations all the portals of the year,

Mr. Steele came in shortly after that. Grandma Stee'e met him at the door, and

his order to rompey, as I went home, was: "We are not at home to night, Pompey." That same month I went to bearding-school, carrying my lady's color with me, in the snape of a pink hair ribbon Mary had worn on New Year's day. Surely, there never was a prouder knight than I.

Year by year the good old custom dwindled; killed by just such sights as had disgusted my young soul. The gorgeous toi-lettes moderated to modest gowns. Luxu-rious tables shrank to trays of cakes and wine, or cakes and coffee. Men walked, or rode in street cars, to pay their calls. Familis not superstitious, and the nade my annual call on Mary and her

the stately Grandma had passed away, and Mary sometimes were her pearliset or you'll get off and walk," said the my mother's death left me and the stately Grandma had passed away, or you'll get off and walk," said the My mother's death left me and the stately Grandma had passed away, or you'll get off and walk," said the My mother's death left me sad indeed. Mr. Steele was a kind friend in my trouble, and when the worst was past Mrs. Steele howed herself still merry, childlike, and young. Mary, alone, I could not fathom. I had been in Paris two years, and had

orresponded with Mary in fraternal fashion for more than a twelvemonth; when I suddenly wrote an impassioned letter, telling her of my life's love, and imploring her to be my wife

She gesponded briefly, and in the tone used through all her letters: "I thank you for the high compliment," she wrote, "but why not keep on in our old friendly way?" This was too much. I was hurt deeply, never answered her letter, and resolved to keep aloof, now and forever. Toward the end of December I became uneasy, and resolved to go home, or, at least, to old New York. We landed on New Year's eve, and on New Year's morning, as the bells of St. Margaret's were chiming for servce, I found myself opposite Mary's house, looking over at the old place, with the same dd boyish interest.

What a change from the old days! Every shade of every house on the block entirely covered its window, and on each bell-pull was a tiny basket fastened with a bunen of gay ribbons. I was indignant. "A nice way that," I argued, mentally, "to treat visitors on New Year's day." A closed house, indeed! It should open to me! And that basket! Probably it was the gift of some fond lover, like the Mayday baskets of the olden time. Tied with Mary's favorite color, too! Very well! I would take it down and offer her my congratulations, when I handed her

So I mounted the steps and gave the bell knob a vigorous pull. Old Pompey opened the door. He knew me at once,

and smiled broadly, as he said:
"Miss Mary, she'll be delighted. Disvisit's
so on-reglar; jes whut she likes."
When Mary came, she seemed a little tremulous and confused. I remembered the basket. It had fallen to the floor. I pounced upon it viciously. In it lay a

card:
"Mr. Stewart Kingsley." "Mary," I gasped; "surely you are never going to marry the man who insulted your mother 12 years ago;" and I held up the card before her astonished eyes.

"You silly boy," said she, and with that years vanished; we were young again.
"This," shaking the basket, "is the way
people receive to-day. We put out our
besiet, and anyone who wishes may drop

his card in it." "Then he did not send the basket?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Mary.
"Well," said I, "what a silly fashion; to
tle five yards of ribbon to one's bell-handle, that a friend may not pull it!"

"No. Only two yards," said Mary.
"Five," I protested, and then said:
"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. This brought us very near each other; my hand trembled, but I had gained a fine courage. A curl of my yellow, tousled head brushed Mary's cheek. She flushed prettily, and, putting her arms about my neck, touched my lips light-

ly with hers.
"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."

Edith-I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another. Bertha-Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but really, I believe Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times, and we never have quarreled-except two or three times, when Fred was clearly in the wrong.-Boston Transcript.

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Mormon Maid-I must. Tairteen is such an unlucky number.

Mormon Bishop-Oh, that's easily arranged. I'll hunt up some one who is not superstitious, and then you can

Limit to His Authority.

'I'll get off all right," growled Tuffold Knutt, shuffling toward the door, "but I'd like to see you or any other man make me walk."-Chicago Trib-

No Worry. Young Author-What do you think

of my new play? Friend-Hem! You're in luck, old tellow.

to death by ticket speculators."—N. Y

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"Sir," said the rash young man, with a forked twig from a hickory tree I can locate water-pure water,

hold.

sir-" "Sh-sh-sh-sh!" warned sturdy Kentuckinn. "Git out of the state quickly, boy. Let that get around and the crowd'll hang you before you c'n get your collar off."-Denver Times.



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

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"I recken," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I have been told that a good many of the young men who 'tended Josiar's school b'longed to the leis ure class. An' from what I have seen of Joslan durin' harvest time, I should guess that he'd be right up clus to the top,"-Washington Star.

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