THE MAGICAL DOOR,

There's a door in the wall of the ages—
A door that no man sees;
For the Angel who writes in the Book of

Time
Is the keeper of the keys,
Once in the year it opens,
At the solemn midnight nour,
When the children sleep, and the old clocks

Awake in the tall church tower, And then, as it swings on its hinges,
Whoever might peer inside
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind in the silence hide,
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
All in that mythical place
Where the old years rest that were once

By the wondertui numan race.

The shadowy door swings open.
And a pilgrim enters in,
Bowed with a twelve-months struggle
In this world of strife and sin.
Waft him a farewell greeting,
He will pass no more this way—
This weary year who must disappear
In the haven of Yesterday

The door still swingeth open,
And outward another comes,
With a stir of banners and bugles
And the best of friendly drums: His hands are full of beauty— The cluster, the song, the sheaf, The snow-flake's wing, and the buddh

And the foam on the created reef.

This is the New Year, darlings,
Oh! haste to give him cheer.
Only the Father knoweth
The whole of his errand here.
This is the New Year, darlings:
A year for work and play,
For doing our best, and for trusting the rest
To the Maker of night and day.

—M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

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Her cheeks were pale, and there was a look of suffering on her brow, even though a sort of forced smile had been summoned to her lips for the occasion.

"La, me, Miss Kitty!" said the farmer's wife, hastening to bring a rush bottomed kitchen chair. "'You do look clean peaked out. Gideon, go down suller an' bring up a giass o' cold root beer cight away."

morning," Miss Ritchie answered, "leaning on my crutch, and resting by turns.
And I've walked so far on my way back.
But I feel sick and faint, and I can go no further."

"There!" said Mrs. Tucker, tragically apostrophizing her husband as he stood at the head of the cellar stairs with astone bottle of home-brewed root beer in his hand, "see what you've done!"

"Twarn't me!" stuttered poor Gideon.

"Miss Kitty'll hev to give up her school," added his wife, "and all through you!"

"T'll py 'and the last debt that poor father owed."

"I'll py 'em, Kitty."

you!"

Kitty could not but smile, even through the pain of her stinging limb at Gideon Tucker's rueful face.

'Oh, it isn't so bad as that!" said she.

'Or at least I hope not. I mean to keep my school if I possibly can. And I'll tell, you what my plans are. You know that old house under the locusts!"

'What!" cried Mrs. Tucker. "The Ritche Ruin?"

Kitty winced a little.

'Yisa," said she, 'I suppose it is a ruin. The grass is growing up that a grant of the light.

'I'll pay 'em, Kitty,"

'No, Harry, you won't. I can be as unselfish as you are!! cred the girl.

'Oh, hall Who is that?"

A board in the old floor had creaked softly, a shadowy little figure had come if forward with a sidling motion, into the light.

'Be you Kitty?" asked a soft, high-pitched little voice. "Is this home? I've come a good ways, and I'm sort o' turned round."

'Yisa," said she, 'II suppose it is a ruin. The grass is growing up the said she will be a come a good ways, and I'm sort o' turned round."

"What!" cried Mrs. Tucker. "The Ritchie Ruin?"

Kitty winced a little.

"Yes." said she, "I suppose it is a rain. The grass is growing up through the kitchen floor, and the shingles have all rotted away on the north side, and I don't suppose there's a pane of glass left in any of the windows. But the doors are sound, and the roof dosn't leak to signify. Henry Wait says it could be made quite comfortable with a few pine boards and's pound or so of nalls, so long as the weather don't turn cold; and if Mr. Tucker would allow me to live there this fall.—"

"Tain't fit for even foxes to live in!" sried Mrs. Tacker, hurriedly.

"Why," more slowly spoke her spouse, "Why," more slowly spoke her spouse, head.

"I was calkilatin' to store my pumpkins an' cabbages there; but of course if you've took a notion to the place—"

"I was born there, Mr. Tucker," said Kitty, in a low voice. "Long before father and mother were obliged to sell the old place. Long before poor old Aunt Ruhsman wandered away and went to her relations out West."

"Yes," observed Mr. Tucker, nervously scratching his head; "and until I get your Aunt Ruey's signature to my title deeds, they won't be wuth more'n so much waste paper. At least so Lawyer Goodrich says. For she had some sort of a share in the property, sane or crazy."

Miss Ritchie colored.

"Father sold the farm to you, Mr. Tucker," said she, "and it's my business to see that the transaction is legal. Aunt Ruey is coming back."

"Eh!" cried the farmer and his wife, in chorus.

in chorus.

"I had a letter from her yesterday," said Kitty. "That's one reason I am here to-day. The cousins in Ohio won't have her any longer. She is getting older and more eccentric every day, and they say—what is quite true—that it is my business to care for her. And the poor thing expects to come back to the old Ritchie farmhouse just as if she had left it yesterday! So if Mrs. Tucker will lend me a few articles of furniture, I'll try to make the place habitable for her."

"And you're kindly welcome to "em"

I'll try to make the place habitable for her."

"And you're kindly welcome to 'eni, my dear," said thefarmer's wife. "There's plenty of solid old; furniture up in the garret, that we can rub up with a little oil and make decent. And it's out busnness to help you all we can, seein' it's Gideon's fault—"

"It's nobody's fault!" quickly interrapted Kitty Ritchie. "And if the trustees raise my salary, as they talk of doing, if that extra class in mathematics is started, I shall soon be able to pay a little rent for the place."

"I guess we shan't dun you much for no rent, Miss Ritchie," chuckled Tucker. "An' you're welcome to the milk of the red cow if you an' the old aunty want it. A cow's a dreadful help in house-keepin'.

Meanwhile, the builder's wagon had stopped before the old, one-storied ruin of the Ritchie house, strongly silhouetted by the red smoulder of the September

cight away."

"I can't do it, Mrs. Tucker," said Kitty, sinking into the chair. "It's no use trying."

"Can't do what, Miss Kitty?"

"I walked to the schoolhouse this morning," Miss Ritchie answered, "leaning on my crutch and resting by turns.

"Kitty," said young Wait, stealing his aim coaxingly around her waist, "you can't live in an old shell like this! Give up your false pride, love! Let me make a home for you."

Kitty bit her lip.

"And have it said," said she, "that

"She means mother," said Kitty— "mother that has been dead and buried these fifteen years."

"mother that has been dead and buried these fitteen years."
"Bon's you see her a-beckonin'!" piped the little old woman—"just there by the old well? We never could get Eben to put up a curb there, and sister Sarah was always afeard somethin' would happen."
"I see the tall grass waving," said 'Kitty, "and a cloud coming over the surface of the rising moon, and that is all."

"It's sister Sarah," said Aunt Ruey, pushing resolutely ahead; "and she wants me. Why, Kitty, do you mean to tell me that you don't know your own mother?"

Kitty sent for Harry Wait the next

day.

"Harry," said she, "do you want to do something for me?"

"I want to do everything for you,

do something for me?"

"I' want to do everything for you, Kitty."

"That's nonsense!" (But she laughed and colored nevertheless.) "I want you to put a curb around that old sunken well. Aunt Ruey keeps wandering out there. She declares that mother stands beckoning her and leaning over to look in. And it's as near to bring out water from there as to go to Hemlock Springs."

"I thought the old well was dried up long ago," said young Wait.

"There's water there. I see it shine and sparkle. And Mr. Tucker says he will dig it out anew and stone it up if you'll build a curb. It will be handy for the cattle, too."

"Very well," nodded Wait. "Any time Gid Tucker's ready, I am."

Mrs. Tucker came a few days later to the first husking bee of the season, full of excitement.

"Hev ye heard?" said she.

And Mrs. Bradley, the buxom hostess, made answer:

"We ain't heard nothin' new!"

To the Maker of night and day.

"MERANGER THAN FIGTION"

"STRANGER THAN FIGTION"

"BY HELEN FORMER CRAYES,

"A. Cow's a fracidal help in house to the milk can be able to pay the state of the season, full to form the state of the season, full to form the state of the state of the season, full to form the state of the state of the season, full to form the state of the state of the state of the season, full to form the state of the s

The New Year in Japan.

The Japanese New Year comes at the same time as ours, but instead of celebrating but one day, the Japanese observe the first three days of January. Indeed, in certain localities even six days are observed. During the holidays, public offices are closed, and very little business is transacted, all classes of people devoting themselves to enjoyment, and spending much time in making and receiving New Year's calls.

Arrayed in gay holiday attire, the people ge from house to house wishing

The New Year in Japan.

Beau.

A set comprising paper knife, envelopeopear, pen holder and the rest, of store, ope opeaner, pen holder and the rest, of store opeopear, pen holder and the rest, of store opeopear,

is traisacted, all classes of people devoting themselves to enjoyment, and spending much time in making and receiving New Year's calls.

Arrayed in gay holiday attire, the people go from house to house wishing one another "Shim new omedatto gozalmazu," which means, "May you have a happy New Year." The callers are often attended by one or more servants who carry bamboo baskets laden with gifts, for it is the custom to leave presents with one's friendly greetings. The presents are usually inexpensive articles for everyday use. It is customary to bestow more costly gifts upon one's relatives and intimate friends during the closing days of the old year.

During the holidays the streets present a most festive appearance, for houses are elaborately decorated and everybody looks gay and happy. The decorations remain for fifteen days, and consist in many cases of evergreen arches over the doors. Red berries and yellow chrysanthemums are interwoven into these arches, and purple cabbages are also used. The Japanese think the cabbage highly ornamental, and use it as a house-plant and at funerals. The cabbages are said to look like large purple rosettes in the decorations.

Straw ropes are twisted into fanciful seems possible until the present craze is abated.

Some possible until the present craze is abated.

Nor infrequently the idea is to possess diamonds of a particular tone, to the exclusion of all other colors—blue, rose, straw or pure white—and when that is the case the jewel box is emptied of every looks gay and happy. The decorations remain for fifteen days, and consist in many cases of evergreen arches over the doors. Red berries and yellow chrysanthemums are interwoven into these arches, and purple cabbages are also used. The Japanese think the cabbage highly ornamental, and use it as a house-plant and at funerals. The cabbages are said to look like large purple rosettes in the decorations.

Straw ropes are twisted into fanciful shapes, and interspersed with ferns, and lanterns and Japanese flags are also much used in decorating. The flag of the Sunrise Kingdom is a large red sun on a background of white.—Forward.

The laws of heredity are curious us heir working.

THE EERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

The wife of a celebrated Englishman is solving her servant girl problem in a way that has been often recommended but seldom tried on so large a plan. The work of her house is done by half a dozen or eight young girls, from twelve to fitteen years of age. Each in turn learns the duties of house maid, parlor maid and cook, and then goes out to find another home, where she may exercise her skill. Her place is then taken by another ignorant and poor little maid, who comes under the civilizing influence of the mitress and eleven other maids.—New York Post. THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM

THE RUSSIAN LADY.

The great want of the Russian lady seems to be something congenial to occupy her time. She finds no pleasure in needlework, nor in walking abroad, lawn tennis, or any active pursuit whatever. Novels and cigarettes and sunflower seeds are well-nigh all the legitimate occupations that come within her reach, especially at her country residence. Vanity is not one of the Russian lady's cardinal sins. Though bad complexions are the rule, as a result of the climate, bad ventilation, irregular living and want of exercise, no well-bred lady paints. Small feet and hands are common, and if the Russian lady takes pride in any particular part of her person, it would be the smallness and shapeliness of these extremities.—St. Louis Republic.

OLD LACES THE RAGE.

As for laces, never was there such a ransacking of old stores. One of the recently, developed industries of "indy workers at home" is the mending of fine old laces, and they have many young society ladies for pupils. Veils are also a fad of the season. Not the little affairs that just reach the nose, but generous ones, thin as cobwebs, that cover the big hats and come well under the chins of the fair wearers. Even the old style veil, with a deep border, that is fastened to the bonnet with a ribbon, and falls almost to the knee, has been revived as an adjunct to the poke bonnets.

The fashion of wearing veils to public entertainments is exceeding bad form. The friendly gaslight does away with the necessity for veils, and nothing is so hurtful to the eyes as looking at the stage and through glasses with a veil on. More than all this, it is not good taste, and really fashionable women never do it.—New York Telegram.

EVENING COIFFURES.

EVENING COIFFURES.

The blushing bud wears her tresses parted straight down the centre, slightly waved, and colled or braided low in the neck. The fringe is light and wavy, cut round rather than pointed, and the short locks are eurled loosely and carelessly all the way down to the ears. The old fashion of wearing a single rose in the hair has been revived. only that now the rose is sometimes of enamel, with diamond-dswed petals. Still the natural flower is occasionally made to do duty with pleasing effect:

Young women one or two seasons out affect the Psyche knot, which has returned, to the delight of the Madonnafaced woman and the despair of those with more plebelan features. The knot is not a twist, however, but a snarl of soft little curls fastened on only heaven and the hairdresser know how. A narrow ribbon is sometimes tied about the head for evening, with stiff little loops and an aigrette of bird of paradise feathers. The knot affected, too, with this style of coiffure.

The young matron wears a mere elaborate arrangement, which consists of a softly twisted figure eight, held in place with diamond pins and finished in the neck with little curls. The hair is waved back to meet the coiffure, only a few locks falling carclessly on the forehead.

Matrons of more dignified presence fone would scarcely presume to call them. Matrons of more dignified presence fone would scarcely presume to call the matrees.

The expense of collecting precious stones is great, and yet fashionable women have developed a fashion for this sort of thing, and are said to make heroic sacrifices in order to gratify the new whim. Their fancy for turquoises has increased the former market value of those pretty blue stones, while no diminution in the price of pearls and brilliants seems possible until the present craze is abated.

Nor infrequently the idea is to possess

The whistling girl does not commonly

come to a bad end. Quite as often as any other girl she learns to whistle a cradie song, low and sweet and charming, to the young voter in the cradie. She is a girl of spirit, of independence of character, of dash and flavor; and as to lips, why, you must have some sort of presentable lips to whistle; thin ones will not. The whistling girl does not come to a bad end at all (if marriage is still considered a good occupation), except a cloud may be thrown upon her exuberant young life by this rascally proverb. Even if she walks the lonely road of life, she has this advantage, that she can whistle to keep her courage up. But in a larger sense, one that this practical age can understand, it is not true that the whistling girl comes to a bad end. Whistling pays. It has brought her money; it has blown her name about the listening world. Scarcely has a non-whistling woman been more famous. She has set aside the adage. She has done so much toward the emancipation of her sex from the prejudice created by an ill-natured proverb which never had root in fact.

But has the whistling woman come to stay? Is it well for women it whistle? Are the majority of women likely to be whistlers? These are serious questions, not to be taken up in a light manner at the end of a grave paper. Will women ever learn to throw a stone? There it is. The tuture is inscrutable. We only know that whereas they did not whistle with approval, now they do; the prejudice of generations gradually melts away. And woman's destiny is not linked with that of the hen, nor to be controlled by a proverb—perhaps not by anything.—Harper's Magazine.

PASHION NOTES.

Pink and black is a very stylish com

Watches look like flowers, and may be pinned on the bodice like a real flower. The nearer we get to midwinter the more lace is worn on felt and velvet bon-

Bells for fringing belt ribbons are sixty cents for silver and double that for gold.

A pretty bangle spells the wearer's name on the top of the arm in precious stones. Finger bowls and plates of glass are covered with ornamentations of gold and colors.

colors.

Antique snuffboxes and artistic bonbonniers are used on writing tables to hold pens.

Oblong stamp boxes of silver have slabe of onyx in the top. The combination is very pretty.

A white polka-dotted enamel bowrimmed with gold is the most chic fastening imaginable for a watch.

There is scarcely an article of wear not ornamented with astrachan, beaver and other furs, both smooth and fluffy.

Ear screws, with many stones are a

Ear screws, with many stones are a drug in the market. Choice from over a hundred designs can be had for \$1.

Children, like their elders, are wearing mob-crowned hats, but with soft brims, and they are ornamented with yellow lace in the flax and wheat shades, old gold ribbons and other eeru arrangements on rose, straw and mauve.

ments on rose, straw and mauve.

The silk purse is almost as cheap as the proverbial sow's ear. Women who can afford them won't carry them. They are pretty, historic and all that, but a real nuisance. One needs to be ambidextrous to get them when a coin is wanted in a hurry.

There is no brooch, lace pin or mina-ture painting too precious, too big or teo unique to be worn in the bonnet strings. Even marquis and large solitaire rings are being remounted and stuck under the ears in the velvet ties that are often the biggest part of an evening bon-net.

net.

Black tulles brocaded with Pompadour bonquets are among the favored materials for Parisian party gowns. White moire stripped with satin will be ventured for bridal gowns. Satin broche of Louis XV. baskets of flowers, feathers, etc., on a peau de soie ground makes a lovely wedding gown.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CELLARS NOT GOOD FOR APPLES.

Cellars, and especially those under thallving rooms of houses, are generally kept much too warm to preserve apples in good condition. The growing tendency to heat houses from furnaces makes the cellar still hotter, so that it is impossible to keep apples from rotting rapidly. The plan of storing apples in out-of-door pits is better. They are preserved at a nearly uniform temperature, and if the thermometer goes a few hours below the freezing point no serious injury is likely to result. We should always cover the apples well with hay or straw, so as to keep them from contact with the earth. They will keep sound if covered only with soil, but acquire some of the taste which soil gives to what it touches.—Boston Cultivator. CELLARS NOT GOOD FOR APPLES.

"We weren't living exactly 'aixty miles from a lemon,' but we were living a good way from any place, and when it came to fitting up a house, we were amazed at the number of windows which required shades, and the small supply of material on hand. Indeed, those we had were either too short or too narrow, and didn't seem to answer the purpose af all. At the nearest point where such things could be purchased, the price, It a window, struck us so utterly unreasonable, that we declined to disburse the necessary amount of cash, especially as there was something like twenty-four windows in the building. The timely arrival of an ingenious friend helped us out amazingly. She had written us that she was coming, and we wrote her the particulars of our delemma about the shades. When she arrived, she brought among her other luggage a parcel which was duly turned over to the head of the family, with the laughing remark:

"There, my dear, are all the necessary supplies for your windows, and the bill is just \$3.50." HOME-MADE WINDOW SHADES.

"There, my dear, are all the necessary supplies for your windows, and the bill is just \$3.50."

"The parcel contained two dozen shade rollers with fixtures, a lot of frings and some white muslin, the purpose of which we did not at first understand. The next day our friend went to work, measured the windows, sawed the rollers and put up the fixtures. She then, with a very sharp shears, cut the curtains of exactly the size required, out of the muslin, and tastened them to the rollers with the smallest gimp tacks, which were also in the parcel. The hemsof the curtains were finished, the fringe put on, and sticks put in. The curtains were finished, the fringe put on, and sticks put in. The curtains were then tacked to a crossbeam in the garret, this being the most convenient place. They were fastened by the sticks in the hems, very slender nails being driven through at each end and in the middle. The cloth was then saturated with starch, in which was dissolved some white glue, and weights were attached to the rollers. They were then allowed to dry without being touched. Having been cut by the thread and tacked, so that the cloth fell in exactly a perpendicular line, the curtains dried perfectly square, and, when put up, rolled as easily as a holland which they very closely resembled.

"In large cities curtains are so inexpensive that it is scarcely, worth while to take the trouble to make them, but in country districts or where goods are very high-priced it pays excellently well to make the curtains at home. It is really very little work, requiring only careful attention to cutting of the cloth and sawing the sticks, and a mechanical eye to put the fixtures up straight. Some home-made curtains have been so neatly finished that the casual observer would never imagine them other than the work of a professional. Fine heavy sheeting, or even cambric, makes extremely pretty shades, if carefully managed. Fringe or any other desired finish may be used instead of starch and glue, but must be very carefully applied, and per

RECIPES. Vanilla Taffy—One pound of coffee A. ugar, half a pint of water and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in water; boil until it will harden in cold water, flavor with vanilla and pour on a marble slab; when cool enough, pull.

dishes.

Fried Muffins—One cup milk, scalded, one-half scant teaspoon salt, one table-spoon sugar, one tablespoon butter, one egg, one-quarter cup yeast, flour to make stiff drop batter. Scald the milk, and melt in it the salt, sugar and butter. When cool add the beaten egg and yeast; then add flour gradually, beating it is until you can beat no longer. Rise over night. In the morning, take up a spoonful without stirring and drop it into deep fat.

Chocolete Caramels—Trop cours.

fat.

Chocolate Caramels—Two reups on brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of ream or milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half pound of grated chocolate, two tables poonfuls of flour. Beat the molasses, butter, sugar and flour fifteen minutes; stir the chocolate into the cream and pour in the boiling syrup and boil till done; drop in a little cold water; if it piles up and hardens, then it is done. Before pouring it out on buttered nans or plates add a teaspoonful of wanilla, and as it cools crease it in small squares.

squares.

Escalloped Tomatoes—Open a can os tomatoes and pour off almost all the juice. Butter a deep earthen dish and cover the bottom with bread crumbs, then pour os a layer of tomatoes, sprinkle over it a liftle salt and put bits of butter in "several places, then another layer of crumbs are so on until the dish is filled with alternate layers, remembering to season the toma toes every time and have the top layer of crumbs. Cover over until it is very hotten uncover and brown quickly.