



**GIVE THE OLD YEAR HIS DUE**

ES, GIVE the poor Old Year his due Before we tell his knell! He's been a faithful friend to us, And he served us long and well.

Oh, was it not his hand that brought The springtime's wealth of green And flung into the lap of May? Fit garland for a queen?

And though a'ong the blossoms fair He dropped some sprigs of rue, We'll take him by the hand and give The poor Old Year his due!

When summer held high carnival Among her sylvan bowers, We left his hand to the tree to strew Her couch with flowers! And when, in silvery harvest fields, The reapers' song went round, Did he not loiter on his way? Till all the sheaves were bound?

And if among the bearded grain Some blighted stalks there grew We'll winnow out the gold and give The good Old Year his due!

Ah! was he not our comrade still Through many a dark and wold, When autumn trees were gowned In robes of gold? And when his hair and beard grew gray With flakes of wintry snow, Did he not bring the Christmas joys To set our hearts aglow?

And if the trimming cup he held Was mixed with sorrow, too,

We'll drain it to the dregs and give The kind Old Year his due!

Helen Whitney Clark, in Leslie's Weekly.



**Faith Carson's NEW YEAR.**

**H**ER town was euphoniously named Cramp Hollow and her house was a tiny house. The great barn near it would have held a half-dozen such houses.

Faith lived with her father and mother, who were farmers and came

to the day of parting came. The autumn



"I HAVE COME FOR FAITH."

from an old stock of farmers, a fact of which they used to boast.

"Farmers are the most independent critters livin'," Mr. Carson would frequently say.

"I don't see as they are any more independent than other folks," Faith would reply. "Seems to me we have to work for all we want, and then we don't always get it."

"Of course we can't naturally expect to git things without we work for 'em."

"Farmer Carson emphasized the word 'work.' Work, according to his mind, meant labor among fields and vegetation.

"Work among a few bibs an' tuckers don't amount to much," he continued, with a sidewise glance at Faith, who was busily washing the supper dishes; "I mean real work that keeps a man at it arly an' late."

Faith flushed. The "bib and tucker" shaft had struck home. She knew he was thinking of Oscar Blake, a dry goods clerk. She replied with more spirit than deference.

"I suppose store work does fail some times, and potatoes give out once in awhile!"

This time her arrow found its mark, for hadn't Mr. Carson's potato crop failed this year?

All the while Faith knew that it really was not so much "city store work" to which her father objected as it was to the clerk, who two years ago had passed a summer vacation among the hills surrounding Cramp Hollow, and who had formed an acquaintance with Faith, much to Mr. Carson's objection. He was afraid Faith's head would be turned by new-fangled notions and she would want to leave the old farm.

Oscar Blake was not a dud. He was simply a good, straightforward fellow, who, by merest chance, had the opportunity given him to go to the country. He did not even choose the place. He was sent there by an old city resident, who, in his early boyhood, had lived there.

A clerk, who was Oscar's chum, had been ill a long time, and, as they were friends in their poverty, Oscar had tended him devotedly, and this, in addition to his clerical duties, had nearly prostrated him. By some fortunate discovery the chum had turned out to be a nephew to Oscar's rich employer, and he, to show his gratitude, sent him off to recuperate, with a promise of promotion when he returned.

Oscar found the woods and fields charming, and Faith Carson he pronounced more than charming—angelic was the word most frequently in his thoughts. But Mr. Carson guarded Faith very jealously and suspiciously, and when he wasn't guarding her, her mother was, which was all perfectly right and proper, only it didn't give the lovers half a chance to be comfortable.

All know what becomes of girls who are cautioned against falling in love with particular somebodies; they generally go straight off and do it. And Faith was no exception to the rule. Although Oscar did not find opportunity to "tell his love," yet it did not seem to "prey upon his cheek," for it grew plumper, fresher and browner every day. Never a chance could he get to see Faith alone.

The day approached when he must leave. He had written a note to Faith, pouring out his love in it, and asked her if he "might come to claim her as his wife the next New Year's day—for her to send him just one word after he was gone if he might."

After it was written the foolish boy didn't know what to do with it. He could not even get a chance to put it in her hand, and as for sending it to the village post office, that plan would never do, as Mr. Carson would be sure to get the letter first.

At last a strange bit of fortune favored him. He was passing through the kitchen and Mrs. Carson, who was particularly good-natured that day, was showing him some of the old-fashioned belongings of the old house.

Among other things she opened the door of the old-fashioned brick oven, long since relegated to the past in favor of a "range." Its capacious mouth looked large enough to swallow almost anything, and as she turned away to make a remark about something else Oscar quickly slipped his letter inside and shut the door hurriedly, with a bang which must have made the ashes fly inside.

In his excitement he forgot that the oven had not been opened for several years, and probably would not be opened for years again. As he passed out he glanced mysteriously from Faith to the oven door, a look which she failed to interpret, as she did not happen to see him place the letter there.

The day of parting came. The autumn

passed and no word came from Oscar to cheer Faith.

"He has forgotten me," she sighed softly, but she remembered at parting he had whispered: "New Year's." Would he come then? The day came and ended and he did not come. "Then he did not mean that," and she reproved herself for thinking so.

All this time Mr. Carson's mind was partly on his potato crop failure and partly on Oscar.

"It's kinder strange we hain't heard from him or of him since he went away," said Mr. Carson, taking it for granted that Faith would know "him" meant Oscar, and forgetting that he had emphatically declared "there would be no letter writing or any such nonsense."

After all, he appeared to enjoy old-fashioned things. I 'member how curious he looked into the old brick oven.

Faith remembered it, too. Soon afterward Mr. Carson left the room. With a curiosity born of sentimentality she felt as if she wanted to look into the old oven. She walked leisurely toward it and opened the rusty, creaking door. There was the fateful missive. She took up the letter mechanically, wondering what it could be. It was addressed to herself and sealed. In her excitement she closed the door with a bang which startled Mr. Carson, who was reentering the room.

Faith's face was white and she was breathing hard and fast. She felt as if she held a message from the dead.

"What have you got there, Faith?" he asked.

"I don't know, father. I just looked in the oven, as Oscar did, and I found this letter there. It is directed to me."

Mr. Carson approached her and looked at it through hastily adjusted spectacles.

"Sho! Sure enough! Read it now!" Faith read it, but to herself; then it was to her father with flushed cheeks. Mr. Carson read it slowly,

then placed it in Faith's hands without saying a word.

"You see, now, father, if he could have told me about it it would have been all right. I suppose he thought I would find it soon, and now it is over two years. It is too late now," and here her voice grew pitifully weak and trembling; "but I shall write him at his old address, just once, though I may never hear from him again. Perhaps this is what he meant by whispering 'New Year's.'"

Faith took her letter and went slowly to her room. Mr. Carson looked after her with a sigh.

"So—that's what's been the matter with her, an' I've ben a doctorin' of her with sarsaparilla an' other arbil Guess they won't cure her. I might as well let things take their course!"

Faith wrote Oscar a dainty little letter, telling him of finding his at that late day, and simply said: "I would have written you if I had found it sooner."

Oscar was not at the old place. Her letter wandered from place to place, forwarded by Uncle Sam's faithful postal clerks, until it reached him one happy day in the midst of rising fortune.

It found him still free, except for ties of love for Faith. Only four more days and the new year would be here! He started hurriedly for Cramp Hollow and walked into the old kitchen from a blinding snowstorm.

He glanced for an instant toward Faith, sitting by the fire and leaning her head wearily against that old oven; then marched resolutely toward the surprised old farmer and said:

"Mr. Carson, I have come for Faith!" Mrs. Carson dropped her knitting work, Mr. Carson dropped his newspaper and said in a broken voice:

"Then I have faith to believe you will get the letter first."

And he did the very next day, which was New Year's day.—Chicago News.

#### ABOUT PINEAPPLES.

They Cost Five Dollars Apiece in England and All Over Europe.

In England and all over Europe pineapples or "pines," are eaten only by the few who can afford to raise them in hot-houses or pay the extravagant prices for which they are sold, says the Youth's Companion. So rare are they on the other side of the Atlantic that they are sometimes hired to impart a crowning glory to banquets, where they may be admired and longed for, but not eaten.

In England a pound, or five dollars, is considered a reasonable price for the hot-house "pine," and even in this country as much has been paid for choice specimens of the fruit at the season when they are not in the market. Until within a dozen years nearly all the pineapples raised for market were grown upon the Bahama islands, whence they are shipped by swift sailing vessels to New York or Liverpool.

To-day the principal pineapple producing district of the world is the United States, on a group of five small islands or "keys" lying on the extreme southern part of Florida. These keys are Elliott's, Old Rhoades, Largo, Plantation and Upper Metacumba. On them less than seven hundred acres are devoted to the cultivation of "pines," but from this small area four million five hundred thousand pineapples were shipped to New York in one year recently.

The shipment from the Bahamas for the same year was about two-thirds of this amount, while less than a million and a quarter were brought into the United States from other West Indies islands.

The mainland of southern Florida has also begun to produce pineapples in great numbers. On the island of Cuba the sugar planters are just beginning to convert their unprofitable canefields into pineapple patches.

The Bahama pineapples are deteriorating on account of the impoverishment of the soil, and the growers are turning their attention to sisal hemp. On the other hand, the area of "pine" lands in south Florida is being extended with each year, and such pains are taken in gathering the crop that Florida "pines" like Florida oranges, now command a better price than any others.

Pineapple plants, frequently called "trees" by the growers, rarely attain a greater height than three feet, and are provided with stiff, sharp-pointed leaves like those on the top or "crown" of a pineapple, except that they are much longer. In fact, the crown of a "pine" is in itself a perfect plant, and, if thrust into the ground under proper conditions, will bear fruit in eighteen months.

The pineapple has no seed, but is propagated from slips or suckers. Several slips spring from the base of each perfected fruit, while the suckers shoot from the bottom of the plant.

Each plant produces a single fruit and then dies, but its suckers become bearing plants year later, while its slips, if thrust into the ground, will yield fruit in eighteen months.

About ten thousand slips may be planted to the acre, and of these two-thirds will bear fruit. Thus the yield of pineapples is about seven thousand to the acre. If growers could be certain of realizing one dollar per dozen on every crop pineapple-raising would rank among the most lucrative of agricultural pursuits, but the present lack of transportation facilities and the dependence of the growers upon commission merchants diminish the profits greatly.

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"A Song for the New Year." Outstretched upon a snowy bier Lies the Old Year; His slow pulse stilled, his last breath sped—

"The King is dead!"

Across the threshold New Year stands, His rays hands Laden with gifts. Ring, joy-bells, ring!

"Long live the King!"

J. Torrey Comer, in Good Housekeeping.

**The Haymow.**  
Whene'er I rise at morning-song,  
And see great cloud-banks black and long,  
And hear the drumsticks of the rain  
Beat softly on the window-pane,  
I know at last I may not play,  
Nor wander down the meadow-way,  
Where vines with juicy rubies grow,  
And like white wheels the daisies blow.

But when my study-task is done,  
Out to the haymow I may run,  
And climb upon the rafters high  
Where round the nesting swallows fly,  
And twitec in their silly fear  
Because they think a robber near;  
To be a robber's not my plan,  
But play that I'm a diver-man.

The hills of hay, these are my sea,  
And seem like waves far under me;  
Down, down I plunge with merry vim,  
Then swiftly to the shore I swim,  
And climb once more, and leap again  
Into the middle of the main;  
It's so much fun that if I can,  
Some day I'll be a diver-man!

—Clinton Scollard, in Leslie's Weekly.

**Honey in the Heart.**

I read to-day of a putrefied tree,  
Lying fifty feet under the ground,  
And, adding more to the mystery,  
In its heart pure honey was found.

No one can tell how long ago  
The tree in the dust was laid,  
And no one now can ever know  
When the busy bees their honey made.

Laid away, ere long, in a dreamless sleep,  
Like the buried tree we shall lie;

The honey we've stored in our hearts will keep,  
For the sweetness of life endures.

—Margaret May, in N. Y. Observer.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Cataract. Hall's Cataract Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Cataract being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O.  
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**Have You Thought?**

About going to Florida this winter? It's the greatest resting place in America. Season soon opens. Elegant hotels, magnificent tropical surroundings. While people in the North shiver and button their great coats closer you can sail summer streams, lounge through the magnolias, or rest under the bloom of orange groves.

You can angle in the best stocked fishing waters of America.

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The way to reach Florida is by the Vestibuled Trains of the Queen & Crescent Route.

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Apply to any agent, or send your address to C. R. Clegg, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for winter tourist rates, schedules, information as to hotels, etc. See that your tickets read over

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Remit your money to George H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at Chicago, Ill., and the pictures will be sent promptly to any specified address. They will make a handsome holiday gift.

Laura—Tell me, Uncle George, is that deformed gentleman what is called a "crook?" Uncle George—"No, indeed. He is a bicyclist."—Boston Transcript.

**Keep Your Weather Eye Open.**

Fraud loves a shining mark. Occasionally spurious imitations spring up of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great American family remedy for chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. These imitations are usually very local bitters full of high wines. Look out for the firm signature on the genuine label and vignette of St. George and the dragon.

Maudie Marie Passee—"I'm proud to be able to say that you are named after me." Maudie Marie Budd—"So am I; so many years after you."—Buffalo Courier.