



# GIVE THE OLD YEAR HIS DUE

Oh, was it not his hand that brought  
The springtime's wealth of green  
And flung into the lap of May  
Fit garlands for a queen?  
And though among 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,  
Was not his hand the one to strew  
Her onward path with flowers?  
And when, in billowy 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 glade and wood,  
When all the autumn trees were gowned  
In crimson, dun, and gold?  
And when his hair and beard grew white  
With flakes of wintry snow,  
Did he not bring the Christmas joys  
To set our hearts aglow?  
And if the brimming 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

ER town was  
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Hollow and her  
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The great barn  
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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 ad-  
dition 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 pro-  
nounced more than charming—angelic  
was the word most frequently in his  
thought. 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 somebody; they gener-  
ally go straight off and do it. And  
Faith was no exception to the rule.  
Although Oscar did not find opportu-  
nity to "tell his love," yet it did 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 fa-  
vored 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 some-  
thing else Oscar quickly slipped his let-  
ter 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 hap-  
pen to see him place the letter there.

The day of parting came. The autumn

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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. Per-  
haps this is what he meant by whisper-  
ing 'New Year's.'"

Faith took her letter and went slow-  
ly to her room. Mr. Carson looked af-  
ter her with a sigh.

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

Faith wrote Oscar a dainty little let-  
ter, 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 pos-  
tal clerks, until it reached him one  
happy day in the midst of rising for-  
tune.

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  
door; 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 newspa-  
per and said in a broken voice:

"Then I have faith to believe you will  
get her."

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 extrava-  
gant prices for which they are sold,  
says the Youth's Companion. So rare  
are they on the other side of the At-  
lantic that they are sometimes hired  
to impart a crowning glory to ban-  
quets, 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  
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 pro-  
ducing 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 Meta-  
cumba. On them less than seven hun-  
dred acres are devoted to the cultiva-  
tion of "pines," but from this small  
area four million five hundred thou-  
sand 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 mil-  
lion 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 be-  
ginning to convert their unprofitable  
canefields into pineapple patches.

The Bahama pineapples are deterio-  
rating on account of the impoverish-  
ment 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 ex-  
tended 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. Sev-  
eral 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 a 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 cer-  
tain of realizing one dollar per dozen  
on every crop pineapple-raising would  
rank among the most lucrative of agri-  
cultural pursuits, but the present lack  
of transportation facilities and the de-  
pendence of the growers upon commis-  
sion merchants diminish the profits  
greatly.

The pineapple is perishable, and there  
are many chances against its reach-  
ing a distant market in good con-  
dition, consequently it is generally con-  
sidered best to sell the crop in the field  
rather than run the risk of shipment.

## 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 rosy hands  
Laden with gifts. Ring, joy-bells, ring!  
"Long live the King!"

—J. Torrey Conner, in Good Housekeeping.

## The Haymow.

When'er I rise at morning-song,  
And see great clouds black and long,  
And hear the drumsticks of the rain  
Beat softly on the windowpane,  
I know at ball 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 twitter 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.  
—Clifton Scollard, in Leslie's Weekly.

## Honey in the Heart.

I read to-day of a purified 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 cannot die.  
—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 Catarrh. Hall's  
Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure  
known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh  
being a constitutional disease, requires a  
constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh  
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. CUREY & Co, Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.  
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

MR. BREENTHRE—"Well, I think marriage  
at the best is a lottery." Miss Yellow-  
leaf, looking at him, said: "You don't happen  
to know where they sell tickets, do you?"  
—Chips.

## Have You Thought

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

You can angle in the best stocked fishing  
waters of America.  
You can have the most perfect hotel  
service.

The way to reach Florida is by the Vesi-  
buled Trains of the Queen & Crescent  
Route.

Finest trains in the South.  
Solid Trains and Through Sleepers to  
Jacksonville.

109 miles shorter than any other line.  
Service as perfect as a modern American  
railway.

Apply to any agent, or send your address  
to W. C. RINEBAUM, G. P. A., Cincinnati,  
O., for winter tourist rates, schedules, in-  
formation as to hotels, etc. See that your  
tickets read "Queen & Crescent Route."

## THE QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.

WIFE (to husband who is in tatters and  
badly battered)—"Why, dear, have you  
been in an encounter?" Husband—"Worse  
than that; it was a bargain counter."—N. Y.  
Journal.

## 16 World's Fair Photos for One Dime.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul  
Railway has made an arrangement with a  
first-class publishing house to furnish a  
series of beautiful World's Fair pictures,  
of a large size, at the nominal cost to the  
purchaser of only ten cents for a portfolio of  
sixteen illustrations. Nothing so handsome  
in reference to the World's Fair has before  
been published. The series would be worth  
many dollars if it depicted scenes were  
not published in such large quantities, and  
we are therefore able to furnish these works  
of art for only ten cents.

Remit your money to GEORGE H. HEAR-  
FORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago,  
Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at Chic-  
ago, Ill., and the pictures will be sent promp-  
tly 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, con-  
stipation, biliousness, nervousness, neu-  
ralgia, rheumatism and kidney disorder.  
These imitations are usually fiery local bit-  
ters full of high wines. Look out for the  
firm signature on the genuine label and  
vignette of St. George and the dragon.

MAUDE MARIE PASSE—"I'm proud to be  
able to say that you are named after me."  
Maude Marie Budd—"So am I, so many  
years after you."—Buffalo Courier.

## AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have for many years been  
the most popular article in use for relieving  
Coughs and Throat troubles. Price 25c.

We met a man to-day with a string tied  
around his finger, and he confessed that he  
wore a pair of suspenders and a mouse  
trap.

## Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure

Saves thousands of lives. Checks lung  
troubles. Send 50c. to Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN people are hired to be good they  
will stop as soon as the pay stops.—Rams-  
Horn.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of  
Horehound and Tar.  
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE breath of suspicion is generally  
scented with cloves.—Puck.

## A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL THE

## AILMENTS OF WOMEN.

It is assured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-  
scription. It's a specific tonic and nerve-  
compound by an eminent physician, for  
the various forms of female complaint.  
"Prescription" will cure Backache, Bear-  
ing-down Feeling, Irregularity, and Womb  
Troubles. By restoring the natural func-  
tions, it cures nervous prostration, dizziness.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:  
Dear Sir—Your  
advice to Mrs. Saylor was  
carefully followed, and  
five bottles of Doctor  
Pierce's Favorite Pre-  
scription, I am happy to  
say, has cured her of  
uterine congestion, she  
is feeling better. I as-  
sure you I appreciate  
your kindness. With  
many thanks, I am,  
Yours to command,  
JOS. SAYLER,  
Bryson, Cal.

MRS. SAYLER.

PIERCE'S CURE  
OR MONEY RETURNED.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# ROYAL Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

I ONCE asked my old dinky the age of two  
boys he left behind him in old "Kain-  
tuck." "Thoughtfully he polished his bald,  
old skull a moment and said: "Dere's one  
of 'em big enough to plow and de  
udder's two sizes smaller."—Washington  
Post.

## Only One Night Out to Florida.

The morning train via the Monon Route  
leaving Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 8:33  
a. m. connects at Cincinnati with the  
Through Vestibuled Train of the Queen and  
Crescent Route leaving at 7:00 p. m., reach-  
ing Jacksonville at 10:50 p. m. the follow-  
ing day. The service of this popular line is  
unsurpassed by any line to the south. For  
rates, time tables, etc., address City Ticket  
Office, 223 Clark St., Chicago, or FRANK J.  
REED, G. P. Agt., Monon Block, Chicago.

## High Five or Enchere Parties

should send at once to John Sebastian, G.  
T. A., C. R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago, TEN  
cents, in stamps, per pack for the alickest  
cards you ever shuffled. For \$1.00 you will  
receive five by express ten packs.

## The "Black Crook" at McVicker's

Started in last week for another dose of  
success. It seems only yesterday since  
this spectacle of uncommon splendor and  
reputed wickedness left Chicago. The  
"Crook" remains till January 15th.

DEATH does not end all. Look at the  
large number of contested will cases.—  
Texas Siftings.