NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Ritg out, wild bells, to the wild sky. The trim; cloud, the fronty light: The year is dying in the night; Rith out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, if us ha the news m, I spry bells, acress the snow! Tim your is going. let him got Ring out the false, ring in the true,



RING OUT THE OLD-RING IN THE NEW. Ring out the grief that says the mind-For those that here we are no more: Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be -Alfred Tennyson.

EGBERT'S NEW YEAR'S.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

This day Egbert had been down to the very end of the garden, to the little house that stood by the edge of the woods on their neighbor's land, and he looked with childish curiosity through the palings, to where he heard voices. A boy of about his own age, s poorly dressed and not very pretty boy, stood with a woo begone look while a sweet faced woman bound up a cut finger, and then when it was done she passed her plump arm around the child's neck and drew the curly brown head to her breast, and with the other she patted his check, and then caressed his curling hair, and finally kissed him two or three times very tenderly. Suddenly Egbert's heart swelled and his

throat pained with the effort to keep back the tears. No one k .ed him like that. "Mother," said the boy on the other side

of the fence, "mother, it doesn't hurt a bit now. Shall I go on chopping?" "Yes, dear, but be a little more careful. I

don't want to find you in a hospital New Year's day.

"Don't you be scared. You best little mother in the whole world."

So the "best little mother" went into the cottage, giving her boy one more beaming glance of love as she entered the door, and the boy returned to his job of splitting kindlings



at the very bottom of the track be found a portfolio full of papers.

Among them was a letter scaled and ad dressed to his father, and a picture painter or porcelain of a lovely woman, who some how looked familiar to him, has he knew he had never seen her, yet he loved her, and he put the picture (a la poster and fock up the old portfolio and ween tack down stairs.

He scarcely knew what he was about or what he was thinking of, and his little brain was as confused as his heart was full, He entered the study and found his father

there talking with the nurse, who seemed to hide something under her appen. Egbert engled a little contemptuously as

he at once understood that it had something to do with New Year's-some new gift. "Father," said he, "were you thinking of

giving me anything to-morrowf". Why, yes. It is New Year's, and your birthday. Is there anything you would live to have particularly?"

Egberi hemisted and grow red. "Father, I don't know as I could, but if I

could have one, I should like to have a mother."

If a knife had pierced that father's heart, he could not have grown more pale than did Mr. Fallon when his boy stammered out that pathetic request.

He groaned in agony as he staggered forward and stretched his arms across the table. and hid his face upon them, while he trem oled in every limb.

Egbert came close to his father wonderingly, but he could not understand this sudden display of emotion, and he laid the portfolio down on the table with the picture, and finally seeing that his father seemed so grioved, he put out his hand instinctively, and trued to care is his father's hair, as he had seen that poor woman do.

This light touch brought Mr. Fallon's mind back to his child, and he slowly lifted his face from the table, and then drew the boy to his knee, a very unusual demonstration for him to make.

"What made you ask that question, Egberti

Who has been talking to you?" "No one, father, only I kaw that poor children had mothers, and today I somehow felt that if I had a mother of my very own, I should feel so contented and happy, and I felt, too, that I had always wanted one, only I never knew it until today, and I thought you could get me one, perhaps, instead of any play toys. I am tired of all kinds of toys, and when I saw that boy's mother love him so tenderly, I made up my mind to ask you. I should love you just the same. Father, why is it I have no mother, or don't rich people have them?"

"My boy, I have tried to keep this sorrow from you, and to so fill a mother's place that you would never miss her, but it is useless. Nature has spoken. You had a mother once, but-you have none now. You can never have another."

"But where is she, father! Is she dead?" "Yes, child, dead to us all."

"But when did she dief"

"Eight years ago, Egbert. Now, my boy, listen. You must not speak of her again, never, never. I cannot bear if, to me nor to any one else. You must think no more about it, and be as happy as you can with me. Am

I not good to you?" "Oh, yes, and I will try," said the boy, try-ing to struggle against the tears; and then he rose and went out of the study and up to his room, where he want to bed to think and try to understand this first sorrow and first mystery of his young life.

Mr. Fallon remained in his study a prey to violent emotion.

This child, whom he had surrounded with such tenderness, and who had all that was left of his broken hear, found that not enough, and his innocent nature cried out for mother love, not even knowing what it

was, And that mother, weak, unworthy, sinful and abandones, what did she care if the little heart broke for want of a mother's tender caro?

written on her dying bod to him, confeming

her crime and begging forgiveness, to prove that Amy was as pure as an angel; and now be spring to his feet, with new life in his veins, new hope in his heart, new light in his

For six long years that letter and the portfolio, with the rough copies of the false let-ters which had condomned an innocent woman, had lain almost under his hand and ho had never known it.

When Lydia died her little trunk had been sent to him, but he never looked beyond the top, and he never knew that her hopeless love for him had been the motive for this

He closed the portfolio, saying:

'She is dead now; I will forgive her when Amy forgives me."

And as he moved the book the picture lay exposed. He grasped it, and through blinding tears he kissed the face of his poor wife, and then he rose with a new energy, saying: "I will start this hour, and if they will let

mo see her I will pray her forgiveness on my knees. My poor, persecuted wife."



MOTHER AND CHILD WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

A soft rustle of garments, a breath of perfume sweet as a clover field, then a low, tender voice whispered:

"Clarence, she has long ago forgiven you, and has loved you always." "Amy, oh, my wife!"

After awhile, when they could talk, Amy told him that her longing to behold her child had been so great, that she had stolen there like a thief, and had managed to gain entrance, and then she had hidden behind the curtain as her husband came in, and so had been a silent spectator of all.

Morning dawned and Egbert dressed and went downstairs, feeling as if something unusual was about to happen.

The remembrance of the conversation with his father weighed upon his young heart, and checked the curiosity as to his expected pres-

The door opened and his father came in leading the lady of the portrait. One look at that face was enough, and mother and child were in each other's arms,

The little heart had nothing left to long for, he had his mother, and yet two pearly tears swam in his eyes, and his lips quivered, but it was with pure joy.

GIVING NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The giving of New Year's gifts is a custom at has long been practically obsolete, but in the olden days gift giving on New Year's was as strictly observed as on Christmaa, Like many of the Christmas customs, it was derived from the Romans, among whom, at one time, the day possessed the proud distinction of being the only one in the whole year on which gifts could be legally demanded.

Mothers-in-Law as They Air.

I was young one't myself-and I think, like 1 was smart as the best of 'cm then'

I knowed so blame' much that I'm glad I've for And can't rickollect it again!

But as smart as I was-and I'm certain of that-I was mover so smart that folks naw

Any brates specutin' up through the top of my

When I laughed at the mother-in-law!

The mother in law was a woman-but we Didn't court that, and neither do you-

One had a young daughter I ust to go see, And play the accordion to; But that a ctic old woman, half gloom and half

glary, That would notther freeze solid, n'er thaw,

Provides and essence, for the little below as home. **Popular Meetinitons and Dialogues**, homeorous, drama-te and motatic, inclusing all the targets, loss and most seguitar. **The Self-made Men of Modern Times**. Collains por suits and begraphics of famous solid made Americans, from the line of Frankris to the present. **Familiar Geolutions**. Contating the origin and subter-hip of mean physics troposity and in reading and converse. Mo. A valuable work of very more. Knowed what day was doin' and why she set there. And 'til oot he my mother-in-law!

She was wound, like the most of 'em is, and she

mount Jest a bavia' full festice er none; And exfor as this mother in law codishness went, She remembered her mother was one.

I remember, myse'f, bein' struck thataway

At a gatherin' one't, where I saw, My wife weepin' over the clock and the clay

At the grave of her mother-in-law: -Jamua Whitcomb Riley in Texas Siftings.

She Had An "Off" Eye.

They are felling in one circle of fashionable society a story of a jolly young millionaire widow. An admirer at a ball, after puzzling himself over the twinkla of one of her eyes, while its mate was demurely expressionless, asked for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"And which eye do you admire?" she said. "H-h hard to tell," he stammered. "The one way with the domureness sort of mashes a fellow: d-d-don't you know, and the one with the twinkle sets h-h-him ablaze with its flushes. it's a choice berwirt two-two-mmighty spiced things, you know." "On the whole which one do you prefer?"

"Wa wa well, I think the demure one."

"I am so glad, Dolphy, to hear you say that," and the widow beamed rapturously into his face, "because the eye is a glass one, and I am sometimes afraid it disfigures me. This revelation lost hor a lover. But she will hardly miss him from the gaug, and sho certainly had fun with him while he lasted .--New York Sun.

Had ! wice as Much Use for Her Silppers. Two ladies, who were evidently very old friends, mot in a Sixth avenue shoe store the other afternoon. "Are you buying a pair of those lovely new lizard green shoes that are all the got' asked one. "No," replied the other, "I'm just getting a

pair of slippers for the house." "What, so soon," she asked. "Why, I re-

member quite well that we both bought slippersthesame time only a little while ago, and mase are only half worn out "

'Yes, I remember it, too, my dear," the ther replied, as she smiled rather archly, "but you should not think me extravagant. You must take into consideration the fact that you have only one little child while I have twins to punish."-New York Evening Sun.

One Reason Why.

Wife (who prides herself on being sensible) John, do you notice how easy fitting my new shoes are? Husband-Yes.

Wife-Weil, do you know why I get my fegral os moda

Husband (just a triffe nonplussed)-Erno, my dear, unless it is because you have large feet. - Philadelphia Press.

How it Happened.

First Drummer-Saw a man run over on a

New Years Proclamation. NCW IGATS ITOCIAMATION. In order that every one may be able to est turkey thankfully, we will put up artificial seeth at the fol-ing low rates null the rat of January: Wil-mington Teeth, \$5: Sildey's Teeth, used more than-any othere in funccion, a very flue article, \$7.50 per set; White's Pat at Teeth, with plates of double strength, wear with a perpendit polish, gold.web plates, bridge work, etc., at the onest reasonable prices. Room No. 10, 1505 O strest, Baldwin Bros Block, Lincoln, Neb. Second Drummer-Yes, he was walking or "That's queer, very queer. He wasn't trying very hard to keep ahead of the engine,

BLOOD POISON.

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Old dead testh contain the quintessence of blood poisor? Who can swallow it, gushing out of old teeth at every meal and be healthy? These test's aro dead, ulcerated, unh althy frequently cause a swelled face. Should certainly he extracted and repared with good, ertificial test that never ache. Can be extract ed without pain. No hum-bug.

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NO ONE LOVED HIM LIKE THAT.

Egbert stood a little while and then went slowly toward the house, his brain filled with thoughts and his heart with a vague sense of grief and almost anger.

He wanted a mother. He had none; no one to love him in that preclous fashion that he had just beheld.

Ilis nurse had always been good to him, his father more than good, but why had he no mother?

Where was she, or had he never had one? His father gave him everything that money could buy or affection devise, but he had never known a mother, never heard the name even, at least as applied to himself, but now he suddenly felt that he had needed a mother always and he had never had one. What was the reason?

Did everybody have mothers, or only the poor, for he realized that these people were poorer than others, and yet as he remembered that sweet comforting smile and that tender cares he felt wronged and defrauded.

"I will have a mother, too," said he, "even if I have to live in a cottage and wear old clothes and have no playthings like that boy; I'll ask father right away.

Egbert, Failon, would be 10 years old on New Year's day and he had never known any other home than this, which was in a suburb of New York and closed against intrusion.

He saw no children, except when he rode In his peny beside his father in their excursions, and no visitors came there, nor did Mr. Fallon visit any person.

The servants were the same that had come there when he did, and no one of them ever mid a word that could give this little fellow the idea that life had ever held any other ties for him than those he now had.

Egbert returned to the house slowly and thoughtfully and went to the study, where he expected to flad his father; but he found no one, and so he went on up stairs, but there he did not that have either; so almost mechanically he went on until he reached the garret, where he went over to the east window and koked out toward the little cottage, all the while with his heart full of this new longing. After a little he began to look about and notice the quaint old broken furniture that was stored here, and finally his glance fell upon a gaser, tild fashioned little hair trunk bound with iron hands, studded with bras mails

Lie thought what a pretty place this would be to store his smaller playthings in, and knowing that overything there would willingly be given to him, be tried to open it and see what it would look like on the made.

The trank was locked, but he soon found means to open it, and he found it filled with women's clothes

He tossed them out impatiently, and then

Hot tears forced themselves through his eyelids, and sobs racked his breast as he thought it all over. He had taken his young bride to his heart

and home, with pride and love, deep and true, and in two short years she had proved unworthy of his name,

Even while her first born lay upon her breast she was a guilty wretch, and then, when his cousin had discovered all the wrong, and had proved it to him, she dared deny it and so make it all the deeper.

Then he had driven her forth, torn from her false arms the pretty baby, and she had cone dut of his home and life forever, leavng the blight of her sin upon them both. Then he had made a recluse of himself for

the sake of his child, and had tried to so fill this little heart that it should never need another love, and yet that little heart missed something. Ab, well, he would have to know it some day. Perhaps it was best that he learn it now, while too young to understand. The sweet, innocent face that she had!

How could guilt have lodged in that heart! How could she have sacrificed husband, child, good name, all!

Yct the did. The proofs were too strong for doubt.

Those letters, their touch withered his heart and life at once, eight years ago when Amy was driven forth a wanderer and an outcast, weeping and declaring her innocence to the last, in spite of the proofs in his possession.

Then she had taken her shattered life home to her parents, and they had sheltered her.

They believed in her innocence. Well, she was their child, and they ought to believe her.

"Oh, Amy, little Amy, I loved you so!" he "I could love you now, Goa murmured. help me! I believe I do yet, in spite of all, and I forgive you, for you were so young!"



At this moment his eyes fell upon the portfolio lying upon the table, and mechanically he opened it, only to start, hold his breath and strain his eyes to the utmost as he exunited one by one the papers which proved apon their face that the poor wife, so wrongfully accused, had been driven away, the inneent victim of his cousin.

It did not need the letter which she bac

Among common New Year's gifts in the early days of England's history were oranges stuck with cloves-oranges and cloves were great rarities then-gloves and pins to the ladies, etc. The common gift from a tenant

early English poet, recognized this custom when he wrote the lines: When with low legs and in an humble guise

He offered up a capon sacrifice Unto his worship at the New Year's tide.

to his landlord was a capon, and Cowley, an

Among the characters in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Christmas" is "New Year's Gift in a blue coat, serving man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread, his torch beaver, carrying a marchpane with a bottle of wine on either arm." Sometimes in the place of gloves or pins, dearer then to the feminine heart, even. than now, for they were costly and used only by the rich, sums of money were given; hence the terms, still in common use, of "glove money" and "pin money." The bribing of judges was not at all uncommon in those days, and money paid to the administrators of the law was often concealed in handsome gloves presented as polite offerings of friendship. Once when a lady of the name of Croaker sent a pair of gloves to Sir Thomas More lined with forty golden sovereigns that judge returned the gold with a note in which, "since it were against good manners to refuse," her New Year's gift was accepted, "but as for the hning," he went on, "I utterly refuse it." It was the custom then to make New Year's gifts in profusion to the reigning sovereign, and lists of such gifts are still religiously preserved.

Queen Elizabeth received more New Year's gifts than any previous ruler of England, and among the articles named on her lists were necklaces, petticonts, looking glasses, bracelets, silk stockings, etc. It is believed that the famous silk stockings given to this queen by Mrs. Montague were New Year's gifts, and it is recorded that Elizabeth liked them mightly, and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more. The giving of New Year's presents to superiors was a custom generally observed, and, of course, be-

came a clock for all sorts of jobbery. The Banquet of Jests, published in 1634, tells a tale of a New Year's gift made by one of the noblemen of the reign of King Charles I to the court jester, which it terms a "pleasant story," It seems that the jester was not satisfied with the number of pieces of money he had received, so he shook the coins discontentedly in his hand, whereat the nobleman begged the return of them for • moment, "and by the way," he added, "there is one of them which I would be logth to part with." The coins were resurned and the jester walted patiently for a larger gift. But the nobleman pocketed the cash, remarking with great brilliancy : "I once gave my money into the hunds of

a fool, who had not the wit to keep it." The fact that this story has been preserved from oblivion for more than 260 years by means of constant republications in England, and that all the wits of that island have doubtless lauched hearfily at it, may per-

There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters apieco, partly colored, having one check white and the other black, who never see each other's face nor live above twenty-four hours -- Chambers Book of Days.

ar ion here.

"Oh!"-Omaha World. A Nent Way Out of It.

outhern railroad, ch?

the track.

was her

He (just introduced)-What a very homely man that gentleman near the plano is, Mrs. Holson

"He was walking toward the engine."

Mrs. Hobson-Isn't he! That is Mr. Hob son. He (equal to the occasion)-Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the homely

men always get the prettiest wives .- New York Sun.

Organizing a Bank.

President to Cashier-Is all the capital stock paid in yet, Mr. Tillfinger? Cashier-No, sir; but it will be next

Wednesday. President-Very well; just have the time

on those tickets to Canada extended ten days. -Washington Critic.

Sister Clara Wasn't There.

The children are entertaining Mr. Featherly until Miss Clara comes down. Little Mabel I gotted two of my toofs pulled out today. hurted awful! Sister Clara can take all of her toofs out at once, an' put 'em back herself, an' it don't hurt her a mite.-Boston Beacon.

A Willing Messenger Boy.

you tell me where Mrs. Hendricks' boarding ouse is? I'm looking for a room. Boy-Yesser, I'm goin' to deliver a package of Persian powder there in 'bout five minutes, an' I'll show you where it is .- The Epoch.

Stranger (to boy in drug store)-Boy, can

An Explanation Deferred.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," said a six foot Texan, as he dropped into a chair in the editorial rooms of The Daily Bulldozer, and coolly leveled an army revolver at the head of the editor. "I merely called to ask an explanation of the personal paragraph referring to Col. Kilgore, in the last Bulldozer."

"You are not disturbing me at all, sir," replied the editor, calmly, as he removed an exchange from the table and disclosed a double barreled shotgun, loaded with slugs, pointed directly at the colonel's manly bosom, "You see," continued the editor, playing a tattoo with his jeweled fingers upon the triggers, "we are so overrun with obituaries that we have very little time to investigate"----



But the colonel had disappeared, and the flence of the sanctum was broken only by the sound of some one failing down the steep and gloomy stairway, and bringing up against the street door .- Tid Bits.

Diseased Gums.



The teeth turn black and die, the gums bleed at the slightest touch, alcerate, the teech loosen and fail out, the breath is horrible.

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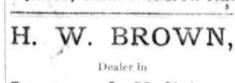
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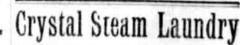
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