



THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR.

'Twas near the time that two years meet,
When one with weary, tired feet
Stealth away to die,
And one, all eager for the strife,
Takes up its fresh and new found life,
Nor asketh whence or why,
Tired with thinking of the past,
Weary with watching for the last
Breath of the passing year,
So sad her dying moments seemed,
I fell asleep, and sleeping dreamed
I saw her black-draped bier.
Within she lay, the dead, cold form
Of days and hours forever gone,
The mourners gathered round:
Such hosts no burial ever knew,
From far and wide; the wonder grew
So many could be found,
I stood among them, gazing 'round,
And such a sight and such a sound
I never knew before!
Such weeping for departed hours,
Such sighing for Life's vanished flowers,
The night air never bore!
Beside the bier an angel bright
With varying robes of black and white,
Leaned, looking on them all;
One after one they passed her by,
And as they passed with smile or sigh,
She in each hand let fall
A record of the hours now dead,
Page after page each mourner read;
Ah! some were blank with sin,
And some with fallen tears were stained,
Some told of struggles, victory gained!
And some were white and clean,
When this fair angel held a book
That had a pure and cleanly look,
She on the owner smiled—
A smile so sweet, as if Heaven born,
From eyes as tender as the dawn
Of summer morning mild,
But when she held in her white hand
A book, with pages with a band
All dark, and dim and stained,
Her bright eyes dim with unshed tears,
Pierced through the heart like grievous
Tears,
And all the heart-strings pained,
Trembling, I passed the angel by,
I dared not meet her steadfast eye,
And lowly bent my head;
I felt her hand upon mine own,
Then looked to see the seed I'd sown
Within the year now dead,
I turned the pages o'er and o'er,
Ah! many a stain and blot they bore,
And few were clean and white!
My heart was weary with the pain
Of living o'er those hours again,
That once had taken flight,
I speechless stood, and tear-drops fell
Upon the pages, till a spell
Caused me to raise my eyes;
The angel beckoned with her hand,
And, looking up, I saw a band
Descending from the skies,
Spirits unnumbered, robed in white,
All glowing with resplendent light,
Met my astonished eyes!
Each held a pure and shining scroll,
Which the breeze fluttering, did unroll,
And showed 'twas blank and clear,
Now, while we gazed with wondering eyes
At the bright vision in the skies,
The angel at the bier
Spoke in sad accents, low and sweet,
Some words that I would fain repeat,

But cannot now recall;
The burden of them yet was this,
The very words my brain did miss
The angel's lips let fall,
"The record of your last year's life
Shows many scenes of bitter strife
And many darksome deeds;
Few pages are there clear and white,
Few pages show the inner light
That every mortal needs.
Your steps you cannot now retrace,
But ever forward turn your face
Toward the rising sun;
The harvest of your sin you reap,
When the soul, lingering still in sleep,
Calls not the Heavenly One.
Call on His name, and He will hear,
He will arrest the falling tear,
Sustain you, every one!
Whoso confesseth to His name,
Shall shed the garments of his shame
And don a Heavenly one.
Before we bury this dead year,
Cast all your records on the bier,
Which I will cover deep;
Bury them all, beside the dead—
All of the moments that have fled!
Awake then from your sleep!
Behold! these spirits from above,
Types of forgiveness and of love,
Mercy to erring ones—
Bring unto each a shining scroll
Which, as the new year doth unroll,
Showing the rising sun,
Will hold the record of each day.
Oh! may it still keep white, I pray,
Through all the year now born!"
Like snowflakes fell the scrolls among
The listening, anxious, eager throng;
I, reverent, lifted mine,
The vision faded from the sky,
And, where the dead year once did lie,
Appeared old Father Time;
One glass was empty of its sand,
Another, held within his hand,
I saw, on drawing near,
Was brimming full. Twelve strokes I
heard,
And, starting upward like a bird,
Arose the new-born year!
I op'd my eyes, and lay in thought
Of all that fancy's touch had wrought
Within my busy brain,
Then rose and knelt in earnest prayer,
Appealing for my Father's care
And Mercy once again,
And praying that my scroll might be
Acceptable for Him to see
When this New Year should die;
And peace and comfort in my breast,
A feeling of a happy rest,
Proved I was heard on High;
—Detroit Free Press.

HER CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

"Polly, woman, see here a minute!"
said Mr. Amasa Andrews, opening the
kitchen door. "Whatever d'ye think?
I've had a letter from Uncle Joshua!"
"Not about the mortgage? The old
skin-dint!"
Mrs. Andrews turned an anxious face
from the bread she was kneading.
"No; tain't nothin' o' that sort. It's
a real friendly letter. He wants to bor-
row our Patty for a spell!"
"Borrow Patty! What in the world—"
"Well, there, you see, Polly," began
her husband, advancing with the letter
in his hand: "O! Aunt Sally lives

with 'im; hez fer years. An' ther's
her daughter Sarah married lately. I
s'pose it leaves 'er sorter lonesome.
Anyways he sez he'd like t've Patty
come fer wile. It's nat'ral 'nuff.
Shall we let 'er go?"
"Oh, Amasy, I hate to!"
"Yes, we'll miss 'er; but 'tain't fer
long. An' there's the mortgage,
Polly!"
"I know. Well, let's leave it to
ratty."
Patty herself was not averse to the
visit; but then she never was to any
plan of her elders.
"I'd jus' as lieves," she said, in her
mild little voice; and George lamented
while he wondered that he had not
been chosen instead.
So Aunt Polly packed the old-fash-
ioned carpet-bag, and Uncle Amasa put
his small niece in the stage-coach, un-
der the good-natured driver's care, one
frosty morning in the late fall.
Patty never forgot that brisk rolling
over the 'tinty roads, the glimpses of
the ice-bound river, of farm houses
nestled among leafless trees, of now and
then a child at a window who nodded or
waved a hand at her. And then, as
night fell, early and cold, they halted
before a long, low, red house, where a
single light was burning, and an old
man in a fur cap, with a lantern in his
hand, came to the gate and called:
"Aint got a little gal fer me 'e ye,
Sillas?"
"Here ye be!" was the answer, and
Patty was handed down. She was so
nearly asleep that it was like a dream;
her entrance into the lighted kitchen,
her supper on kind Aunt Sally's lap,
and, finally, her tucking into bed at
that good woman's motherly hands.
But the next morning, when breakfast
was over, Patty followed Uncle Joshua
out of doors. "Kin I come with you?"
she asked, slipping her little hand into
his hard, horny palm.
"I sh'd think ye'd like to stay with
Aunt Sally," he replied, looking at her
from under his cap brim. "She's goin'
to make some pies, I guess."
"I'd rather go with you, an' see the
calves, if I may?" answered his great
niece timidly.
And so, morning after morning,
Patty would go to Aunt Sally with her
hood and little shawl, and while pins
were being fastened and strings tied she
would ask: "Ye don't mind ef I go out
with Uncle Joshua, do ye, Aunt
Sally?"
Always the same question and always
the same answer: "Lord love the dear
children, no!" While the old woman
muttered, under her breath: "Mebbe
'twill do some good. Who knows?"
Uncle Joshua always stood in the
doorway during this dialogue, with a
great show of impatience and reluct-
ance to be "bothered."
"I sh'd think a little gal's place was
in th' house," he would remark, as he
took her hand. But he liked it. Bless
you, how he liked it!
And soon there was not a yolk or
cranny in the light of Patty's yellow
head, and heard the tender cadence of
her voice.
One day Aunt Sally accompanied
them to the pen where the great Christ-
mas turkey was confined. While she

was wondering at its size and promise,
Mr. Andrews said, suddenly:
"Patty, does your Uncle Amasy talk
much about me d'ye know!" with a
malicious twinkle under his bushy eye-
brows.
"Sometimes," Patty then hung her
head.
"Oh, he does, does he? What does
he call me, child?"
"An Ol' Duffer," said Patty, with her
finger in her mouth.
Uncle Joshua turned and strode
away, flinging "There, now, Sally!"
over his shoulder at his dismayed sister
as he went.
That night he sat before the open
"Franklin" in his great rocking chair,
while Aunt Sally knitted in the corner,
and Patty, on the floor, unlaced her
shoes preparatory to going up stairs.
"Ye like us here, don't ye, Patty?"
asked her uncle, finally, after a long si-
lence.
"Yes, sir, o' course I do," laying her
pink cheek against his knee.
Uncle Joshua's hard hand was very
light on the yellow head, as he stroked
her hair.
"An' would ye like to live with us?"
he asked again.
"An' not go home ever?"
"Why, yes—mebby—for a visit. But
live here."
Patty raised her head to stare at him.
"Oh, I couldn't, Uncle Joshua; not to
live, ye know. I think a lot o' you an'
Aunt Sally. But ye know there's all
the rest o' th' folks—Uncle Amasy and
Aunt Polly and George; George's my
brother!"
Uncle Joshua drew away his hand,
and Aunt Sally, in her corner, frowned
over her knitting.
Innocent Patty went on, presently, in
a musing tone: "This place is awful
nice, but I like Uncle Amasy's jus' ez
well, I guess, if it wasn't fer—fer th'
moggage."
"The what?"
"Th' moggage we've got on our farm
't home. Mike said so, an' George an'
me we've hunted for it lots o' times."
The child's voice had grown low and
fearful, and she knitted her brows as
she spoke. "I'm sca't of it, too; it's
somethin' awful. George thought
'twas a bear, mebby; but Mike he said
'twas more like a wolf. D'ye ever see
one, Uncle Joshua?"
The old man did not answer, but be-
gan raking down the fire with a great
deal of noise.
"Jos' na!" called his sister, winding
the clock.
"Wal!" he snarled.
"Amasy Andrews' ez good a man's
ever trod sole leather. I declare fer it
it's a shame."
"Shet up, Sally! Will ye?" Mr.
Andrews turned upon her. "Amasy
Andrews's a shiftless creature. I ain't
no use fer 'im."
Patty sprang to her feet, with her
shoes in her hand. "You didn't ought-
er to talk so!" she cried, indignantly.
"Uncle Amasy's so good to me!" and
then she broke down and cried.
"Sally, take that child to bed!" com-
manded her uncle, and disappeared.
Patty went home soon after this; and
when the stage stopped at the door,
Aunt Sally held her fast, saying between
her tears: "Ye mus' come ag'in, dar-
lin'. Promise us ye will." While Un-
cle Joshua snapped, in his cross-est
tones:
"O' course she'll come ag'in. Don't
be a fool. Here, Patty, come to me.
That's somethin' to remember me by,"
thrusting a gold piece into her hand.
"An' this," holding up a little package,
"ye tell yer Aunt Polly to put in your
stockin' 'Cris'mus."
And then he took her to the stage.
When Patty showed her gifts to Aunt
Polly at night, that worthy woman took
the money between her thumb and
finger. "Land's sake!" she cried, "ef
that don't beat all! It's a five dollar
gold piece, Amasa Andrews, as sure's
ye live! Who'd a' thought th' ol' man'd
acted so like folks!"
"He's real good!" loyal Patty in all
her excitement did not forget to say.
"I like Uncle Joshua fustrate. Oh, but
Aunt Polly! won't that buy my new
shoes?"
The man and woman exchanged
glances, and then Mrs. Andrews
stooped and kissed her niece.
The short winter days passed quick-
ly. One night at dusk the two excited
children hung their stockings in the
chimney corner before they went up
stairs to bed. The next morning, in the
dark and cold, two little night-gowned
figures crept down the back stairs,
shivering and sleepy, but happy beyond
words to describe.
"Don't ye look? Don't ye dass to
look 'till I get th' fire agoin!" com-
manded George, as he lighted the
lamp.
"Honest, I won't, Georgy!" his sister
promised, covering her eyes with
her hands.
"There; it's agoin'! I'm glad I fix't
it las' night. Now look, Patty, oh,
look, quick!"
"Mittens!" cried the boy, diving into
his stocking.
"Loggin's!" cried the girl.
"Oh, Patty! look 'ere, won't ye? A
sled, a true an' honest sled?"
"Oh, Georgy? a doll? A lovely,
great big doll! Oh, aint I glad?"
"That's good news," said Uncle
Amasa, cheerfully, as he and his wife
appeared at the door. "Air ye satis-
fied, children?"
But Patty had, at last, come to Uncle
Joshua's box. "I'll cut th' string with
my new knife," George cried. "Now,
less look; mebby it's a gold watch and
chain, Patty."
"Taint nothin' but writin'," said the
child, bewildered.
Uncle Amasa took the sheet with
trembling fingers. "Heaven an' earth,"

he ejaculated, letting it fall the next
moment. "It's that moggage made
out to Patty. Listen here:
"I send you what would please you
most, child. Tell your Uncle Amasa a man
is pretty good that raises such a little girl.
So, a Merry Christmas to you all. From
"THE OLD DUFFER."
"Bless the Lord!" whispered Aunt
Polly. And "Bless the Lord!" piped
her small niece.
And I think our Patty was the only
child in New England who found that
day a house and lands in the toe of her
Christmas stocking.—[Ruth Hall in
New York Independent.

Fashion Notes.

Carrickmacross collerettes and deep
cuffs are very popular garniture for
plain, untrimmed dinner dresses of
dark velvet.
Buckles for trimming, both in mil-
linery and dressmaking, are finding fa-
vor. A pleasant combination is steel
set with false gems.
Real sealskin, dyed almost black, are
brought out for ladies in mourning, and
for those who prefer an entirely black
costume.
Wool, silk and velvet are all com-
bined in one costume, and yet this is so
effectively accomplished that the result
is perfect in its way.
For elderly and middle-aged ladies
nothing can be more beautiful than the
reception and dinner dresses of gray
satin embroidered with smoked pearls.
Soft silk and surah evening dresses
for young ladies are trimmed with
Moresque lace, the Valenciennes laces
being used on the heavier silks and
light velvets.
English bonnets of this season are
large, many of them being copies in
chenille of the summer bonnets in straw.
English hats are also quite large, and
many of them have the eccentric brims
of last season.
Double chenille fringes, put down the
front and in plastron below the waist-
line on the back of a short wrap, but
not around the garment, has the effect
of narrowing the figure, and should be
used by short and stout women.
Velvet spotted Ottoman silk is stylish
when combined with plain velvet. A
Parisian dress for walking or driving
has moss green silk with red and brown
velvet dots for the basque, with a blouse
vest of plain brown satin. The skirt is
brown velvet and the panners of the
spotted silk.
Smoky hues are the fashion with
English ladies; there are smoke-blue,
smoke-green and smoke-gray shades that
are toned down by a shimmer
that is shadow-like and gives a charm-
ing effect. Smoke-blue is trimmed
with garnet, and sunny brown is com-
bined with green.
Swiss belts of leather or velvet are
worn by young ladies with cloth
dresses. They are made with points
in front, the upper one small and the
lower very long, and the back is a
plain, straight band. Jet belts of fine
beads very close together are worn with
velvet waists.
A Professional Whittler.
St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
William Yoke claims to be the cham-
pion jack-knife artist of the day, al-
though he was born in St. Louis and not
Yankeeedom. A Post-Dispatch reporter
heard of this professional lacerator of
pine sticks and sought him out. It was
not until the inside of an unused Meth-
odist church at Kirkwood, this county,
was reached that Mr. Yoke and his
knife were cornered. The knife was
slashing cigar boxes to pieces at rail-
way speed when the reporter opened up
with: "Are you the man who is making
an automatic world's fair and St. Louis
exposition with a knife?"
"No, that isn't what I call it. I am
making what I call the Missouri Pacific
and Strasburg Automatic Wonder,
with the Golden Ark of the Covenant.
It will contain over 180,000 pieces and
will have 1,100 moving and working
figures."
"All around the gaunt and dismantled
church were piles of cigar boxes and
laths and myriads of nicely carved lit-
tle pieces of wood, apparently por-
tions of models of buildings. The
whittler was a small man, with keen
eyes and a ready tongue, and about 36
years of age. In the course of an
hour's conversation he said in sub-
stance: "I didn't know that I was any-
thing extra of a whittler until about 1869,
when in a small way I made some
models. I was in Texas working a
mill-wrighting. The first large piece I
ever made was a model of a Bermuda
castle. Afterward I made Balmoral
castle, Bingen castle, Miramar castle,
the steamer Bristol, Solomon's temple,
and the Texas state capitol at Austin.
Solomon's temple contained 12,268
pieces, and had 1,369 windows. It is
now on exhibition in Texas. The Aus-
tin capitol building has 63,044 pieces
and 561 moving people. Every room
and department in the building was
given, with all the officers and legisla-
tors. Everybody was represented,
down to the man sawing wood in the
basement for the furnaces. All the
figures were moved by a wooden en-
gine, which was run by sand falling on
an overshot wheel. I made this piece
at odd moments in 1880.
"I have just hired this church and
begun steady work. I shall sleep and
eat in this church until about May 1,
next. The material? Yes, it takes
considerable. I have already used up
967 cigar boxes and 300 laths. It will
take in all 1,800 cigar boxes, 500 laths,
and 500 feet of lumber. The cigar
boxes I got for one cent each. I used
no tool's except my knife."
A Buenos Ayres dollar is as big as a
cart-wheel and is made of copper and
silver.