



## WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST; THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

### ONE WORKING DAY FOR US ALL.

To-day the Only Period for Which We Are Accountable.

The coming year will have 365 days in its calendar, but really will have only one working day, and that is called "To-day." That is all you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in to-morrow. Serve your Master by the day. Each four and twenty hours brings its own duties to be done, its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made heavenward. There never was a Christian yet strong enough to carry to-day's duties with to-morrow's worries piled on the top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb walls until you get to them, or to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then, keeping step with him, march on to duty over the roughest road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest head wind you may encounter. "My times are in thy hands," and they could not be in better hands. Our times are in our all-wise and all-loving Father's hands, both for control and for concealment. He takes care of us, and yet we can not tell just what to-morrow or the next year will bring forth.

### Facing the New Year.

A new year is upon us, with new duties, new conflicts, new trials, and new opportunities. Start on the journey with Jesus—to walk with him, to work for him, and to win souls to him. A happy year will be to those who through every path of trial, or up every hill of difficulty, or over every sunny height, march on in closest fellowship with Jesus, and who will determine that, come what may, they have Christ every day.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"See the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live."

Another year is born, another year is dead. Hail to the new-born—to the lead, farewell! The one stands smiling upon the hills; into the shadows and the mists the other has passed and faded. The New Year greets us with its hope and promise, the Old is sped into Time's oblivion, to come back no more. We turn our faces to the future and we say: "Let the dead past bury its dead." "The King is dead; long live the King!"

Brother, as you stand in the dawn of the New Year, born to-day, what is the temper of your soul? How beats the measure of your heart? As you look upon Time's new-minted coin of shining gold that lies this morning in the hollow of your hand, what thought have you to do with it? Will you treasure it with serious care or will you fling it from you with spendthrift

## Songs of the New Year

**The New Year.**  
A miracle touched me at twelve, for behold I saw  
The New Year rise as a young god rises in might,  
No child was he with hesitant, timid feet,  
But a grown boy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight.  
And his eyes, most gracious and tender,  
Were bent on mine;  
In his hands he caught my hands, while  
His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth:  
"Comrade, hail! For I am the New, New Year."

"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's  
Under the snow, and the ancient doubts  
Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come,  
I listened, I looked and faith to my  
hope was wed.

His kindly courage told me the beautiful  
truth:  
He is mine, and his strength infuses  
my restless will.  
Up, faint heart! We will conquer, to-  
gether my Year;  
Life and love shall their old sweet  
promise fulfill.  
—Clifton Dangerfield in the Century.

**For the Young Year.**  
Out of the utmost East  
At dawn a striding came,  
Bright-clothed as for a feast  
With robes of flame.

Forth from his morning eyes  
There beamed high desire;  
His brow glowed, radiant wise,  
With Hope's pure fire.

"Love to mankind!" thus swelled  
His heart-song without cease,  
And in his hand he held  
The flower of peace.

Blow 'round his pathway, blow,  
O Heaven, your softest airs!  
And with him ever go  
Our praise and prayers!  
—Clinton Scollard in the Woman's Home Companion.

**The Curtain Falls.**  
Over the sorrow and over the bliss,  
Over the teardrop, over the kiss,  
Over the wound of the angry word,  
Over the deeds in weakness done,  
Over the battles lost and won,  
Now at the end of the flying year,  
Year that to-morrow will not be here,  
Over our freedom, over our thralls,  
In the dark and the midnight the curtain falls.

Over the gain and over our loss,  
Over our crown and over our cross,  
Over the fret of our discontent,  
Over the ill that we never meet,  
Over the stars of our self-denial,  
Over the strength that conquered trial,  
Now in the end of the flying year,  
Year that to-morrow will not be here,  
Over the prompter calls,  
Over it swiftly the curtain falls.

Over the crowds and the solitudes,  
Over our shifting, hurrying moods,  
Over the clamor, over the strife,  
Over the pageantry of life,  
Now is the end of the flying year,  
Year that to-morrow will not be here,  
Swiftly and surely from starry walls,  
Silently downward the curtain falls.  
—Harper's Bazar.

**New Year's Eve Toast.**  
Come, have an hour with me my dear,  
For the year with which we're done;  
And another hour, with right good cheer,  
For the year we're just begun.

For trials and laurels won,  
We'll catch the moments of gold, my dear,  
As they slip through their silvery  
screen;  
Then we'll turn the glass without a fear,  
And with youthful hope, serene.

For no one's old,  
Till zeal's crown  
And kindness turned to spleen.  
Come, let us be young together, my dear,  
With the hour that ever is new,  
We'll drop the past—and start right here  
With the sands that trickle through.  
May days' delights  
And slumberous nights  
Be on their way to you!  
—Leslie's Weekly.

### GREAT DAY FOR THE ROMANS.

Right Beginning of New Year Meant for Them Success.

No nation has ascribed so much importance to the beginning of things as the Roman. To that people there was a magical connection between a right beginning and success. To them New Year's day was the day of days. It was the anniversary of the founding of the city of Rome, which they considered the greatest event in the world's history. They called the first month of the year January in honor of Janus, the god of doors and beginnings. (The world still uses a heathen calendar.) At dawn of the new year the people, robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods, especially to Janus. Fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchanges of costly presents marked the day. All evil-speaking, quarrels or excesses were for one day laid aside and the ideals for a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

**The Animals' Season Greetings.**  
The action and voices of domestic animals on New Year's day are said to be more significant than any other omens.

A dog's cheerful bark in the morning is a most auspicious sign, while his howl is very unfavorable.

To meet the cat on the morn of the New Year is considered by people in the Latin countries as a sign that they will change their residence, and it also betokens ill for the future.

Throughout southern Europe it is regarded as a most fortunate sign to see a pig, signifying plenty for the coming twelve months.

is to sweep onward with such mighty strides as have never before been conjured in the magic of earthly dreams.

As to the Old Year, it is dead and gone and let it pass without regret. If it has brought us blessings, we can be grateful, to be sure; and if it was not good to us in every way, why let it pass and sleep forgotten. The thing to think of is the present and the future. If we have had losses, let us now recoup them. If we have had heartaches, let us soothe them with the balm of good cheer and courage. Above all, let us remember that with the passing of the Old Year there is one year the less for us to live, and so the greater behooves us to make the best of those that are to come.

**Japanese Books.**  
Japanese books contain scarcely more material than the average magazine article, but a single story may consist of more than one hundred volumes.



### CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Bah! Col. Bob, your reasoning powers are badly remiss. I can tell you exactly what brought the Mexican Hidalgo to la belle France, and at the same time explain why I have come to this questionable but charmingly gay ball."

"Then prove me wrong, Dora, and I give you my word I'll admit my error," he says, eagerly, for he will be only too glad to discover some ameliorating circumstance to excuse her presence.

"Bend your head closer. You know that my mistress, Miss Pauline, is the owner of the great El Dorado Mine—that is, she owns about half of the stock and controls the output, which is enormous, exceeding anything in all Mexico. The opposing syndicate or combine is headed by Senor Lopez, who seeks by crafty means to accomplish his purpose."

"Yes, yes, I begin to comprehend," mutters Col. Bob Harlan, nodding his head.

"You see, there is one man who owns ten shares in the mine, one Richard Danvers, an unknown party, for none of them have ever seen him. My mistress holds his document, sent to her father some years ago, by which she votes his stock; this gives her a fair majority. If the combine can find this man and bribe him to join with them, they will have a controlling interest."

"Yes, yes, I've known all this for some time. To tell you the truth, Dora, I was secretly hired by this Senor Lopez to find Richard Danvers, but now that I understand the game, and see that it is Miss Pauline I fight against, I give it up. No one, not even my chum, has any idea who the man I seek is, nor why I am striving to get on his track. Go on, Dora, my dear girl."

"You promise to be on our side, Col. Bob?" pursues this cautious creature.

"To a dead certainty—how could I bear to feel that I was your enemy? No, from this day, this hour, this minute, Senor Lopez can go to the deuce and find the mysterious Richard himself. I wash my hands of the whole affair, and stand ready to serve Miss Pauline with heart and soul."

"The professor makes his appearance, bowing and smiling—the glowing upon Bob whenever he can avoid Dora's eye, and once shakes his fist at the undaunted sheriff, which action causes that cool worthy to smile, for he feels toward this little man as a good-natured Newfoundland dog might toward a little spaniel or terrier that snaps at his heels—contempt and pity. The professor scowls worse than ever when he sees that Col. Bob intends to intrude his society upon them; he drops several hints about two being company, and three a crowd, but the good-natured sheriff laughs and tells him he is at liberty to herd by himself if he looks at it that way—that, as for himself, he is only too glad of good company."

They have a queer time of it on the way to the hotel, and only by rare tact does Dora prevent the gentlemen from coming to blows; the fiery little specimen-hunter seems to believe he has a grievance, and would like to bring matters to a climax, but Col. Bob does not meet him half-way, and Dora smooths the ruffled feathers of her quondam admirer in a way women have.

No sooner does she leave them at the hotel than the British lion has his mane up. The time may not be exactly propitious, as a number of per-



"UTTERING A ROAR, COLONEL BOB POUNCES UPON THE... BRITON"

"Oh, you dear, good man—truest and best of friends. If it wasn't that so many are watching us, I'd be tempted—"

"Try it anyhow, Dora, dear!" he exclaims.

She shakes her curly head.

"Some other time will do, Bob. Listen now, for I'm going to make a confident of you. Miss Pauline learned that Senor Lopez had taken a valuable paper from her desk one day when he called—it was in fact the legal authority by means of which she voted those ten shares, the keystone of the whole arch. Instead of calling up the great prefect of police, she sought counsel from me. I conceived a plan to recover the paper, accepted an invitation from the senator's nephew to come to the Jardin Rullier to-night, and promised to dance with his uncle, who has taken some notice of me and even dared to chuck me under the chin. See?" demurely.

"The villain!—he shall account to me for it," declares the Sheriff of Secora county, with a growl.

"I came—I saw—I conquered. When the senator danced with me I led him quite a chase, and brought the blood to his face. He nearly dropped from exhaustion. The chance was mine, and I improved it, for Miss Pauline's sake."

"Do you mean that you have secured the lost paper?"

"It is safe," touching her bosom.

"By Jove! if there weren't so many people around I'd be tempted to give you a hug, for you're a daisy."

"It will keep, Col. Bob," she laughs.

### CHAPTER II.

"It's Dynamite Bombs at Fifteen Paces!"

The Sheriff of Secora county gives his fair and bewitching companion a greedy look, and heaves a tremendous sigh.

"I suppose so, but you can rest assured I don't intend to let my mug grow old in waiting, Miss Madcap. Now that you have accomplished your purpose, I suppose you will let me see you home!"

She looks distressed.

"So sorry, Col. Bob, but I've promised—"

"Young Carlos, the student nephew of the senator?"

"No—Prof. John Fitzsimmons." He gives a scornful laugh.

"That apology of a man—the deuce!"

"He's very entertaining—I like him."

find a certain man, I was running amuck with the plans of Miss Pauline Westerley—you know she controls the great El Dorado mine by a small majority of votes, and only succeeds in doing this because she uses the ten shares of a party who placed them at the disposal of her father. Give me a weed; that's a trump—now a light, if you please."

"This obliging party, whose shares give the control of the mine to Miss Pauline, his name is—"

"One Richard Danvers." The senator needs him badly to complete his combine, doesn't he?"

Then Col. Bob rapidly sketches his little adventure with the professor, Dora's confession, and the story of how she regained the paper which the crafty Mexican Hidalgo had so coolly abstracted from her private desk at the hotel; to all of which Dick listens attentively, and when the yarn is finished, he exclaims:

"Bravo for Dora! Don't you forget it, my boy, that bright-eyed girl is a jewel, and if I were you I wouldn't be scared off by twenty professors."

"I expect a challenge in the morning," remarks Bob with a grin; and upon being questioned further he tells of the little rumpus the naturalist kicked up near the entrance of the Grand Continental, and how he was obliged to bring into use some of his western tactics in order to subdue the fellow; which is very amusing to his companion, who leans back and laughs with great gusto.

"I know I shall see you two at daggers' points yet, or to be plainer, facing each other at fifteen paces. There's one point in his favor."

"What's that?" demands the other.

"He's so small he has more chance of escaping the lead than you have."

"Perhaps—with another man—but I drive nails at that distance, and can take off one of his ears if it pleases me. Do you think this dandy lady-killer would look half so distracting if I shortened the length of his nose a trifle?"

"Joking aside, Bob, I wouldn't be surprised if you heard from the fellow. He has grit, and that tumble you gave him was enough to arouse his vindictiveness!"

"You'll stand by me, Dick, even if I make it bowie-knives to the finish?"

"Certainly, only I don't want you to unnecessarily hurt the little chap; I rather fancy his looks, you know. Now, listen while I tell you what happened to me."

The Sheriff of Secora county turns abruptly around, and looks his companion in the face.

"I thought you had been having an experience, Dick, my boy. Confession is good for the soul, they say; so out with it."

(To be continued.)

### PAID \$6,000 FOR HIS BRIDE.

Miss Kassouf Put Herself Up at Auction to Provide for Mother.

Six thousand dollars in cash to the girl's mama was the price paid for a wife in Dubois, Penn.

Maud Kassouf was the belle of all the Syrian colonies in western Pennsylvania, and there were scores of suitors for her hand. But the girl said she would not marry unless provision was made for her mother.

Charles Hazey, also a Syrian, senior member of a big confectionery house in Altoona, came to ask for Miss Kassouf's hand. The mother told him there were several others in the field, and it was finally decided to bring together the more eligible of the suitors and have an auction.

A wealthy young Syrian in the town appeared and began to bid against Hazey. The bidding was spirited, and finally as a clincher the local Syrian bid \$5,000. Hazel at once raised him \$1,000, and the girl was "knocked down" to him at \$6,000.

The cash was paid to Maud's mama, the Rev. F. McGivney was called in to perform the marriage ceremony, and the couple are now "at home" in Altoona.—New York World.

### Luxury and Crime.

A recent English robbery case which reads almost like one of the Sherlock Holmes stories related to the detection of a thief through his fondness for flowers.

The only clew left by the robbers of a house near Northampton was a fragment of a flower, whose petals were scattered over the floor. No flowers of the sort were grown in the garden of the house robbed or by the neighbors, but an investigation of the floral shops in the nearby town showed that a flower of that sort had been purchased the evening before by a man who was recognized from the description given to be a well known burglar.

At the trial it was shown that, although the night had been warm, the thief, who was of delicate health, had worn a light overcoat, which crushed the petals of the flower beneath, and these had fallen to the carpet when he had opened his coat to stow away the jewels which constituted the greater part of the spoils.

Although the clew was a slight one it was correct and the luxury loving crook will have no need of flowers to decorate his broad arrow suit for some time to come.

### Got Record Premium for Gold.

William Thompson, who died the other day at Shelbyville, Ind., aged 77, was known as "the man who sold his gold at \$2.75." During the civil war Thompson accumulated \$3,100 in gold, which he carried to Indianapolis and sold at a premium of \$2.75, netting him \$7,525, within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Ship Mexican Silver to Orient.

On board the Pacific Mail liner China, which sailed from San Francisco recently for the Orient, are fifty tons of Mexican silver dollars, worth \$750,000 gold.

### His Winning Ways.

"That man has the most winning personality I ever met."  
"Who is he?"  
"The best poker player in the city."