

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

New Year's Eve, and at home. This is a cozy little den of mine, just as it looks now, quite eclipsing anything I ever see at the club; books, pipes, easy chairs, a cheerful fire in the grate; pictures, busts, my well-beloved etchings all about the walls.

What's the matter with you, old man, tonight? Why are you taking an inventory of these surroundings on this last night of the year? Everybody thinks you are tired of them, don't you know, for you spend very little time in their midst, says some provoking little voice. (Wonder if it's my conscience.)

Dorothy is up stairs, the servants are out; as soon as she finishes the sewing of a button on Johnnie's retractor trousers she will come down, she says, and watch the old year out, being evidently well pleased over the prospect of a club night of our own, a little "Home, Sweet Home" sort of an arrangement.

It seems that Johnnie is the only member of our family not a member of a club. Dorothy simply holds on to the little shaver by the collar, tied to her apron strings he is, and I am glad of it.

Can I ever forget the day when our



THIS IS A COZY LITTLE DEN.

neighborhood took on a sudden quiet? The question arose, where are those boys? Dorothy and I knew all about it, for we were not invited to become honorary members of their club, "The Ollapodrida?" We helped to foot the bills and evinced an interest in the affairs of the club; we lent them ten cents to buy material to reseat an old worn-out chair; there was another item; twenty-five cents for lumber, etc., and last, but not least, and that which caused Dorothy much suffering, were sundry pieces of rope to be furnished with all the paraphernalia of a trapeze arrangement, preparatory to treading aloft, all of which caused a rush of blood to my head, as I thought of these venturesome boys, three of them at work daily, experimenting with the center of gravity, walking on their heads being the objective point apparently.

We are happily rejoicing these days, however, in a more recent occupant of the family cradle, who so far walks feet downward after the fashion of mortals.

As time goes on, the children's youthful exploits, with the accompanying worries of their elders, fade into oblivion, as the more serious aspects confront us.

The Ollapodrida members of my family have taken unto themselves a few extra years; two of these foresaid members are looking college-ward, and I seem to worry about them in a wonderful way quite unlike myself.

The bread and butter question confronts me? What profession will be theirs? Are they sufficiently strong in purpose to resist this or that?

The day will come when Dorothy and I cannot shield them or stand beneath them and the cold world; we won't be here to settle the little accounts or encounters, or watch the little cotillions they are going to have with the dwellers of this mundane sphere.

Then comes the question over again: "Well, old fellow, what's the matter now? Can't you let the boys alone, and let them fight it out just as you did?" Some truth in that, I answer. "I will wait until Dorothy comes and I'll ask her, just for curiosity, what she thinks of my past, and the general outlook."

In part I am going to turn over a new leaf.

Here is a volume of Longfellow beside me on the table; he is so human, you know, and I will close my eyes, open the book (a little game of chance, you see), and on the page where my finger rests I will try if by chance a word of comfort come to me, that would hit my case.

I seem to have a case of the blues; probably staying away from the club on this convivial occasion is not agreeing with me.

"Shut your eyes, open the book," says the little exhorter, that unseen individual.

Præsto—change—O, what meets my eye? Will it be some fine prophecy

or—? Here it is under my forefinger: "A Shadow." It reads:

I said to myself if I were dead,
What would befall these children?
What would be

Their fate, who are now looking up
To me
For help and furtherance? Their
Lives,

I said,
Would it be a volume wherein I have
read

But the first chapters, and no longer
see

To read the rest of their dear history
So full of beauty and so full of dread.
Be comforted; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have
passed,

A troop of shadows moving with the
sun;
Thousands of times has the old tale
been told;

The world belongs to those who
come the last,
They will find hope and strength as
we have done.

Was ever answer sent to a mortal
man more clearly?

I think I'm sent for; there's something
besides old Father Time after
me, surely. Here is the very answer
to my dismal as to those boys and
their doings. But here comes Dorothy,
singing, apparently in a very cheerful
mood.

"This is perfectly lovely, George
Augustus.

"Johnnie's trousers are all right for
tomorrow, and I have been looking
over my precious tin box, and I find
such lovely bits of literature and all
sorts; suppose we look them over to-
night."

Perhaps Dorothy noticed an unusual
expression on my manly countenance,
for she paused and said: "What are
you thinking about? What has this
old year been saying to you? Are you
having a retrospective sort of revival
meeting all by yourself?"

"Only a few ideas have struck me,
Dorothy. I rather like this den of
mine, especially tonight, and one or
two articles in these books here seem
to have been written especially for me,
and an uncomfortable little voice
has been questioning me. A thought
strikes me that we, you and I, have
drifted apart rather more than I ever
dreamed we could. There has been a
sort of 'We fellows at the club' air
and manner about me, that I really
think now, as I sit here, has been a
foolishness on my part that I shall
endeavor to discontinue; a sort of
desire to be 'in with the boys' and
'off with my wife.' I hope, Dorothy,
that you do not think my past is
really a dreadful one to look back
upon."

"O, no," Dorothy replied, with some-
thing of a twinkle in her eyes; "but,
then, you know, you might be more
of a saint, if you tried, dear."

"And perhaps, most noble and ador-
able (my temper rising) and twenti-
eth century wife, if I should give up
my Sunday evenings at the club, pos-
sibly you may be willing to sacrifice a
few of those insufferable 'teas' and
bring an appetite uncontaminated with
such diet as sipping frappes, Russian
tea and chocolate to a respectable,
cozy dinner with your George Augustus;
and," (pausing for breath) "don't
be angry; couldn't you leave out that
tiresome, quarrelsome card party and
await my return with unruffled nerves,
for instance, meet me at the door just

Good-bye, old year!
A few more steps ere we forever part—
A few more words that wake the
throbbing heart

To hope and fear;
A farewell smile, a lingering clasp of
hand,
Ere thou shalt lie within the shadow-
land

All silently;
The while I haste a glad new year to
greet,
The while I journey on with memories
sweet,

Old year, of thee.

Good-bye, old year!
Alas, not half I felt or knew till now
How kind and brave and true a friend
wert thou;

For ah, twice dear
A loved one seems when comes the
darkened day

When heart and lips all tremulous
must say

A last good-bye;
Yet, though thy friendly face no more
I see,
The memories sweet my heart has kept
of thee.

—Alice Jean Cleator.

Tragic.

"I shall not see you till another year
Has dawned," he said.

Oh, fickle maid! she turned not pale
with fear—
She laughed instead.

This seems a tragic lay, till we remem-
ber

It occurred the thirty-first day of De-
cember.

—N. Y. Truth.

None to Turn Over.

"I thought you were going to turn
over a new leaf, John," she said.

"I was," he replied, "but I find I
can't."

"Why not?"

"There won't be any new leaves until
spring."—Chicago Post.

The New Century.

Love's harmonies flow toward him full
and sweet;

Sin's wild, discordant cries are past
him hurried.

With sad, glad heart and brave, re-
luctant feet
He steps upon the threshold of the
world.

sort of trapeze swinging high or low
with the wings of ambition, up to
greater heights."

By the way, Dorothy sketches and
paints. I will give her a subject,
earth, sky and water, the soft green
turf, the blue ethereal, the hazy moun-
tain top, while the lazy lapping waves
touch the eager feet of the climbers
yet in the valley as they stand
on the shore twist earth and sea, gird-
ed and armed for the steep ascent to
the shrine on the distant heights.

Send them wings, O guardian angels,
and give me sight,
I cannot read the all of their dear his-
tory,
Vanish old year;
Forward, the new!
—Detroit Free Press.

The New Year Spirit.

The return of New Year's day in-
vites many people to the most somber
reflections. Undoubtedly most of us
can find abundant occasion for these,
but there is such a thing as pushing
self-examination and self-condemnation
to the point of discouragement.
The best temper with which we can
enter upon the new year is that of
faith, faith in God and faith in our-
selves through His help. It is about
as certain as anything can be that the
new year will bring us new experi-
ences. Our courage, our capacity for
endurance, our steadiness of character
and power of resistance is to be tested.
At the end of the year we are going
to be nobler men and women than we
are today, or we shall have deterior-
ated morally, and forever afterward
there will be narrowing opportunities.
While we think of the latter alterna-
tive it is well to strengthen our hearts
by the former. Let us believe that we
are not going to fail and we have taken
a long step towards success. When
another New Year's day comes around
we are going to be able to reckon solid
gains in character won through the
trials and temptations and emergen-
cies of the year's experience.—Boston
Watchman.

Good-bye, old year!
We've journeyed on together many
days,
And now behold the parting of our
ways

Is very near;
With thoughts of mingled gladness
and of dread,
I see the winding way that I must
tread

To Future Lands;
For thee awaits the realm of shadows
deep—
The Silent Land of years that lie
asleep

With folded hands.

Good-bye, old year!
A few more steps ere we forever part—
A few more words that wake the
throbbing heart

To hope and fear;
A farewell smile, a lingering clasp of
hand,
Ere thou shalt lie within the shadow-
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All silently;
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MUST OBEY THE RULES

McArthur's Proclamation Warning Non-
Combatants to Use Caution.

THE RULES OF WAR TO GOVERN

A Stern Policy Adopted Toward the
Philippines—Warning Given to People
of Manila—Secret Committees Not
Tolerated.

MANILA, Dec. 22.—Tomorrow Gen-
eral MacArthur will issue a procla-
mation warning the inhabitants of the
archipelago that hereafter strict com-
pliance with the laws of war will be
required of non-combatants as well as
combatants.

The proclamation will set forth the
principal laws of war. It will refer
to recent proclamation issued by in-
surgent commanders threatening na-
tives who are friendly to the American
forces and also to the orders issued
to their men to kidnap and assassinate
residents of towns occupied by Ameri-
cans.

The insurgent leaders will be noti-
fied that such practices, if continued,
will put an end to the possibility of
their resuming normal civic relations
and will make them fugitive criminals.
Residents of places occupied by
Americans will be notified that plea-
sure of intimidation will rarely be ac-
cepted and that where secret committees
are permitted to exist in behalf of the
insurgents, even well disposed persons
will be exposed to the danger of being
tried as traitors.

The proclamation will say that its
warnings and requirements are to ap-
ply with special force to Manila, "the
rendezvous of the emissaries of insur-
rection."

Newspapers will be warned against
publishing seditious and the procla-
mation will declare that the rebels who
are not part of an organized force are
not entitled to the privileges of pris-
oners of war, adding that the fact
that they have not hitherto been held
responsible is "evidence of the solici-
tude of the United States to avoid
the appearance of harshness."

The proclamation will clearly dis-
avow any recognition of technical bel-
ligerency.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—It is stated
at the War department that the trans-
port Grant, which is due at San
Francisco about the 1st proximo,
brings the remains of 395 officers, sol-
diers and civilian employees of the
war department who died in Hawaii,
China or the Philippines, and that
there are twelve dead on the trans-
port Sherman, which is due at San
Francisco on the 12th proximo. Among
the bodies on the Grant is that of
young Barber, the nephew of President
McKinley, who recently died in the
orient.

House Passes Two Bills.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—The
house today, at the end of a spirited
contest, extending over two days,
passed bills compelling the Pennsyl-
vania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads
to abolish grade crossings, to alter
their routes into the city and to
change terminal facilities. An amend-
ment was placed upon the Pennsyl-
vania railroad bill to compel the road
to build a new state, to cost not less
than \$1,500,000. The bills were vigor-
ously antagonized by a portion of the
minority, under the leadership of Mr.
Coward (Mo.) on the ground that
they were too liberal to the roads.

Great Battle in Colombia.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The
State department has received a cable-
gram from United States Charge
D'Affaires Deaupre at Bogota, stat-
ing that a great battle has been fought
at Glardot Point, Magdalena river, Co-
lombia, which lasted two days and re-
sulted in a decisive victory for the
government. It is reported 600 were
killed and 1,000 wounded. Other vic-
tories by the government forces of
the utmost importance have been an-
nounced.

Drowned in Creek.

JOHNSON, Neb., Dec. 19.—Harry
Reed, a single man about 24 years old,
is believed by his friends to have been
drowned in Pigeon creek, near Tub-
bards. Mr. Reed left Hubbard Sat-
urday night about 8 o'clock, Sunday
morning his wagon was found over-
turned in the creek, with both horses
dead. Search for the body has been
in progress since that time.

Boutelle is Retired.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—
When the senate convened today
some bills and resolutions prepared by
the house were reported. Among
them was a resolution authorizing the
president to appoint Charles A. Bout-
telle of Maine a captain on the re-
tired list of the navy, which was
passed.

All Accept Joint Note.

PEKIN, Dec. 20.—At a meeting of
the foreign ministers late this evening
everything in regard to the terms
of the joint note was agreed to, in-
cluding the British modifications. The
ministers refuse to disclose anything
in connection with the matter, believ-
ing that the home governments should
give the particulars to the public.

VOLUNTEERS TIRED OF WAR.

Officers in the British Service Tender
Their Resignations.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The government
publicly requires employers, who have
kept open situations for yeomanry,
colonials and volunteers, to continue
their patriotic efforts to minimize the
sacrifices of these men in the service
of their country.

The War office has issued the
queen's thanks to the yeomanry, colo-
nials and volunteers expressing her
reliance that those abroad will con-
tinue to aid the regulars.

KIDNAPED BOY BACK HOME.

Return of Young Edward Cudahy Costs
His Father \$25,000.

OMAHA, Dec. 21.—Edward Cudahy,
jr., is worth his weight in gold. To
rescue him from the hands of the men
who abducted him early last Tuesday
evening and held him until he was
released early Thursday morning his
father, E. A. Cudahy, turned over a
bag of gold weighing ninety-five
pounds avoirdupois, or 112 pounds
troy, but little below that of the boy
himself. The amount was \$25,000, all
of it in gold coin.

Following is the exact letter sent
by the kidnapers to Mr. Cudahy:

OMAHA, December 19th, 1900.
Mr. Cudahy: We have kidnaped your
child and demand \$25,000 (twenty-five
thousand dollars) for his safe return.
If you give us the money, the child
will be returned as safe as when you
last saw him, but if you refuse we
will put acid in his eyes and blind him,
then we will immediately kidnap an-
other millionaire's child that we have
spotted and demand \$100,000 and we
will get it, for he will see the condi-
tion of your child and realize the fact
that we mean business and will not
be monkeyed with or captured. Get
the money all in gold, five, ten and
twenty dollar pieces, put it in a grip
in a white wheat sack, get in your
buggy alone on the night of December
19th at 7 o'clock p. m., and drive
south from your house to Center
street; turn west on Center and drive
back to Ruser's park and follow the
paved road towards Fremont; when
you come to a lantern that is lighted
by the side of the road place the money
by the lantern and immediately turn
your horse around and return home.
You will know our lantern for it will
have two ribbons, black and white,
tied on the handle; you must place a
red lantern on your buggy where it
can be plainly seen, so we will know
you a mile away. This letter and ev-
ery part of it must be returned with
the money and any attempt at capture
will be the saddest thing you ever
done.

If you remember some twenty years
ago, Charley Ross was kidnaped in
New York City and \$20,000 ransom
was asked. Old man Ross was willing
to give up the money, but Burns, the
great detective, with others, persuaded
the old man not to give up the money,
assuring him that the thieves would
be captured. Ross died of a broken
heart, sorry that he allowed the de-
tectives to dictate to him.

This letter must not be seen by any
one but you. If the police or some
stranger knew its contents they might
attempt to capture us, although en-
tirely against your wish, or some one
might use a lantern and represent us;
thus, the wrong party securing the
money and this would be as fatal to
you as if you refused to give up the
money. So you see the danger if you
let this letter be seen.

Mr. Cudahy you are up against it
and there is only one way out. GIVE
UP THE COIN. Money we want and
money we will get.

If you don't give up, the next man
will, for he will see that we mean
business and you can lead your boy
around blind for the rest of your days,
and all you will have is the dam copper
sympathy. Do the right thing by
us and we will do the same by you.
If you refuse you will soon see the
saddest sight you ever seen.

Wednesday, December 19th.
THIS NIGHT OR NEVER.

Follow these instructions and no
harm will befall you or yours.

Iowa Company Sues.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 21.—The
Des Moines Life Insurance company of
Des Moines, Ia., today brought suit
in the United States court against
State Insurance Superintendent Van
Cleve for the recovery of \$2,000
claimed to have been paid by them up-
on unjust claims and asking for a
permanent writ of injunction against
Superintendent Van Cleve, restraining
him from enforcing his order of May
14, 1900, revoking the license of The
company. The company claims that
despite the fact that they paid these
claims in order to prevent the revoca-
tion of its license, the license was
revoked.

Iowa Man Bankrupt.

LA PORTE, Ind., Dec. 21.—Charles
C. Black, a Goshen attorney who has
filed bankruptcy proceedings in the
federal court of this state with liabil-
ities of \$219,731 and no assets, was un-
til 1838, a resident of Davenport, Ia.
Mr. Black's personal fortune of \$100,-
000 has entirely dwindled away and
he is now penniless. He claims that
he lost his fortune in business enter-
prises in Iowa and Missouri before
coming to Indiana.

Free Pardon Demanded.

BLOEMFONTEIN, Tuesday, Dec. 18.
—General Dewet had 6,000 men and
18,000 horses when he captured De-
vetsdorp, according to a gentleman
who was imprisoned there. The Boer
commander then declared that he was
not going to surrender without a free
pardon for all his men, including
many Cape Dutch. The force of 6,000
is now divided into three sections.

Navy's Loss Serious.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—It is said
at the Navy department that a seri-
ous loss has been suffered by the navy
in the fire at the Norfolk navy yard
yesterday. The money loss is of sec-
ondary importance. The fire destroyed
valuable records that cannot be re-
placed and many necessary plans
which can only be replaced at much
expense in time and money.

Amnesty Bill Passed.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—The chamber of
deputies after an all-night session
adopted the amnesty bill by a vote of
156 to 2. The benefits of the measure
extend to offenses connected with
strikes, public meetings of associations
and the troubles in Algeria in 1897-98,
in addition to cases arising out of the
Dreyfus agitation.

A large number of cases of the
grippe have been reported among the
students of Wisconsin university at
Madison.

Brewers' Bonanza Days Over.

A leading representative of the
brewing interest says that the days
of fortune making in the brewing
business have passed, and that the
large breweries now fall to return a
fair percentage on the money invested
in them. His explanation of his
statement is that there has been a
great falling off in the saloon trade,
where the profits are largest, and a
corresponding increase in the home or
bottled trade, where the profits are
not so large.

The "No Door" Story Nonsensical.

Frank Sanborn takes to task Rebec-
ca Harding Davis because of her arti-
cle in the November Scribner's in
which she gives some recollections of
a visit to Concord forty years ago and
tells about the summer house built by
Alcott for Emerson, and which con-
tained no door. This statement is de-
nounced as pure nonsense by Mr. San-
born, who says the house has a door,
and a big one, which he has often
entered, and which has been sketched
by artists.

Female Hermits.

Women are seldom hermits, but the
story is told of two women, mother
and daughter, who lived in Akron,
O., a life of seclusion. For sixteen
years no neighbor darkened their door
and they never wandered beyond the
limits of their yard.

FOUR DOCTORS FAILED.

A Michigan Lady's Battle with Disease
and How It Was Won.

Flushing, Mich., Dec. 22.—(Special.)
—One of the most active workers in
the cause of Temperance and Social
Reform in Michigan is Mrs. P. A.
Passmore of this place. She is a
prominent and very enthusiastic W.
C. T. U. woman, and one who never
loses an opportunity to strike a blow
against the demon of Intemperance.
Mrs. Passmore has suffered much
bodily pain during the last three
years through Kidney and Bladder
Trouble. At times the pain was al-
most unbearable, and the good lady
was very much distressed. She tried
physician after physician, and each
in turn failed to relieve her, let alone
effect a cure. Home remedies sug-
gested by anxious friends were ap-
plied, but all to no purpose. At last
some one spoke of Dodd's Kidney
Pills as a great remedy for all Kidney
and Bladder Diseases, and Mrs. Pass-
more decided to try them. She did,
and is now a well woman. She has
given the following statement for pub-
lication:

At different times in the past three
years, I have suffered severely with
Kidney and Bladder