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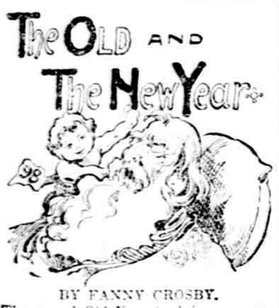

BY FANNY CROSBY.

The grand Old Year is dying,
His hour has come at last;
His brilliant reign is ended,
Its golden days are past.
He shakes the wreath that, withered,
Lies cold upon his brow;
His breath is quick and labored,
His eyes are closing now.

The grand old year is dying.
He bids the world good night;
A starry veil is lifted
That parts him from our sight.
A sigh of deepest feeling,
A tear, and then a smile,
For scenes of rarest pleasure
Our lonely hearts beguile.

Behold, the New Year cometh!
His face is young and fair;
The merry bells are ringing,
There's music everywhere.
Oh, happy, happy greeting!
Oh, happy, happy day
That lights our path before us
And laughs our cares away.

MR. BENJAMIN DOTTEN

LITTLE POLLY went over to her grandmother's to see Aunt Viny, who had just come from Wisconsin.

"Your Aunt Viny's up-stairs unpacking," said grandma, "and it's cold there. Stay here till she comes down. Here are some peppermints for you."

Grandma handed Polly a little paper bag of peppermints. They were good and strong. Polly liked them.

Ten minutes later in came Polly's mother.

"Where's Viny?" she asked, and then she smelt peppermint. "Polly, Polly!" she said, "come right here. Was that bag full? You'll be sick if you eat another one. Give them to me!"

"Put them here," said grandma, pointing to an old china tea-caddy on the closet shelf. "That's where I drop notions."

Polly did as grandma said, for somehow she trusted the caddy more than her mother's pocket. Then her mother carried her off to find Aunt Viny, and after that they went home.

The caddy was a good place for notions. It already held some shoe buttons, a bad quarter and a recipe for mangoes; also a little pocketbook containing ten cents. That was Ben's. He had it there when he was going chestnutting, because the clasp was broken. Now Polly's peppermints went in, and presently grandma, who had been buying nutmegs, put them all into the caddy because Viny was talking, and it confused her.

"Now, mother," said Viny, "I've come home this winter to help you. I'm going to regulate the closet so we shall know where everything is."

"I know where everything is now," said the old lady.

But Viny was already clearing the shelves and putting on fresh papers. Then she set things back methodically.

"This old caddy of nutmegs," she said, "I'll put in the other closet where the eggs are."

"It's handy for notions," said grandma.

"Oh, well, this cracked sugar bowl will answer for notions. I'll set it

HE MADE HIS BEST BOW TO THE DEAR OLD LADY.

where the caddy was, and drop this lump of alum in it."

So the sugar bowl took the place of the caddy, and when Ben looked for his pocketbook it was not there, so he thought he did not remember right. It was disappointing, for he wanted ten cents to buy a tall. Still, that did not matter, for next day it was skate straps he wanted, and the next he had a chance to buy another boy's knife. But he couldn't find the pocketbook.

Perhaps Polly took cold the day she went where Aunt Viny was unpacking. She had a sore throat, and wore flannel around her neck for two weeks. The next time she went to her grandmother's it was Christmas. There was roast goose for dinner and all kinds of pie. Ben was there. He had never found his ten cents. If he had, he would perhaps have bought a sugar dove for Polly.

While the folks sat around the fire talking, Polly, perched in a tall chair with nothing to do, had a sudden memory.

She got down, ran to the kitchen closet, and saw the sugar bowl. It had buttons and alum and a broken spoon in it, but Polly was not to be imposed upon.

"Caddy! caddy! caddy!" she cried, running up and down.

"It's the old tea-caddy that she wants," said grandma.

"That's in the other closet. We keep nutmegs in it," said Aunt Viny.

"Pep'mints! mine pep'mints!" clamored Polly.

The caddy was brought, and sure enough when she thrust her little hand under the nutmegs she found her peppermints and pulled out the recipe for mangoes.

"There, Mrs. Gray wanted that!" exclaimed grandma.

And now Ben was putting his own hand in. Yes, there it was! his pocketbook and his ten cents!

"Well, I declare!" said Aunt Viny.

Ben sat down to consider. It was now too late for Christmas, but he might do something for New Year's. He had heard Aunt Viny talk about calls and cards.

Only the day before a boy who had a printing press had offered to print cards, twenty-five for ten cents, and every card was to have a picture of a flower or a bird upon it.

"I'll buy cards," thought Ben, and he went at once to find the boy.

On New Year's Day Ben, clean and shining, called Polly into the parlor.

"I'm making calls," he said. "This is your call. Choose the card you like best."

Polly was delighted. She picked out the prettiest card, with "Mr. Benjamin Dotten" and a pair of doves upon it.

Then Ben went forth from neighbor to neighbor impartially. He was very successful. He met with smiles everywhere, and in some places he met with apples and New Year's cakes. Everybody seemed glad to receive a card with "Mr. Benjamin Dotten" upon it, together with a picture.

When it came to the last he hesitated. He was tired and wanted to go home. It seemed to him he would rather see his good kind grandmamma than anybody else in the world. The last card had roses upon it.

"I'll call on grandma," he said, and running home he made his best bow to the dear old lady, and handed her his card.

You never saw any one so pleased. For more than a week she showed the card of "Mr. Benjamin Dotten" to every neighbor that came in, and when the excitement was entirely over, she put it away for safe-keeping in the tea-caddy.

MARY L. B. BRANCH.

A New Year Song.

WHEN the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you
Not to fall a-quarreling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile,
Smile and sing,
All the glad year through.

As the year goes by, my dear,
As the year goes by,
Let us keep our sky swept clear,
Little you and I.
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
Every little thunder growl,
And live and laugh,
Laugh and live,
'Neath a cloudless sky.

When the year is old, my dear,
When the year is old,
Let us never doubt or fear
Though the days grow cold.
Loving thoughts are always warm;
Merry hearts know ne'er a storm,
Come ice and snow, so love's dear glow
Turn all our gray to gold!

—Laura E. Richards.

Too Many People Wearing Decorations.

There has been a growing complaint in Paris that foreign decorations are worn by many persons who are not entitled to wear them, and the French minister of justice has taken steps to stop the practice. He has issued a strong edict against the illicit wearing of foreign orders and decorations. The chancellor of the Legion of Honor recently discovered that the number of persons exhibiting such insignia was in excess of the usual number of authorizations granted from his department, hence the ministerial circular.

BY LOUEY JACKSON.

A pause in the dance—what is it they say,
With a careless laugh as they glide away
Without a regret or a passing sigh?
"Good-by, Old Year—good-by, good-by!"

But mine eyes are wet with a teardrop bright;
The music grows faint—I am tired to-night,
And sad is my heart as I softly cry,
"Alas! Old Year, good-by—good-by!

"You have brought me smiles, you have brought me tears,
And a burden of joyous hopes and fears;
So sweet you have been and so swift to die—
Happy Old Year, good-by—good-by!

"Though merry and blithe may the New Year be,
It ne'er can bring back, save in memory,
The love that you gave ere your death drew nigh,
Happy Old Year, good-by—good-by!"

NEW YEARS EVE LOVE CHARM.

Love charms are among the most interesting and ancient New Years eve customs. Two beans are "named" for a couple who are supposed to be courting and laid side by side on a flat place in the hot ashes. As the beans swell with the heat they roll and bound in the ashes, and if one springs from the other it argurs ill for the couple. If by chance they are consumed while lying side by side the speedy marriage of the couple is foretold. In cities where fireplaces and ashes are not at hand apple seeds are used in this charm and they are laid side by side on the lid of a stove.

The girls use apple seeds for another charm, to discover which of two young courtiers should be chosen. An apple seed named for each is placed on the eyelids and the girl closes her eyes with a snap. If one seed remains that young man is the favorite. Tradition supplies no remedy when both fall down.

Another charm, which is religiously followed by many young people, is worked with three glasses. One is filled with pure water, another with clouded water, and the third is left empty. The youth who wants to know what fortune has in store is blindfolded and let into the room, where the glasses are ranged upon the table. He is led up and told to touch one. If the clear water is touched, his bride will be a maiden; if the clouded water, a widow, and if he is lucky enough to touch the empty glass he will escape without marriage.

Midnight of New Years eve is, of course, the time when the charms and tokens are particularly efficacious, and it is then that the girls get a tip on whom they are to marry. Just at midnight the girl who wants to know goes down the cellar stairs backward, carrying a lighted candle in one hand and a mirror in the other. In the farthest, darkest corner she looks in the mirror and sees the face beside her own of her future husband—perhaps. Again at midnight she slowly and carefully peels an apple so that the paring does not break until she

has finished, and then she tosses the peeling over her left shoulder. If the fates are kind it will fall on the floor in the shape of the initials of the name of her lover.

THE VESTAL AT THE GATE.

When today with vestal grace
She stood before your dwelling place,
Did you take her by the hand,
Bid her welcome to the land,
With the cordial love and greeting
That we owe a friend at meeting?

Fair and sweet to look upon
Was this lily maid at dawn,
With her dark locks flowing down,
And her saffron hood and gown
Set about with starry border,
Symbol of her priestly order.

And we owe to her, I hold,
Whether she be kind or cold,
Whether she being rue or myrrh
When we lift our gates to her,
Well and duly to receive her,
Lest our sad complaining grieve her.

What she brings us, heaven sent,
Take your gift and be content,
Though it be not what you sought,
And your prayers seem set at naught,
He knows best, who ruled the giving,
What we need for holy living.

Do not vex her with dismay
At the pangs of yesterday,
Nor disturb her heart in vain
With the hint of coming pain;
For a fell, impending sorrow
May be God's best gift tomorrow.

—Ola Moore.

Gifts of the Japanese Government.

The Japanese government instead of presenting medals to the soldiers who took part in the war against China, is giving them excellent Swiss watches.

THE STORY OF RAY.

BY U. V.

WHEN I was a little girl they passed a law in Massachusetts setting all slaves free. My Aunt Thankful married a Richardson, and Colonel Richardson had a whole slave family that had come with him over from England.

The man's name was Ray. He was a young, bright-eyed mulatto, and his wife's name was Ava. They had three little children, born since they came to America. My aunt told me the following history:

The colonel had always been kind to Ray, I think. He never whipped him; Ray never needed it. Up to the time Ray ran away I always thought my husband a kind and just man.

Ray and his family were all the slaves we had. They had always seemed contented with us, and when the law was passed setting all slaves in the state free I had no thought that Ray would wish to leave us.

I did not think they would wish to leave us, but I told the colonel that they knew they were free. He looked concerned.

"I don't think Ray will go away," said I.

"He'd better not," said the colonel, looking threatening.

I never knew exactly what Ray did the next day. It is likely that the colonel fancied he meant to be disobedient and impertinent because he knew he was no longer a slave; but he knocked him down and horsewhipped him.

I ran out. The colonel had just flung down the cowhide and gone out by another door, and Ray was crawling up from the door.

"Ray," said I, "what is the matter?" And then, as he turned and looked at me without speaking, his eyes full of anguish, his lips quivering, his poor faithful face all swollen, I burst out:

"Oh, Ray, I'm so sorry for this. I don't want Ava to see you this way. You must bathe your face and shoulders and lie down here on the hay."

I ran for a pail of water. His shirt was soaked with blood. With my own hands I tore it down the back and bathed his poor, torn shoulders. They had been protected only by thin cotton, and every stroke of the rawhide had cut into the flesh. He seemed stupid-like to what I was doing for him, but he obeyed me and crept into the hay and lay there all day. The colonel had gone to the village.

I wouldn't tell Ava where Ray was; but toward night I know she found him, for she came in from the barn half blind with crying.

Before dark Ray came out and did

HORSEWHIPPED HIM.

the evening chores. The colonel hadn't come. I thought that he felt ashamed of what he had done and dreaded to face us again.

When it became dark I went to speak to Ray. He had lain down on the hay again and looked dreadfully. I had carried him a clean shirt and a blanket, and I had some liniment to bathe his shoulders.

"Ray," I said.

He was lying on his breast, because he couldn't bear anything to touch his back, I suppose. He turned his face toward the light, and I noticed that he didn't call me "missis," but said:

"Well, Mrs. Richardson?"

"Ray," said I, sitting down on the hay beside him, "I hope you'll forgive this in the colonel. He never struck you before."

"Why should he?" he asked.

I was silent.

"Mrs. Richardson," said he, kneeling on the hay, the torn shirt falling apart and showing his shoulders, a sickening sight, "I have given your husband the faithful workings of my hands and my mind for five years. Here I am, 'most 30 years old, and I've not a roof to call my own, nor a dollar in the world. Why should he beat me?"

"It was wrong—it was wicked, Ray; but I hope you'll forgive him," was all I could say.

"If I forgive him it will be for your sake. You are a good, kind woman. He shall come to no harm through me."

He had lain down again, for he seemed weak and sick, as well as sore. His poor, disfigured face looked haggard; but there was a steady, smoldering fire in his eyes that made me watch him when he said:

"He shall come to no harm through me."

"Ray," said I, "remember what the Bible says, 'Forgive your enemies.'"

He did not answer.

"The colonel will be sorry for this, and you will show yourself a man in forgiving him."

"I told you I would forgive him for your sake," he answered.

I bathed his shoulders with the balm and left him the shirt and the blanket. He said he should not come into the house to sleep; it was cooler there in the hay. He called gently: "Good-night, Mrs. Richardson," when I went away.

The colonel did not come home till late. My heart sank. For the first time in my life I saw my husband drunk. He didn't ask for Ray, but went to bed without a word.

In the morning he got up with bloodshot eyes and a frightful temper.

The colonel usually went among the stock before breakfast. He didn't go that morning. I suspected that he dreaded seeing poor faithful Ray. But after breakfast he went out.

I was bathing and dressing the baby when he came in again, his face like a thunder-cloud, the bottle of liniment in his hand.

"Thankful," said he, "have you been coaxing up that cursed nigger?"

"I did all I could for him," said I, quietly pinning the baby's blanket.

"Well," said he, "he's gone now, as I expected, and I'm going after him."

I laid the baby in its cradle and hurried to Ava.

"Do you know where Ray is?" said I.

"Yes, missus," said she, dropping her face into her arms upon the kitchen table. "He's gone to Groton."

The next thing we saw was the colonel on his great gray horse galloping out of the stable-yard. There was a coil of rope on the horn of his saddle.

Late in the afternoon I heard a scream from Ava. I sprang up and ran out as horses' feet came into the yard.

It was the colonel's horse, dark with perspiration and trembling. There was a rope tied to the horn of the saddle, and something attached to it that dragged on the ground. The colonel jumped down and untied the rope. I went out a few paces and turned deathly sick. Ray's insensible face was turned up to me from the ground. He hardly looked like anything human, for he had been dragged four miles over the road at the end of that rope. He lived just an hour.

The colonel had found him at Groton finally; had got possession of him somehow; had bound his hands behind him, tied the rope around his breast and made him run at his horse's side for two miles. At last the poor fellow dropped. The colonel whipped his horse into a gallop and reached home in an hour.

I helped poor Ava watch over her husband to the last; but he never knew her. I gave her money to have him decently buried. When I could be no more help to her I took my child and went back to my father's house.

I prayed to the Lord to show me my duty; but I never could make up my mind to sit down at table with a murderer.

The colonel never came near me. I don't know whether or not he ever repented that dreadful deed. After I left him he went down South and bought a plantation and spent the rest of his life there.

This was my Aunt Thankful's story.

DRIVEN TO IT BY NECESSITY.

Two of the Men Who Played Football Were Charged with Electricity.

"Bein' a little short of money," said an old sport to the Detroit Free Press man, "and the chances of makin' an honest dollar without workin' for it, way up there in Wisconsin, bein' slim, I was put to my taps. But you know how necessity is the mother of invention, and my landlady had put a time limit of just one more week on me. They only had one regular football team up there and it was a peach; big, husky fellows that would go through a stone wall. They had a standin' offer at big odds that no team in that part of the state could score agin' 'em.

"After doin' a lot of thinkin', day and night, I had a talk with a young feller that was a crank on 'lectricity and we got up an eleven. We just trained 'em enough to take the curse off and keep up appearances. But we kept up an awful noise through the papers, and my crank friend was bettin' all kinds of money that we would score, him and me bein' partners. All the people in four counties was there to see the game. In the first half and for twenty of the second half they scored about as fast as they could count. Our boys didn't know anything about signals and each one seemed to think that all he had to do was to make a single-handed dash for the goal. They got there half a dozen times but didn't happen to have the ball with 'em. Then our two halfbacks took sick sudden, don't you see, and they let us put in Big Dick an' Zim Hemp. Both of 'em looked like he had swallowed a barrel and couldn't have kept up with an ice wagon to save him. But they made a touchdown without tryin'. Any one as touched 'em went down like he was shot. Twouldn't have made no difference if they had walked. My partner had put 'em in a cork undersuit, wire cage and battery. He was the cutest cuss I ever hooked to."

LIFE OF A PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

She Is Always on Guard and Must Weigh Every Word, Look or Action.

"The President's wife can not for one moment relax the vigilant eye she is compelled to keep on her every word, look and action, except when she is asleep," writes a cabinet member's wife (the administration not being stated) in a series of letters to her sister, the first of which appears in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "She is the central figure for gossips, not only of one city, but of the whole United States. If a woman were not circumspect in this position social conditions would soon become more topsy-turvy than they are at present at the capital, it seems to me. She must throw her youth behind her or lock it up in her heart while she inhabits the white house. Of course they do entertain one or two guests at a time at dinner or luncheon very often, but the great dinners are state affairs at which the precedence of individuals seems to be the foremost consideration, and the occasions are formal almost to the extent of being stiff and uncomfortable to an easy-going person like me. Mrs. President suffers from some of the same trammels of etiquette and conventionality endured by the crowned heads of Europe. For that matter, all prominent state officials and their families lose their personal freedom somewhat as soon as they take office. Imagine Mrs. President walking down town for a morning's shopping, or dropping in on a friend to visit, to 'set a spell,' as Aunt Jin used to say! I miss my friends more than anything else in Washington. There is not a single place in the city where I can go informally."

The camphor trees of Japan, China and Formosa are beginning to fail.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Confederate Dead to Be Honored by the State of Georgia—The Last Roll Call—Given a Soldier's Burial—The Victor of Antietam.

The Victor of Antietam.

WHEN tempest winnowed grain from bran,
And men were looking for a man
Authority called you to the van,
McClellan:
Along the line the plaudit ran,
As later when Antietam's cheers began.

Through storm-cloud and eclipse must move
Each Cause and Man, dear to the stars and Jove;
Nor always can the wisest tell
Deferred fulfillment from the hopeless knell—
The struggler from the floundering ne'er-do-well,
A pall of cloth on the Seven Days fell,
McClellan—
Unprosperously heroical!
Who could Antietam's wreath foretell?

Authority called you; then in mist
And loom of jeopardy—dismissed.
But staring peril soon appalled;
You, the Discarded, she recalled—
Recalled you, nor endured delay;
And forth you rode upon a blasted way,
Arrayed Pope's rout, and routed Lee's array,
McClellan:
Your tent was choked with captured flags that day,
McClellan,
Antietam was a telling fray.

Recalled you; and she heard your drum
Advancing through the ghastly gloom.
You manned the wall, you popped the Dome,
You stormed the powerful stormer home,
McClellan:
Antietam's cannon long shall boom.

At Alexandria, left alone,
McClellan—
Your veterans sent from you, and thrown
To fields and fortunes all unknown—
What thoughts were yours, revealed to none,
While faithful still you labored on—
Hearing the far Manassas gun!
McClellan,
Only Antietam could atone.

You fought in the front (an evil day,
McClellan)—
The fore-front of the first assay;
The Cause went sounding, groped its way;
The landsmen quarreled in the bay;
Quills thwarted swords; divided sway;
The rebel flushed in his lusty May;
You did your best, as in you lay,
McClellan.
Antietam's sun-burst sheds a ray.

Your medaled soldiers love you well,
YoYur medalled soldiers love you well,
McClellan:
Name your name, their true hearts swell;
With you they shook dread Stonewall's spell,
With you they braved the blended yell
Of rebel and maligner fell;
With you in shame or fame they dwell,
McClellan:
Antietam-braves a brave can tell.

And when your comrades (now so few,
McClellan—
Such ravage in deep files they rue)
Meet round the board, and sadly view
The empty places; tribute due
They render to the dead—and you!
Absent and silent o'er the blue;
The one-armed lift the wine to you,
McClellan,
And great Antietam's cheers renew.

Confederate Dead to Be Honored.

From Atlanta Constitution: The Confederate dead who lie buried in this state may soon receive better care, and their graves be tended and improved with Georgia's money. The first move towards using the state's money to mark and care for the graves of the dead soldiers was made by Representative Awtry, of Cobb, who introduced a bill in the house yesterday providing for certain action by the State memorial board. Mr. Awtry's bill does not provide for an immediate appropriation of money to be used in putting the graves in good order, but appropriates $500 for the use of the memorial board in making an investigation of every Confederate cemetery in the state. The bill requires that the memorial board make the investigation and report the number of officers and private soldiers buried in each place; submit estimates of the cost of cleaning up, putting in good order and maintaining in a respectable manner the cemeteries, and shall further recommend legislation that will prevent the desecration of the graves or any trespass upon the cemeteries. Mr. Awtry's bill is widely favored in the house. For several years there has been a growing sentiment in favor of having the Confederate cemeteries protected and maintained by the state. At present the cemeteries are kept up by the Ladies' Memorial association, which have a hard struggle to keep the graves decent with the small amounts of money, which they succeed in raising. At present the graves of the soldiers in Georgia are in a very bad condition. New headstones are needed everywhere and much work is needed to make the cemeteries presentable. Mr. Awtry is from Cobb, where thousands lie buried. The conditions of the graves of the Confederates at Marrietta look all the more pitiable when compared with the magnificent national cemetery there, where the federal dead lie beneath green, well kept graves and beautiful marble headstones to mark their resting places. The bill of Mr. Pierce of Houston, providing for the appointment of a committee of three surviving Confederate veterans in each county in the state to prepare a complete list of the Confederate veterans who entered the war from the south, was passed. The object of the bill is two-fold. As Mr. Watkins of Gilmer, who spoke for the bill, explained, it will be of immense historical value, and its use as a check on the pension rolls will be almost inestimable. There is not now a complete list of the soldiers, and Mr. Watkins said we just couldn't afford to be without one. Mr. Page, from Newton, spoke eloquently in favor of the passage of the bill. He talked in glowing terms of the services done by the Confederates and asked if Georgia was not willing to do the simple little act of putting their names into the roster of her honored soldiers.

For Him It Was the Last Roll-Call.

Some three months since the 37th Indiana regiment held its annual reunion at Lawrenceburg, at which time the following letter from one of the absent members was read: "My Dear Comrades—It is with deepest regret that I am compelled to write you that I cannot come to a reunion on which I had counted to have so much pleasure. Rheumatism of the severest kind has me in its grip. It is an inheritance of soldier life. How I would enjoy the handshakes, the greetings and brotherly converse on the old camp ground, and, then, the campfire in the evenings, when all of us could talk over the comedies and tragedies of our soldier life!—the mud and blackjacks of Beacon Creek the life in central Tennessee, with its cedar rails, its vines, peaches and corn, and the times we had at Huntsville, Tuscumbia and Stevenson, Nashville, Stone River, Chickamauga and the Atlanta campaign, and all that life in tent and on the march so well described in Comrade Puntemey's book. But for many of us the bugle is blowing for our assembly across the river; so, boys—old comrades—farewell. I meet you no more here. Trusting in the matchless mercies of our good loving Father, we shall have a grander reunion in the land where wars are unknown; but, maybe, we will seat ourselves on some hill in heaven and talk over '61 to '65. Remember me to everybody of the dear old 37th. God bless and keep you. Yours loyally and truly, Jacob S. McCullough, Co. K, 37th Indiana Volunteers."

On the 11th day of October Comrade McCullough died. The premonition of death which he had experienced became a reality. He had answered to the last roll-call.

The Confederate Revival.

There seems to be quite a Confederate revival in some parts of the South. In Atlanta a meeting was held on Saturday to devise some plan whereby every Confederate survivor in Georgia can attend the reunion to be held there next year. Texas expects to send the largest delegation ever sent out of the state. Atlanta has also sent a large delegation of ladies to attend the annual meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy, to be held in Baltimore. It was only a few years ago that the organization was formed, and then chapters existed in only one or two states. Now they boast that members of the association are in every large town in the United States, and that the rapid growth of the body has been more than marvelous.

Plans are on foot for extending the membership, and the committee on organization at Baltimore shows a great increase during the past year. Probably the most important matter at Baltimore will be the proposition for the women of the South to clothe the old veterans in gray. It was through them that the suggestion came that at the reunion to be held in Atlanta next year all old veterans should wear the gray once more. The women have taken up the matter, and some plan will be devised by which funds can be raised to furnish the uniforms. The sessions of the convention will last several days. In Virginia Confederate veterans are circulating petitions all over the state asking the legislature to provide for the raising of the state flag over the school houses while the schools are in session, and they are being numerously signed. It is not believed, however, that the public sentiment of the state will endorse this movement, as a very general sentiment now prevails there that it is the flag of this great nation that ought to float over them At any rate, it will.

Given a Soldier's Burial.

The funeral of the late Furman E. Rook, whose death occurred in Phila-

THE LATE FURMAN E. ROOK.

delphia, took place from the family residence, Williamsport, Pa., the other day. The services were conducted by the Rev. J. B. Shaver, pastor of the Pine Street Methodist church. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers, gifts from sorrowing friends. Company D, Twelfth regiment, of which the deceased had been a member, with delegations from Companies B and G, headed by Repasz band, attended the funeral in a body. As the casket was brought from the house the military presented arms while the band played a hymn. Comrade Rook was probably the youngest volunteer soldier in the late war.

Champagne From Apple Parings.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The practice of the economics in the fruit-raising sections of the west has developed a new article of export. Until recently the orchard owners and the evaporator managers did not think of utilizing the cores and parings of apples. They occasionally sold them to the jelly-makers or fed them to the hogs, but more generaly allowed them to accumulate as refuse in great heaps, which slowly fermented and decayed. This year in many places the parings and cores are being saved. They are spread out in the hot sun and dried, after which they are packed in large sacks and held for buyers, who gather them up and send them away in car lots. The destination of the dried parings and cores in these large quantities is France. It is no secret that the refuse of the orchards of the Missouri valley and the Ozark country is now largely employed in the manufacture of champagne by the thrifty winemakers of the vineclad slopes of France.

Lady (interviewing housemaid)—Why did you leave your last place? Housemaid—Because the master kissed me mum. Lady—And you didn't like it, eh? Housemaid—Oh, I didn't mind it, mum, but the mistress didn't like it.

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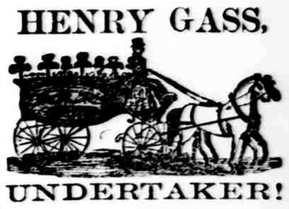

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