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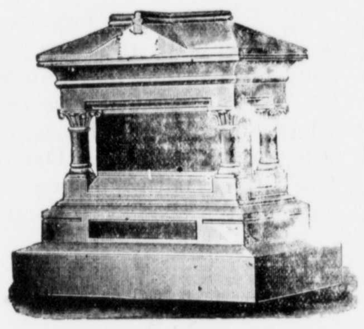

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STAND IN THE WAY.

BY LEIGH HAROLD.

Stand in the way and wait; who knows today
But that the prayer that lingered on its way,
Too weak in faith to swifter move for thee,
Has reached the throne,
And turning back to thee on strengthened wing
It hastens now, with utmost speed to bring
Down from the God of life and Lord of days
To thee thine own!

What if it tarry yet a little while
At Love's command to prove thy worth in trial,
To test thy strength, thy heart's sincerity,
Canst thou not wait?
Impatient one, be still, our days are given
To fit us for eternity and heaven;
The prayer that Love withholds, though Long it seem,
Stays not too late.

Stand in the way and wait: the thoughtless throng
May jostle thee, deride with jest and song,
As hurrying On with vague and fitful aim,
Careless they come to thee;
Heed not the jeers, but to thy purpose true,
Yielding to present duty what is due,
Turn not away, lest there shall pass unkrown
Thine opportunity.

Stand in the way and wait, that God may see,
The course of life cannot be changed for thee;
To pray and wait afar on the desert waste
Can naught avail,
Close to the fleeting years, with ever-wakeful eye,
Watch for thine hour, as they go silent by;
Found in the way true to a loyal faith,
It will not fail.

THE OLD YEAR PASSING.

The years have linings just as goblets do;
The Old Year is the lining of the New.
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden *was* doth line the silver *is*.

Were those the bells beginning already? The bells that ran out the old year as if glad to be rid of it, and ushered in the new with joyous clang and merry peal?

Joan put down her work with a sigh; her eyes ached, something else ached too, but she kept back the sob that brought that pain in her throat. She wasn't going to cry. Were there not thousands of women as lonely and poor and desolate as she in that vast city, on the last night of the old year? Half-past eleven, and she still had another two hours work; those party frocks that must be finished and sent home on the morrow. She was just a little hardworking dressmaker, who made pretty frocks for little children, dainty costumes, and sometimes fancy dresses; there was one there nearly finished, a shepherdess, a sort of Bo-Peep, and beside it lay a Little Boy Blue.

"I should like to have gone to the midnight service; it rests one, and oh! I'm so tired," she sighed, leaning back in her hard, upright chair. She closed her eyes for a minute, the yellow light of the lamp hurt them. The fire burned low, the bells grew louder, and clashed more joyously as the old year lay a-dying, and the tired little seamstress slept on. Her work had fallen unheeded to the floor, and the chilly feeling that comes with a dying fire and dead ashes, crept into the room.

Twelve strokes boomed from the church-tower clock, and then the bells ceased, and the organ pealed forth; the midnight service had begun.

The hurrying steps along the streets soon ceased, and the people pushed their way through the heavy, baize covered doors into the warm, well-lighted church. They went to welcome the glad New Year, and the old one, with all its woes and sighs, was left shivering in the silent street. It was cold, very cold, but there was no snow. A big moon was sailing through the drifting clouds, shining down with stately splendor on the dark steeple of the church, throwing spots of pale light on the battered tombstones and neglected graves of men and women long ago dead and forgotten, and trying to pierce through a chinck in the blind of the little dressmaker's room on the fifth floor of Warner's Buildings.

It was very still in that little room. There was no longer the cheerful sound of the fire flames singing up the chimney, nor the occasional fall of a coal, for the grate was black and comfortless; the fire had gone out. Only the lamp burned steadily on. How tired she looked, yet how peacefully she was sleeping. The shadows were dark beneath her closed eyes, there was a pathetic droop of the mouth, and little lines curving from the nose to the chin that ought not yet to have made their appearance, for they were not lines of age, but of work and worry. It was a weary face in repose, that, awake, was bright and full of pluck. *Pluck!* The one thing that a woman needs most who lives alone, and has to work to enable her to live.

The room was so still that a bright-eyed, timid little mouse ventured out, caught sight of the sleeping girl, and hurried back to its hiding-place. It was so still that the pieces of furniture began to talk to each other in their own peculiar way. The table creaked to the chairs, and they responded in like manner. But even their unmusical voices didn't wake the tired little woman. She was dreaming of other times, years when she had been bright and happy like other girls, and had had her innocent pleasures, and danced and sung and made merry, and had had time, too, to go to church and pray. And in her dreams she knew neither cold nor sorrow.

* * * * *

The new doctor, who had lately come to live in Church Street, mounted the flights of stone stairs with weary step. He, too, was tired, and had just come in and taken off his boots, when he was summoned to see a sick woman at 54, Warner's Building. There was a dim light burning on the landing of each flat. It was a light flickering in oil, and the smell of kerosene pervaded the stairs. Perhaps he glanced a little carelessly at the number, at any rate, 54 and 57 looked very much alike in that uncertain light. So he knocked at the wrong door, and, receiving no answer, opened it and went in.

There was only one person in the cold and cheerless room, and she was asleep. The doctor saw the mistake he had made at once, but something drew him to go nearer, and he stood in front of the girl, and looked at her. "Joan Lorrimer," he whispered, and a light sprang into his eyes, that no longer looked weary, but full of hope. Her lips moved. "Ralph," she murmured. It was only one word, but it was *his* name.

He slipped out of the room, found 54, attended to the sick woman, who had a bad attack of bronchitis, and hurried back to 57. Would she still be there? Would she have awakened?

He pushed open the door gently. Sleep was kind to her; she needed rest so much. The young doctor knelt down by her side, he was actually trembling. Then the organ pealed forth in the church, the people streamed out and the bells clashed anew. The girl stirred uneasily, sighed—and awoke. It was the New Year, and Hope and Love knelt at her feet. She uttered a cry. Was she still dreaming? It must be so. Ralph could not have found her in her poverty and loneliness.

And then she shivered, for the cold had struck her; but he warmed her in his arms, and told her how he had never forgotten her, and, until that night, sought her in vain. He would never lose her again, the New Year had given her back to him. And she gave a little sigh of tremulous happiness, and asked him to say it all over again.

But then their lips met and words were forgotten, or were no longer needed. And the two hours' work lay unfinished, but what did it matter? The little dressmaker had promised to become the doctor's wife.

HORSE HAS TAIL 19 FEET LONG.

Famous Oregon Freak Sent to Europe by Bostock.

On board the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis, which sailed Saturday from New York, was the last of the Oregon wonder horses, Linus II, bound for London. Linus II is shipped in the name of Frank C. Bostock to the Bostock syndicate, of London, Glasgow and Paris, for the London Hippodrome. Mr. Bostock a few days ago paid a large sum, said to be $15,000, to Rutherford Bros. & Coe., of Waddington, N. Y., for the animal, and sends him across the water insured in several companies for a total of $40,000, in charge of his trainer, Silas Beebe.

Linus II, 8 years old, is a rich chestnut, with an amber mane and tail. His mane on each side is a little more than 13 feet long, while his tail measures 19 feet. It takes two hours to properly groom him. His mane and tail are each tied up in many separate folds, the mane being many times the thickness of that of an ordinary horse. It is expected that he will create a sensation on the other side of the water.

The first of this breed of horses was Oregon Beauty, a freak foaled in Oregon. His only progeny was Linus, whose only living descendant is Linus II, out of the Morgan mare, Morgan Jennie. A peculiar fact in regard to these three generations is that in each the length of the mane and tail increased. Oregon Beauty was worked on a farm until 13 years old before being put on exhibition, and in 1887 at Coney Island he was killed by lightning. Linus, sire of Linus II, died in 1894 at Calais, Maine.

A Sure Thing.

"Spriggins hit on a great scheme to help his stomach out of trouble the other day. He had eaten a rabbit and it was heavy on his stomach."

"Well?"

"And so he took a tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen."

"Great guns! What did he do that for?"

"Why, to make his hare lighter, of course."

Then They Drop.

Some people do not seem to care
How much distress befalls 'em,
Until they bluff with deuces and
Some chap with aces calls 'em.

Insinuating.

"I did'nt ring your fare up yet," said the conductor, holding out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right," whispered the passenger who was trying to evade paying. "Just keep it in your pocket. I won't tell the company."—*Chicago News.*

O Grief.

I dearly love my saddle horse,
And think it is a sin
To make his fore feet grow so he
Can never scratch his chin!
And oh! 'tis sad, and brings deep lines
Of anguish to my brow,
To think that if he wanted to,
He could't say "Bow-wow!

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Respectfully, etc.,
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