

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders
up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is
on her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look
cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeams, by
the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is
from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one
looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry
faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old
year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could
not sell all day,
And the thin tattered mantle the wind
blows every way,
She clings to the railing, she shivers in
the gloom.
There are parents sitting snugly by the fire-
light in the room;
And children with grave faces are whisper-
ing one another
Of presents for the new year, for father or
for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one
hears her speak.
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly
to her cheek.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile
no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an
impatient sire,
So she sits down in an angle where two
great houses meet,
And she curls up beneath her for warmth
her little feet;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on
the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright
fires up on high.
She hears the clock strike slowly, up in a
church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling
the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her
mother used to tell,
And of the cradle songs she sang, when
summer's twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the
Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger when winter
was most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry and
desolate and in pain,
And she thought the song had told her was
ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken
ones are his—
"How good of him to look on me in such
a place as this?"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does
not feel it now,
For the pressure on her heart, and the
weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall
so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if
he were there.

In her scant and scattered garments, with
her back against the wall
She sat there cold and rigid, she answers to
no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they
shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night, the child is
frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting for one more
redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would
no one let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her,
and sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was after
that misery.

—Anonymous.

The Fireside.

WHAT NEW YEAR'S BROUGHT.

BY EMMA WARD BUMSTEAD.

In a little log cabin back in the
woods dwelt an old man and his
two grand-children—Paul, twelve
years old, and little Reba, two years
younger. They were very poor, but
happy, and above all grateful for
their many mercies. For although
the thatched roof was broken and
often let in the rain, and the pota-
toes had been scanty, still had not
the butternuts been more plenty
than usual, and the venison they had
trapped had been a rare treat.

Often as they gathered round the
fire the old man would while away
the long evenings by telling of some
of his early adventures, and the
children, never tired of listening,
would look with awe at the deer's
horns and other trophies which hung
over the fireplace.

As they were thus employed one
rainy night, a stranger entered—a
rough looking man with a gun, and
a dog following close at his heels.
"Got anything to warm a fellow
up with?" he demanded in a gruff
voice.

"Nothing stronger than tea," re-
plied the old man, who, no matter
how poor he was, always managed
to have a little tea in the house.

"Well, give me a cup of that.
Strong, d'ye hear?" addressing the
latter half of the sentence to Reba,
who had brought out the tea-pot.
So saying, the man put his gun in
the corner and sat down in front of
the fire, while the dog skulked away
under the table.

"Rough weather this," said the
old man, trying to draw out the
stranger.

"Middling. I've seen worse.
How far is it to Flatham Falls?"

"Nigh onto ten mile. Be you
going there to-night?" queried the
old man.

"Any robbers in these woods?"
asked the man, not appearing to
notice the last question.

"They never come near us," said
the old man, "though I've heard
tell they prowled round and waylay
travelers sometimes."

The stranger sat in deep thought
for several moments, till roused
from his reverie by Reba, who
handed him a smoking cup of tea,
which he eagerly drank and handed
back the cup for another. He looked
so dark and threatening that Reba
involuntarily shrank back, and with
trembling hands poured

out cup after cup of the strong bev-
erage.

"Guess I'll put up here for the
night. You needn't put yourself
out. I'll sleep on the floor here,"
said the stranger presently.

Paul and Reba stole up stairs and
lay awake for a long time in the
loft overhead until the stranger,
overcome by the warmth of the fire,
had fallen asleep and was snoring
loudly.

When Paul awoke next morning
and went into the room below, the
stranger had gone, while in the cup
which stood on the table was a
\$5 gold piece. Paul could hardly
believe his senses, and he rubbed
his eyes to see if he were not dream-
ing, but the gold still remained in
the cup. He turned it over, when
the coin rattled upon the table, and
then rolled off on the floor and dis-
appeared down a crack under the
hearth.

"Oh, dear, I've lost it!" he ex-
claimed, while tears of disappoint-
ment started in his eyes.

"Why, Paul, isn't the fire made
yet? What are you doing on the
floor?" asked Reba, coming down
and seeing Paul intently working
over the bricks. Before he could
answer they heard the sound of
horses galloping down the road.
Another moment and they had stop-
ped at the door, and before the
children could gather their scattered
wits, a loud knock came and a man's
voice said, "Hurry up there, and
undo the door!"

"Grandpa, come quick! Some
one's breaking down the door," ex-
claimed both children in a breath.

While the old man stumbled down
the ladder in his haste and unbarred
the door, the men were muttering
and cursing outside.

"What do you want," he asked.
"We're hunting for a thief. Have
you seen any one hereabouts?" de-
manded the foremost one, while the
others searched the loft above. A
stranger came last night," replied
the old man, "but I don't know
where he's gone."

"How long ago did he go?" asked
the sheriff.

"I left him asleep here and don't
know nothing more about him," re-
plied the old man. "He inquired
the way to Flatham Falls."

"Isn't likely he's gone there,"
responded the sheriff.

"Hold! What's this?" exclaimed
one of the men, as his eye rested on
the dislodged brick, and he eagerly
examined it closer. "Perhaps we
shall find some clue here."

Hastily removing the brick by
means of a poker, he found the mis-
sing half-eagle.

"One of the identical ones," he
exclaimed, holding it up to the light.
"Where'd you get this?" he de-
manded.

"Oh, I found that in the cup this
morning, and it rolled down there,"
replied Paul, amazed at the unex-
pected turn the affair had taken.

"Likely story," sneered the officer.
"At any rate, there are no more here,"
he added, after carefully examining
the bricks.

"And you don't know where he's
gone?" he asked, fixing a piercing gaze
upon each in turn.

"There's nothing to be gained stay-
ing here. Let us be going. He's got
a good start while we've been fooling
away our time," impatiently said one
of the men, mounting his horse.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the
sheriff. "The old man may be in a
conspiracy with him. It'll be a sorry
day for you if you're hiding any more
of this money," he added addressing
the old man, who replied, trembling
with fear and apprehension, while the
children clung to him: "I've told you
the truth. I know nothing more about
it."

After carefully looking for any hid-
den place where the treasure might be
secreted, and telling the old man that
he would have to appear in court, they
mounted their horses and were soon
out of sight.

"What did they mean, grandpa?"
asked Reba, while Paul stood with
flashing eyes, gazing at the bend in
the road where they had disappeared.
"I don't know, child. But some-
how it will come out all right. God
knows I am innocent, and He will pro-
vide and take care of us."

The days dragged slowly by, and
little Reba did not sing as usual while
busy about her work, for a dread ap-
prehension hung over them. The
sheriff had been there again and
searched the surroundings, for the
thief had not been caught, and a large
reward was offered for the recovery of
the treasure.

Christmas came and went, but
brought no brightness into the little
household, though Paul had made a
willow basket and filled it with bright
red berries for Reba, and their grand-
father had killed a pheasant, which at
any other time would have made the
day a gala one. They had both gone to
the Sabbath-school Christmas tree, but
somehow the tree, brilliant with lights
and sparkling ornaments and with the
fruits and gifts hanging from it, fairly

glowed with the branches, did not
look as fascinating as usual, and they
were glad to get away from the merry
crowd. A year ago they had been the
gayest and most light-hearted of all
the children.

New Year's Eve had come, and as
his custom had been for years, the old
man took down his cloak and hat to
attend the evening service of watching
out the old year.

"Ate you going to-night, grandpa?"
asked Reba.

"Yes. Maybe we shall find com-
fort in the house of the Lord," he re-
plied.

Silently the two children prepared to
accompany him. The church was well
filled, and the service had already be-
gun when they reached the door, and
as the hymns and testimonies followed
each other, bringing comfort to the
oppressed and sympathy to the sorrow-
ing ones, their burden seemed to grow
lighter. Soon the old man rose and
said,—

"I came here very sorrowful to-night,
for a dark cloud hangs over me, but
the Lord never forsakes his children.
I have been young, and now am old;
yet I have not seen the righteous
forsaken, nor His seed begging bread."

"Let us pray," said the pastor, and
he poured out a prayer of entreaty in
behalf of the aged pilgrim, that the
Lord would sustain and deliver, clear-
ing the innocent and bringing the
right offender to justice.

Peacefully they returned home in
the bright moonlight on New Year's
morning, strengthened for the coming
days.

As they were gathered round their
simple noon meal, the post drove up to
the door and handed Paul a letter for
his grandfather, who opened it in eager
haste, for letters were rare occurrences,
and read that the thief had been ar-
rested in a distant city, and had "con-
fessed" where he hid the treasure, and that
he left the gold piece in the cup so as
to fasten suspicion on the old man and
thus give him a chance to escape."

"Thank God!" reverently ejaculated
the aged man, while tears of thanks-
giving coursed down his cheeks.

"Happy New Year!" shouted a boy,
coming up to the door, and laying a
chicken on the step.

"Happy New Year!" echoed sev-
eral voices in unison, while neighbor
after neighbor, who had heard of the
good news, entered with gifts, to con-
gratulate the old man, who was too
overcome to speak. Then they sang
in united voices, "Praise God from
whom all blessings flow," and silently
departed, leaving their children and
their grandfather to enjoy the gifts
and good-will showered upon them.

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My boy," said a father to his
only son, "you are in bad company.
The lads with whom you go indulge
in bad habits. They drink, smoke,
swear, play cards, and visit theatres.
They are not safe company for you.
I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me,
father," replied the boy, laughing.
"I guess I know a thing or two. I
know how far to go, and when to
stop." The lad left his father's
house, twirling his cane in his
fingers, and laughing at the "old
man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad,
grown to manhood, stood at the bar
of a court, before a jury which had
just brought in a verdict of guilty
against him for crime. Before he
was sentenced he addressed the court,
and said among other things: "My
downward course began in disobedience
to my parents. I thought I
knew as much of the world as my
father did, and I spurned his advice;
but as soon as I turned my back on
my home, temptations came upon
me like a drove of hyenas, and
hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys
who are beginning to be wiser than
your parents.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case
Settlement, Kings Co., N. Y.

BEFORE

the "Young Folks' Column" again
makes its appearance, a New Year will
have dawned. We, therefore, wish
you, one and all,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 49.)
No. 329.—Isaiah xxxi. 6.
No. 330.—Romans iv. 25.
No. 331.—LOIS
O BOE
I O T A
S E A T
No. 332.—Mark xv. 26.
No. 333.—Democracy.
No. 334.—Ice.
No. 335.—Barley.
No. 336.—Romans viii. 28.
No. 337.—Psalms xlix. 14.

The Mystery.—No. 52.

No. 330.—OUR WIFE.
W—y—u—h—p—y—n—p—
o—p—r—u—n—w—s—r.

No. 351.—ARITHMOREM.

1. 1050 and Sue A.
2. 101 and Asa.
3. 50 and Anab.
4. 1001 and nose.
5. 1500 and sea.
6. 1006 and a.

St. John.

HELEN R.

No. 352.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

—u—e—i—n—n—n—e
—e—e—o—o—n—h—
—t—e—i—h—s—o—i—l—
—h—e—h—r—e—s—d—i—o—s—
—n—h—i—f—l—c—i—n—d—
—o—e—p—i—s—l—n—p—t—e—
—r—m—h—o—l—

St. John.

L. R. STEEVES.

No. 353.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 8, 11, 12 is to stop;
My 3, 6, 5, 6, 13 is natural;
My 10, 2, 14, 5, 9, 1 is intellectual;
My 7, 3, 9 is a shelter.
My whole, composed of 14 letters, is
a city of Europe. "MAYFLOWER."
Barrington, N. S.

No. 354.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
Nd thy rrvd t th cutry f th Gdrns
which s vr gnst Gll.

"AUTUMN LEAF."
Greenwich, Kings.

No. 355.—EASY WORD SQUARE.
An animal; a prefix; usage.
St. John.

HELEN R.

No. 356.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole composed of 7 letters,
signifies to disclose.
My 7, 6, 5, 2 is a measure.
My 5, 6, 3, 2 denotes good will.
My 1, 6, 3, 4 is a bird.

Hampstead, Queens.

"AMERICA."

No. 357.—CHARADE.
One day I took a pleasant stroll,
Went in a shop and bought my whole;
Then round my first my second placed,
And homeward then my way I traced.
Kings.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

Our Mystic Corps.

MAGGIE MILLER, Portland, St. John,
is welcomed to our ranks. List re-
ceived and will be noted in due time.
Happy New Year!

HELEN R., St. John, correctly solves
query No. 5 in "Prize Competition,"
and all of No. 49, except Nos. 331 and
334. Happy and pleasant New Year
to you!

LOTTIE STEEVES, St. John, will
please accept thanks for the nice puzzle.
All of No. 48 ("Prize Competition")
correctly answered. An Xmas
souvenir has been mailed you. Happy
New Year.

FAY ROBINSON, St. John, also wins
a Christmas souvenir. It has been
mailed you. Thanks for puzzles. Glad
New Year!

JESSIE B. SHARP, Kings, correctly
explains Nos. 323, 335, 336. List
noted in due time. A Cheerful and
Happy New Year.

EDGAR DRAKE, Grand Harbor, Grand
Manan, sends us answers to No. 302.
Other matters noted. Glad New
Year!

The Mystic Fountain.

Winners of Christmas presents will
please acknowledge the receipt of same.
* * * The solvers' list has now, and
also, familiar names,—and yet there is
room. Come! * * * Try this
week's puzzle. Try! * * * Who
will be the first to write us after this
writing? * * * The time of the
"Prize Competition" has closed, and
the Word Hunt Competition closes to-
day. No letters noticed that are mailed
after this date.

Arithmetical Amusements.

Let a person hold in one hand an
odd number of counters, and in the
other an even number; and although
you do not know in which hand the
one or the other is, you may readily
find out without seeing. Ask him to
multiply the number in his left hand
by an even number, and the number
in his right hand by an odd number,
and tell you if the sum of the two ad-
ded together be odd or even. If it be
even, the even number is, in the
right hand; but if it be odd, the even
number is in the left hand. This rests
upon the following five aphorisms: 1.
If two even numbers be added together
or subtracted from each other, their
sum or difference will be an even number.
2. If two uneven numbers be added
or subtracted, their sum or differ-
ence will be an uneven number.

3. The sum or difference of an even
and uneven number will be an uneven
number. 4. The product of two even
numbers will be an even number, and
the product of two uneven numbers
will be an uneven number.

EXAMPLE.
Number in right hand 18; in left 7
Multipliers, 3 2
14 14
54 28
82 42
Their sum, 68, is odd.

USEFUL NEWS.
St. John, N. B.

RIDGE'S FOOD
For INFANTS AND INVALIDS
To be without
Doubt the Best
of the Many
foods now in
the Market
Sold Everywhere
in
SIZES
35c and 75c
ON EVERY LABEL.

How to insure a robust childhood is a
question of great moment to the mother
who is unable to nurse the little one and
the selection of a wet nurse is attended
with much difficulty and risk. Send to
WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass., for
pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints."
RIDGE'S FOOD has without doubt reared
more children than all the other foods
combined. Ridge's Food has stood the
test of time, and still leads as the most re-
liable for all conditions of child life.

Edw. A. Everett,
104 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

BEGS TO CALL THE ATTENTION
OF THE PUBLIC TO HIS LARGE
AND VARIED STOCK OF
Wall Papers,
Purchased from the Leading Factories in
ENGLAND, CANADA, AND
THE UNITED STATES.

ALSO TO HIS FINE LINE OF
Window Shades
Including a large assortment of —
ROLLER BLINDS,

From the Cheapest up to the Best to be
found in our Market.

HE WOULD ALSO REQUEST ALL
THOSE DESIROUS OF
PURCHASING
PAINTING MATERIAL,

TO GIVE HIM A CALL.

A good Stock of everything required by
the PAINTER is constantly kept
on hand, including—
PAINTS,

VARNISHES,
BRUSHES,
GLASS,
PUTTY,
WHITING,
GLUE,
Etc., Etc.

Country Orders will receive
Prompt Attention.

PARKS' COTTON YARNS.

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT
THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manu-
facture.

Nos. 5's to 19's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
Made of good American Cotton with
great care. Correctly numbered and War-
ranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cot-
ton Yarn to remember that our
Yarn is spun on Throfile Frames which
make a stronger yarn than the Ring
Frames, used in making American yarn.
It is also better twisted and more care-
fully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7
lbs. of 120 yards each. This makes it
more easy to wind than when it is
put up without less—as the American is—
and also saves a great deal of waste.
Those acquainted with weaving will
understand the great advantage it is to
them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,
Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.
WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.
All fast colors.
Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards
in length and will make a length of Carpet
in proportion to the number of ends in
width.
We have put more twist into this warp
than it formerly had, and it will now make
a more durable Carpet than can be made
with any other material. Since its intro-
duction by us, a few years ago, it has come
into very general use throughout the
country.
All our goods have our name and address
upon them. None other are genuine.
WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

**BURDOCK BLOOD
BITTERS**

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the
Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carry-
ing off gradually without weakening the
system, all the impurities and foul
humors of the secretions; at the same
time Correcting Acidity of the
Stomach, curing Bilioussness, Dys-
pepsia, Headaches, Dizziness,
Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness
of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of
Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum,
Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of
the Heart, Nervousness, and Gen-
eral Debility; all these and many
other similar Complaints yield to the
happy influence of **BURDOCK
BLOOD BITTERS.**

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

**GOLDEN
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY**
CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption,
to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum,
"Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin,
in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, and
conquered by this powerful, purifying, and
invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ul-
cers rapidly heal under its benign influence.
Especially has it manifested its potency in
curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Car-
buncles, Scrofulous Sores, and Gonorr-
hea, White Swellings, Gleet, or Thick
Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten
cents in stamps for a large treatise, with col-
ored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same
amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.
"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and good
digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spir-
its, vital strength, and soundness of
constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the
Lungs, is promptly and certainly ar-
rested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken
before the last stages of the disease are reached.
From its wonderful power over this terribly
fatal disease, when first offering this now cele-
brated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce
thought seriously of calling it his "Con-
sumption Cure," but abandoned that name
as too limited for a medicine which cures from its
wonderful combination of tonic, or strength-
ening, alternative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious,
pectorals, and nutritive properties, is in fact, not
only as a remedy for consumption of the
lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have
sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots
on face or body, frequent headache or dizen-
siness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills,
alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and
gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and
coughed tongue, you are suffering from con-
gestion, dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or
"Bilioussness." In many cases only
part of these symptoms are experienced. It is
a remedy for all such cases. Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood,
Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis,
Severe Coughs, Consumption, and all
kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy.
Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's
book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

**PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES
FOR \$5.00.**

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Pierce's LITTLE
Pleasant LIVER
or BILE PILLS.**
ANTI-BILIOUS AND CATHARTIC.
Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

\$500 REWARD
is offered by the proprietors
of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Rem