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#### The New Year.

Ville the old year lies there dying, And Time's steed stands at the door; Thile the winged future's flying With a babe from No Man's Shoreet us promise to each other That our lives shall purer be; hat we'll help a fal ing neighbor With a word of sympathy.

ife's great highway's very dusty, Few have sanda's for their feet nd a kind word's far more trusty Than a steed, however fl et. earts are hungry all about you, For a little word of cheer: That if fools or friends do doubt you? Heaven will bless you, never fear.

hether in a cot or palace, You can still some good perform reathe a cup, or fill a chalice, Mend the mast or face the storm. ive not for your own self solely; Greet all with a smiling face, nd the new year thus make holy-Bea blessing to the race!

#### The Little Red Crutch.

"The worst of it is," said Nanette, that there isn't any garret to this use."

Nanette was leaning on the parlor indow, pulling the lace curtains very nuch awry, and looking disconsolately ut into the wet street.

"I don't miud rainy days in story ooks," continued the small philosoher, "because there are always garets in story books, always, and little irls find the loveliest things in them when it rains - old laces, and skeletons, nd other things."

"Skeletons!" ejaculated the listener the window. "My Nan! should ou like to find a skeleton? I'm ather glad we haven't any garret, if reletons live in garrets. But, I tell ou what," lowering her voice mysteriasly, and coming over to stand on the ne long-suffering curtain that Nan as abusing, "there is a little shut up ace in this house that must have mething awful in it."

The "little shut up place" was a oset in the third story back room. A bled roof made irregularities in the om, and one of them developed into very dark closet.

"But it's locked," objected Nanette. "No, it isn't. I pulled it open one y, just a very little way."

"And what was inside?" "Nothing," confessed the discoverer except dust and darkness. But I Idn't go in, you know. I wouldn't in this book; I do not think she counted r anything."

heard-stealing up the Queen Anne airway. Tiptoeing, and covering up aughing lips, and pinching each other, hey reached the third story back oor, and the small, cunning fingers all my life for watching her. oon had it open. Darkness and dust, else to be seen.

"Would you be afraid to go in there, Van ?"

"No, indeed; 'fraid of what?" ery darkest end?"

Nan insisted that she would.

"Well then do it," dared the other, and sturdy Nan plunged into total | which to thank God.' eclipse. She came back to the cheernose and mouth ditto, apron looking like Cinderella's and something in her hand. Winking her dusty lashes, she Times. held up her discovery. It was a little red crutch.

Downstairs they clattered, with noise enough to make up for their silent ascent, the little crutch bobbing grandmother's room.

would have shown if the skeleton had and saw on the table a saccer of jelly. been found instead of a ghost.

There was clearly something to tell, ind a story on this wet day would be obstinately before her.

"One breezy fall day," said grandna, surrendering at discretion, "a little girl went out to the barn to wing."

"What is a barn, Grandma?"

"This barn," she answered, "was the most delightful place in the whole world. It was none of your fine Northern barns, with stained glass had leave to sleep, where the breeze him. wandered in and out all day, and the odors from the hay field on one side, very still. and the apple orchard on the other: eams, had no idea that anybody in he world had a higher claim on it han she had.

"What was her name, grandma?"

course."

"And went out to swing one day," prompted the listener. "She went out to swing one day,

strong and very skillful; she put her little bare feet on the board seat, seized and that, and was off. Do you know how to 'work up?' How to bend the jelly with her. knees and straighten them again, with through the air? Nancy came so near was hanging to, you know, but anrope swung away from her, the board | us." tilted, she hung by one hand in the air, and soon the impetus of the swing he was well punished for eating his jerked that hold loose, and she fell."

"Ah!" cried the little girls with a sob of pain-"ah, grandma! was she

"No, not killed; but sometimes in the long winter months that followed. when she was weary and racked with pain, she wished that she had been killed. Then this little crutch was made for her at the carpenter's shop on the plantation, and padded on top,

"Painted rea?" interrupted Anita. "No, not then; nobody had ever heard of painting a crutch red; but one rainy day like this, when poor little Nancy felt so tired and sad, and had no hope to cheer her, but lay on the couch and counted how many long months must pass before she could run and walk again, her mother came and knelt down by her-dear, sweet, angelic mother"—what made grandma's voice sound so queer, they wondered -"and said. 'Mother would do anything in the world to please her little daughter.' 'Would you, mother? cried Nancy, starting up from her pillow; 'would you let me read in your

"The mother turned red for a minute, while the little cripple watched her eagerly; then she got up and went to the oldfashioned secretary with sliding doors, and brought back a large red morocco book, with a brass clasp, and put it in Nancy's hands. It had been the dream of the child's life to read what mother wrote every night

her fall too high a price to pay for it. "You may read that red book your-The next minute two slim figures | selves some day, my darlings, and find night have been seen-they could not out how your blessed great-grandmother lived and loved. But one page in it made a difference in that little reader's whole life; it said, 'Our Nancy is bearing her pain like a hero; when I | would take you and me in one time?" see her smooth the little twitching oom, and stood before the closed face, and smile up at me, I thank God oor. But it was not an obstinate for her brave spirit, and take her for my teacher. I shall be a better woman

"After that rainy day and after indeed, plenty of both and nothing reading the brass-bound morroco book, Nancy was never sad or dreary again. She actually had the little crutch painted red, in token of her gay spirits; and whenever its tip-tap was heard (and it sounded on those floors for al "Would you go away back to the most two years) a merry sound of laughter and chatter was pretty sure to win such dear praise, and to know that mother counted her a blessing for

The story was ended, and in a twink ling the little crutch fell resounding, ful light of day with great alacrity, to the floor, while two pair of soft arms covered with dust, of course-eyes full held grandmother in a tight embrace. "O granny, dear! we've caught you now. You were little Nancy, and the crutch was yours."-The Sunday School

### Stingy Davy.

Davy was a pretty little boy. He had light, curly hair, dark blue eyes along each step as they flew down to and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share any-The look that came into grandma's thing with his little brothers and siseye's when the crutch was held up, ters. One day he went into the kitwas very much like the look Anita chen where his mother was at work,

"Can I have that jelly?" asked even more delightful than finding a Davy's mother. "She has company

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said keleton. The dear old lady was at for dinner and made this jelly very once put in a state of siege, the crutch nice. But I don't care for it; so you and two little girls sitting down very may have it if you won't be stingy with

> Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little sisters and brothers to help him eat it.

be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just the least bit."

So he ran to the barn and climbed windows, but a great high-roofed, up to the loft, where he was sure no dark-raftered place, where cobwebs one would ever think of looking for

Just as he began to eat the jelly, he sunshine played about, as the children heard his sister Fanny calling him. hid hunting eggs. It was full of sweet But he did not answer her. He kept

"They always want some of every and the little Virginian girl, whose thing I have. If I have just a ginger- this week with a wing dangled from one of the lower snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

went down down into the barnyard given above.

"Her name," said the old lady, look- and played with the little white calf, ing startled, "her name was Nancy, of and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O, Davy!" said Fanny, running CER. determined to 'work up' till she into the barn yard, "where have you touched the beam. She was very been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want" asked Davy, the rope high up, gave a tilt this side thinking that of course his sister would say what she wanted him to share the

"Mother gave us a party," said a jerk that sends the obedient swing Fanny. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a little table under the big the beam that its cobwebby dust sifted | tree by the porch; and we had strawdown in her eyes (not- the beam she berries, cake and raisins. Just as we sat down to it Mrs. White saw us from other.) So close, and yet not to touch! her window; and she sent over a big Ambitious little goose! She sudden- bowl of ice cream and some jelly left ly threw out her hand, and struck the from her dinner. We had a splendid beam with her fist. But the loosened time. You ought to have been with

Poor Davy! how mean he felt. And jelly all alone.

### Golden Rule Arithmetic.

'Phil,' whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school.'

'Nice?' asked Phil.

'Yes,' was the ans wer-'nice for me. 'On!' said Phil; and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

'My uncle George,' said Kenneth, has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever see him?' 'No,' said Phil, hopelessly.

'Well, it's first rate, and my ticket will take me in twice,' said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight. Same thing both times?' asked Phil.

'No, sir ee; new tricks every time. I say, Phil!' Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your uncle George give you

'I ain't got any uncle George,' said

'That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?' 'Can't afford it,' answered Phil, with

his eyes on the ground. Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and loked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few moments struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this, and give me two tickets that

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket." "It is, though," answered his

follow-so sweet was it to the child to friend, stoutly, "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil "So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat-"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by the Golden Rule. - Chris. time. Statesman.

### DUZZLERS' ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK,--ST. JOHN, N. B. -:0:---

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

"If at first you don't succeed, TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN."

### NOTE TO ALL!

We start out on a new year-with "If I divide with them there won't this issue—with prospects as bright as usual for the Column, over which for a number of years Uncle Ned has had the conduct. We earnestly solicit the co-operation of all concerned both young and old. Try to make the column brighter and better every week this year. It lies with our contributors in making it a bright and lasting success. May 1893 eclipse any year of the existence of this department in the INTELLIGENCER. A number of prizes are already arranged for, and we open

PRIZE CONTEST in which all may participate. Let us When the jelly was all eaten, and hear from many. Address all letters he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy to editor of "Puzzlers' Paradise," as THE COMPETITION.

The opening competition for the year is for the best original story of the place of your nativity. Each story will be published in the INTELLIGEN

THE RULES.

1. The story must be written on one side of the paper only.

2. The story must not exceed 700

words nor less than 200.

3. Each story must be accompanied with five original puzzles with solutions.

on separate sheets of paper. 4. Each competitor must send ful age and address. A Nomde-plume may be used. The work must be in own handwriting and neatness, &c., of writing will be taken into account. 5. No prize will be given unless

5 or more compete. "If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again."

- The Mystery Solved .- No. 1.-

No. 1.—PI PROVERB. "Lials tgnoodl tghiltttaisr."

No. 2.—Drop-Letter Provers.

"M-n- h-n-s -a-e -i-h- w-r-." No. 3. - Cross Word Proverb.

In love, not in hate: In boot, not in skate :

In river, not in pond : In hate, not in found;

In win, not in lose; In slippers, not in shoes:

In new, not in old:

In silver, not in gold; In love, not in shun; In moon, not in sun:

In veil, not in hat; In carpet, not in mat.

—The Mystery Solved, -No 48—

No. 250 .- "All is not gold that

No. 251.-Newspaper.

No. 252.—

HOE POWER

EEL

No. 253.-1. Dove. 2. Canary. 3. Owl. 4. Hawk.

No. 254.—Christmas.

No. 255.—Santa Claus.



Now let all try for the first prize? Who'll be first? The prize is a nice one. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting further contributions. Yours, &c.

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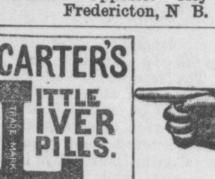
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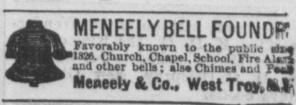
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