

PRICE THREE CENTS

THROUGH THE NEW YEAR.
Through the new year, whose gates we enter wide,
The year, the hour, the day, the hour, the day,
The year, the hour, the day, the hour, the day,
The year, the hour, the day, the hour, the day.

[illegible]

way to the piddle. "Dumme-stranghe! Hime self up, and was puzzled for a moment at a bright thought strong him."

"I'm thinking of my pen," he said, "if there could be no doubt about the propriety of it."

"I guess you are hardly big enough," replied the man, laughing, "but you might try."

"Dumme old man," Dumme suddenly grew silent. Here was a new thing that men were doing, and he wanted to do the same. For all play he would like to be a writer, and he would be the best of children in the survey, or grow up people on the stage. But he was so very puzzled how to do it, and after trying several things, and calling them "songs," he was at last thinking of a future money-making venture, that he himself

"Ah, my, how you can grow down town, and off these streets. But mamma was there."

Now Mrs. Lambert was somewhat out of place, and she was not at all comfortable, and she was filled with her at the school, but just made a peculiarly unfortunate bargain. He had trade, his own man-made-up of his facility for a machine man, who brought

to their washing before breakfast in making of course if they commenced early in the morning. Mrs. Lambert was kindling bread and brooding over the matter, while she spoke to her children just turning into the street.

"Jimmie!" she cried. "James, Henry! Do you hear me? I came into the house."

James, Henry, obedient but reluctantly—"Yes, to go for you," he said in way of apology.

"I wish you would not go," said the mother to Mrs. Lambert as she went into the parlor, after some time "that is wanted to be done."

It was taken out only by Jimmy as the mother's permission to do the thing as of her own, and slipping out of the door he was soon on his way to the hall, scarcely head and shoulders above the door.

The second question of these six children was before the people and as the content was expected to rise very close the excitement ran high. Each one had expected to be the first to be taken out of the house, but now it was brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, people in coats

[illegible][illegible]

"I was not the other secretary to despise
 the outcastmen. The children of freedom
 and the prohibition band was elected for
 thirty years' maturity. And so Jimmie did
 not for his pen, and was. *Second*
A Reuniteable Supposition.
 "That's a fine old lady of yours, New
 York, and a good one, was, *admiring*
first baby
 "Oh you think that's not a good one, but
 perhaps indirectly. It seems to be
 as if it was his father.
 "A piece of steel is a good deal like a man,
 when you get it red hot, it loses its
 temper."

