

RING OUT, RING IN.



Ring out, wild bells,
to the wild sky,
The flying cloud,
The frosty light;
The year is dying
in the night—
Ring out, wild bells,
and let him die.

Ring out the old,
ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the wr'owing lust of gold;
Ring out the U'sand years of old,
Ring in the thro' and years of peace.

Ring in the w' aliant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out ' the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

A HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

How the Handsome Blonde Young Man Kept New Year's Day.



HEY boarded in the same house. She was a sparkling brunette, with a plump, shapely figure, rose-bud lips and deep red cheeks. Her raven locks fell in pretty clusters over her noble forehead, and were gathered into a massive coil, artistically braided, in her neck. Her deep, glorious eyes were re-

splendent with a warm light, and had, in their half-shy expression, a charm which fascinated for weal or woe. She was endeavoring to enjoy her dinner, but was nervous and restless.

He was a blonde, with a quantity of mustache and whiskers close cut. He sat at a table opposite the charming brunette, and do what he might, he could not avoid gazing at her. Every two minutes their eyes met, at which she regularly blushed, fidgeted and frowned, and he inwardly blessed the good fortune which had placed him opposite such a revelation of loveliness.

They were, ere long, introduced; but their acquaintance seemed not to prosper. One thing and another occurred to separate rather than unite them. She had other friends and needed him not; he was busy and cared not for her.

In this way the fall slipped by, and an occasional nod in the morning or evening, never at both times, a few words extremely commonplace as they met on the stairs, a merely polite bow upon the street was all their communication.

As has been said, she seemed nervous at the table, undoubtedly disliked to have every mouthful of food carefully scrutinized before she enjoyed its flavor—possibly the ordeal destroyed the flavor. At all events she suddenly changed her seat, presenting a most charming and unbroken view of her back to the careful attention of her admirer. Unquestionably she thought this would entirely discomfort him and force him to capitulate, in just what manner she did not know.

But, strange to relate, he survived this rebuff. He lived along as before, weighed as heavily, ate as heartily and slept at night as serenely. In fact he rather enjoyed the occasional views of her profile, perhaps, as much as her full



THIS STOOD ON THE BUREAU.

face. But it must be confessed that he noticed the pointed cut and laid it away among his keepsakes—for he had many such to gladden his lonely hours.

Thus the early winter passed, and she could not help but think now and then of this innocent young man she had so cruelly ignored. In fact, as is often the case if we endeavor to put a thought from us, he came ever more often to her mind. Her many admirers seemed less attractive; their compliments were back-neglected, heartless; she longed for a new voice, an unexpected remark, a new conquest. And feeling that way it was perfectly natural that she should think of the blonde young man, who patiently smiled at the back of her head during dinner. Ah! how she longed to resume her old seat! How she longed to undo

all that her foolish perverseness had done! She even laid awake nights planning to bring about the proper result and yet preserve her dignity—for she would part with her life more gladly than with her dignity.

And all this time he, too, gave many thoughts to the sweet brunette; not sentimental thoughts, not romantic thoughts, not particularly interesting thoughts, but very ordinary musings, as he admired over and over again the taste with which her back hair was arranged; the superb fit of her tailor-made dress; the round plumpness of her arms; the soft whiteness of her hand.

Gossips will circulate in a boarding-house—mysteriously, to be sure, but still it goes. And one day while she was in her little room—his room was at the opposite end of the hall—she overheard two of the servants discussing certain photographs. She learned they were in his room. She also learned that they were photographs of ladies. Now, the dominant characteristic of the feminine mind is curiosity. Sorry to say so, but it is true. Some will go to almost any length to appease it. And many a woman has brought trouble on herself and friends to gratify it. And our little heroine was plentifully supplied with this valuable article.

"Can he have another girl?" she asked herself; then quickly answered it: "Of course he has. But perhaps he is engaged! Think of it—engaged! Is such a thing possible?"

And fully impressed with the horror of the thought, she flung her door open. There was no one in the hall; the door of his room was open, for it was the day after Christmas and he was out of town—gone to see that other perhaps. Her mother was out—no chance of detection from that quarter. She remembered that the occupants of the other room were also away for Christmas—no one to discover her there. Surely the coast was clear. Yes, she saw it, and with a rapid step walked boldly into his room. Ah! how she flushed at her own pretty face in his mirror—a dainty hand-painted thing—doubtless the gift of that other But what other? She looked around and saw, not one feminine face, as she expected, but many. But there was one which seemed to have the most prominence. This stood on the bureau, and she bent over to examine it closely.

The upper drawer of the bureau was open a little way—all else was in good order. She had been studying the photograph, perhaps a minute, rapidly and critically, when she was horrified by hearing the front door in the hall below open and shut heavily and a rapid step came hurrying up the stairs. She turned pale with fright, for she recognized his quick step, and never had it seemed so dangerously quick—never had she experienced such a sensation of perfect dismay. Not pausing longer, she turned abruptly to hazard a run into her own room, for he had climbed but one flight of stairs—there was yet time.

At her bosom she wore a dainty glove-buttoner of oxidized silver—a pretty



HE PAUSED ABRUPTLY UPON THE THRESHOLD.

thing, the gift of a dear friend. It had become dislodged from its resting-place as she sat reading in her own room, and when she thought of those photographs came to her she rose so suddenly that she still further loosened it; while bending over the picture on his bureau it hung by just the slightest thread, and when she turned quickly to fly it fell into the partly-open drawer. She heard the noise as it fell, but could not pause to find it at so critical a moment.

When she entered the room—his room—she easily dodged around a chair, which was placed a little awkwardly in the center of the room; but in her eagerness to escape she thought not of that obstruction, but rushed into it, overturned the chair, which fell with a crash, and, humbled most piteously, she sprawled full length upon the floor, a dozen hair-pins flying in all directions. Alas! for her lordly dignity!

Just at this juncture he, a little wearied with the climb, reached the upper hall and swiftly approached his room. It would be utterly false to say that he was not surprised. It would be equally false to say that he was literally thunder-struck. He paused abruptly upon the threshold as if spell-bound. His valise and umbrella fell to the floor, and he swayed back and forth until he was forced to grasp the casing of the door-way lest he, too, might fall.

This weakness, of course, lasted but a moment, and as he realized the situation, as he saw the chair upon its back, the proud girl motionless upon the floor, he aid for hair dressing scattered about in profusion, a faint smile lit his face—surely this was pardonable.

The next moment, however, his expression changed, for she remained so quiet that he feared she might be dangerously hurt. So he bent over her, lifted her gently to her feet, and sought to assure her that no harm was done.

Good health is a blessing. A robust constitution is more to be prized than a mint of money. But for once in her life she longed to be a delicate, sensitive creature, able to swoon at the slightest notice. For would it not have been blissful to be unconscious at that trying moment? Her hands were bruised, likewise her face, arms and many parts of her body, for she fell heavily; but, alas! her blood came and went as usual, and her mind was perfectly clear. His

arms were about her; his hands were wiping the blood from her face—a little scratch received from the corner of the chair; his voice was speaking polite and comforting, and it even seemed affectionate words; but still she sobbed, her heart nearly broken.

He inwardly thanked God for this opportunity, but was a kind-hearted man after all, and as he appreciated her situation he gently drew her toward the hall.

"I—I will—go—by myself," she stammered, as she reached the threshold.

"Very well," he answered. "I hope you are not seriously hurt."

After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so helplessly that he at once came to her relief. A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room and he was standing in the center of his, wondering how she happened to be where he found her.

It would be wrong to say that he arrived at the proper solution of the problem at once; for, although his wits were fairly sharp and the correct thought came to his mind, still he was not so conceited as to believe it at first. He collected the hairpins and a dainty, lace-trimmed handkerchief and placed them carefully in one corner of the bureau drawer before mentioned. As he was about to turn away his eye fell upon the glove-buttoner, and with an inward laugh and a sentimental twinge at his heart he gazed raptly at it, and then, with a sigh which may have meant very much, put it with the other spoils and dropped into his great chair to think.

Several days flew swiftly by to the busy workers of this bustling city, but they hung very heavily upon the hands of two fated mortals. He resumed his seat as usual at the table, but she came not. Day after day went by and she was not seen; and his heart beat more wildly as he surveyed her vacant chair, knowing so well the cause of its abandonment. Her mother seemed in no way changed towards him, and her friends seemed not to be aware of the remarkable coincidence.

Sunday came, and he felt sure that she would then show herself, but he was disappointed. Sunday evening after church he was so much worried and troubled that he summoned the necessary courage and asked her mother if Miss — was seriously ill. And this was her answer:

"Yes; we are greatly worried about her. She sleeps not at all—or only in fitful naps. She eats almost nothing. She has a high fever, and really we are much alarmed. The strangest part is that we can not account for it in any way."

Hearing this, it is not strange that he found little sleep Sunday night. He saw that her pride and shame were killing her. He knew not why, but his own heart was filled with very peculiar sensations, and do what he might he could not think consecutively of any thing or anyone but her.

This state of affairs continued until New Year's morning at about half-past eleven o'clock. She, for the first time, left her little room and quickly entered her mother's. His door was open a little way, and he caught a glimpse of her dress—the same she had worn a week ago when he so surprisingly found her. He was at that moment examining for the hundredth time her belongings he had carefully put away. And as he saw her enter her mother's room a thought came to him—or, rather, courage came to him—sufficient to carry out the bidding of a thought he had cherished for many days.

He stopped not to consider for fear his heart might grow faint, but quickly wrote a few words on his card and tied the hairpins, glove buttoner and handkerchief with it into a neat package. Then tremblingly he sought the mother's bedroom door. The honored lady responded to his knock, and with a very flushed face he stammered:

"Pardon—I think—I should say—these belong to your daughter."

After which he made a very shameful retreat. A few moments the good woman stared in blank amazement at the package she held, but she had not long to meditate thus. The daughter, who was reclining on a sofa in a most exhausted manner, suddenly received new strength as she heard his voice, and springing to her feet, she pulled her mother into the room, tore the package from her and burst its cord in almost breathless haste. The mother was by this time thoroughly amazed, and sank into a chair, not really knowing what next to expect.

The daughter read the few words upon the card at least a dozen times. Tears came to her eyes; her bosom heaved with mighty sobs, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.

Alarmed at this the mother went to her child, and when she became more calm she laid her beautiful head upon her mother's lap and told her every thing. Then she seized a piece of paper, wrote also a few words, tied it in with the relics—if they may be so called—and induced her mother to return it to the room at the end of the hall.

This done, the mother entered the daughter's room, and the heart-stricken young man almost flew into the larger room, where he again met that most bewitching brunette.

And now my tale is done. It were not proper or fair to tell what words, what sighs, what promises were exchanged that New Year morning. Suffice it to say that with the old year died all their differences, all their causes for sorrow, and with the New Year came love, peace and joy. This is but a silly love story, I hear the reader remark, and yet are there not many groundless or foolish misunderstandings between those who should be friends or lovers which by a slight effort can be put away in the grave of the old year? Let this New Year smile on all and frown on none.—F. W. Pearson.

—Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine form an excellent washing fluid. Put two spoonfuls into the water in which the clothes are boiled.

THE HUMAN APPETITE.

How It Can Be Satisfied in the City of Chicago.

Restaurants Where Mouth-Bowls Are in Daily Use—Fifteen-Cent Wash-Bowls—A Study of Waiters and Their Peculiar Ways.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

In Chicago, as elsewhere, man can not live without dining, and the only difference between the simon-pure Chicagoan and other specimens of American mankind in this respect is that the Michigan Lake breezes have the effect of creating an appetite which would put to shame the dweller in any other part of the country. Take him all in all, the average Chicago man lives to eat, and the average Chicago woman keeps him company.

This will, perhaps, explain the existence of the thousands of restaurants and eating-houses whose prosperity seems so inexplicable to strangers who visit the Garden City for the first time. Each street corner here, they observe, has its saloon, with a drug-store across the way and a restaurant in the middle of the block. This is natural. The pure ozone from the lake creates an appetite for substantial eatables, the hurry and worry of business life make a brisk demand for drinkables, and the subsequent overloaded condition of the stomach compels a visit to the nearest pill shop.

The great Chicago triad—saloon, drug store and restaurant, a wise man from the East once upon a time called the combination, and, to tell the truth, he was not far from summing the whole thing up correctly.

Saloons and drug stores are very much alike wherever one may go, and it would be a waste of words to speak about them, but a description of what Chicago offers in the way of eating-houses will throw some light on a matter in which every body is interested.

First of all, then, Chicago has restaurants for all classes and conditions of human beings. Restaurants for the rich, restaurants for the poor, restaurants for women, restaurants for negroes, restaurants for Germans, restaurants for Frenchmen, restaurants for rat-and-rice-eating heathens, lunch counters for busy clerks and eating halls for tramps and other impecunious individuals.

There are, for instance, gorgeous dining halls for the representatives of the four hundred who may desire to dine outside of their clubs, where a piece of sirloin steak costs a dollar and a look at the head waiter adds a quarter to the bill, where garcons in full dress sit hither and thither with noiseless tread, where finger-bowls are in every-day use and where even the fashionable mouth-bowl is not a stranger.

What on earth is a mouth-bowl, you ask. Why, the mouth-bowl is a Russian institution; a square or round glass bowl with a pretty little glass inside; the whole being served on a glass dish together with a fine linen dolly of diminutive size. After the finger-bowl has been passed, the garcon makes his appearance with the mouth-bowl. With as much grace as you can command you remove the glass from the bowl, pass the perfumed water through your mouth and unostentatiously deposit it in the bowl. Then you take the dolly, wipe your mouth, put the glass back into the bowl, wipe your fingers and the task is done. As I said, this and an unlimited number of other luxuries you can enjoy, provided you are willing to pay two or three dollars for a thirty-five-cent meal.

If you do not care to pay a week's salary for a day's board you can go to any one of the two hundred or more restaurants where a good meal can be obtained for thirty-five or fifty cents. In these places you will not find many of the appointments of fashionable life, but you will be thrown with the representatives of the great middle class of Chicago, men and women who prefer a good roast or a choice chop to costly bric-a-brac in the way of cut glass and solid silver.

Instead of being waited on by gentlemen in full dress, guests are served by clean-looking Africans armed with napkin and towel, which implements of their profession, I am sorry to say, assume a hue resembling that of their manipulators before the dinner rush is half over. As restaurants go, these establishments are very satisfactory, however, and entitled to the custom of sensible people.

Natives or visitors fond of German cooking have the choice of half a dozen or more places where "buck wurst mit sauer-kraut" is served with the same regularity as are pork and beans in the Yankee boarding-house. Swiss cheese and even the aromatic Limburger can be washed down with a delicious cup of coffee or chocolate, for, strange as it may seem, in none of the German restaurants of the better class can beer or other intoxicating liquors be obtained. The cooking is Teutonic from the soup down to the Kaiser pudding, and buzom German lasses with an amplitude of gesture carry your order from the dining-room to the kitchen.

The Messieurs Francaise, on the other hand, employ fine-looking male waiters, who view with contempt, begotten by a feeling of racial superiority, upon German wait-maids and humble Senegambian menials. In nine cases out of ten the shabby French waiter is a man of family, that is, the descendant of a family with a title as long as that of the French soup on the menu. French and German noblemen in reduced circumstances seem to take to waiting on a table as naturally as a duck does to water, and as most of them are decidedly in reduced circumstances after they have been in this glorious country for five or six months without catching a shallow-pated American heiress, the supply of titled menials far exceeds the demand. The result has been a reduction of wages for this class of labor, and a union composed of colored gentlemen has under consideration the passage of a memorial to Congress praying for the exclusion from their native land of Counts and Barons who can not make an honest living in the effete monarchies of the Old World. In this they have the sympathy of their white fellow-citizens, who will cheerfully second their patriotic and disinterested efforts.



LADY WAITER.

The king of Chicago waiters, however, is not the titled foreigner, but the hash-slinger in the five and ten-cent feed-houses located on South Clark and West Madison streets. He is a character that baffles description; half tramp, half gentleman. Rigged out in a shirt that may, perchance, have once been white, and an apron reaching from the neck to the feet so as to cover a patch-work pair of trousers, he intimidates his customers by scowling at them in a way which instinctively makes them put their hands over those pockets in which they may have a stray dime or two. The order given, it is bawled out in a stentorian voice and the unhappy guest, too frightened to leave his seat, is kept waiting fifteen or twenty minutes before his order is filled. One of these queer establishments has a sign on the window with the inscription:

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TOMORROW WE DIE.
HAM AND EGGS, 10 CENTS.
OATMEAL AND 3 EGGS, 10 CENTS.
With a cup of coffee or tea free gratis.

In the same place a small beefsteak, potatoes, bread and butter, and three doughnuts can be obtained for a dime, and a sirloin steak with the same extras for fifteen cents. Pork and beans is worth eight cents; mutton chops, tea-cents; roast chicken, fifteen cents, and other articles in proportion. Of course, eating houses of this description are patronized only by the lowest class of working-people, tramps and other problematical characters. The fact that, according to a police official's statement, there are in existence in the business districts of Chicago over one hundred of this class of restaurants, each of which feeds from one to five hundred persons per day, proves perhaps more conclusively than any thing else that a large city like Chicago harbors at all times ten thousand men who are either out of work or belong to the criminal class.

The hash-slingers employed by the proprietors of these resorts are recruited from their customers, and hence the casual observer need not be surprised when he receives a somewhat noisy reception.

Chinese restaurants are something of a novelty in Chicago, and no Caucasian would care to visit one of them for the purpose of obtaining a meal more than once. The victuals and delicacies served by the pig-tailed proprietors of these South Clark street dens are prepared in genuine Oriental style and seasoned with an indescribable combination of vile herbs and spices. Rice forms the principal substance of every feast, but on high holidays the heathen basement revelers indulge in bird's nest soup, imported yams and dried fish, the smell of which would make a full-grown skunk hide its head in shame. The prices asked by Chinese Bonifaces are extravagant, but the old adage *de gustibus non est disputandum* can be applied to the almond-eyed Asiatics with the same propriety as to the civilized bon vivants, and perhaps we, who consider raw oysters on the half-shell a rare delicacy, have no business to throw stones at the poor deluded heathen who prefers decayed fish to animated bivalves.

But, as said before, in Chicago a stranger can have whatever he wants at prices to suit his purse. The meats served in the most expensive as well as the cheapest places have passed a rigid inspection, and while the "vute" in the fifteen-cent restaurants may not be the choicest, yet they are as wholesome as those served in more gorgeous places, and this fact dwellers in the rural districts should not forget when visiting the great metropolis of the West.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

A Sure Sign.

"Jones," said Smythe, as he watched a couple strolling near, "that is a first love affair."

"How do you know?"

"I just heard her make him promise not to smoke or drink."—Time.

There is but one safe way to milk a kicking cow, and that is to get your milk of the dealer in that beverage.

—There is a plant in New Granada known as the "ink plant," the juice of which serves, without the least preparation, as ink. The writing at first appears red, but in a few hours assumes a deep black hue. Several sheets of manuscript, written with this natural ink, became soaked with sea water on their journey to Europe, but when dried the writing was found to be still perfectly clear.

MASSAGE FOR BABIES.

A Mother Tells how She Makes Her Little Pet's Existence Delightful.

I wonder how many mothers—new mothers—have ever heard of rubbing as a wonderful help and comfort in the care of our wee babies? I seem to feel a "call" to tell the good news to such as are still in darkness. I am a new mother, you see, and this wisdom of mine is not my wisdom at all.

I borrowed it from a mother grown wise in the dear service, and it has helped me too much to let others go unhelped.

Every night at bed time, when I tress my baby, before popping her into her wee white nightie, I rub her all over, from the crown of her little brown head to the soles of her little pink feet—and the way the small baby will "ooe" and grunt from sheer enjoyment of the process is delightful to see. She does take such comfort in it—and I am persuaded above any contradiction that it makes her sleep longer and better, of course it does—'an't the physiology of it plain to see? The little arms and legs are tired with the busy kicking and flying all day long, and mamma's rubbing sets the blood to tingling, and sends a pleasant little thrill up and down the baby body. We old babies would not mind the same treatment I imagine—I know, for I tried it a little while ago, when I was almost too tired to try to act my "grown up" role. The rubbing sent me off into such a delicious rest. And so I know whereof I speak when I advise this simple medicine for our tired, restless, little mortals. Try it, when your baby frets and will not be comforted, some of these uncomfortable nights. See if the little one will not repay you—and that right speedily too. This such a simple bit of a thing to do to produce such a good result. Don't be afraid of rubbing too hard; of course the little tender bodies must be handled ever so gently, but they may be safely rubbed with a firm pressure—until all the soft flesh is rosy red. And meantime, his or her small majesty will be having the best time in the world. My little queen—majesty, would like to be rubbed and rubbed for an indefinite time. I have never known her to "say enough" or to once think the rubbing too hard. And she is such a wee little lady—not five months old.

The little feet need especial resting in this way, I think. I substitute a little "massage" of my own—softly kneading and pinching its own with the rubbing. The bit of a pink foot may be taken between the two hands and its sole and toes and instep rubbed and kneaded gently with both thumbs.

Two baths every day—the soap and water one in the morning, and this rubbing-bath just before the "sand-man" comes round at night—why, they mean inches of growth and eils of comfort to the babies, (say nothing of the help to us mothers. One other thing is equally useful—more needless, indeed—to his baby's well, and that is a drink of cold water often. On warm, thirsty days, especially—how many times babies really suffer for the kindly "cup of cold water"—and how much they enjoy it when 'tis given!

My baby has learned even so soon to laugh and crow when she sees the spoon coming—and the little mouth opens very eagerly for the cool drink. It is a positive cruelty to leave cold water out of a baby's bill of fare. See how soon the fretting will stop when you give the drink to the hot little mouth. Oh, I know this was good advice that the same dear, wise mother gave me for my aid, when I needed it. All the doctors in the world can not compare with a real mother, who has mothered her own and other folks' babies all her precious life long. Wouldn't it be well then, for us who are young in the beautiful work—just learning the trade—to listen longer to these older mothers? Let us sit meekly at their feet and learn of them—until we, too, have grown wise and white-haired.

I am afraid I have talked too long, but I wanted mothers to share my knowledge and reap its rewards. If I were to add to the rubbing and the cold-watering, the frequent bathing of the hot little faces and hands, these warm seasons, with cool water—I believe I should be willing to stop my advising and humbly withdraw into the background, while some one else took my place.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Forty Days to Cure an Egg.

The Egyptian eggs are very small and their chickens are not half the size of ours. The Chinese are the greatest fowl-raisers in the world, and they rank high among the egg-eating nations. They never eat an egg unless it be boiled hard or pickled, and the Chinese preserved eggs are one of the beauties of their gastronomy. It takes forty days to cure an egg properly. It is not fit to eat before that age and after that the older the better. Lime, salt and vinegar are mixed together in the pickling and the egg, when ready for use, is as black as coal. The Koreans are also egg-eaters and I found many of the Japanese who like their eggs raw.—F. G. Carpenter, in Philadelphia Press.

—A Michigan exchange gives this advice to its readers: "If a gray-haired woman of fifty in moderately respectable attire is put off the cars in your town because she can't pay her fare any farther; if she almost immediately receives a telegram urging her to come home on the next train because her husband is dying, and if she tearfully and desperately, in a plenty loud voice, announces that she is going to walk home 100 miles, you let her walk. She and her confederate, who sends the telegram, have worked the dying husband racket in half a dozen Michigan towns at a net profit, it is figured, of \$15 a day."