A Story of Two New Years.



CY my last paper, 'm?" The voice has the tremulous quaver of the professional mendicant, and moves me not a whit. They are all alike with their stock in trade, their

ful endeavors to sympathies; and I move on through the darkening twilight of a bitterly cold New Year's eve, until the sound of a persistent "stump. stump," beside me, and the sight of pair of eyes, hollow, yet radiant, lighted suddenly into starry reflectors by the coming of their owner into the glare of an electric lamp, cause me to

It is a girl, I perceive; a girl upon crutches. Her rags are manifest, her cloak a farce; a tattered bit of searlet wool is wound about her head, and in each naked, red hand is grasped the cross-piece of a rude crutch

"Buy my last paper, 'm? All about-" but what she says chills me more than the biting night winds. From her blue, childish lips comes a glib enumeration of crimes no child should know-crimes from which a seasoned sinner might well recoil-intelligence of most satanic nature-and yet I feel that her own utterances touch herself no more for barm than do the foul waters the waxen petals of the lilies they up-

"Who are you, child?" I ask. "Crutchy. Won't you buy my last

"Yes; but that's not enough. I-I-' stammering, because I feel that I am



"WON'T YOU BUY MY LAST PAPER?"

about to do one of those very foolish. impulsive things imputed me by my little world at large-'I should like to buy

you."
"Me?"

"Yes. Are you for sale, Crutchy?" "Not reg'lerly acrost a counter, 'm," rejoins Crutchy, in quick response to the suspicion of drollery in my mood. "It's you as 'u'd be sold, 'm, if you was to buy me. I'd go dirt cheap, though,

"It's a burgain," I laugh, and down the brilliant street we tramp together.
"He'll be glad if I never come back," vouchsafed my new possession. "He hates me. Men allus hates women, doesn't they?"

I glance down at Crutchy in surprise. But the surprise vanishes as I note the eniid is older than I thought-a great girl, in fact, but not in stature.

"Who is 'he,' Crutchy? The clerk to whom I must render payment for my new purchase? "He's gran'dad; but he can't sel, me.

'Sides" -and the starry eyes close sufficiently to twinkle-"he'd be too drunk to make change! I am already glad that I have bar-

gained for Crutchy. My intuition never fails me, however mad, at times, my impulses seem. I like my new little bundle of ready responses; but how about Keith?

Keith laughs when, at home at last, I tell him what I've done; calls me all sorts of fond, nonsensical names, and, a little later, leaves me with my "odd idea," to go to the club.

"You'll not stay long, Keith?" I ask. "Can't promise, dear, really. There are a lot of fellows of the legion to be

on hand to-night-" "Of the legion, Keith-that old Pa-

risian mob?"
"Ha! ha!—'mob'! You're not jealous of the legion, are you, little woman?" I am. But pride will not allow me to be candid. Let him go to his legion—am I not his first thought, for

all those gay Bohemians? 'Cantholi has a new idea"-all things, to Keith, are, in some sort, "ideas"and he means to parade it. "Big canvas -weird subject-'Ring of Death.' or something of the sort.

"I like your style so much better, Keith."
"What—"The willows green, the peb-

bles white, the stream a line of glimmering light'?" "For shame, Keith! Where did you

find that, you-"On the floor. Debris from your deak, Allow me to continue; 'The low hills wrapped in purple :nist; the mountain tops the sun has kissed—'"

"Keith! Feith! Go to your legionare you utterly without heart?"

She asks me that who captured it! Oh, come, little woman, the rhymes are not so bad. I've heard worse.'

Keith sleeps so late next morning that I have time to make a pilgrimage to a bazar where ready-made clothing is obtainable, return with divers packages, and trick out the flotsam washed to me by destiny's waves from the ocean of life, before my husband makes his ap-

As he enters the room I call Crutchy and formally introduce to her my lord and master. She lifts her great, bright eyes, and, it would seem, takes his measure at a glance. My senses being keen- I feel instinctively, that

Keith does not impress her as I have hoped-as I have been sure-he would. As if to find an answer to my unformed question in his face, I look at Keith. God help mel-the answer is therespeaking from the dull, bleared eyes, from the lax, unsteady lips, from the red, bloated cheeks, from the breath-

but let what I have named suffice! "Odd little beast-comic-make good model!" Keith/"

But the eyes have closed before my cry is ended. With a moan I turn and kneel before Crutchy, her arms around me, my head pillowed upon her hollow little breast.

From whence came that mysterious influence that brought together two atoms for mutual good-Crutchy and me? In the hours, the days, the weeks that pass, no mother could console me as does this crippled child. The hideousness of inebriety is no new thing to her. Her face is a barometer. I fall to reading, and confident am I that hope is near if a smile be in the ascendant.

It is smiling often of late, for Keith is working pretty hard now upon a new picture. Crutchy is his model. When his hands are steady the bright eyes grow in radiance, and all their dazzling beauty is caught upon the canvas: when they tremble and lose their cunning then Crutchy comes to me, and there's nothing I can do but bless my little New Year's gift.

My small inheritance is all gone-Keith's money nearly so, and shorter commons than those to which we've either one of us been ever used, is quite the order of our present day. Our last domestic takes her leave, and Crutchy and I vie with each other in the culina-

"Rice is cheap eatin', and a slice o' toast. Tea's too excitin' to the nerves

"And depressing to the purse, eh. Crutchy?

The picture is finished. Keith takes it to the exhibition and comes home elate. It is accepted and will be "put upon the line." The demon of strong drink had not been seen for weeks. Crutchy's face is aglow with happiness, and I am coming to my old, gay self. much as a storm-blown vessel rights herself upon a calming sea.

"Our idea" is the center of attraction in the great art exhibition. Crutchy's pictured eyes go to the heart of a cer-tain dealer. Keith, though offered a pretty penny, holds to a fixed price, and one night fetches the great sum home with him.

"My little woman shall have her old servants back again; and Crutchy shall have her wheeled chair!" cries Keith, flourishing a fistful of bills.

Full of our joy, we women indulge in a little dissipation; steaming coffee, and such chops as Keith affects, are set upon our lately frugal board. 'And what color shall be the uphol-

stering of the wheeled chair, Crutch-kins?" asks our hero, helping himself to another juicy chop. "I must sleep on that," says Crutchy,

the quaint. "On the color of the chair? Ha! ha! Well, little woman, it's not everybody that has so many thousands in the house over night-indeed, it isn't the safest thing imaginable to thus entertain this

sort of visitor-did outsiders but know

of it! However, I've been carefully



THEY READ THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

put it-all save this fiver-in the desk upstairs, and to-morrow I'll bank it, bright and early. And now I must leave you. Promised to meet my benevolent patron at the club, and talk over a new

"Ke-" but I close my lips in time. I should be a criminal to suggest such an awful possibility as has flown like a devil into my brain. "Good-by, old boy, and don't stay too long away, for Crutchy and I are a slim battalion to cope with any burglarizing foe."

That long, long night my searching hand touched an empty pillow. Keith does not come home. The morning dawns. Crutchy crawls downstairs, looking white and haggard; evidently she has slept as little as have I. At noon we hear the stopping of a vehicle; my husband is brought home. We pay the men for their services, and turn to face our grief. The money has been too much for him-his flattering friends too seductive; we see it all, Crutchy and

I, and sit there, silent in our anguish. Next morning Keith tells the story that we, being women, intuitively know. He gropes his way upstairs, sober, sad, suffering, and has not had time to more than cross the room when -may Heaven save me from ever again hearing the sound I now hear-there comes a shrick that resembles the cry of a lost soul. I rush up the stairs. while Crutchy follows slowly.

"It's gone! The money's gone! I'm

robbed!-I'm robbed!" I fall upon a chair, stunned; nor do seem to awaken from my stupor for hours and hours. Officers of the law, detectives, all who can aid in the search, come and go-a baffled lot. The money is not to be found, nor any trace of it. But the shock and my spathy arouse my husband. Like one touched by a my husband. Like one touched by a pawerful lattery, he springs into new life, and swears, by all that he holds holy and dear, to have done with strong drink. And I know that he means it.

But Crutchy grows thinner as the days shorten; and when the sun enters Libra. I feel that the frail tenement

at ner out a tittle white longer. She feels it, too, and, nestling close, tells me of her gratitude.

"I couldn't de much for you, dearle," thus she pet-names me, "but could, I did. And when I die-"O, Crutchie," I wail.

"I want you to promise me to put something in my hand. I hope I'll live till New Year's, dearie, 'cause somehow it 'u'd mean more then. If I die afore, and it aln't too long, keep me till New Years, dearle, if you can.

I scarcely hear, so great is my grief; but recollect, afterward, what I now promise her.

"And, then, the last thing, dearle, open my Grimm's Fairy Tales, and you'll find something that I've wrote

She lives until New Year's eve. I allow no hands but mine to touch the dear, misshapen body, but place it, myself, reverently to rest.

With choking sobs I bid Keith fetch the book she loved so well; and, as he goes to do my bidding. I place the satin bag she asked for in her nerveless hands.

Keith comes to me, at last, and together we open the message from the dead, and read:

"DEAR ANGLE UPON ERTH. I stoled the mon ny. Youi find it in the Satten has I toted you to putt in my trans. I stoled it cause I was frade your hisben would kill hisself with so much monny to spend fer drink. I was goan to kepe it til new years and then giv it back and make him promuss to do Right. take it Now and tell him how it was. god bless you bothe.

"from "CRUTCHY."

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from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning

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I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's

I take Sarsapait had Suffering cured in dyspopwife of Suffering the whole of sia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected, ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disap-

peared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsa-parilla do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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For the convenience of the public there will be opened in Rocky Mount, N. C , January 1st, 1893, a branch of the Keeley Institute of Greensboro, N. C., for the treatment of the Liquor. Opium, Chloral, Cocaine, Tobacco habits and

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Rocky Mount is the most accessible point in the State. On W. & W. R R. you sell Johnson's Tonic, sell it on a guarand terminus of the N. & C., of the A & antee. R., and Spring Hope reads, 3 hours from Norfolk; 3 from Petersburg; 31 from Richmond; 31 from Wilmington; 4 from Raleigh; 1 from Goldshoro; 1 from Weldon, 3 from Fayetteville, and 5 hours from Edenton and E. City over the Norfolk and Carolina R. R. Tuesdays, Thurs-

days, and Saturdays.

The town is progressive, high, healthy, with good water and hospitable people. Dossey BATTLE, Manager.

DR. G. A RAMSAUR, Physician.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power vested in the undersigned by a certain deed of trust dated January 28th 1890, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Halifax county, in Book 91, Page 1, executed by B. F. Whitaker, John R. Whitaker, and Mrs. Nannie W. Whitaker, whitaker, and Mrs. Nannie W. Whitaker, his wife, to the undersigned, as Trustee, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, I will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder at the Court house door in Halifax, N. C., on Monday, the 2nd day of January, 1893, the following described tract of land situate in Halifax. fax county, State of North Carolina, lying on the north side of Fishing Creek, bounded by the lands of F. H. Whitaker, J. H. Parker, R. A. Pittman and others, and containing one thousand and thirteen acres more or less. This the 30th day of November 1892.

W. E. DANIEL, Trustee. dec 8tds.

LAND POSTED.

All persons are hereby forbidden to hunt or fish by night or day with or without gun or dog, cutting wood or any other depredations upon my lands adjoining the lands of the Roanoke Navigation Company Mrs. Bass, T. L. Emry, J. T. Gooch, the Ferrall estate and others. The full penalties of the law will be in-

flicted for any trespass of the above nature.
MRS. H. T. PONTON. dec 22 5w.

ADVERTISEMENTS



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All persons are hereby forbidden to hunt, with dog or gun by day or night, or fish, or graze stock or commit any trespass whatever upon the lands belonging to the estate of N. M. Long without written permission. T. N. HILL, M. A. HILL.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of the last Having qualified as executor of the fast-will and testament of William G. Harper, deceased, late of the county of Halifax; this to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me for payment on or before the 15th day of October 1893, or this notice will be plead of October 1893, or this nestice will be product in bar of their recovery, and all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 4th day of October 1892. N. M. HARRISON, W. C. Thorne, Atty. Executor. 10 6 6t.

What is

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