

AS THE CHIMES RANG.

True Love's Triumph Under the Shadow of Old Trinity.

A New Year's Romance by Nettie Sandford.

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RUTH looked out of the window and shivered. From below rose the roar and din of the holiday crowd, the jarring note of a myriad of horns punctuated by the sharper tone of the watchman's rattles that this year were divvling favor with the horns as an audible expression of New York's New Year's joy.



"THAT LOOKS LIKE MY HANDWRITING," HE SAID.

It would be two hours yet before old Trinity's chimes would ring out the old year and give welcome to the new. There were few if any who would hear the bells when they did ring because of the din, yet this was made the rallying point of the crowd, and it would be long after 12 o'clock before it dispersed. They swarmed down the side streets for a couple of blocks around. To get home she would have to force her way through the crowd.

Carefully she counted the small change in her purse and closed it, with a sigh. It would never do to waste car fare for the short ride. She had lingered at the office to clean up her work in preparation for New Year's. It would be no happy New Year's for her, for the trial balances she had so neatly copied showed that no profit had been made and as soon as the receiver could be brought in her work would be done. To spend 5 cents to escape the crowd would be an extravagance.

As she tidied up her desk and laid the typewritten sheets on the desk in the bookkeeper's cage she thought of the year before, when she and Jeff had come down to hear the chimes. They were to have been married in the spring, but Jeff had been offered a position in California and had gone out, promising to send home for her. Then his letters suddenly stopped with one announcing that he had married a half breed woman with a gold mine to replace physical attractions.

It would be very different tonight with no one to force a way through the crowd for her. She buttoned her shabby coat tightly about her and made her way downstairs. Some of the cleaners shouted out a happy New Year after her, and she called back, but her voice was tired and listless. There was none of the holiday spirit in her heart.

Once past the revolving doors, she was caught up in the crowd and carried along in the human tide. At the corner they struck a cross current of humanity that forced her into a niche between two huge pillars. Here she was discovered by a crowd of rollickers who, with half drunken good humor, insisted that she join their party.

She shrank back into the shadow, but her tormentors would not be balked of their prey and pressed forward. One of them laid his hand upon her arm, and with a frightened cry, she sought to wrench herself free. A burst of rude laughter that greeted her effort was stopped short as a brawny arm reached over and caught the bully's collar. There was a quick exchange of blows, and then, with a last shout, they were swallowed up in the crowd. Ruth looked up to thank her protector and encountered Jefferson Berrian's gaze.

"I've found you!" he cried exultingly. "I knew that I should. I had a presentiment that if I came down here I should find you."

"I was detained at the office," she explained. "I was going home."

"Alone?" he cried indignantly. "Why didn't your husband come for you?"

"My husband?" she laughed. "Where did you get that information?"

"First hand, I suppose," he said. "At least I had a letter from you in which you explained that you were tired of

waiting and had married a Bronson Deering."

"I never even heard of such a person," she denied.

"Here it is," he said as he reached into his pocket and drew out a wallet. He placed a letter in her hand. The folds were sealed by friction, but in the light from the interior of the building she could make out its contents.

"That looks like my handwriting," she said when she had done, "but I never wrote any such letter. When did you go to Wyoming?" she added as she studied the envelope and noted that the letter had been forwarded from his California address.

"I wrote you at the time," he explained in surprise. "Jim Bolan took it to town with him and mailed it there. It was shortly after I got out there. The company changed, and I went over to Wyoming to prospect."

"Did you meet your wife there or after you went to Arizona?" she asked.

"Well, that's a good one," he laughed. "Who told you that I was married?"

"You wrote that you were tired of hard work and that you had married a half breed woman who had a mine."

"Did the letter come from Arizona?"

"No; it came from San Hernandez. You explained that you were going to Arizona the next week."

"When did this happen?" he cried.

"Do you remember the date?"

"It was some time in February," she explained. "I got the letter on St. Valentine's day."

"That was a pretty sort of valentine," he commented. "Ruth, did Jim Bolan ever ask you to marry him?"

"Twice," she said, "once before you went away and again when he was on here last summer."

"I think I can see how it was," he said quietly. "Jim was bookkeeper at the mine and made up the mail. He must have forged my letter to you, and when he received one of yours after I left he steamed open the flap, inserted a forgery and forwarded it to me."

"He knew us well enough to feel certain that we should not write each other and compare notes, and he thought he had disposed of me and would be able to gain your consent to marriage to him."

"I don't think he is clever enough to forge," she declared.

"He was sent to prison for forging," he said. "When he came east last summer they went over his accounts and found that he had been forging signatures to vouchers right along. They sent him to jail, but he escaped somehow and has never been located."

"Then that is the way it was," she said. "Somehow I could not believe that it was true."

"And there is no one else?" he asked. She shook her head.

"There never has been any one else," she said softly. Unmindful of the crowd, he caught her in his arms.

"There never has been any one else here," he said, "and there never will be."

Just as their lips met a revolver shot rang out above the din of horns. There was a cry, and in an instant a ring had formed on the outer edge of the sidewalk.

Berrian, with a hasty injunction not to move away, sprang into the crowd, pressing his way through the crush. Presently he came back, with a white face.

"Another one of those fools who did not know it was loaded," he said gravely. "Let's get out of this as quickly as we can."

With Jeff's huge bulk it was an easy matter to stem the crowd, and presently they found themselves out of the din in a side street. A sleepy cabman dozed in his seat in the hope of getting a fare. Jeff woke him up and, giving him an order, helped Ruth into the cab, taking his place beside her.

"I have told him to drive to Dr. Mountford's," he said. "We do not need a license, and I want to begin the new year a married man. Is it all right, dear?"

"It seems almost too good to be true," she whispered as she pressed the arm through which she had thrust her own. "To think that Jim Bolan's treachery might have kept us separated forever."

"Don't let's speak of that," he said, with a slight shudder. "It was Jim who was killed by that pistol shooting fool. He had grown a beard, but I recognized him by the scar on his forehead."

"Poor Jim!" she shuddered. After all it was because of his love for her that he had committed crime.

"Don't let's think about it," he pleaded as he put his arm about her. "The clocks are striking. Let us think of the joy that the new year is bringing to us."

"It's such a different New Year's from what I anticipated," she smiled up at him as the cab drew up in front of the minister's residence.

IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.

Quaint New Year Carnival of the Quaker City.

Monster Meeting of Mummies and Spectacular Parade.

NEW YEAR'S customs may be dying out in some parts of the country, but in one city in the United States, and that the most sedate city of all, the celebration of the dawn of another period of time is not losing any of its uproarious characteristics. Philadelphians concentrate into twenty-four hours the quiet preparation of twelve months of time. Then they begin to prepare for the next New Year's celebration. No trumpery affair is the great parade of mummies in the Quaker City. Some of the robes worn by the "kings" who figure in the turnout cost thousands of dollars and are paid for by contributions gathered from the residents of an entire ward and sometimes from an entire city, for Camden, N. J., sends a strong delegation of mummies to try for the civic and private prizes awarded for the best dressed "king," the most gorgeous robe or the funniest "comic float" seen in the great procession.

The robes worn are things of beauty, if not joys forever. For months the costumes are being prepared by a corps of dressmakers. Designs are carefully guarded, for the prizes are awarded for novelty of costume as well as for the general impressiveness of the ensemble. As soon as the club that intends to try for the first prize has agreed upon a costume (and the best brains available are called upon to help in this important part of the plan to win a prize) the dressmakers are given the immense job of preparing the robes. When it is remembered that the train of one of the kings who appears in this unique parade is usually borne by not less than thirty pages, that it stretches from sidewalk to sidewalk of the broadest street in Philadelphia and extends behind the monarch for about a third of a city block, it will be seen that such a costume is not prepared in a day or a week or a month. The enormous train is usually hand embroidered over its entire surface with brilliantly colored flowers. It is made of the best material



THE BEST DRESSED KING.

that the club's New Year's funds afford and is a gorgeous sight on a fine day.

The monarch who staggers along at the front part of this great train is dressed from head to foot in the costliest of satin fabrics, with a crown to match, and a retinue of pages dressed in the same colored costume, so that the effect in the bright sunshine of one of these kings on his royal progress through the streets of Philadelphia is one that can be surpassed nowhere else but in New Orleans or in Rome during the gala season. So heavy are some of these robes that the king, although he is selected for his stalwart frame and general kingly appearance, has been known to faint beneath the load. The pages who support the train do their best to take the weight from the shoulders of their leader, but at times, when the street narrows and the tension on the cords holding the train taut has to be relaxed, it is usual for the monarch to groan beneath an almost insupportable weight of finery.

Behind the king and his courtiers marches the motley crowd of jesters, clowns, minstrels, ladies in waiting (with their enormous feet betraying their sex), knights, squires and the rest of the retinue. The only order given to the thousands who take part in the parade is not to keep still or look solemn for a moment. Consequently the spectators see a moving whirl of jingling mass of brilliantly colored beings dancing to the music of the bands, challenging the lookers-on and each other to any ridiculous antics that suggest themselves at the moment, imitating the rush of a band of Indians on the warpath, giving an impromptu scramble in pantie times, impersonating the participants in a bargain counter rush (with an im-

mense display of hosiery on most unshapely male limbs) and generally furnishing a spectacle of a city usually the most sedate on the continent gone hilariously off its balance for one brief day.

There is little to object to in the spectacle, however. There is an occasional appearance of unsteadiness on the part of individual paraders, but this is due more to the loss of sleep than to alcohol, for the clubs begin the celebration the night before and keep it up steadily all through the twenty-four hours, the parade itself, which the mass of the people turn out to see, being the middle of the programme. After the mummies have marched the length of the line of parade and the judges, sitting in state on the public buildings, have awarded the prizes the clubs split up into sections and march to various parts of the town to compete for individual prizes given by merchants of the district from which the club comes. Out of the mummy thus won the club expects to reimburse itself for a great deal of the outlay for the robes.

Besides the kings and their handsome robes, a long procession of "comic floats" keeps the spectators interested. These floats and the attendant paraders are cleverly got up as a satirical shaft aimed at some local or national abuse. It is safe to say that the exorbitant demands of the ice man and the coal dealer will figure in the parade.

A familiar figure that is looked for each year in this parade is a survivor of the disaster to the Maine, who, mounted on enormous stilts and wearing the uniform of a naval officer, stalks the entire length of the line, a towering giant on whom all eyes are focused while he passes. This tall man usually receives as much applause as one of the wearers of the prize winning costumes. Other sights that have come to be looked for each year are the airship corps, a club that turns out in imitation of a flight of airships and sails along the line, doing various ridiculous stunts; the men from the mines, who march with picks over shoulder and sooty faces, giving a somber touch to the gay scene; the Metropolitan Opera House chorus, a collection of 200 pound "shooters" dressed in filmy lace and carrying diaphanous sunshades over their heads to shield from the winter sun complexions baked brown in their daily work of carrying the hod or scrambling around scaffolding. The police do not have much extra work on New Year's day in Philadelphia, and the city is as quiet as ever the day after.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A Pretty Game Appropriate to New Year's Day.

A pretty game appropriate to New Year's day is played at this season in many of the kindergartens in Philadelphia. The children form a circle, holding hands. One of them is left on the outside and is given the knitted driving reins, decorated with bells, used by young children in playing horse. After the circle is formed a child personating the New Year dances around the outside of the circle, shaking the bells she holds, while the children all sing or repeat in unison:

I am the little New Year, oh, ho!
 Here I come tripping it over the snow,
 Shaking my bells with a merry din,
 So open your doors and let me in.

Blessings I bring for you, one and all,
 Big folks and little folks, short and tall,
 Each one from me a treasure may win,
 So open your doors and let me in.

While they are singing this the little New Year pauses first at one "door" (formed by the interlocked hands of two of the circle) and then at another. At the last verse she slips through whichever "door" she chooses, and the little girl whom she favors by a kiss takes her place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

New Year's in New Amsterdam.

When our Dutch ancestors debarked from the Half Moon in the harbor of Manhattan it was 1609. And they brought with them from their native Holland nothing of that spirit of religious intolerance which distinguished the New England Puritans who came six years later. In fact, they were denounced by their Yankee neighbors as a "godless crew," but they kept Christmas and New Year's day, both of which were frowned upon by the Massachusetts Puritans. On New Year's morning the old Dutch burgher would start forth from his own door and visit his neighbors, collecting all the money due him from the solvent debtors and forgiving the insolvent ones, and, having drunk numberless mugs of punch with the solvent and insolvent alike, he returned to his home a better man, forgiving in spirit and perhaps more religious minded than his Puritan neighbor, who had spent the day precisely as he spends every other week day in the year.—Utica Observer.

New Year's in Ancient Rome.

The good old Romans, who had some hard common sense in spite of their self conceit, believed thoroughly in New Year's day. They were characteristically careless as to when it should be celebrated, and sometimes it was held at various dates of the year by communities living at no greater distance from each other than a railroad train would take them in these days in a few hours. But so long as they got the full number of high days and holidays into the twelve months the good old Romans cared little whether they adhered strictly to the almanac or not.

New Year's Eve in Rome.

In Rome the last day of the year there are religious services at all the churches, with high mass by the pope at St. Peter's, surrounded by his cardinals, clergy and the whole court. It is an imposing occasion, and at midnight all the bells toll as the year ends.

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