

HAPPY NEW YEAR



learned at Garland of Sim's blind place.

But there was more to tell. When Sim discovered him with Alice Thorpe, just three years before this, he was telling the girl that he had become engaged to her cousin Ethel, and was begging her to plead his case with the father and mother of his betrothed.

"Since the day you left, Sim, I've been a changed man, and a drop of liquor hasn't passed my lips. But it is not of myself, but of Alice I would speak. She was ever true to you, and though she thinks you dead, she is still true to your memory, and tonight by the fire in the old home, where she gave you her love, she is weeping for a dead one who thought her false."

The storm continued the next day but in all that wild no cabin held two happier hearts than those of the brothers reunited under the eaves of the avalanche far up the Sierra Blanca.

Shortly after this Sim Belden sold out his claim and accompanied his brother to the east. They took Pedro with them and sent him to the Indian school at Carlisle, where he became a teacher.

Every new year he visits his guardian and his wife, and the children of both brothers love him. His knowledge of English is perfect, and he fully comprehends the story told him by Sim Belden in the mountain shack the New Year's eve.

THE VESTAL AT THE GATE.

When today with vestal grace
She stood before your dwelling place,
Did you take her by the hand,
Bid her welcome to the land,
With the cordial love and greeting
That we owe a friend at meeting?

Fair and sweet to look upon
Was this lily maid at dawn,
With her dark locks flowing down,
And her saffron hood and gown
Set about with stary border,
Symbol of her priestly order.

And we owe to her, I hold,
Whether she be kind or cold,
Whether she bring rue or myrrh
When we lift our gates to her,
Well and duly to receive her,
Lest our sad complaining grieve her.

What she brings us, heaven sent,
Take your gift and be content,
Though it be not what you sought,
And your prayers best set at naught,
He knows best, who ruled the giving,
What we need for holy living.

Do not vex her with dismay
At the pangs of yesterday,
Nor disturb her heart in vain
With the hint of coming pain;
For a fell, impending sorrow
May be God's best gift tomorrow.

—Ola Moore.

ETHEL'S NEW YEAR'S CALLER.

All day long Ethel wished and wished that she was a grown-up lady like Sister Grace, so that she could have a New Year's caller.

But the long, bright day went by and not a single call did she have. After supper she went slowly up into the parlor and looked discontentedly out of the window.

Right under the gaslight she saw a glossy black cat. He took up first one paw and then the other out of the flaky snow and looked this way and that before starting on his journey once more. Then he ran along the sidewalk in front of Ethel's home and jumped quickly up the steps.

"It's my caller!" exclaimed Ethel, breathlessly. "It truly is!"

She opened the door and in walked pussy, over the fur rug, into the parlor and sat down in front of the fire. In a second Ethel was beside him, hugging and petting him.

Pussy seemed to like it and curled himself up contentedly in Ethel's lap. He purred very loud for a few minutes and then went to sleep.

"It's my New Year's caller!" explained Ethel. "He came his own self, mamma, and I'm going to keep him forever!"

Pussy has never made any objection to that plan and so Ethel still has her caller, and she says her New Year's



"IT'S MY CALLER!" EXCLAIMED ETHEL.

call was the very best one, for it has lasted nearly a whole year.

MARJORY DEANE.

In the Holidays.

'Tis chilly when returns come in,
And you have done your part,
To find that the majority
Gave you the marble heart.

'Tis chilly when you woo a girl
To have a rival win,
And get invited finally
To see her marry him.

But, ah, the coldest thing of all
In this chill month, no doubt,
Is to be told at 5 a. m.
"The fires are all out!"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

How Tommy Hurt His Eyes—A Fatal Dog and Badger Fight—Humor in Typographical Errors—The Lion's Petition—The Queen's Gold Spoon.

Last Wishes of a Child.

LL the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing;
Let me leave this stifled room—
Let me go where flowers are growing.

'Look! my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low;
Ere my sight begins

to fail,
Take my hand and let us go;

'Was not that the robin's song
Tipping through the casement wide?
I shall not be listening long—
Take me to the meadow-side!

'Bear me to the willow-brook—
Let me hear the merry mill—
On the orchard I must look,
Ere my beating heart is still.

'Faint and fainter grows my breath—
Bear me quickly down the lane;
Mother, dear, this chill is death—
I shall never speak again!"

Still the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing,
Still we sit in silent gloom—
O'er her grave the grass is growing.

How Tom Hurt His Eyes.

Tom Benton was just getting well from an attack of the measles. He wanted to get up and play with the other boys, but the doctor had said he must lie still in a dark room for another day or two.

"Much he knows about how a fellow feels!" grumbled Tom to himself. "A little light won't hurt anybody, and I'm going to read my new book if I can't do anything else."

Tom pushed open the blinds and read until Nora came in with his supper. "Tomorrow I shall get up and have a good time," he thought, "I'm not going to lie here forever."

That night Tom woke up with a sharp pain in his eyes. They had never ached so before and he screamed for his mother.

She bathed them in cool water but they still hurt so much that the doctor had to be sent for.

"You'll know enough to obey orders next time, won't you, young man?" he asked when he heard what Tom had been doing. "You'll have to keep those eyes of yours bandaged for several days yet, if you want to get rid of that pain. It's lucky for you, you don't use tobacco, or your eyes would be a great deal worse than they are now. Have you heard about Burt Carter down at the Mills?"

"No, what is the matter with him?" asked Tom.

"I'm afraid he's going to lose his eyesight entirely," said the doctor. "He's been smoking cigarettes pretty steadily and drinking beer every day and now his eyes are paying the penalty. They are going to take him to a city oculist tomorrow, but I'm afraid no one can help him."

"Why, his eyes used to be as strong as anything," said Tom. "He could look right up at the sun when all the rest of us had to use smoked glass, and he says he always reads on the cars; I can't, because it makes me dizzy."

"Well, I'm thinking he never will again," said the doctor. "He has abused his eyes once too often, and now it looks as if he were going to be blind for the rest of his life."

Tom looked pretty sober. "Miss Gray told us all these things in the physiology class," he said, presently. "but we boys thought she was just trying to scare us; maybe she wasn't, though."

"No, indeed," said the doctor, "she was telling you the truth, and you'd better be thankful you've found it out in time. If I'd known as much at your age about the care of my eyes, I shouldn't be wearing spectacles, I can tell you. You just tell the boys that."

When Tom went back to school the physiology class was having a review lesson on the eyes, and his hand was the first to come up when Miss Gray asked who could tell some of the ways in which the eyes may be hurt:

1. It hurts the eyes to look at the sun or any very bright light, or to try to see in a poor light.
2. It strains the eyes to read when one is lying down, or riding in the cars or a wagon.
3. It is bad for the eyes to use them much when one is sick or not feeling well.
4. Tobacco hurts the eyes, and sometimes makes people lose their eyesight.
5. Any liquor which contains alcohol may make the eyes red and hurt them in other ways.—School Physiology Journal.

Typographical Errors.

Typographical errors sometimes are really the cause of serious trouble and annoyance. On other occasions they are simply amusing. Some years ago an advertisement of a political meeting was inserted in a Philadelphia paper. The advertisement was intended to announce that a well-known leader would address "the masses" that evening. Owing to the misplacement of a "space" however, the public of Philadelphia was informed that the address would be delivered to "them asses at National hall." A religious paper called the Gospel Banner, which is published at Augusta, Maine, once attracted attention through the prank of a printer, who

transposed two words of its motto, so that it read: "In the name of our God we will up set our banner." The omission of a comma was the cause of a suit for libel brought against a western newspaper by the inventor of a patent medicine. A testimonial to the worth of his compound was inserted in the paper, and read as follows: "I now find myself completely cured, after being brought to the very gates of death by having taken only five bottles of your medicine." The comma, which should have come after the word "death," was unnoticed by the compositor.

The Lion's Petition.

Sultan Muley Abderrahman of Morocco was very fond of wild animals, and had coolness of nerve in dealing with them. He was one day passing through the court of the palace, mounted on a magnificent white charger, when a lion which he had been in the habit of caressing sprang up the side of the horse, and placed his paws upon the sultan's knee. The horse, wild with fear, snorted and reared, and the sultan held him in with a firm hand. Those who saw him, say that he was not in the least disturbed. He put his hand on the lion's head and stroked it. Then he turned to the chief officer of the court and asked: "How many pounds of meat are given to this lion daily?" The officer told him the quantity. "Let the lion have ten more pounds," said his majesty, and the beast, as if an actual petition had been granted, withdrew from the horse's side and lay down again, quite pacified. "These animals," said the master of the horse, "understand what is spoken, although they have not the power of speech to tell what they want." "Mashallah!" gravely responded another.

The Queen's Gold Spoon.

A curious story is told by Lady Middleton of how one of Queen Victoria's smallest gold spoons was lost and found. A lady attended a state ball in a dress, the skirt of which was arranged in perpendicular pleats in front, stitched across at intervals, and unknown to her, a gold teaspoon got lodged at supper in one of these receptacles. Of course there was one spoon missing after the ball, and the fact caused great perturbation to the official in charge of the gold plate. The next spring the lady went to a drawing-room in the dress she had worn at the state ball, and as she bent low before Her Majesty, the pleats expanded, and the gold spoon fell at the queen's feet!

Fatal Dog and Badger Fight.

Badger-fighting is a sport that does not seem to belong to this day and generation of humanity to brutes, but it is still very popular among the people who are called "southsiders" by San Franciscans. In the early morning when policemen are not vigilant these sports quietly steal away to a scantily peopled suburb and there wager their money on the prowess of dog or badger. The accompanying picture is made from a photograph of a recent contest between a famous bull-dog called Toughey and a badger of more than ordinary size and spirit.

The attendance at the entertaining and humanizing exhibition was large. The contest continued for twenty minutes, with varying fortunes. Betting was lively. The contestants were fighting in and out of a barrel and the view obtainable by the majority of the spectators was not good. Most of them could distinguish only a confused mass of flying white and black, in which the bulldog was as hard to locate as the badger. The claws of the badger and the nails of the terrier could be heard scratching furiously up and down the sides of the barrel. For a moment the dog would be seen coming out with his victim and again he would seem to weaken and be drawn back.

Finally those nearest shouted that the badger was dead. His teeth were fastened in his enemy's shoulder, but all the life had been shaken out of him.

The dog's backers had won and



they crowded around their favorite, only to discover that he was dying of his wounds.

Badly Disabled.

A writer in Harper's Drawer says that a lawyer, having some papers to be executed by an old Irishwoman, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested her to sign her name "here," indicating the spot. "Och," said she, with a bland smile, "you sign it for me, for sure, since I lost me glasses I can't write." "Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S.?" "Martha, dear," she cried, "come here directly and shpeel me name for the gintleman, for sure since I lost me teeth I can't shpeel a word!"

No Time.

A lank, awkward countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in a city hotel, and after having a room assigned to him, inquired at what hours meals were served. "Breakfast from seven to eleven, luncheon from eleven to three, dinner from three to eight, supper from eight to twelve," recited the clerk, glibly. "Jerushy!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I a-going to git time to see the town?"

Under a Shadow



HE people of St. Luis park that New Year's eve looking to the east saw under the towering white crests of the Sierra Blanca a high smoke pillar rising with the sky, and it brought joy to their hearts, for it assured them now, as it did after every great storm, that Sim Belden was still alive, still able to grub under the foot of the ever-threatening avalanches for the fortune he had left the world to win.

Sim Belden was a tall, handsome giant of 30, who had come from no one knew where. The few who knew him thought he was unsocial, and those with whom he traded at Garland believed that he had hit upon a rich find under the snow line, and that he would make it hot for the man who tried to be his neighbor.

Sim Belden had been mining alone in the Sierra Blanca, but during the past twelve months he had a companion, a young Ute lad named Pedro, whom he had found dying and abandoned over on the headwaters of the Del Norte.

When Sim Belden, without any process of law, became Pedro's guardian, that youth's knowledge of English was confined to the one word, "damn." His acquaintance with Spanish was a little more extensive. He knew that buenos dias meant "good day," sabe, "understand;" si, senor, "yes, sir," and dinero, "money." But there is a language of signs which all understand.

Sim had just come up from Garland burdened with a great pack of eatables, and a proportionate amount of drinkables, for the traditions of his youth led him to believe that both were essential to a popular observance of the season.

This evening in the cabin, after supper, Sim Belden was unusually talkative, and, forgetting or ignoring that Pedro's comprehension of English was limited, he rattled on like one thinking aloud and wishing for no comment on what he said.

"It's been no end of a fine day, Pedro—just like the New Year eves we used to have back in the Alleghanies when I was a boy 'like you. But tonight we'll pay for it, and I'm much afraid tomorrow will be a regular old, howling New Year's day."

Seeing that the white man hesitated Pedro looked wonderingly up and said, "Si, senor."

Sim Belden lit his pipe and throwing himself on a cinnamon bearskin before the fire, looked at Pedro for a few minutes and then went on, "Of course, Pedro, you wasn't ever in love?"

Pedro said, "Si, senor," and scratch'd his head like one perplexed.

"No, Pedro, you don't savey, and I hope you never will. If you should ever be took that way, commit suicide unless you're dead sure. But, then, no one is ever dead sure of a woman,

or of a man either, for the matter of that.

"Now, Pedro, I ain't in the habit of giving myself away. I'm one of the kind that keeps his trouble to himself, but there's something 'bout New Year's that makes one confidential like."

"Si, senor," said Pedro, as he extended his lithe form toward the warming fire.

Sim Belden turned over on his breast, and resting his bearded chin on his upturned palms, looked at the dancing flames and continued:

"There was never a man loved his brother as I loved my brother Jack. Two years younger'n me, and handsome as a picture—no wonder Alice Thorpe shock me for him. But it wasn't fair. That's why I kicked. When our raft went to pieces on the Susquehanna years and years ago, it was Jack that, not caring for himself, dove under the logs and fished me out. But often and often, as I've sat by this fire as I'm doing now, I wished he'd have let me drown. It's no use to save a life and curse it."

"Jack was always wild, and when father died and left all the property to me except \$5 for him, I put my arm about him and said: 'Never mind, Jack. I'll divvy fair. So long as I've got a dollar 50 cents of it is yours.' Then he kissed me like when we were boys, and there were tears on my cheek that did not come from my eyes."

The giant's voice became hoarse, and while he was clearing his throat Pedro gave utterance to his first English word, "Damn!"

"Yes, Pedro, that's just how I often feel. You see I can't blame him for falling in love with her, for heaven never made a prettier woman; but it was the deceit on both sides. You understand?"

"Si, senor."

"Curious enough, it was just three years ago this very New Year's eve when I discovered them in the hall of her house talking in loving whispers and with his arm about her. My God! I felt like striking the two dead, but I bit my lip till the blood came; then I galloped back home, where my aunt was the housekeeper, for mother was



"WHITE MAN! WHITE MAN!"

dead. I said nothing to her, but I wrote two notes—one to Jack, leaving him all the property, and the other to Alice Thorpe, telling her I'd discovered she was false and asking her to marry my brother. Then I started for the west, and the life before me was gloomy as the canon depths on a cloudy midnight.

"At first I felt like changing my name; but, as I'd never brought disgrace on it, I let it stand. What matters a name to a man, who's left the world behind forever?"

"There's the story, Pedro. That's why I'm here, and you're the first and the last human being that'll ever hear of it from my lips. Savey?"

"Si, senor," said Pedro, without the

slightest comprehension of the secret that had been confided to him.

Sim Belden was about to speak again, but he changed from his purpose by a rush, a roar, and a crash that filled the air and shook the earth as if the mountain was tumbling into St. Luis park.

"A snowslide! Thank God there's no one on the trail between here and Garland tonight!" Sim Belden sat up and looked at the Indian boy, whose lean face and black eyes were filled with an expression of intent anxiety.

"What is it, Pedro? What do you hear, man? Speak out!"

For reply Pedro bounded to his feet, and pointing in the direction of the trail he shouted:

"White man! White man!"

In an instant Sim had the door open. The whirling snow clouds limited his



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR SIM!"

vision to the path of light before the open door, but above the roaring of the storm he heard the cry:

"Help! For God's sake, help!"

"Stay here and keep the door open!" That is what Sim Belden shouted as he buttoned up his fur coat and leaped down the snow-piled trail.

Pedro had no conception of the ordinary measure of time, but it seemed to him that at least a day had passed since the white man had disappeared. At length his heart was gladdened as he saw him breasting through the snow and bearing another white man in his arms.

Sim Belden staggered into the cabin, and laid his burden on the fur covered floor, and the instant he saw the face of the unconscious man he dropped on his knees, took the head in his arms and cried out as he kissed the face so like his own.

"Jack! Jack! O God, it's Jack! Do you hear me? Look up! Here's Sim! Here's Sim, asking you on his knees to forgive him!"

Sim and Pedro stripped off the wet clothes, rubbed the white form till the glow of life came back, and placed him in a bunk and wrapped him in furs.

By the time a steam punch was ready Jack Belden rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then from the bunk two white arms were extended, and he sobbed:

"After years of seeking I've found you, Sim!"

There is nothing more sacred than the tears of honest, strong men.

Pedro looked on in wonder, and, though he could not understand what was said, he realized that one had come who was nearer to his guardian's heart than himself, but he felt no pangs of jealousy.

After a time Jack Belden felt strong enough to sit up. He looked at his watch, and seeing that it was after midnight, he reached out his hand to his brother and said:

"A happy New Year, dear Sim!" And still holding his brother's hand, Jack told the story of his three years' search and how only that afternoon he had