

A NEW YEAR'S EPISODE

"Well, well, so this is New Year's day," said Mr. Spooner. "Do you remember how we quarreled this day one year ago?"

"Remember! I think I do!" cried his wife. "Why, the cards were ordered when it happened, and I didn't know whether I could have your name taken out and Dick's inserted, in case I changed my mind."

"In case I changed my mind, you mean, dear. Strange that I never suspected how much poor Dora cared for me until that day."

"I'm sure she had concealed it very well—the way she ran after Dick, as if he ever had eyes for anybody but me! He never told his love, but a woman's intuition was—"

"A synonym of vanity, dear. Of course, I couldn't help knowing that she cared for me when I met her in the boarding house parlor, with her eyes full of tears, on the very morning after you had told Marie, her dearest friend, that we were to be married in a month."

"Humph, that girl would say about anything; I've known her to cry when the villain in the play was killed—as if a villain could expect anything else in the last act. But as soon as I saw Dick that morning I knew that he knew it. Why, his necktie had slipped around under one ear and his voice, as he wished me a happy New Year, was so sad, that I felt guilty, though my conscience told me that I had not encouraged him."

"You've forgotten how you used to praise the shape of his head."

"As if that meant anything! A girl only prizes the shape of a man's head when she can't find anything else to flatter him about. It means no more than it does when she tells a small man that he resembles Napoleon. But when I remembered that you had once gone down on the floor in your new trousers to pick up Dora's handkerchief I knew that I had been cruelly deceived. So when you reproached me about Dick, I—"

"I remember how badly I felt when she replied to my New Year's greeting with the remark that happiness for her was over forever. And before I could comfort her Miss Marie came in and I could only go sadly away without telling her that I should always be a brother to her."

"And poor Dick, I asked him if there was anything I could do for him; he replied: 'Yes,' but just then the maid came in with a note for him, and he said he must go at once—I think he wished to be alone with his sorrow. Then you came in, and, instead of sharing my pity for him, you accused me of flirting with him!"

"I—er—don't remember that. But wasn't it odd that before I left you forever, Miss Marie should come in and tell us that Dora and Dick were engaged? I've often wondered how it happened that they decided to console each other."

"And so have I. Why, here is Marie now—perhaps she can explain. Sit down, Marie, do. Tom and I are just going over old times. Do you remember last New Year's day, and—"

"Indeed I do. I've just been to see Dora, and she was talking about it. She and Dick quarreled last New Year's Eve about the date of their marriage, and almost parted forever."



"They think you both must have guessed it. I remember that Tom was in the parlor with Dora when I ran in on New Year's morning to tell her of your engagement. She had been on the point of asking him to help her to make up with Dick. And when she told me about it, I wrote him a note telling him that I believed she would forgive him if he came at once. That note found him at your house, Irene, where he had gone to ask your aid as peacemaker. Odd, wasn't it?"

wish come true; and for this reason the words should never be spoken idly, or used as a mere matter of form. On the other hand, to be sincere in the greeting and to do what the words imply, is certain to bring happiness to all.

And now, let us go on to the next word in the analysis, "new."

Everybody likes new things, unless an exception may be made to the so-called "ne" woman. New gowns, new bonnets, new personal belongings of all sorts appeal especially to women. While "clothes do not make the person," every one has learned that appearance in this world goes a long way toward success. Under the inspiration of knowing that one is well-dressed often one has done his best and the key note of success has been touched. It is human nature that womanhood should love pretty new dresses, new bonnets and dainty surroundings, so let no one accuse her of vanity for desiring them.

New ideas are sought after by the philosopher; new conditions by the scientist; new inventions by the inventor. Editors eagerly examine new matter; and that which is truly original or opens a new field of thought is never found "unavailable" no matter how poorly it may be written.

There is a constant hunt going on for something new to further stimulate the energies, ambitions and desires of the world's people; and never was this craving so apparent as now when we are closing the nineteenth century. Everyone seems to feel that we are on the verge of a new era which in spite of the inventions of the past is to be the most wonderful producing period in the world's progress. If the inhabitants of Mars continue to signal us, as has been stated, who knows but what some shrewd, enterprising Yankee will put on his thinking cap, build a flying machine that will overcome all atmospheric conditions and go sailing over to the planet one of these coming days? Perhaps the North Pole will be discovered in the same way, although why so many people will risk life and property to find a spot that is almost certain to contain nothing that will sustain life or hope, can only be laid to their insatiate greed for something new.

It is to be hoped, however, that while these greater things are going on, some one may invent an automatic servant that will get up in the morning without being called, never let the fire go out, wash our best china without breaking it, and, from the very nature of the invention, cannot "talk back" when we happen to go into the kitchen and scold a little—Household Realm.

The Annual Greeting.

"A Happy New Year to you!" This is the greeting which will be heard on every side as we cross the threshold of the new year. It has become a custom to repeat it. In many cases it has little meaning, and is nothing more than an empty compliment or an idle wish. How much do you mean by it? It is very easy to repeat the formula. It is a very simple matter to buy a New Year's card and enclose it in an envelope. But when you send this greeting, or speak it, do you regard it as a pledge or promise that you will do nothing to make the recipient of it unhappy, and that you will do all in your power to relieve his anxieties and bring gladness to his heart?—Baptist Union.



Crowned evermore in endless light she greets
The New Year's dawn,
While we, with heads bowed low and dull heartbeats,
Live sadly on.

Visions too grandly bright for mortal gaze,
To her unfold
Blossoms each noble deed of earthly days,
In beauty's mold.

The glory of our Lord her eyes have seen,
With undimmed sight,
Safe in His presence dear, she dwells serene
And knows no night.

She clasps the hands of loved ones waiting there
On Heaven's shore,
With them she treads those streets so wondrous fair,
In rapture o'er.

In glad surprise, joyous and pure and free,
Her soul so blest,
Solves the deep mystery of eternity
And perfect rest.

—Isabel L. Boardman, in N. Y. Observer.

Merely an Official Form.
He wished me a happy New Year; The words would have tickled me, but I knew from his bearing austere I was booked for a salary cut. —Chicago Record.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright, Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the seal Against its ground,
Of silvery light, rock, hill and tree, Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

I draw a freer breath—I seem Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white winged gleam
Of sea birds in the slanting beam— And far off sails which fit before the south wind free.

So when time's veil shall fall asunder The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder, Nor sink the weight of mystery under;
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream, Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished past upon the new life stealing.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

In Locust Time.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.
(Copyright, 1906, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"You will starve," said my aunt, with melancholy conviction.

"I love him," I replied, irreverently.

"Love," observed my aunt, philosophically, "is an admirable sauce, but a poor substitute for the main dish of life."

"I love him," I repeated, as if that were the only argument that mattered.

"Unfortunately," said my aunt, "one can't live on love, no matter how plentiful. It isn't legal tender with the butcher and baker and candlestick maker."

"Yet it's the only coin that will buy happiness," I answered, softly.

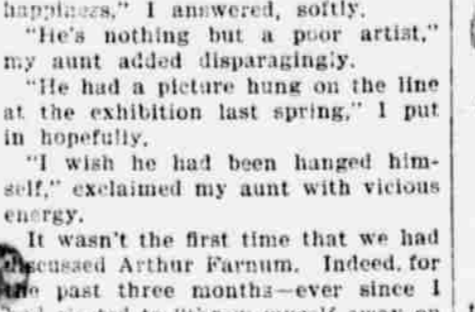
"He's nothing but a poor artist," my aunt added disparagingly.

"He had a picture hung on the line at the exhibition last spring," I put in hopefully.

"I wish he had been hanged himself," exclaimed my aunt with vicious energy.

It wasn't the first time that we had discussed Arthur Farnum. Indeed, for the past three months—ever since I had elected to "throw myself away on a penniless artist," as my aunt put it—it seemed to me that we had conversed on no other topic. My aunt was sixty, and I was twenty, and in the two score years between us lay all that life had taught her, and that I had still to learn. To me, for instance, life without love was life robbed of all the glory that made it worth living, while she clung tenaciously to the belief that one could get on very comfortably without love, provided one's establishment was beyond criticism, and one's frocks from Paris.

Yet, in spite of all her worldliness, my aunt had been all that was kind and tender to me. She had given me all the affection and the only home I had ever known. My parents had died when I was a mere baby. My two sisters, much older than myself, were married to grasping and selfish men, who, in the division of my father's small estate, had ruthlessly possessed themselves of the lion's share, leaving to me nothing but the old homestead, a tumble-down old Southern mansion house, surrounded by a few poor acres. I must have been forlorn, indeed, but that my aunt, struck with the tawny gold of my hair and a certain childish grace, took a fancy to me, and carried me back to her rich Northern home, where I grew up surrounded by every luxury that wealth and generosity could give. If she looked for me to make a wealthy and brilliant match, and take my place in that fashionable society so dear to her own ambitious heart, it was not unnatural, nor more than she



time was just beginning to carpet the land when we went to it, and in that miracle not even the rambling old house, with its falling pillars and weed-choked drives could seem anything but beautiful.

It had been a stately old colonial mansion in its palmy days, known far and wide as "The Locusts," from the trees that lined its broad avenues and formed a grove about the house. Long neglected and unpruned young sapplings had sprung up everywhere, encroaching year by year upon the untended acres until the house stood virtually in the midst of a vast locust thicket. It was now in full bloom, and from every twig depended great snowy plumes, that waved in the soft spring breeze and made the air heavy with their perfume.

From the moment of our arrival Arthur began to improve, and it was while he was in the first flush of returning health and happiness that he painted his famous picture, "Spring," and into it he somehow put some of that riotous joy in mere living we all feel when we have been down to the doors of death, and are recovering, and every breath brings with it the thrill of returning strength. The picture was very simple. Just the figure of a woman standing amidst the tender green of the trees, with upstretched arms, and all about her the white, white rain of locust blooms, and on her face the ineffable glory of youth and love—that look that never comes but once in a lifetime, when the springtime of the heart meets the springtime of the year.

When the picture was done Arthur sent it to the exposition, where, as you remember, it was the sensation of the year and sold for what seemed to us a little fortune. Better still, it attracted the attention of an old college friend of whom Arthur had lost sight, and who, coming South on business, dropped off to make us a little visit. He was a shrewd man of affairs, and when he saw our locust thicket, he fairly gasped with surprise.

"It is a little gold mine," he said, "where did you get it?" and I told him of how the worthless old acres had been allotted me in the division of the family estate, when I was a baby and had no one to look out for my interests, and how they had been left to grow up as they would.

"Well," he said, with a grim smile, "the wicked sisters don't always succeed in doing Cinderella, you may remember, after all, and your barren acres have grown into a fortune," and so indeed they had. Our business friend sold our locust forest to a railroad company, and we have long been back in the city, where we have a charming home, and where Arthur is winning the recognition his talent deserves.

He is now engaged in painting my aunt's portrait, and that—from my aunt—is equivalent to a melodramatic blessing, with tears.

"Good Religious Bible."

An old shell-back sailor, incapacitated for sea duty by age and long years of rough service, was recently appointed sexton of the chapel at the Naval Academy. The bureau of equipment and supplies at the navy department in Washington furnishes books as well as coal and "salt horse" to the sailors, and the new sexton applied there for a Bible. There were plenty of them in the pews of the chapel, but he wanted one for his personal use, and specified in his application that it should be "a good religious Bible."

—Correspondence Chicago Record.



"I love him," I replied irreverently had a right to expect. I was passionately grateful to her, and grieved at the thought of disappointing her, and yet—and yet, what else could I do? Love had called me, and where it led I could but follow.

So one day I kissed my aunt a tearful good-bye, and Arthur and I slipped away to the little church around the corner, and were quietly married, and went to live in the studio, where we slept in beds that did duty as Turkish couches by day, and cooked our morning chop over a gas lamp that masqueraded as a Pompeian vase, and we made acquaintance with queer Bohemian restaurants, and were as inconsequently happy as love and youth could make us.

Arthur worked away like mad that winter, and I would bring my sewing in, and sit beside him, when I wasn't posing for him. He used to say that my hair was a color study, and he painted me as everything from a

Seasonable Sayings.

The new leaf that very seldom gets turned over is the one in the diary.

Some men claim that they see the old year out and the new one in by getting so drunk that they can't see anything.

By New Year the silver plating wears off many a Christmas present.

A good beginning is half the battle except in the case of keeping a diary.

The new date is as hard to remember as the new leaf.

Even though the arctic explorer never discovers the north pole he deserves credit, for he always keeps a diary.

New Year gives us a chance to reciprocate to those who unexpectedly gave us a present at Christmas.

Seeing the old year out puts a man in a fit condition to swear off the next day.—N. Y. World.

A Happy New Year.

A happy New Year! How many people realize the meaning of the words as they go about with this familiar greeting upon their lips? "I wish you a happy New Year!" Does it not seem that the wish carries a blessing with it? And I believe it does when spoken by friends whose words are always true and sincere.

For the benefit of those thoughtless ones who never read between the lines, let us analyze this significant greeting.

In the first place we wish our friend happiness, and the next question which naturally suggests itself is, what constitutes happiness? A little friend of mine tells me that it is to eat all the candy he wants and not to go to bed until he wants to do so. Another friend of more mature years says that she would be perfectly happy if she had all the money she wanted to spend as she liked. Another desires fame, another social position. And so we might go on asking and finding out that almost every one has a different definition for happiness.

If the young lad were allowed to follow his own sweet will and surfait himself with sweets and late hours, I think the result would be anything but happy. As for wealth, who can blame anyone for wishing for all that one cares to spend, and especially a woman to whom a separate income is the exception rather than the rule. It is the spending of it which decides the happiness or unhappiness of the possessor. I do not believe that any one was ever really happy who used wealth merely to gratify selfish ambitions.

Fame, too, is a good thing to possess, but how many who have gained this high pinnacle will tell you that it brings happiness. Social position is also something after which there is much striving. Yet when the coveted place is reached it is so often found to be barren, and happiness has no resting place there. Social position brings heavy responsibilities with it, and social duties are hard and laborious without the happy results that follow labor in more worthy causes.

It seems, then, that there must be some special way to happiness not easily found. There is, but it is easy enough to be seen by all who care to follow its winding way. Wiser heads than mine found out long ago that only in trying to make others happy is real happiness ever gained for oneself.

So in wishing our friends a happy New Year, we really obligate ourselves to do all that we can to make the

The New Year's Greeting.



"You look worried, Brown," said Green.
"Worried! I should say I am. See here?" And he drew out of his overcoat pocket a great bundle of state-ments of accounts.

"Ya! ha!" laughed Green, "you will be a Christmas present to your wife. Of you, without counting the cost of such a present!"

The lines around Brown's eyes grew deeper and his mouth drooped sadly.
"Jee," he said, "that's not it. These presents I made for my wife."

"What are they for, then?" Green, wonderingly.
"He presents his wife made."

We men shook hands in tender farewell.
—Detroit Free Press.

Logan's New Year's Mirth.
St. Louis. — How to have so merry a New Year, you cannot have a Chicago Tribune.

SCRAMBLE FOR DIAMONDS

Gems Thrown Away by an Absent-Minded Dealer.

"Have you got any of those diamonds?" is the question of the hour in Birmingham. Some 800 precious stones have been shared out by lucky prospectors in Vittoria street, and the search still continues, says the London Express. It happened in this wise: In a fit of abstraction John Davis, member of a firm of diamond merchants, while walking down Vittoria street on a recent morning, pulled an old envelope out of his pocket and commenced to tear it open. When he reached the last section the terrible fact dawned upon him that it was the envelope in which were some 1,600 small diamonds, valued at £100, and that he had been sowing these broadcast over a public thoroughfare. The news spread with lightning-like rapidity. Shopkeepers locked up and came to the more lucrative occupation of picking up diamonds, while for a mile around an errand boy at his ordinary work was a phenomenon. Such a scraping of the street with knives and sticks had never been seen. As it happened, most of the lost stones went down the cellar gratings of a jeweler's shop. Ingenious youths fished for them with a piece of soap attached to a stick and reeled in three prizes at a time. Others sat in the gutter sorting an anxiously guarded handful of dirt. Still the crowd grew. At one period over 1,500 lads were to be seen hard at work. From noon to seven o'clock the street was nearly blocked. When night fell candles, lamps and lanterns were brought to aid the indefatigable hunters for treasure trove, and the scene presented could only have been done justice by Hogarth. About half the diamonds have found their way back to their rightful owner. Some were sold to a shopkeeper and the rest, like the graves of a household, are scattered far and wide. Diamond pins will shortly be fashionable in Birmingham.

PRAIRIE DOGS.

They Have Had Their Day on the Plains of the Far West.

Passengers on the "Q" system who have ridden the better part of a day through western Nebraska and eastern Colorado will remember the prairie dog. He is numerous in that section of the country. He lives in villages and the villages are as close together as the villages of certain parts of Europe, says the Des Moines News. But the prairie dog has had his day. The agricultural department says he must go. Mr. Wilson has decided that the dogs kill the grass and ruin good grazing land. "Tama Jim" has little of the love of picturesqueness in his make-up. He is eminently practical and his philanthropy is of the type which seeks to make two blades of grass grow instead of one. Therefore he proposes to relegate the prairie dog to the picture books and to the stuffed specimens of the museum along with the buffalo. Mr. Wilson's chemists have discovered a mixture that will make whole villages fight for the first bite, but which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Under its influence the hole that knows the prairie dog will know it no more forever. The frisky, nervous, barking little beast will join the innumerable caravan of prairie dogs who have gone before. There will be more grass when the prairie dog is gone, and therefore more cattle. There will be less breaking of the legs of cowboys' ponies and the rattlesnake will live alone in the hole until the summons come to him also.

THE ANOA.

Dwarf Cattle of Celebes Are No Longer Than Ordinary Sheep.

Celebes has the distinction of being the home of the smallest living representative of the wild cattle, or, indeed, of the wild cattle of any period of the earth's history, for no group appears to be known to science. An idea of three extremely diminutive proportions of the anoa, or sapi-utan, as the animal in question is respectively called by the inhabitants of Celebes and the Malays, may be gained when it is stated that its height at the shoulder is only about 3 feet 3 inches, whereas that of the great Indian wild ox, or guar, is at least 6 feet 4 inches, and may, according to some writers, reach as much as 7 feet. In fact, the anoa is really not much, if at all, larger than a well-grown South Down sheep and scarcely exceeds in this respect the little domesticated Bramini cattle shown a few years ago at the Indian exhibition held at Earl's Court. The anoa has many of the characters of the large Indian buffalo, but its horns are relatively shorter, less curved and more upright. In this, as well as in certain other respects, it is more like the young than the adult of the last-named species, and as young animals frequently are gradually lost as maturity is approached it would be a natural supposition that the anoa is a primitive type of buffalo. —From Knowledge.

What Can You Expect?
There was a bargain sale of gloves in one of the up-town stores the other day. One woman who had considered herself fortunate in being in the front rank in the bargain counter rush was much disgruntled when she reached home to find that both gloves were for the same hand. She took them back and explained. "What can you expect at such a sale?" asked the girl of whom the purchase had been made, in a deprecatory tone.—New York Times.

A law in Boston prohibits dentists to keep street mud on their shoes 300 ft from their houses.