New Year 1902

OLD AND NEW.

I cannot joy with those who hail
The new-born year;
I rather grieve with those who give
The dead Old Year
A tender tear.

The New—what know I of the New?
I knew the Old!
God's benison upon his corse,
On which the mold
Lies stiff and cold.

Here in the shadow let me stand
And count them o'er,
The blessings that he brought to me,
A precious store—
I asked no more.

He brought me health—a priceless boon
To me and mine;
He brought me plenty for my needs,
And crowned my shrine
With love divine.

Ah! when I think—suffused with tears
I feel my eyes—
Of all the dear delights he brought;
Yet stark he lies
'Neath Winter skies.

Therefore I cannot hail with joy
The new-born year;
I rather grieve, with those who give
The dead Old year
A tender tear.

After Ten Years.

The Story of Two New Year's Eves.

WALTER CARSON leaned back in the easy chair, drawn up before his sitting room fire at his Duke street chambers in London. The clock had struck 10, and the sonorous boom from Big Ben came floating over the Green park as a sort of benediction on the rapidly dying year. The roar of the great city without was not lacking in its element of melody, and the noise of merry revelers in Piccadilly completed a strange yet fascinating tout ensemble. Passing down the street came three young men singing that old Southern song, "I'se gwine back to Dixey." The words and the melody startled Carson from the reverie into which he had fallen. Sitting upright in his chair, he said, aloud:

"What memories that song recalls! How my loneliness grows upon me! What a fool I was ever to have indulged in the thing called love! But there. I've tasted the poison and must abide by the result. What's that result? Pleasing? Why cannot I be of the gay throng outside? Here in this mighty crowded city I am as lonely as a man lost in a desert." He rose and, going to the other side of the room, opened a cabinet and took from it a bundle of letters, some dozen. They were faded and bore traces of much handling. After reading, he replaced them, and, walking to the photograph of a child on the wall, indulged in soliloquy.

"I know you not, my sweet child, but your mother was always, and always must be everything to me. How hard and cruel seems the world! Your mother and I parted ten long years ago this night, to meet again in two years time! What happened to prevent us? I wrote many times, but no reply ever reached me. Three years after we separated a letter came from her, and in it I read: 'Now that I am married, perhaps you will write.' Life seemed a blank, and I came to London, a wayfarer, caring not what became of me. I turned to literature, and have been what people call successful. But what is success without the power to experience that which makes it other than a metallic gratification? Eighteen months went by before I next heard from your mother, and then your photo only reached me, since when all has been silence! Your mother married a good man, and I pray for her and for you, too, baby, that you may grow up in her footsteps!"

The circumstances under which his letters to the girl went astray were to him mysterious, but, as a matter of fact, easily explained. The girl was the daughter of a country lawyer, and he had made her acquaintance when she was staying in a boarding house in Bloomsbury, in which he was also a lodger. Her reason for being in town was that she might improve a somewhat neglected education, and she was taking singing lessons at a school of music in the neighborhood.

An aunt took away this unwanted daughter from among the large family at home, to be a companion across the Atlantic, and, suspecting her of flightiness, opened her letters in the capacity of guardian. The first of Carson's epistles—he was a cautious man and did not commit himself to paper until he could not resist doing so—arrived when the aunt believed she was arranging a highly desirable engagement for her niece, and on the principle of dong wrong that good may come, she kept back the notes of this obviously poor suitor.

Carson often felt desolate, but never so utterly as then, and as he paced the floor the laughter of the happy crowd seemed to mock him. He rang the bell and ordered some tea. The demure little maid looked at him, and, going down stairs, said:

"Poor Mr. Carson, he looks so strange and miserable!"

Returning, she found him sitting in his chair gazing with half-closed eyes into the fire. Placing the tea on a small wicker table by his side, she attracted his attention by the question, "Anything else, sir?"

"No," was the reply; "but, see, this is New Year's Eve. You've been a good servant to me, at least. Buy yourself something," handing her a sovereign.

The amount of the gift bereft the girl of the power of speech, and with a curtesy, eloquent in itself of gratitude, she left.

Carson, sipping his tea, again soliloquized. "It's now within an hour and a quarter of the New Year. What will that year bring into my life? It cannot bring the light of love and companionship. The same round of weeks and months, and so it will be to the end. Ten years ago, in Old Kentucky, we said 'Good-by.' It was a 'good-by' forever."

Apostrophizing the absent woman, he continued: "Leila, Leila, to my grave I take with me the love I bear you. Why did we live to be parted so ruthlessly? What strange fate has so guided our destinies?"

He turned to the story of Evangeline and read of the sufferings of that heroic character. The reading soothed him and he fell asleep.

The clocks were striking the twelfth stroke of midnight when he awoke. He barely opened his eyes, then closed them again, and listened to the joyous salutations of people meeting in the streets. He was not selfish, neither was he bad natured. No man who every truly loved can be altogether either. As he listened he said:

"I wish for all a bright New Year, and Leila, my absent Leila, whom I shall never see again, may your life know no sorrow, may yours never be the aching heart, and may you be blessed in your children growing up around you. My Leila——"

He did not finish the sentence, but the tears came trickling down his cheeks as he realized his barren life. Then he became conscious that some one had come into the room and been a witness of his weakness and his secret—secret because society said Walter Carson carried his heart on his sleeve and was incapable of deep affection. So sitting up and turning round he was startled to see seated on a chair a tall lady, clad in deep mourning and veiled so heavily that he was unable to distinguish her face.

"Madam," he inquired, too taken aback even to get up, "I should like to know why I am thus honored?"

"I came in with the New Year. Not an omen of ill-luck, I hope," replied a musical voice; "but I first want to know if Walter Carson is not an assumed name?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"For the best of good reasons, and as you will not tell me, perhaps you

"I KNOW YOU NOT, SWEET CHILD."

will allow me to say that I think your real name is Herbert Wilton," proceeded the mysterious stranger.

Carson was utterly unprepared for this, and his surprise was painfully manifest. Appearing not to notice it, the lady went on:

"You are unhappy, I know, Mr. Wilton. I shall not call you Mr. Carson. I am certain of it, because I was watching you for ten minutes before you opened your eyes. Can I be of any help to you?"

"I don't usderstand you, madam," answered Carson. "I have no trouble, at least none that you could assist me in."

"Has it any connection with an old love affair?" very slowly asked the veiled visitor.

"I must decline to discuss my private matters with an utter stranger," replied Carson, jumping up.

"Am I an utter stranger, Herbert?" responded the stranger, also rising, and as she did so throwing back her veil.

"Leila!" gasped Carson, looking incredulously into her face.

"Yes, Leila," was the answer whispered, while her arms stole round his neck, "come back to you with the New Year, never to leave your side until it so pleases God."

Then they sat down and she told him how, three years before, after being left a widow, she determined to find out what had become of the sweetheart of her younger days. How, by a chapter of happy accidents, she learned that he was in London. How, on knowing this, she hurried over land and sea, and just at the birth of the New Year entered his room. She saw the tears fall from his eyes, heard her name mentioned, and his blessing go out to her. All doubts were then at an end.

"My children will be here by the next boat, and you must be to them a father. Now I must go, as I'm weary with the excitement of the day."

Carson drove her to her hotel, and to him the New Year bells never seemed to have rung such merry peals. They rang into his life a New Year is every sense. A few days later there was a quiet marriage, and on the following New Year's Eve, as Carson and

"I CAME IN WITH THE NEW YEAR."

his wife listened to the hour of midnight strike, they thought, with hearts full of love and gratitude, of the joyous meeting twelve months before.

Hopes of the Future.

With the coming of the New Year all our hopes of future good for ourselves and for humanity at large receive a new impulse and an accession of power. If we are alive to the wide extension of knowledge, the conquest of the material world, the imminence of new and important discoveries and changes which shall make the possibilities of life more interesting and beautiful, we cannot but rejoice that we are born into this wonderful epoch. Tennyson's poem, written in the flush of young manhood, voiced the scientific fact in eloquence that can never be forgotten, but the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns. It is truly to the thoughts of men that we owe all the triumphs of civilization, the triumphs of religion, art, industry and science, as in the last resort all that is and all that we hope for resides in the thoughts of men and in the feelings and emotions which give birth to these thoughts, and between which there is such a constant interaction.

Balancing Our Books.

When the year is ended and the final summing up of accounts is finished, it is comforting to look back and to be able to say, in all sincerity, that we have done the best we could for ourselves and for those about us. It is more than comforting to see that we have gained something, that our efforts have been crowned with success, and that we are by this advancement enabled to score a victory, even though it may be trifling, over adverse circumstances. It encourages us to redouble our efforts to make a better showing for the years to come, to so order our affairs that this season's gain will be but the beginning of better things, and that the great and grand fabric of our future may rise, ever increasing, ever more and more beautiful, and end in a noble, manly, womanly, Christian, symmetrical character that will make its possessor known and honored of all men.

To the Young.

While the opening of the New Year is a significant season for persons of all ages, it is especially so to the young and those in early maturity. There is so much ahead of the youngsters; so much for them to look frward to, to hope for, achieve; so much that will help them to make their lives worth living, and to make the world the better for their having lived in it.

Welcome the new year. Welcome its work, its cares, its responsibilities, its trials, crosses, losses, sorrows and bereavements. Welcome its work, because it is only by work that we achieve successes and make ourselves strong for the toils and tasks that are to come. Welcome its cares, for they are the world's educators, developers and teachers, and they lead us into those ways of prudence, thoughtfulness and moderation which are the forerunners of prosperity and plenty. —H. S. C.

Brace up! Acquit yourselves like men;
Swear off! And don't swear on again.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

Once more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house; not as an interloper stealing into it in secret, but as an honored guest to whom reparation was due, and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, and a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected, or chose to express.

"Oh, Alice! What has done this?"

"That," she answered, pointing to the bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years, of that I am convinced; but I might have lived a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many, and Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But, Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you," he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you believed and trusted in mine; what did you fear?"

"I will tell you, Gerard," she resumed, a deeper hectic rising in her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. I believed my sister had taken the bracelet."

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was for a minute or two in the room alone with the bracelets; I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant man was tempted. Oh, Gerard, the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence—that dreadful silence that has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear."

"Not so—if you knew all. But now that I have told you let us not revert to it again; it is at an end, and I am very thankful. That it should so end has been my prayer and hope; not quite the only hope," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile; "I have had another."

"What is it? You look as if it were connected with me."

"So it is. Ah, Gerard! Can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered, in a stifled voice. "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could ever have been."

"None will ever be half so worthy; or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," she continued, sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined.

"She has. I have watched and seen, and I know it; and I tell it you under secrecy; when she is your wife, not before, you may tell her that I saw it and said it. She is a lovable and attractive girl, and she does not and will not marry; you are the cause."

"My darling——"

"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Give them to her; can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself——"

"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were—where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? Would you not be well pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."

"That is enough, Gerard, Frances, come hither."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, and Lady Francis Chenevix came towards them from a distant window. Alice took her hand; she also held Gerard's.

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Frances, "so I kept away."

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him among us? Do you know what Col. Hope has told him?"

"No. What?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favor as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection, or in the house, unless he prove sorry for his rebellion by retracting it. The rebellion, you know, at the first outbreak, when Gerard was expelled from the house before that unlucky bracelet was ever bought; I think he is sorry for it; you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while her eyelids drooped, and the damask mantled in her cheek, deeper than Alice's hectic, "will you help me?"

"As if I could make head or tail out of what you two are discussing!" cried she by way of helping her out of her confusion, so she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side and detained her."

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes twinkling with a little spice of mischief. "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes," he laughed. "Do you know what did drive me?"

She had known it at the time, and Gerard read it in her conscious face.

"I see it all," he murmured, drawing her closer to him; "you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Frances endeavored to look dignified, but it would not do, and she was obliged to brush away the tears of happiness that struggled to her eyes. Alice caught their hands together and held them between her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit; but—as she had said—the present world and its hopes had closed to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Frances, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to a bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes, I shall," answered he, far more saucily; "a wife must follow the fortunes of her husband."

THE END.

The Promotion of the Admiral

Morley Roberts, in The Strand.

Mr. Smith, who ran a sailors' boarding-house in that part of San Francisco known as the Barbary Coast, was absolutely sui generis.

Every breeze that blew, trade-wind or monsoon, had heard of his iniquities. He got the best of everyone.

"All but one," said Smith, one night, in a moment of weakness, when a dozen men who owed so much money that they crawled to him as a Chinaman does to a joss were hanging on his lips; "all but one."

"Oh, we don't take that in," said one of the most indebted; "we can't 'ardly believe that, Mr. Smith.

"Yep, I was done brown and never got the best of one beast," said the boarding-house keeper. He looked them over malignantly.

"I kin lick any of you here with one hand," he went on, "but the man as belted me could have taken on three of you with both hands. I run against him on the pier at Sandridge when I was in Australia fifteen years ago. He was a naval officer, captain of the Warrior, and dressed up to kill, though he had a face like a figurehead cut of mahogany with a broad axe. And I was a feelin' good and in need of a scrap. So when he bumped ag'in me I shoved him over. Prompt I shoved him. Down he went, and the girls that knowed me laughed. And two policemen came along quick. I didn't care much, but this naval josser picks himself up and goes to 'em. Would you believe it, but when he'd spoke a bit I seed him donate 'em about a dollar each, and they walked off round a heap of dunnage on the wharf, and the captain buttoned up his coat and came for me.

"I never seen the likes of it. He comes up dancin' and smilin', and he kind of give me half a bow, polite as you like, and inside of ten seconds I knew I'd struck a cyclone, right in the spot where they breed. I fought good (you know me) and I got in half a dozen on his face. But I never fazed him none, and he wouldn't bruise mor'n hittin' a boiler. And every time he got back on me I felt as if I'd been kicked.

"He scarred me something cruel, I could see it by the blood on his hands. 'Twarn't his by a long sight, for his fists were made of teak, I should say. And in the end, when I seemed to see a ship's company of naval officers around me, one of them hit me under the ear and lifted me up. And another hit me whilst I was in the air, and a third landed me as I fell. And that was the end of it so far's I remember. They told me afterward he was the topside fighter in the hull British Navy, and I'm here to say he was."

"And you never got even?" asked the bartender, seeing that no one took up the challenge.

"Never set eyes on him from that day to this," said his boss, regretfully.

"And if you did?"

Smith paused—took a drink.

"So help me I'd Shanghai him if he was King of England!"

And one of the crowd who had put down the San Francisco Chronicle in order to hear this yarn picked it up again.

"S'elp me," he said, in breathless excitement, "'ere's a funny cohincidence. 'Ere's a telegram from 'Squimault, sayin' as how the flagship Triumphant, Hadmiral Sir Richard Dunn, K. C. B., is comin' down to San Francisco!"

"By Jove, let's look," said Shanghai Smith. He read, and a heavenly smile overspread his hard countenance. He almost looked good, such joy was his.

"Tom," he said to the bartender, "set up drinks for the crowd. This is my man, for sure. And him an admiral, too! Holy sailor, ain't this luck?"

He went out into the street and walked to and fro, rubbing his hands, while the men inside took their drink.

"Was there ever such luck? Was there ever such luck?" murmured Mr. Shanghai Smith. "To think of him turnin' up all of his own accord on my partic'lar stampin' ground! Holy sailor! was there ever such luck?"

The morning of the following day Her Majesty's ship Triumphant lay at her anchors off Saucelito, in San Francisco Bay.

Though the admiral did not know it, one of the very first to greet him when he set his foot on dry land at the bottom of Market street was the man he had licked so thoroughly fifteen years before in Melbourne.

"Oh, it's the same," said Smith to his chief runner, who was about the "hardest case" in California. "He ain't changed none. Just so old he was when he set about me. I'm goin' to have thishyer admiral shipped before the stick on the toughest ship that's about ready to go to sea. Now what's in the harbor with officers that can lick me?"

"Well, I always allowed (as you know, sir) that Simpson of the California was your match. And the California will sail in three days."

"Righto," said Smith; "Simpson is a good, tough man. Bill, the California will do."

"But how'll you corral the admiral, sir?" asked Bill.

"You leave that to me," replied his boss. "I've got a very fruitful notion as will fetch him, if he's half the man he was."

Mr. "Say-it-and-mean-it" Smith laid for Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K. C. B., etc., etc., from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, and he was the only man in the crowd that did not hope the victim would come down with too many friends to be tackled.

The admiral came at last; it was about a quarter to twelve, and the whole water-front was remarkably quiet. And the admiral was only accompanied by his flag-lieutenant.

The two were promptly sandbagged, the lieutenant left on the street and the admiral carried to the house in the Barbary Coast. When he showed signs of coming to he was promptly dosed, and his clothes were taken off him. As he slept the sleep of the drugged they put on a complete suit of rough serge toggery and he became Tom Deane, able-bodied seaman.

By four o'clock in the morning Tom Deane lay fast asleep in a forward bunk of the California's fo'c's'le as she was being towed through the Golden Gate. And his flag-lieutenant was inquiring in hospital what had become of the admiral. And nobody could tell him more than he himself knew. Flaring headlines announced the disappearance of a British admiral, and the wires and cables fairly hummed to England and the world generally.

(To be continued.)

Game to Tempt the Sportsman.

Hunting big game has an irresistible attraction for all sportsmen, and the more rare the species being sought, the more keen is the hunter's delight. The big game of this country is comparatively well known, but Asia offers some rare species, they are sought every year by countless sportsmen of all nationalities, usually without success.

An ambition of big game hunters is to capture, or shoot, a snow leopard. This rare animal lives on the snow-covered Himalayas, and seldom is seen at an elevation of less than 11,000 feet. He is a beautiful creature, white as the snow he lives among, and is both wild and savage. Even in the great altitudes where he makes his home he is extremely rare, and not only have few persons shot him, but few even have seen him. Any one who wants to stand in the first rank of big game men should try for a snow leopard; if he gets one his reputation is made.

An animal known to exist, but of which no white man ever has seen the dead body, is the mountain ibex of Kamchatka. This great peninsular of Kamchatka, whose half a million square miles is inhabited by less than 7,000 people, is probably the least known of any land in the world not circumpolar. Down its center runs a chain of great mountains, many of them active volcanoes and others covered with thick forests up to a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet. Above the timber line lives a species of ibex, or mountain sheep, larger and stronger than any that exist elsewhere. The natives show bits of the skins of these animals and some of their enormous horns, but no white man ever has seen a whole one alive or dead, much less killed one.

Monumental Brasses.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century it occurred to some one to preserve the likeness of his departed friend, as well as the symbols of his rank and station, says the Gentleman's Magazine. So effigies were introduced upon the surface of the slabs, and were carved flat, but ere fifty years had passed away, the art of the sculptor produced magnificent monumental effigies. Knights and nobles lie clad in armor with their ladies by their sides; bishops and abbots biess the spectators with uplifted right hands; judges lie in their official garb; and merchants with the emblem of their trade. At their feet lie animals, usually having some heraldic connection with the deceased, or symbolical of his work; e. g., a dragon is trodden down beneath the feet of a bishop, signifying the defeat of sin as the result of his ministry. The heads of effigies usually rest on cushions which are sometimes supported by two angels.