



"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 cry 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 praises 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."

#### 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.

#### The New Year's Greeting.



"You look worried, Brown," said Green.

"Worried! I should say I am. See those?" And he drew out of his overcoat pocket a great bundle of statements of accounts.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Green, "you will make Christmas present to your wife, will you, without counting the cost first?" The lines around Brown's eyes deepened and his mouth drooped sadly. "No," he said, "that's not it. These are not for presents I made my wife."

"Why, what are they for, then?" asked Green, wonderingly.

"For the presents my wife made me."

And the men shook hands in tender sympathy.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Save Your Mirth.

It is not wise to have so merry a Christmas that you cannot have a happy New Year.—Chicago Tribune.

"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."



"SHE AND DICK QUARRELED."

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?"

#### 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 friends 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 surfeit 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

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 "new 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 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 insatiable 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 fires go out, wash our best china without breaking it, and, from the "talk" 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 hooked for a salary cut.

—Chicago Record.

## Forsaking all Others

By AMELIA DUGHEMIN

### CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

No one ever knew what passed in that interview. Harvey briefly told his wife he had begged for forgiveness and gained it, but the old relations between Gladys and himself would never be renewed—she was through with the life of which he had been a part. When Helen threw herself in his arms in a passion of grief for having done him hurt while striving only for his benefit, he kissed her sadly. It was all a mistake, he said; he had been the more culpable of the two. Together they would take up life under the new conditions, never alluding to the errors of the past.

He was very kind, very gentle; but there was that in his manner and look which told her Harvey, the boy, was dead, to make way for the grave, almost stern man who henceforth walked by her side through life, affectionate and true, yet with the ineffable quality that tinges the humblest marriage with romance forever stricken from his love.

Within a year after her departure Gladys was married to a man slightly her junior, whose wealth doubled hers. Her beauty and vivacity made her the center of a wide social circle, and having been shut away from city pleasures so long she enjoyed them now with childlike enthusiasm. Engrossed in a bewildering happy present the past became to her a dream, and after the arrival of her first child, a half forgotten one.

The house in Rockville was sold, and long years passed before she again saw Harvey. In the careworn man with stooping shoulders she found it difficult to recognize her once handsome boy. He was only forty, but life had gone hard with him. There were many mouths to feed at home, and all Helen's thrift could not make one dollar do more than the work of two.

Long ago Gladys had wholly forgotten her grievances, but not the affection for which she had sacrificed so much. Even now, though she had many sons of her own, she loved her unfortunate boy too well to allow him to endure anything approaching privation, and with her husband's assistance secured to Harvey an annuity sufficient to place him and his family well above need. Phebe, an old woman then, grumbled when the news was told her; but really she was pleased; even her anger could not endure forever. And Harvey had been her boy as well as Gladys's.

So all were in their way happy and content—all but one. It is hard for the covetous soul to come near to fortune yet never grasp it; and even when better days had dawned, and want was forever set at bay, the bitter knowledge that she had doomed her husband to a struggle with poverty that robbed him of youth and hope and ambition was with Helen Atherton all the days of her life.

(The End.)

## White Feather

There is no need to mention the name of his regiment here. That is a secret that belongs to the army alone. Suffice it to say that his comrades are proud of his name.

He should never have entered the army at all, much less a hard riding cavalry regiment which had a reputation to sustain by a yearly tribute of broken necks and collar bones.

His proper vocation was that of a linen draper's assistant, and he had filled that occupation very satisfactorily till one evil day he had fallen in love with a girl, a silly, shallow girl, at whom no practical man or boy would have taken a second look.

He adored her, and she adored soldiers. In their walks abroad she would direct his steps toward the Horse Guards or Wellington barracks, that she might gaze in admiration at the fine, strapping soldiers who were to be seen there, and every time she pinched his arm and exclaimed: "Oh, Jack, look at that lovely soldier!" his heart gave him a pang at the thought that he was only a draper's assistant, with nothing in common with the military but the handling of red cloth!

He was a dreamer by nature, and failing in love did not lessen his weakness in this direction. Dreaming is pardonable in a poet, but an unpardonable crime in a linen draper's assistant, and as he stood at his counter his mind was far away from his work. Instead of listening to the "Forward!" of the shopwalker he could only hear the short-flung word of command and the blare of the bugles that sounded through his dreams; wherefore it was not long before he came into conflict with his practical chief. A few sharp words passed. He threw up in three seconds a position it had taken six years of hard, unremitting labor to attain. Then he enlisted.

He gained his title on his first display in the riding school, where, after a short ride on the neck of the riding master's pet buck jumper, he turned deathly pale and cried aloud that he might be allowed to dismount.

The horse at once gratified his desire by throwing him on to the tan, where he lay trembling in every limb, much to the diversion of a couple of rough riders who were standing by. They were quick to inform their respective squadrons, and, his former occupation

being known, he was promptly christened White Feather.

In those dark days it was the joy of the more hardy recruits to take him aside solemnly and request the service of three-pence three farthings worth of white feathers. Any morsel of down or fluff that might float into the barracks was promptly captured and presented to him with due ceremonies by Trumpeter Pipes, the low comedian of the regiment.

The older men forbore to join in with these somewhat tiring repetitions of a stale joke. They remembered their own experiences in the riding school and recognized that White Feather was a quiet and inoffensive fellow, devoid of the impudence and bad manners peculiar to recruits and respectful to his seniors.

The sergeant instructor, too, after a time took a fancy to his timid recruit, and took extra trouble to teach him how to keep his heels out, his hands down and his head up.

"I've made smart cavalrymen out of bigger duffers than you," he used to remark encouragingly as he flicked White Feather's horse into a canter, "and I'll make a rider of you, or I'll break your neck!" White Feather's neck remained unbroken so it is to be presumed that the sergeant instructor fulfilled his word.

Presently he began to lose the hang-dog look of suppressed terror with which he had been accustomed to enter the riding school and to acquire the easy swagger of a cavalryman. His chest, contracted by long hours at the counter, developed under healthy training. Fresh air and much exercise helped White Feather's development, which had been sadly retarded by the heavy, gas-laden atmosphere in which he had lived. His nerves acquired tone, and he learned to take a tumble now and then as a matter of course and to fire his carbine without shutting his eyes and blanching at the explosion of the cartridge.

"Blow me, if he isn't going to shape into a man at last!" quoth the sergeant instructor.

Then a great blow fell upon him. He received one morning a letter from the girl to tell him that she had given him up in favor of a shopwalker who had expectations of being set up in business by his father. She admitted that she had adored soldiers and that she had caused him to enter the army for her sake. But she had omitted to state that the soldiers she adored were soldiers who possessed the Queen's commission and who wore stars instead of a worsted stripe.

If poor White Feather was a physical coward, he was a moral hero. There is no chance of a display of feeling in a barrack room so, like the Spartan boy of old, he hugged his trouble to him, slipping the cheap little engagement ring with which he had sealed his troth into his pocket without a sign beyond the twitching of his white lips. Then he lit his pipe with the letter, not out of contempt, but because there is little privacy accorded in the correspondence that comes to the barrack room, and a private soldier is not provided with a desk wherein to keep his faded flowers and other sentimental tokens of the past.

The blow was a very heavy one, for White Feather was without the worldly knowledge that should have told him long since that he had fixed his affections upon a vulgar, selfish and brainless flirt, and he still believed in her.

For her sake he had learned to overcome his physical cowardice. He had dreamed of a possible commission in the dim future and had rejoiced in the recently acquired promotion as a step toward her.

For her sake, too, he received the news cheerfully when the word passed through the barracks that the regiment was ordered to South Africa to meet the Boers. He knew that he was by nature a coward, but for the memory of her he swore an oath to himself to do his duty without sparing himself in the coming fight.

"Look 'ere, old chap, we ain't going to call you White Feather no more!" said Trumpeter Pipes as they lay together behind the shelter of a large boulder, against the face of which the Boer bullets were pattering like a heavy rain.

In full sight of the whole army their squadron had crossed the Boer front amid a hail of bullets which had brought 20 men to earth.

White Feather's horse had been shot under him, and, at the risk of his life, he had carried the wounded trumpeter into the shelter of the boulders. He was unhurt, but trembled in every limb from fear and great exertion.

From between two boulders he peeped out and saw, amid the bodies of men and horses that littered the plain, a wounded man crawling on his hands and knees amid a spatter of bullets that were kicking puffs of dust from the dry earth all around him.

It was his captain.

White Feather watched him for a moment; then he saw him stop, and he down on his side despairingly. He could crawl no more.

"I will, for her sake!" he murmured between his clenched teeth, and, rising from the shelter of the rock, he faced the hail of death that pattered to the earth around him.

As he walked into the open a faint cheer reached his ears from the British troops half a mile behind him. The

Royal artillery backed him with a shrieking flight of shrapnel, which whistled for a moment overhead, then burst over the Boer lines a quarter of a mile away in a shower of bullets that for a moment quelled the storm around him.

He reached the wounded man, lifted him on his back and returned step by step to where Trumpeter Pipes lay hidden.

The trumpeter gave him a faint "Bravo!" as he staggered and fell with his burden into the kindly shelter of the rock.

That was White Feather's reward. On a distant hill the British commander shut his field glasses with a snap.

"Tell the general to keep down the fire on the right there and get those men in from behind those boulders," he said to his aid, "and bring me that man's name. If he is alive, tell him that I saw it all and that I'm going to recommend him for the cross. Never saw a finer show of fire discipline in my life!" he added the commander to himself as he galloped off.

White Feather's eyes glistened as he received the message and heard the cheer that swept along the lines as he was carried in.

"Perhaps I shall get that commission after all," he said to himself; "then she will think more of me!"

Perhaps it was just as well that he died five minutes later—this faithful worshiper of a goddess of clay.

### THRIFTY FEMALES.

There are Many Remunerative Occupations for Women.

One thrifty woman who had watched the vegetables and fruit rotting day by day at her grocery's, and which were a dead loss to him, proposed that they enter into an arrangement in the future whereby she should preserve and pickle his entire surplus, either for regular pay or upon commission, in the latter case he furnishing the sugar and spices. Another woman, with sharp business instincts, a butcher's wife, made up soup stock, and found a ready sale for it to many overworked housekeepers. Still another, who knew but one thing thoroughly, and that was cookery, called every morning at certain physicians' offices and formed a list of families in which sickness prevailed. To these families she offered to come every day for an hour or so and prepare in their own homes mutton broth, beef extract, chicken jelly, panada, gruels, fruit and herb drinks, wine whey, custard, etc., furnishing her time and labor cheaper than the articles could be bought at restaurants or women's exchanges. Some women are specialists in one branch, such as handkerchief embroidering, lampshade making, fan painting, feather curling, glove cleaning, and the like, or can make beautiful neck scarfs, or launder fine laces. Such can easily make their specialty pay, some by the aid of friends, some by the patronage of dealers in such goods, some by a house to house canvass made by themselves. A young girl in one of the large eastern cities was recently puzzled by finding herself left almost helpless and homeless, with no talent in any one direction. There was but one thing of which she never tired, and that was of children, all of whom seemed to adore her; so this young girl went out at so much an hour to amuse sick and irritable children. Many a worn-out mother found her presence a most grateful repose. She was indefatigable in inventing new games and perfecting old ones, and her naturally retentive memory came also to her aid as a story-teller. It is the woman who takes advantage of opportunities, the woman who can plan as well as execute, whom the world wants and for whom it will push its ranks apart to make place.

### GHOST SHIP.

Spectral Vessel Turns Out To Be A Marvelous Phenomenon.

The American clipper ship Luzon, from the Hawaiian Islands with a full cargo of sugar, had a strange experience after rounding the horn. When off the barren Staten land, in good weather, and with scarcely any sea on, the lookout reported a sail. It was about an hour before sunset. Although the Luzon was almost becalmed, the vessel sighted was under close-reined topsails. This made the Luzon's mate think a storm was bearing down on him, and he speedily shortened sail. Rapidly the stranger came nearer, and it could be seen that she was partially dismasted forward. In the meantime, however, the expected squall did not make its advent. The strange ship passed so close that it seemed as though a biscuit might be thrown on board. Still her crew paid not the slightest attention to the Luzon. On the latter consternation prevailed. The appearance of the storm-tossed vessel was so uncanny that the Luzon's men were beside themselves with terror. Not until it dawned upon Capt. Park that the other ship was a part of the phenomenon known as the "fata morgana," where a vessel is reflected a great distance, could he restore anything like order among the men. The most remarkable feature of the incident developed three weeks later. When the Luzon was nearing the equator she passed the Russian ship Komisafoff, bound south, and her men had no difficulty in identifying her with the mirage they had witnessed. She had the same distinctive lines, and, sure enough, her foremast had been broken off close to the foretop, a jury-mast taking the place of the missing spar. She had been reflected at least 1,000 miles, and the storm which the Luzon's men had observed had probably wrought the damage.—Philadelphia North American.