



villainous twinkle came into his eyes—"to retreat from raising any salaries?" When he general laugh subsided, Hague remarked:

"Though I have heard of many New Year resolutions, I have seldom heard of one being kept, but one occurs to me just now. You know I was born and brought up in a Scotch settlement, and you also know that the Scotch have many peculiar customs. Though they no longer have chiefs in this country, they have wise men who are looked up to by all the community and asked for advice in times of trouble. To one of these a poor woman went in great distress. Her husband was a famous wrestler, the champion of the whole settlement, but he had a failing for strong drink, and when the New Year came round, when Scotch people are in the habit of making calls and drinking to one another's health, she feared he might start out on one of his terrible sprees. She took her troubles to the wise man, and he said, 'Leave the matter to me.'

"A few days later McNab, the wrestler, received a message stating that a great wrestler had arrived from Scotland who had overthrown every one with whom he had ever contended and that McNab could find him at the house of the wise man. McNab accepted the challenge at once and went to seek his opponent.

"Whaur is the wrestler?" he inquired. "Let me get hold of him, and I'll break his back."

"The wise man smiled and set a bottle of Scotch whisky on the table.

"There," he said, "is the only wrestler I know of that can overthrow you, and as I was afraid you might meet him while going around at the New Year, I thought I would warn you."

"At first McNab was inclined to be angry; but, realizing the truth of the rebuke, he picked up the bottle and with one powerful twist broke it in two.

"There!" he said. "I have broken the wrestler's back, and no one can say that he can ever overthrow me again." And that New Year's resolution was kept."

"I once knew several resolutions that were kept," said Fielding, "and the consequences were sad. I once had several chums who were ambitious, but indolent, and it was their delight to get together and talk about the great things they hoped to do. One was an embryo author who mapped out books no man could write, another a scientist who had dreams beyond the conceptions of Tesla and Edison, and yet another a growing statesman whose schemes would have dazzled Hanna. It used to be delightful to listen to them talk, but one New Year's eve they foolishly resolved to try to materialize their great ideas."

"Where are they now?" asked Haslam.

The statesman has disappeared from sight, the scientist is a dilettante for a telephone company, and would be eminent author is a police court reporter, and all of them are unhappy because they have discovered that they are failures, like most other men, whereas if they had never tried they would still be convinced of their native ability and be happy. As you can see, New Year's resolutions are sometimes dangerous."

Just then the chimes began to ring out the old year and to ring in the new. The Inseparables opened their windows for the New Year to enter and shook hands on the resolution they had made, although none of them knew the resolutions made by the others.

THE DRUMMER FOR 1900.

The briskest drummer on the road
Has come to town today.
Upon his back he bears a load,
Come, look at his display.

Here, maiden, is an honest heart—
Tush! No coquettish wiles!
It's pierced by Cupid's choicest dart.
The price is—winning smiles.

Here, youth, are honor, glory, fame
And all that you desire,
The price, "to every one the same"—
Toil and ambition's fire.

Here, statesman, is the prize you crave,
A chance to rule and guide,
The price is—toil like a slave
And trampling on your pride.

Here, poet, is your wreath of bays,
That's bought with tears and pain;
Here, painter, bought by weary days,
The honor you would gain.

Here's happiness, to some a gift,
To others past all price;
Here clouds of grief that show no rift,
Then scatter in a trice.

But, though both griefs and joys are dear,
There's much he gives away,
And yet for all you get I fear
You'll sadly overpay.

Most whimsical of "grissack knights,"
He tumbles down his wares
And laughs to see his choice delights
O'erwhelmed by foolish cares.

But who can blame this youth sublime?
No rivalry he fears!
He travels for the house of Time,
The youngest of its years.

So welcome him with pomp and pride!
Come, make a joyous din!
Throw both your doors and windows wide
And let the New Year in!

P. MCARTHUR.

A New Year's Call.



The Old Year's Retirement.
You're retiring from business, Old Year,
And we all of us give you your due,
And as sure as we live
Will our patronage give
To your smart successor, the New.



say that you have taken this without consulting me?"

"I have, John."

"Since when, Anna, am I one to be feared or ignored or—defrauded?"

"Fear there was none, John; fraud there is none," Anna said slowly and calmly. "I only meant to give you a New Year's surprise."

"Well, you have done that all right. Now will you surprise the landlord by turning it back on his hands?"

"John Allen?"

"Well, my dear?"

"I've leased this place for a year."

"Oh, you have!"

"And I have bought the outfit on terms I can meet out of my pay from The Monitor. If we can't reduce our rent by subletting, we must work the harder."

"Am I to go out ditch digging to do it?"

"You need not go to ditch digging. Where there's a will there's a way."

"A will? As if I hadn't the will to do my best!"

"Yes, in your own manner and time. Mr. Soundman of Soundman & Fairplay has spoken to me several times about you."

"He's a director in the bank. I wish he'd pay me my money."

"But he is only one. It will come right in the end. I hear the firm wants a head clerk, and there's a chance of his becoming a partner."

"Too slow for me. I want my money, and then for a hustle to make up for lost time!"

"And, while you wait for the ideal thing to turn up, what of me?"

"Why, Anna, are not you all right at home?"

"John Allen, I have no home but this or some other set apart for you and me."

"What do you mean?" said John Allen, staring at his wife in blank surprise.

"I mean that no home is large enough for two women having separate family interests."

"You refer to my mother?"

"To your wife and your mother."

"You put it that way out of politeness, but the fact remains that you can't endure my mother."

"I cannot endure cringing dependence, and will not, another day."

"Then I fear it's a struggling author's attic and a crust and a pallet of straw."

"Better than that, dependence, and when that fails I'll go where I am unknown and take up teaching." Her voice dropped, and the tears came.

"You mean to desert me, Anna Allen?" said John, seizing his hat.

"I mean to have my own home, by your aid or without it," said she, looking him straight in the face, with dry and searching eyes.

"The temper of both was aroused. John Allen had thought only of his business ambition, not of a woman's nature. A moment later, and he rushed out. Anna Allen collapsed the instant she realized by the closing of the door upon John that an ugly chasm yawned between her and her husband. Having worked on with blind faith in his love and genial temper, the reaction was crushing. Womanlike, she quickly turned the blame upon herself, and long she sat reviewing the steps which led up to the present dilemma.

"I have made a mistake, a sad, sad mistake," she said, "and he shall know that I acknowledge it."

Gathering her hat and wraps, which had been put aside to heighten the illusion of being at home, she determined to seek John wherever he might be and undo the mischief. Suddenly the bell was sounded by some one in the hall, and as she turned the knob the door flew bodily against her. In rushed John, breezy and jubilant, like a man elated with New Year's wine. Anna was startled, but a pair of strong arms caught her as she swayed under the double surprise of his return and the demeanor and the violence of his entrance.

"John!"

"Anna!"

The reclining chair which she had chosen especially for his after dinner lounging was large enough to hold husband and wife while he smothered her hysterical confession and retraction in his impatience to get in his own.

"Dearest," said he, "I've come back to place my record on the new domestic leaf you have turned."

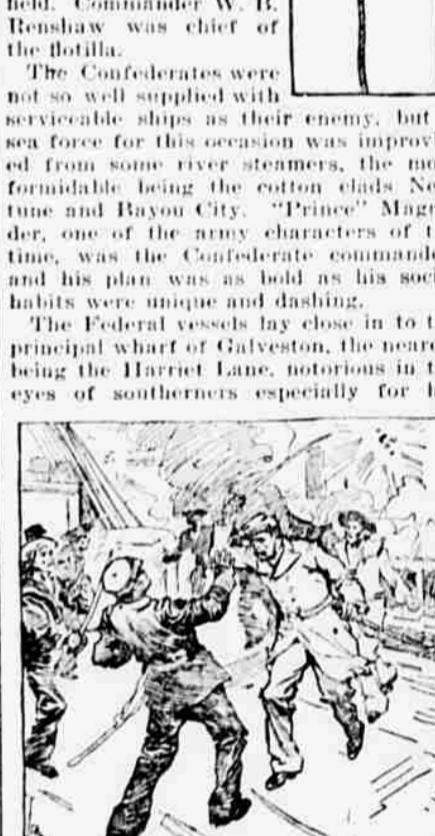
She interrupted him by trying to murmur, "I don't deserve it," but John's lips were powerful suppressors of the quivering rebellion.

"Yes," he continued, "the moment I was well out of here I realized what it

connection with attempts to relieve Fort Sumter early in the war. Long before daylight the attack began under the personal leadership of Magruder. Six heavy siege pieces were hauled up as close as was safe to the wharf opposite the Harriet Lane and some lighter guns moved farther in, with a picked column of 500 stormers, who were to dash upon the Federal regiment guarding the wharf.

The Confederates were not so well supplied with serviceable ships as their enemy, but a sea force for this occasion was improvised from some river steamers, the most formidable being the cotton clads Neptune and Bayou City. "Prince" Magruder, one of the army characters of the time, was the Confederate commander, and his plan was as bold as his social habits were unique and dashing.

The Federal vessels lay close in to the principal wharf of Galveston, the nearest being the Harriet Lane, notorious in the eyes of southerners especially for her



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Magruder fired the signal shot, and all his guns opened, the enemy responding from shipboard in due time. Instantly there was desperate work on the wharf. The Federals there had removed the planks and piled them up for a barricade. After attempting to relay the planking under fire and to place scaling ladders in position the assailants were driven off by the terrible rifles of the Harriet Lane, which swept the shore laterally. The gunners of the artillery on land were driven from the pieces by the bitter fire of the guard.

Turning from the land attack to an enemy at close quarters, the Harriet Lane found the Neptune and Bayou City alongside, sweeping her decks with musketry. A 32 pound shot from the Bayou City knocked an immense hole in the Lane, and Captain Weir of the former ship, seeing that a good shot had been made, stepped to the nearest gun, saying, "Here goes a New Year's present!" and pulled the lanyard. The piece exploded, killing him instantly.

A shot from the Lane sent the Neptune to the bottom, and the Bayou City in ramming the Lane got fast, so that the vessels stuck together. Captain Leon Smith, who led the naval end of Magruder's expedition, leaped from the Bayou City upon the decks of the Lane, followed by his men. Commander Wainwright and Lieutenant Lea of the Lane rallied their sailors, and after a battle of 20 minutes with revolvers and cutlasses against the Confederate ruffians Wainwright was cut down by a sweep from Smith's sword, and Lea fell, mortally wounded. The Lane instantly surrendered, and the father of Lea, who was acting as aid to Magruder, bearded the prize and recognized his son among fallen enemies.

When the fight began, the flagship Westfield was aground and couldn't be moved. Commander Reenshaw was summoned to surrender, with the privilege of removing his people from the harbor, but he refused, sent his men ashore and fired the ship. The flames spread so rapidly

that the magazine exploded before Reenshaw's yawl had put off from her side, and he went down with the wreck. After the loss of the Lane and Westfield the Owasco and Clifton put to sea, leaving Galveston a New Year's prize in grasp of "Prince" Magruder.



"THERE!" HE SAID. "I HAVE BROKEN THE WRASLER'S BACK."

"Well, what have you got on your mind?" said the old man.

"We have been making some New Year's resolutions," said I, "and we thought we would like to tell you about them."

"Fire away," said the old man.

"During the past year," said I, "I have managed to introduce considerable discipline into the management of the office staff, and I have resolved to keep up the good work and get things running as nearly perfectly as possible during the coming year."

"And I," said the bookkeeper, "have so improved my system of working that I have resolved to keep the books during the next year without making a single mistake."

"During the past year," said the head salesman, "I have increased my sales 10 per cent and have resolved during the next year to increase them 10 per cent more."

"Good," said the old man. "Let us shake hands on it, and I will make a New Year resolution too. In the past I have frequently caused dissatisfaction in the office by raising one man's salary without raising another, and I have resolved that during the next year—and a