A New Year's Call

By Manda L. Crocker.

HINGS are seldom, if ever, just what they seem," modified Belle Farnsworth after her favorite author, "and people, never!"

Turning slowly around before the long mirror she noted the faultless reflection of the new tailor-made suit, but her thoughts were otherwise occupied.

"One must be positively hypocritical sometimes, I find," she continued, more leniently. "Now, for instance, I am to circulate, as the politician says, among the people of Hanover Square this afternoon, wishing them the joys of the New Year as if life was simply reflected Paradise. But the truth is, the cobwebs are thick in my sky and I have not the ambition to emulate the example of the old woman who went heavenward with her broom.

'O, if it were only cobwebs," she added, bitterly, "that obscured my sun, I would not hesitate to try the sweeping process; but-it's more!

Miss Farnsworth had been delegated by her society to make New Year calls her neighborhood and she had consented.

Anything was preferable to mop-at home with Aunt Roxy on this espe-cial day; the day she died—not the prosaic old auntie, but she, Miss Isabelle Farnsworth—for ever since she and Allan Druer had broken faith three years

ago, she had considered herself "dead."

And he might as well be, for had he not left Cliff Point that very day, "for-ever," he vowed? And so far he had grimly kept his word.

With a sympathetic glance at the suspiciously solemn face in the glass, Miss Farnsworth adjusted the badge of the King's Daughters on the gray lappel and went thoughtfully downstairs. The blithe young year reflected his joyous-ness on all the faces she met and, in spite of herself Belle began to speculate happily. But the anniversary which "followed" came suddenly abreast of her as she mounted the steps of a pre tentious brown stone cottage on the corner, for the fifth and last call.

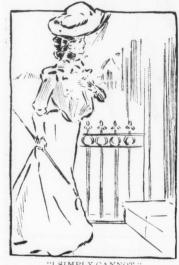
Lost for the moment in the unusually pleasant musing, her fingers sought the bell-pull unconsciously.

Her first call had been on "snobs," as Aunt Roxy would have said. They had bowed her in and bowed her out in dressed-up-icicle fashion, with a patronzing smirk that would have done credit to the king's fool.

Another call revealed a fat roly-poly lady who giggled continuously while she displayed her cheap diamonds and entertained the plain tailor-made gown condescendingly.

But the fourth call: Well! it would always be a bright spot on the anniversary. A little old lady in soft, velvety costume drew her to a sunny cor-ner where an invalid daughter lay smiling a genuine "Happy New Year" in her welcome. As the thin fingers closed over the caller's hand a long silent chord somewhere in the dead heart vibrated in harmony with the greeting; and Miss Farnsworth concluded that she was not a walking mummy after all.

Far from it; the King's Daughter felt like shutting herself in with these other



daughters of the king for the rest of the day. But she meant to go back, for they had most cordially invited her.

Yes; and her fingers closed mechanic ally over the silver knob of the brown stone cottage, but—she did not ring!

A painful awakening ran over her, bringing up at her "dead" (?) heart with

a desperate grip.
"I cannot do it," she said, staring hard at the handsomely-lettered plate; simply cannot; it is impossible!"

She could have manufactured a dozen plausible reasons for the omission, but she could not go beyond that gold and blue lettered plate gleaming above the bell handle. Putting her hands out blindly she turned back to the seven broad stone steps, the way of escape.

Had she followed him, or had he followed her to North Adams?

If he had followed her was it because he still cared? Or was he married to another and she stumbling on to the fact in this cruel manner? She could settle the whole matter by turning back; but

that were impossible to-day, at least.

Across the clear sunny air of the New Year's day came the old familiar words: I shall always carry your image in my heart, Belle; no matter what has come between us." Like a mysterious revelation came a response from the inner sanctuary and she knew that Allan Druer had hidden more than the "image;" it was her very life, and that was why she was "dead."

For a moment it came to her that he was still true to the "image" and that there might be a blessed resurrection in North Adams.

An answering impulse went to her heart like old wine and she hurried homeward dazed with the possible out-come of the call she did not make.

Some one looked from an upper win- answer.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

dow in the brown stone cottage as Miss Farnsworth fairly flew out into the street; carelessly glancing at first, then scrutinizing the supple figure in gray.

The next minute he was out on the

pavement, but the tailor-made gown had vanished around the corner. Quickening his pace he saw the girl

ascending the steps of a humble cottage, third from the angle.
"Making New Year calls?" he cogitat-

ed, "but she did not ring at the Druers'. No wonder; poor little girl!"

Instead of waiting to be received, however, he noticed that she went right in and closed the door behind her unceremoniously. Miss Farnsworth was at home

Aunt Roxy was snoozing in her easy chair near the fire, when Belle peeped into the parlor, so retreating on tiptoe she went upstairs with a far-away

look in her shining eyes.
"I believe I am alive!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, to the dimples in the mirror, "and I am sure he has the image still intact."

Removing her wraps the new old Miss Farnsworth settled herself before



SLOWLY BEFORE THE LONG MIRROR. TURNING

the cheery grate in a contented little heap to dream over again those first treasured chapters before the misunderstanding folded them in.

"Turn backward, turn backward, O, ime, in your flight!"

Writing material and a heap of unnswered greetings lay on the desk at her elbow, and the pen bristled in its rack with impatient waiting; still Miss Belle dreamed on.

"Here's a letter for you, Niece Farns-worth." Aunt Roxy had toiled upstairs and pushed open the door as she spoke. There were no preliminaries with the blunt old lady and she omitted the com-mon courtesy of tapping on the panel,

"Not by the postman," queried the girl, a rose color suffusing her anxious face; but luckily the old auntie did not notice the signal of the heart.

"No; a boy brought it a moment ago. Some business of the society, I pre-sume," and Aunt Roxy waddled down-stairs to her cozy corner again without even a suspicion of the purport of the message that could not wait to put in its

appearance in the conventional way.

Hurriedly opening the cream-tinted envelope with its gold and blue monogram on the corner, Belle thanked Heaven for once that her aunt's eyesight was none of the best; then she read: "Dearest, I saw you to-day. The old love is warm in my heart; and I want your forgiveness, and the old-time condence. Am hungry for your presence
-would have starved to death long ago had it not been for the image. Am coming to see you this evening; going to make a New Year's call. Allan."

"Things are better than they have seemed for a long time," again modified Miss Farnsworth, folding the gold and blue monogram over her delighted heart, "and people aren't so bad after all!"

That night as the happy stars looked lown over the rim of the new cycle and winked at some millions of crisp resoluthe corner, humming softly in her oldfashionel way.
"One is not obliged to be hypocritical

after all, I find," she whispered to the beaming cupid hovering near, "and my New Year calls turned out lovely in spite of everything."

THE WISDOM OF JOHNNY.



"Johnny," said his father, "what good resolve are you going to make for the

"Well, I'm not goin' to fight with Tommy Jones any more," replied

"I'm glad to hear that," said the father; "but how did you come to make that resolve?"

'Cause I always get licked," was the



TO THE EAGER, WAITING NATIONS COMES THE MORNING OF THE YEAR FROM THE GLORY OF THE ORIENT AFAR,
WITH GLAD BELLS ALL A-RINGING OUT THE SORROW AND THE TEAR,
AND IN THE HALLOWED LIKENESS OF A STAR;
WITH ONE-HALF THE OLD WORLD SLEEPING 'NEATH ITS COVERING OF WHITE,
IN THE STARLIGHT OF THE MORNING ON THE MOOR.
HIS LITTLE HANDS HAVE BACKWARD ROLLED THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT
AND HE STANDS, A CHILD OF WELCOME, AT THE DOOR.

YOU CAN HEAR THE BELLS A-RINGING IN EARTH'S NEWEST JUBILEE YOU CAN HEAR THE BELLS A-RINGING IN EARTH'S NEWEST JUBILER
WHERE THE ORANGE TREES ARE WAYING IN THE SUN,
FOR THE NEW YEAR THROWS HIS SMILES UPON THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SEA
AND UPON THE GOLDEN RIVERS AS THEY RUN;
THE LILY BLOOMS IN BEAUTY IN THE EVER SHADELESS CLIME,
BY THE NEW YEAR'S HANDS UNFOLDED IN THE MORN,
AND ACROSS THE TOSSING OCEAN YOU CAN HEAR THE SWEET BELLS CHIME
AS FOR EVERY HEART AN ERA NEW IS BORN.



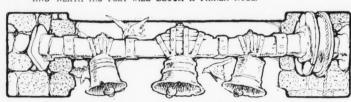
HAIL THE GUEST THAT COMES A-SMILING DOWN THE PATHWAY OF THE STARS, IN THE HEAVEN-GIRDLED BEAUTY OF HIS BIRTH.

NOT A JOY AMONG THE PEOPLE NOW HIS HAPPY COMING MARS, FOR HE BRINGETH LOVE AND PEACE TO ALL THE EARTH:

THE OLD YEAR, BENT AND HOARY, SLOWLY FLITS ACROSS THE SNOW, WITH A WISTFUL LOOK BEHIND HIM EVEN NOW;

AND HE SIGHS TO SEE THE NEW YEAR IN HIS BEAUTY AND HIS GLOW WITH THE HOLY BEAMS OF MORNING ON HIS BROW.

OPEN THROWN BE EVERY PORTAL TO THE YEAR'S INITIAL GUEST, FOR TO US HE GENTLY COMES TO BIDE A-WEE; WELCOME HIM AMONG THE VALLEYS, GREET HIM ON THE MOUNTAIN GREST, RING THE FAIR BELLS FOR HIS COMING ON THE SEA: HIS HANDS ARE FILLED WITH BLESSINGS FOR THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH NOT A CARE AND NOT A TROUBLE YET HE KNOWS, WHERE SORROW SEEMS TO LINGER HE WILL SET THE SEAL OF MIRTH, AND 'NEATH HIS FEET WILL BLOOM A FAIRER ROSE.



LOUDER SOUND THE BELLS OF WELCOME, LET THE ANTHEMS FLOAT AFAR TILL THE HEARTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE LIFT THE STRAIN, LET THE MUSIC OF HIS COMING REACH THE LOVE-LAND OF THE STAR AND BE ECHOED ON THE FAR CELESTIAL PLAIN ;

HE COMES, THE BABY NEW YEAR, IN HABILIMENTS OF WHITE,
FAIR AND FRESH AS NATURE'S EVER DEWY MORN,
WITH THE WORLD'S BELLS RINGING CLEARLY IN THE SOFT AND SACRED NIGHT
THAT USHERS IN TIME'S NEWEST, FAIREST BORN.

BIDE WITH US, O DAINTY COMER, TILL THE SNOW IS ON THY HAIR
AND A STAFF IS IN THY HAND FOR JOURNEY FAR—
TILL AGAIN WE WAIT TO WELCOME FROM THE EAST ANOTHER YEAR
AND NO LONGER GLOWS FOR THEE THE MORNING STAR;
COME INTO THE HEARTS OF GLADNESS THAT HAVE WAITED FOR THEE LONG,
BRING THE HAPPINESS AND PEACE THAT ALL SHOULD KNOW,
AND THE WORLD WILL HAIL THY COMING WITH A GRAND, IMMORTAL SONG
'MID THE FALLING OF THE SOFT AND FLEECY SNOW.



When the Year Begins

There Is No Reason Why It Should Be on January First.

is a common saying that "there is a reason for everything, and usually a good one;" yet no one has yet found any sensible ground for beginning the New Year with the first day of January. If it were made to occur in March, as the old Romans placed it, there might be sense in it. It would be the more reasonable if it began March 22, the vernal equinox, or at the autumno-vernal equinox (September 22); or June 22, or December 22. Excellent astronomical reasons could be assigned for such a reckoning.

Higher civilization is in the northern hemisphere; yet January in this part of the world is a season of cold and snow or chill and rain. It is a season when moving is not only inconvenient, but watched her lover out of sight around beginning of nothing, coming ten days after the winter solstice and 70 days be-

the spring equinox. The day was chosen, probably, upon the assumption that any time is good enough for a general starting point, provided everybody agrees to it, and it will probably have to go at that. It is queer, though, that in setting back the beginning of the year two months, the names September, October, November and December should have been suffered to remain. These were, as their origin implies, the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months when the year began with March, but now that January is first, they are the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth months, respectively. Conse-

quently they are decided misnomers.

Yet there is no use of finding fault, where no amount of it will correct the blunder complained of. It has been made and stuck down a mile-post of time by all the civilized nations, and no profane hand will be suffered to pull it up and set it forward. It has been hallowed by usage, and must be and abide until the

coming of another civilization. Whatever its origin or causes, the day brings in with it thoughts and associations that should prove serious to the reflective mind. Unerringly as the clock records the passing minutes and hours, the New Year writes down the passage of the years as they come and go. The birth of the new is the death of the old year. It proclaims that the past is gone and cannot be resurrected. That time which was lost in it can never be regained; that follies committed, that sins indulged, that vices practiced, while past, have left their impress upon mind and character. It tells of good deeds that will never die, of manly actions, of heroic suffering for the right. All of these are in the dead past, irrevocable,

and useful only as the good done has made better and stronger the character and evil done has made one less fitted to meet the duties and responsibilities of

The New Year suggests the beginning of things. It is a time of good remorse or sorrow for the past, and of good resolutions for the future. The trouble is that too many good resolutions are made in this first day of the year and too many of them are broken. It may be well to purpose to do; but it is far better to do and to hold fast. Broken promises, whether made to self or to others, tend to lower character and render one more fertile in pledges to do, because of the very ease of breaking them.

The New Year is a time with busi-

ness men for casting up accounts. They figure out losses and gains for the year that is past, and upon the result lay plans for the year just begun. Here is serious work in which there can be no self-deception, no false hopes and no false pledges. Business is made up of fact, of work, of energy, of will. stand no false estimates and will not delude itself with idle fancies.

"The king is dead; live the king." The year is dead; live the year. The old year is gone; the new year is on. And so go on our lives, made up of years, or many or few, as the case may be, each one bringing us nearer to the shores of that sea which is shoreless and that country in which time is not reck-

With the saddening and subduing reflections come those of cheer and good feeling, and we greet our friends with a 'Happy New Year"-happy, it may prove, if past errors and follies are corrected and each one lives, with brave heart, in the light that is given him. WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE

Sure of a Call. Newitt-It seems the old custom of making New Year's calls has died out altogether.

Borroughs-Not altogether. Our friend Markley will surely make one on me this year. A three months' note I gave him will fall due on that day .-Philadelphia Press.

Getting Ready.

"It seems to me," remarked the frank friend, "that you are hitting a pace that is a little too swift."

"Not at all, not at all," replied the outh. "I am merely arranging for a suitable case of remorse to strengthen me in my usual New Year's resolution. -Chicago Post.

A New Year's Prospectus.

A New scars resolutions
We'll make good resolutions
Just as in seasons past,
With the usual understanding—
"Not guaranteed to last." -Washington Star.

One New Year's Day

By Elisa Armstrong Bengough. OOD morning, Mrs. Smithson. Did you have a pleasant New

1 Year's day?"
"Well, No, Mrs. Nayber, to tell the truth, I didn't. You see, Mr. Smithson and I concluded we would not spend the day with his family, as usual. We thought we would remain cozily at home

and have a nice long talk. Since he has been kept so close at the office and I have been out so much, we don't seem to see nearly as much of each other as we used, and New Year's day seemed just the time to get acquainted all over "Well, after breakfast, we sat cozily by the fire to have a nice long talk about

our plans for the coming year. I just took up the paper to glance at the advertisements for the next day, and he went looking for his pipe-you know he is miserable without it-and he couldn't remember where he had left it the night before. Suddenly an idea came to me. New Year's day is the time to give up bad habits; now, isn't it? At any rate, I felt it ought to be, and I told Mr. Smithson he smoked too much; he admitted that he did. 'It is a bad habit,' I told him, 'dirty, expensive and injurious to health.' He admitted that it was. 'Then, why not give it up, to-day, and



GAVE ME TWENTY DOLLARS

make a good beginning for the year?" He refused at first to listen, but finally said he'd do it. It would be a good chance, he said, to show his strength of will, and, anyhow, it was only an ideal!"

"Of course, you applauded that!"
"I did, and he went off, delighted to count up how much he would save dur-ing the year by not smoking. As for me, I improved the time by making notes of the bargains advertised in the papers and mapping out a shopping tour for the next day which would keep me until six o'clock and bring me home exhausted. Mr. Smithson didn't come back for two hours and when he did, he was cross. I tried to interest him in the advertisements, when he suddenly turned on me, saying that I spent more time and money, as well as wasting more health, on bargain hunting than he did on tobacco, and if he could give up the one, he thought I could give up he other!"

"Oh, but that was different!"

"Indeed it was, and so I told him, but he wouldn't listen. He said I was in the habit of spending five dollars' worth of time to save five cents in money. He reminded me that I had a quantity of things put away upstairs which I had bought because they were cheap and which I could never use; he proved that many bargains had shown themselves dear and said I could save more money by remaining at home and seeing to the house. When I demurred, he quoted my own arguments in regard to smoking until I got mad, said I had as much strength of mind as he had and I wouldn't buy a bargain for a year!"

"Oh, gracious, but how can you-"Well, everything went wrong that day. Mr. Smithson was cross and criticised the dinner until the girl got mad. Mrs. Trotter came in and told me that Blank was to have a bargain sale in curtains—I needed curtains for the bed-My sister came boa, bought at a bargain, and told me I could get its mate. Going into the parlor for one more peep at Blank's advertisement I found Mr. Smithson chewing the stem of his empty pipe!"

"It's too bad; I'm on my way to a rib-

bon sale now, and I thought you—"
"Wait till I get my wraps. You see, the next morning I thought I'd just run downtown to merely look at the sales. and I went into the parlor before break fast to tell Mr. Smithson. I found him smoking. He looked foolish for a moment, then gave me \$20 and asked me if I didn't want to go shopping. Where did you say the ribbon sale is?"



Pilltop-Did that affair of old Gotrox and Miss Gushie's end with a tie?
Miss Smart—Yes, with the speckled red tie she gave him for a Christmas present. - Chicago News.

Two Su

By Eliza B THE last day makes a fel reminiscent, c the man at the roll top case of homesickness

brought on by encoura "I lived in Chicago some reason or other I old farm for five years folks made an annual made them enjoy it. clock announced was sitting in a hotel of traveling men. Ev had been a farmer's bo telling stories. We spol swimming, forgetting chores, and the intervie we came home late for felt our hair to see if i lived over orchard raid ring to the painful mer waited in the dark, whe at the window. We re sweetness of stolen melo what happened when complained of us next d we were all homesick.

"Then a fellow from spoke of the holidays on thought of the old folks my throat the size of a 1 Why, I hadn't written hor and hadn't spent New Y since I came to the city. solved to go home and The man from North D. two cents he'd go with know my mother, but he and he'd risk his welcon

him two cents. "We could make it if we o'clock train in the morn would bring us home wh were lit and the smell of su at the back door. The ma Dakota hoped they'd have s apple sauce and hot biscu it cured his dyspepsia to th "Before I slept I wired

Jim, who lived three miles place, to meet us at the sta ting the old folks know. "It was snowing when we

that only made it seem mo Year's It snowed all day a kept losing time; but I onl waiting at the station. V car. It was nine when we the station master, a stran seen Jim! There was no traveling man offered us a cross roads. The man from kota hoped the old folks had bed; I knew they had. It w from the cross roads than I th stopped talking, as we through the snow. But, any

going home for New Year's! "There was no light when in, and I hoped pa had not c fire too carefully. I meant a few things next day, but was at home! I knocked and the window to go up and to voice when I shouted, but I I knocked again; the turns knocking.

"It seemed an hour before



SAID I WASN'T ED.

also that the dog was loose. T. arrived just then; he was a st and seemed to have a double set of The man was a new hired hand said I wasn't Ed, because the old had gone to Chicago to spend Year's with him. He backed 1 opinion with a gun which looked as a howitzer in the starlight.

"The man from North Dakota gested we go to Jim's. It was the est three miles I ever walked. was at home; he hadn't got my gram. His wife had gone with th folks to surprise me. There was no to eat in the house except some potatoes and a jug of molasses, an

fire was out.
"The next time I go home for Year's I'll wait till pa writes; he'll me at the station!"

A New Tack.

"Do you intend to swear off this ve "No. I'm going to try a new sch I'm going to see if by attending a more strictly to business I can't enough to afford the things I've been ing to swear off on in the past."-cago Record-Herald.

Make New Resolves.

Make New Mesolves.

Because resolves of other years

Have fallen by the way

And for the new leaf you have fears

It won't keep white till May,

Don't hesitate new paths to seek

Lest you should take a fail,

For if you're only good a week,

Why, that beats none at all.

—Chicago Daliy News.

Might Avert Trouble. Jaggs (returning home)-Wish wash Shanta Claus, an' could

down the chimney.-Brooklyn Life.