WAR TREADS

God wrote with Fate's [illegible]
ters of smoke o[illegible]
Glowing red with fl[illegible]
where Cuban th[illegible]
Grave-mounds on th[illegible]
where the tall pa[illegible]
green,
Are marks that remain of [illegible]
them His footprints [illegible]
The broken warships o[illegible] ru
slowly and rot on the [illegible]
Old tyrants have fled, and [illegible] emer
take hope and obey His com[illegible]d.

His glance flashed in lightnings of battle
when burning homes reddened the sky,
His voice thundered death to oppression
through cannon of Dewey and Schley;
The forces of powerful nations moved but
at His beck and His nod,
And the tyrants, though bold and defiant,
were scourged by His rule and His rod.
Men move in their might and exulting
think everything bends to their will,
But God keepeth watch o'er the warriors
and ruleth the Universe still.

Events which men made, to all seeming,
were cogs in the mighty machine
Whose ponderous wheels move obedient to
the touch of a Master unseen,
Whose people are helpless as puppets to
warp with the forces of man
The sweep and the sway of the ages laid
out an infinite plan,
Beginning and ending in circles too vast
for our weak eyes to see,
With destiny moving obedient to His meas-
ureless mighty decree.

The strifes and the struggles of Cuba, her
griefs and her torrents of tears,
Were acts in the world's greatest drama,
enduring through ages and years,
Beginning when wrong and its evils to
strife and oppression gave birth,
And Freedom set forth for redemption to
conquer and gladden the earth;
Nor will all be canceled and ended till evil
lies dead in its den,
And radiant Freedom in triumph rules over
the councils of men.

Then gird on thy armor, Columbia, now
queen of the land and the sea,
The patron saint now of all people op-
pressed but who yearn to be free;
Hope's stars shine for all on thy banner,
Heaven's beacons which beckon the
world
To share in the promise and progress o'er
which our proud flag is unfurled.
God writes with Fate's finger His fiats, His
care and His calls never cease,
In the red path of battle, His marvels and
miracles grow and increase—
With faith let us fear not, but follow, for
the end of His conflict is peace.

I. EDGAR JONES.

A "Happy" New Year

By Mrs. Charles C. Marble.

IN a comfortless cottage on a back street of a country town Johnny Wallace and his little sister May lived with their parents, one of whom ill-deserved the name. While yet little more than a toddling babe, Johnny had learned what the uncertain footsteps of his father often meant, and instantly his gay laughter ceased, and hurriedly would he put away the poor remnant of toys which Santa Claus had dropped the year before while on his way to more favored households. At least that was the way the little fellow accounted for the broken toys, which, between you and me, some thoughtful neighbor had sent in to the worse than fatherless little Johnny. Afterward, when a wee little sister came to share his wants and pleasures, he guarded her also from his father's tempests of anger as well as his frail little body would admit.

The day before the Christmas of which I write the mother listened with an aching heart to the prattle of her children as they each recounted the gifts which they hoped Santa Claus would bring to them—sled and doll, skates and mittens, toys and candies—and the poor mother, looking at their worn and faded clothing, their much mended stockings and shabby shoes, wished in her heart that Christmas day might never dawn upon their disappointed hopes, that her own and her dear ones' eyelids might not open upon the joy and gladness of a day so gloomy to them. Night had fallen, and the mother, dreading to hear that reeling footstep, had early prepared the little ones for bed, and now with them on her lap sat before the kitchen window, the room lit by no rays save those of the stars.

Just above them the evening star twinkled and glittered in the deep blue of the heavens, and to the thoughtful boy it seemed to be a diamond upon the brow of a cherubic angel, a diamond which might be cast to him by Santa Claus, could he but call loud enough for the angel to hear.

"Maybe I ain't good enough," he sighed, remembering the well worn phrase of how children should win the good graces of that giver of gifts, and then, aloud, he asked: "Will Santa Claus come to our house to-night, mamma?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the hopeless mother, knowing full well where the week's wages would be spent.

"I know why he won't tum to our house," gravely announced May.

"Why?" queried Johnny.

"'Tause papa gets drunk, and says bad words. Santy 'Taus never comes to bad folks' houses. Does he, mamma?"

The mother only pressed the dear head more closely to her swelling heart, and made no reply.

"Tell us, mamma," said Johnny, after a long pause, "all about the baby in the manger and the wise men, and the star what led 'em to —to—"

"Bethlehem!" supplied May.

And so the mother told again the simple story, ever beautiful, of how an angel of the Lord appeared to the wise men and bade them go and seek the young child, the Saviour; and how a star guided them to where the babe lay, and how the wise men worshiped Him and gave Him gifts of gold, and—and "other things," she added, e[illegible] [illegible]s that the text.

"Gitt[illegible] [illegible]ly commented J[illegible] [illegible]g at once wha those o[illegible] might mean.

"And d[illegible] the Saviour come to—to—Bethlehem every Christmas, mamma," he asked, still gazing upon that twinkling star.

"Yes," she answered, abstractedly.

"Ith the manger very, very far?" lisped May.

"Not very," sadly said the mother, feeling herself at that moment very near the Divine presence. "Not very, dear."

Thoughtful Johnny went to bed and before he slept he whispered to the little sister beside him what those "other things" were which the wise men brought as Christmas gifts to the babe in the stable, for what else could they be but toys and candies and all manner of good things?

"And a turkey," added May. "A dreat, dreat big turkey. Oh, my, I do wish papa was one of them wise men, don't you, Johnny?" But receiving no answer from Johnny, whose brain was busy with a new thought, the child was soon asleep.

At a late hour the father came home; his voice thick, his steps unsteady, ugly in temper; the noise of whose coming awoke the sleeping children.

"I have been waiting up for you," gently said the patient mother; "for you know to-morrow is Christmas, and there is nothing much in the house to eat. And, oh, I had hoped you would think of our dear little ones and bring home your wages to-night that I might buy some little trifle to make them happy."

"Don't bother me about the children and Christmas, and such nonsense," he grumbled, crawling into bed just as he was. "I've only got a dime or so left, and I'll want that to-morrow myself." And muttering imprecations upon his wife and children and everything in general, the man fell asleep.

"Santy 'Taus won't never come while papa ith so bad," lisped the drowsy May, with a sigh, which went to the very core of the listening Johnny's heart.

Late into the morning the miserable father slumbered, and when he at last did awake he lay there wondering at the deep stillness which reigned in the house. Again he fell into a gentle doze, his brain freed from the vapors of liquor by his long sleep.

It was high noon when he again opened his eyes, and still that oppressive quiet below stairs made him wonder.

"That was a strange dream," he muttered, uneasily, wiping the dew of fear from his brow. "How glad I was to see the faces of Johnny and May peering into that deep, black pit into which I had fallen. I can't remember how I ever got out, but I can feel their dear little hands in mine now," and with a new love in his heart, and a new light upon his face, the man descended to the kitchen.

Btu no wife, no children, were anywhere to be seen.

"Gone to some neighbors," he thought, filled with a disappointment most keen as he gazed from the windows into the noisy street.

"Merry 'Trismas," cried several happy-faced urchins, as they caught sight of him, "Merry 'Trismas, Mr. Wallace; where's Johnny?"

The father shook his head, moodily, and sat down by the fireless stove.

"Where's Johnny?"

How the letters seemed to start out before him, no matter where he looked. How they danced upon the walls, over the floor, among the shadows, in the sunlight. Every tin horn, blown by boyish lips, repeated the cry: "Where's Johnny?" and the man, filled with a nameless foreboding, recalled the manly little fellow's reproachful looks, his loving care of the wee sister, and upon his big, brawny hand dropped a tear of which he was not ashamed.

"I wish to-morrow were Christmas," he said, aloud, with a sudden pang, as he thought of other men's children to whom had come lavish gifts, whose shouts of joy reached him in that solitary, comfortless room; men who earned no more than he, nor capable of earning so much. "I wish to-morrow were Christmas, and I hadn't spent all my money in the tavern, I'd—" he broke off as the vision presented itself of that tavern, warm and snug, with its [illegible] of cheer, of something "hot" and good, and in that thought all others were forgotten as he arose and put on his hat, feeling the need of something to sustain his weakened stomach and shaken nerves.

As he fumbled in his pocket for a bit of change, the bartender said, carelessly: "They have been found, I suppose, Mr. Wallace?"

"They? Who do you mean?" asked the other as carelessly, as his nervous hand closed about the glass before him.

"Why, your children, Johnny and May," replied the bartender, in some surprise. "Somebody told me your wife has been searching for them since awhile after daylight."

"Since daylight?" repeated Mr. Wallace, pushing the glass from him with a shudder. "Since daylight, while I have been sleeping off the effects of such cursed stuff as that. May God forgive me if aught has happened to my little ones!"

"Well!" muttered the bartender, as he looked after the retreating figure of his one-time best customer. "I'll warrant he'll be coming back before night to get this glas of liquor, so I'll jest set it by."

Aye, set it by, Mr. Bartender, set it by, but its aroma will have departed, its strength be gone, its power to do evil forever fled, e'er remorse shall have ceased to do its work upon that awakened father.

For the first time in years the thoughts of that hurrying man penetrated the smiling sky above him, the genial warmth of the noontide sun, the moving panorama of the blushing clouds, and he wondered, with a dull pain at his heart, if a prayer from a creature so vile as he would be heard and heeded by the Great Helper beyond Christmas! and for the first time for years the tender significance of the word penetrated his dull senses, and he felt, with a glad thrill, that the One who could help was once a poor babe born in a stable, a lowly carpenter, a man of infinite sorrows, acquainted with direst grief, and that thought brought him near unto Him; confidence took the place of doubt, and, with a heart torn by new emotions, strange and sweet, he hurried to his miserable home.

"They may be within," whispered Hope, as he opened the door, and that hope redoubled as his eyes fell upon his wife sitting in front of the newly-kindled fire, but that hope vanished when she turned upon him her stony face, her anguished eyes.

"I have inquired at every house," she said, wearily, in answer to his breathless question, "but no one has seen our darlings."

The father could do nothing but groan.

At this juncture neighbors flocked in, kind neighbors laden with Christmas cheer for both body and mind. Wallace flushed as he ate the food thus provided, and loathed himself for robbing his home of food and every comfort. That day and another passed and no news of the lost children.

It was now the day before New Year's, and into the town came many farm wagons, driven by ruddy-faced, genial old farmers.

The season had been unusually mild and the first day of the new year bade fair to come in disguised under the mantle of spring.

"Hey, what do you say?" queried bluff old Farmer Brown, "a leetle gal and a boy lost from this yer town? Jest describe 'em, mister."

"Wall, I never, and it's from this here town they strayed," he continued, "and I've been a-lookin' in another direction, the little feller not knowin' the town he come from, but always p'intin' to the north."

"Well, well! Johnny and May."

"Yes, that's them!"

"Why, bless your soul, them little ones I found a-sleepin' snug ez snug could be 'mong the hay on Christmas mornin'; and the first thing the boy says, says he: 'Is this Bethlehem, sir?' in jist the sweetest way 'maginable.

"'Bethlehem?' says I, struck all of a heap, for seein' as it was Christmas time I knowed right away what the boy was thinkin' on; so I says, says I:

"'No, sonny,' ez grave ez airy owl, 'this here ain't that holy place at all.'

"'Then come on, May,' says the plucky little feller to the gal; 'we must hurry up or the wise men will have give all their gifts away before we get there.'

"'What wise men be you lookin' fer?' says I, as though not comprehendin'. The little chap hesitated fer a minute, and then says, he, a-wipin' the tears from his tired and hungry little sister's eyes, says he, confidin' like:

"'We are goin' to see if the wise men won't give us some of the gifts, sir, what they bring to the young child in the manger every Christmas; some of the gold and other nice things. We weren't born in a manger, sir,' says he, quite humble and mournful like, 'but we are as poor as He was, and father is so bad that Santa Claus won't come to our house, and—'"

The listener turned very pale and stifled the groan which arose to his lips.

"'And so,' the boy went on, 'May and me made up our minds to foller the star that had peeped into our window all that night; just like the star mamma said that moved on before the wise men, and so we got up real quiet, an out we went, and, sure enough, the star kept beckoning us on and on, and we walked and walked until all at once it growed dim and at last it went out, and May said it meant for us to stop just where we was, for that must be Bethlehem, and so we laid down in the barn, meanin' to go into the stable after restin' a bit to worship the young child, too.'"

Tears by this time streamed from the eyes of both men.

"My Johnny, my little May," cried the happy listener. "Thank God!"

"And what do you suppose they expected to find in the stable as gifts?" he asked of the farmer after a pause.

"Oh, they looked for a turkey to dinner, and a sled, and a beautiful tree all gold and silver, like one of their little neighbors always gets from Santa Claus, and a dolly, and massy only knows what else. They got all the turkey they wanted, you better believe," chuckled the old farmer, "and Johnny said if mamma had only been along he'd concluded it was just ez good ez Bethlehem, anyway."

And then Mr. Brown, after a little talk with the shame-faced father, dived into his pocket and brought out a well-filled wallet, and the next day when all the world were greeting each other with a "Happy New Year," Johnny and May stood in speechless delight before a tree upon which stretched gold and silver tinsel in great profusion, and at its base lay all the gifts which they had journeyed so far to ask of the wise men; but better than all were the loving words and kind looks from that father whom they had hitherto only feared; that father who held them in his strong arms, and called them God's New Year's gift to a repentant man.

"'Tis the dawn of a New Year, indeed," sobbed the happy wife, as the husband asked a humble blessing upon the bountifully spread board at noon, "a happy dawning for thee and me and our little ones."—N. Y. Observer.

Partridge Hunting in New Hampshire

By the game laws of New Hampshire no individual is allowed to kill more than 15 partridges in one day. Having killed his quota of partridges, the hunter may then turn his attention to some other game.

1901		JANUARY				1901
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon	4	7:13 p.m.	New Moon	20	9:24 a.m.
Third Quarter	12	3:38 p.m.	First Quarter	27	4:51 a.m.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 31.—Flour firm, but demand light; winter superfine, $2.30@2.50, Pennsylvania roller, clear, $3.10@3.25; city mills, extra, $2.60@2.80. Rye flour dull at $3 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania. Wheat strong; No. 2 red, 75@75¼c. Corn strong; No. 2 mixed, spot, 42¼@42½c.; new No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 42½c. Oats slow; No. 2 white, clipped, 31c.; lower grades, 27@29c. Hay dull; choice timothy, $17.50 for large bales. Beef firm; beef hams, $17.50@18. Pork firmer; family, $15.50@16; mess, $12.25@13.25. Lard steadier; western steamed, $7.30. Live poultry quoted at 9@10c. for hens, 7c. for old roosters, 8½@9½c. for spring chickens, 9½@10½c. for spring ducks and 9@10c. for turkeys and geese. Dressed poultry at 9@9½c. for choice western fowls, 6c. for old roosters, 10@11c. for choice and fancy nearby chickens, 10½@11c. for fancy dry picked Illinois chickens, 11c. for fancy nearby spring turkeys, 9@11c. for good to fancy western ducks and 7@8c. for western geese. Butter firm; creamery, 17@25c.; factory, 11½@16c.; June creamery, 17@23c.; imitation creamery, 14½@19c.; New York dairy, 16@23c.; fancy Pennsylvania prints jobbing at 28@31c.; do. wholesale, 27c. Cheese strong; fancy large fall made, 11¼@11½c.; do. small, 11¾@12c. Eggs firm; New York and Pennsylvania, 25@27c.; western, average packing, at mark, 21@24c.; western, loss off, 26c. Potatoes steady; Jerseys, $1@1.25; New York, $1.25@1.62½; Long Island, $1.50@1.75; Jersey sweets, $1.75@2.75.

New York Dec. 31.—Steers 10c. higher; bulls steady; cows steady to 10c. higher; steers, $4.50@5.50; oxen and stags, $2.50@4.50; bulls, $2.75@4.10; cows, $1.75@3.50; cables firm; live cattle, 11½@12½c.; refrigerator beef, 9½@10c. Calves firm all around; veals, $5@8.50; little calves, $4@4.50; grassers, $3@4; yearlings, $3@3.25; western calves, $4.50. Sheep firm; good lambs active; medium slow; sheep, $2.50@4; culls, $2@2.25; lambs, $5@5.90; culls, $3.50@4; Canada lambs, $5.12½@5.75. Hogs stronger at $5.25@5.50; pigs, $5.50@5.60.