

A NEW YEAR.

Our other years have slipped away, as slips the flower its sheath. Once more with heads held out we grasp a gift the Father sends, And give Him thanks for length of days, for joy that comes with breath.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN WAR.

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE.

The incidents of this story are taken from life.—The Author.



I was breakfast time at Avondale, and General Higginson, for the fifth time, wondered what kept his daughter as he fidgeted with his paper and stirred his hot coffee.

ed, rather jovial specimen of his profession, loving outdoor life and always stealing off for a day at Avondale when he could manage to escape the routine of his office.

"Where have you been, Mona?" inquired her father. "Down at the river; I found the stone wall near the boathouse ablaze with these blossoms. I am sorry to be late, dear."

"Confound it, so it will; I am decidedly sorry for Mona. No wonder she is cut up, but as Laurie is sure to know Lawrence, we must be careful not to show him that Lawrence has hurt us.

"The Southern mail is in," observed the General, nodding toward a small pile of letters at her plate.

"I should like to write that rascal's neck," exclaimed Gilbert, impetuously, "and he of all men, whom we all liked so much."

"With the invalided officers returning this week is young Colonel Lawrence, who was severely hurt in the charge at San Juan. Among the nurses who went to look after the sick was a handsome young woman whom the Colonel formerly admired.

"That is just where it hurts so," answered his father. "By George," exclaimed Major Laurie, (after excusing herself early in the evening, Mona had left the three men in the billiard room smoking.)

"As he laid down the paper the General glanced at his daughter. She was sitting with a dazed expression on her face, gazing at a letter she held.

"How was that?" asked Gilbert, in a constrained voice. "Well, you see, it was this way; he's very reticent, still, we all knew he was devoted to some girl at home, though he never mentioned her name or spoke about her; couldn't get him into the slightest flirtation with any one.

"What does it mean?" almost shouted the old General. "It means that your lover is a scoundrel, Mona; read this," and he thrust into her hands the newspaper containing the "Romance in Real Life."

"And then?" asked Gilbert, as Laurie paused in his narrative. "Oh, then he wrote, alluding to his being a wreck, and referring to the account in the papers, and yesterday her answer came; I was in his rooms when he got her note—just a short one, but he turned white, and said bitterly, 'She writes that my views upon the subject of our engagement ending moe her own; she releases me, evidently without regret, thankful to be free from what might have been a burden to her.'"

"I have written a few lines to say that his views upon the subject of our engagement entirely coincide with mine."

"Laurie, for God's sake explain matters a little more," cried Gilbert, who had risen from his chair in great excitement.

"And here's news of his engagement to another woman?" echoed Laurie, evidently in hopeless amazement.

"The nurse who took care of him. There is a faring account of it in today's Reporter."

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Mr. Cogle's Bullfight.

Mr. Charles Cogle, a resident of Texas, Baltimore County, recently fought two rounds with a bull in an open field, a short distance from the Northern Central Railroad tracks.

According to the statements of witnesses, chief among whom is Mrs. Annie Cogle, mother of Charles, the great fight came about in this way. Mr. Cogle had not been working for some days, and in his leisure time had had his eye on the bull belonging to Mr. Michael Padgen, of Texas.

Cogle started the fighting with a terrific right-hander on the bull's jaw. The bull ducked and cross-stepped just in time to catch a stiff punch in the nose, followed quickly by a right and left in the face.

The magnificent charge of the Twenty-first Lancers at Omdurman affords perhaps the best illustration of the British soldier's love of fighting for fighting's sake to be found in the whole annals of war.

There were no riag officials present to see fair play and it made the bull very mad. He braced himself and insinuated that he had taken about all the punishment he wanted.

"Charles was beating him right and left and the bull sort of turned around. Charley ran around in front again and hit him with the club.

When the natives of the Gold Coast hinterland captured Lieutenant Henderson, an English army officer, they got into a wordy discussion as to how they would kill him.

"Oh, well," said the lieutenant at last, "I cannot be bothered with your arguments! I'm very sleepy. Let me know when you have decided," and off to sleep he apparently went.

Thus a mission which might have ended, as so many African missions have ended, in a terrible silence and a suspicion of unspeakable horror, may end in a valuable basis of future relations between Great Britain and the Mohammedans of Western Africa.

Edwin Lord Waeks, the American painter, who is now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, is a Bostonian, but has spent much of his life in travel, except for twenty years, when he lived in Paris.

was on a branch line, running from Blairstown, N. J., to Delaware. The line is built along the mountain side, and there is a sheer fall of nearly a hundred feet to the Delaware River at the point where the boy flagged the train.

Among the passengers were the Centenary Collegiate Institute football team, from Hackettstown, which had been to Blairstown to play a game with the Blair Hall team.

There was no need of questioning the boy. Not twenty-five yards in front of the engine lay a great rock on the rails, weighing probably two tons, which had tumbled down from the mountain.

Every one ran forward to view the obstruction and help remove it. The football team thought it would be an easy thing to tackle, but it required the strength of four men besides the team to roll the rock off the rail.

With breathless interest the passengers listened to the boy's story. He said he lived in the valley, and was strolling along the railroad track, when suddenly he heard a great crash.

There were only two trains a day on the road, and he knew that one would soon be due. He had seen the brakemen swing a red flag to stop a train, and happened to think of his sister's red petticoat.

Under Fire of Savage Army. The magnificent charge of the Twenty-first Lancers at Omdurman affords perhaps the best illustration of the British soldier's love of fighting for fighting's sake to be found in the whole annals of war.

The Dervishes lost 15,000 in dead, and for five hours they had charged upon death itself.

The orders to Col. Lenox Martin, who commanded the regiment, were to prevent the Dervishes from returning to the city.

By some mistake they concentrated their attention upon a small detachment of 300 Dervishes, overlooking 3000 more hidden in a ravine, and, riding ahead, they rode straight into an ambush.

It was no longer a question of turning the Dervishes back. They must get back themselves—somehow, anyhow. And they did—plunging, slashing, thrusting until lances broke shooting, employing all tricks of horsemanship, using every weapon, laying about them with bent sword or stomp of lance, until, torn, wounded, broken and ragged, they forced themselves through.

And then, when it was all over, the men went to go back and through once again—"Just for the sake of the divarshan," as an Irish sergeant, with tears of entreaty in his eyes, explained to the Colonel.

And the Colonel, convulsed with laughter, was compelled to threaten death and murder and court-martial for every one in the regiment before he could induce the men to keep still, two feet.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

The latest craze among young women who devote a great portion of their time to the popular sport is the golf corner. One corner of the room occupied by the fair enthusiast is entirely filled with sticks and other implements employed in the game.

Home Decorating. It would seem that with each year our ideas change in regard to what is decorative in the home. It is not long since photographs were banished from all but private rooms; clocks likewise fell into disrepute.

An Easy Way to Wash Windows. The wood work is first cleaned, and if there are fly specks warm water will remove them much better than what may be termed hot water.

When the wood work is washed and wiped, then take a cup and put in it a tablespoonful of coal oil. Fill the cup two thirds full of hot water, take a small, clean cloth, dip in this water and rub the glass surface of the window with it.

Recipes. Vanilla Taffy—One cupful of vinegar, three cupfuls of sugar, butter the size of a walnut and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Stuffing Cakes—The old-fashioned stuffing, made of light bread, a beaten egg, plenty of butter, salt and a little pepper, well deserves a dish of its own in addition to what is used in the chicken.

Cranberry Pyramid—Make a biscuit dough with a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter and milk to make a soft dough.

To Make Sausage—Sausage is made from the lean trimmings of pork. There should be a "meat chopper" and careful supervision of the preparation, that absolute cleanliness be secured.

Apple Biscuits—In spite of their name these do not belong to the bread family at all, as neither flour nor yeast enters into their composition. Peel and core some ripe apples, and reduce them to pulp; flavor with essence of lemon, and mix while warm with their weight of powdered sugar; drop on plates, or into paper cases, and dry in a slow oven for several days.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 is to have a theatre which will seat 15,000 persons.