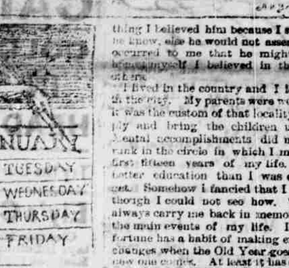
Vol. 21

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

1:50 a YEAR. PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3 1889.



FRAGMENTS.

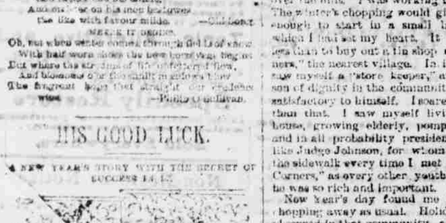
THE NEW YEAR.

What is this fair New Year?
A flower that drops from the bier
Where the Old Year lay, one June born but an hour
To the Aged tomb—with a bud.
—Children Bed

To one thousand.

This is New Year's day,
When we do every friend
They every promise in doubting
And New Year's gifts to get in:
This gives the husband unto his wife
Not rather else his children,
Another—to one has once lodging
The like with favour mildes. —Old Ben

Oh, but when better come, through fall of years
With half worn soul, the bow burns was begun
But where the strings of the unfeigned lyre,
And blossoms of a Godmill in endless time
The fragrant hope that shall not fade
When —Publius Gallatin



HIS GOOD LUCK.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY WITH THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN IT.

I HAD been talking about the turn of fortune which comes to some people with the New Year, Dr. Mason, the oldest man in the room, said:

I will tell you a story worth writing and printing. I see that it is now the fashionable thing for men and women who have made a little mark in the world to tell all about the hobbies which helped them start the line of duty which turned them into the highway which led to fortune or to fame. Well, I am no philosopher, though I have had the experience of a man who has lived long enough to be without any philosophy.

I have always believed in luck. I don't attempt to justify my belief, I know that I can't hold my ground in argument against those who say there is no such thing. I only know that I believe in it. The superstition was born in me. There is a proverb in the Gaelic tongue which says: "He who expects good luck should early get up." I really don't know what it is supposed to mean, but I know that I believe in luck. It is a hobby with me. It is a fad, if you prefer to call it that. It is a superstition, if you like. It is a weakness, if you choose to call it that. It is a foolish belief, if you prefer to so regard it. It is a firm belief in luck, a difficult thing to define, but a thing I have always believed in, and early manhood. That and a struggle with poverty made every thing I undertook seem to be helped by some invisible power. I started out in life with courage. Usually I met with success. My father had a stock of proverbs which he showered upon me in my boyhood days. "They who know most give most offence." "Birds that fly high fall low," and others of equally obscure meaning. But there were one or two that I took to heart. But the proverb that promised good luck seemingly became one I expected it was bound to fulfill and implication to me.

We were playing with other boys and trouble of any kind was imminent I always took the most cheerful ground, and assured them that everything would turn out all right. And I was terribly in earnest, too. I felt that it would go well somehow. The result was that every one took hope and met difficulty and danger as his master, not his victim. The boys soon learned to depend upon me for strength and encouragement, and they stuck to me with romantic devotion. I learned then the wonderful influence one mind can have over others when it recognizes no such thing as fear. Call it superstition, foolishness, what you will, but my faith in that proverb was something marvelous. I will admit, however, that I am of a credulous nature, some [illegible] I [illegible] so [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] I