

Toistol says Gorky is overrated. Not here, though. Boni is the skeleton in the Countess Castellone's closet. The man who says he is not worthy of her, too frequently proves his point. English public opinion has smothered the British soap trust in its own suds.

The indications now are that Santa Claus is going to carry every state in the union.

Crown Prince George of Serbia is said to be mentally sound—that is, for a crown prince.

Faint heart never wins fair lady; but, for that matter, neither does the faint bank account.

The man who manufactured chewing gum is dead, but the evil that he did lives after him.

Not only is the cost of living increasing, but the families are increasing at the usual rate.

New York burglars who travel in automobiles are doing what they can to make a living a fine art.

They have found an asbestos mine in the Klondike. They would be glad to trade it for a coal mine.

This new disease called auto heart is probably produced by suddenly telling a man the price of the machine.

With meat, pickles and confectonery under suspicion, the public may yet have to subsist on breakfast food.

Japan is conquering Manchuria commercially, which is a more substantial and lasting way than shooting holes through it.

A Berlin official in Germany has slept for two years. It would almost be worth while now to wake up and draw his salary.

Rev. Hugh Black, of Scotland, says "Eades is very much like New York." Dr. Black talks like a man who has been there and ought to know.

Dehorned spelling will never do. We "jerminals" would never consent to having our time-honored slogan converted into "The pea is miltier than the sord."

The Buffalo Times tells of a boy who took several ounces of rough-on-rats without suffering any evil effects; but it appears that he worked in a drug store and took it to a customer.

There are expressions of disapproval among eminent Japanese of the education of women in this country. But Japan may be depended on to accept this phase of civilization along with the rest in the course of time.

The so-called soap trust in England is said to have been "busted" by a boycott. The method seems to be simple and effective. No trust, however big and presumably powerful, can succeed if the public refuses to purchase products.

A Boston girl at Vassar told her classmates that so far as she was concerned, she had no ambition further than to do her duty by the man she expected to marry and the children which were born to her. Isn't this a dangerous line of anticipation for a Boston girl?

Prof. Galloway of the department of agriculture some time ago grafted a Japanese orange shoot on a Florida orange tree. When he picked the supposed oranges from the reconstructed tree he found they were lemons. Even nature has begun to hand lemons to grafters.

The Geological Survey having discovered that there are sufficient coal deposits in the United States to last 5,000 years, should continue its researches to determine whether there are enough of the precious metals, or even gems, in the earth to pay the coal bills through those centuries.

You can get to the north pole by drifting with the current, but it will take two or three years to reach there by this method, says a scientist. However, those who may try the plan proposed and trust to luck to get back to civilization and fertilization.

The auto is winning its way everywhere. It has stood the test of trips across the American continent. It has made a tour around the world, carried passengers to the frigid north and captured the fancy of the Grand Lama of Tibet. And now a venturesome enthusiast is to make a trip in the horseless vehicle through the desert of Sahara, once supposed to be given over to the camel caravans.

Gypsy Smith apparently believes that religion and humor can go well together. And why not? There is nothing gloomy about genuine piety. Heaven lies about us in our childhood, and it might all the rest of our lives if we were not so blamed pessimistic.

When a man can pull an ear out at 70, as can President Elliot, it seems as if Dr. Osler's 49-year limit had been wiped out.

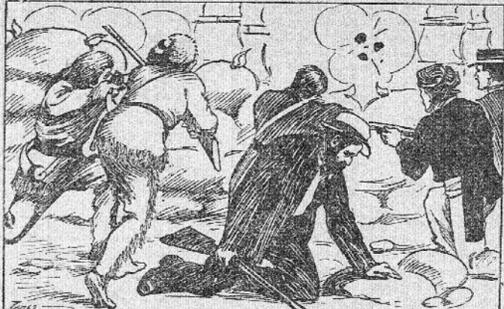
If a man doesn't amount to anything himself, he boasts of his ancestors.

The dockfish has had its own way long enough in eating cod and haddock, but now he is to come into the market as food, and thus cease to be a constant menace to the fisherman's fares. Turn about is always fair play.

It is reported that a thunderstorm in Kansas shrank a whole field of corn.—Peoria Herald Transcript. Well, that lightened the farmer's work, didn't it?

A foreign duke has captured another rich American girl.—Exchange With his coronet?

A NEW YEAR RECEPTION TO THE BRITISH



WHEN GENERAL JACKSON HELD OPEN HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS

I have heard my grandfather tell time and time again of the reception which Gen. Jackson gave to the British on New Year's day in the year of grace 1815, and believe I can write it down exactly as he repeated it to me, for he was there, taking a very active part in the ceremonies, if the reports of his superior officers are entitled to credit—as of course they are.

You must know first of the situation at New Orleans on the dawning of this New Year's day, and that can be told in few words.

General Jackson had on Christmas day 4,000 men, 20 pieces of artillery, and two armed schooners with which to defend the city; and the defense of New Orleans meant the defense of the state of Louisiana and the entire Mississippi valley. The whole British army consisted of 7,000 land troops, with a fleet numbering more than 50 vessels of all sizes and rigs, not a few of which were well armed.

Two days after Christmas the enemy had succeeded in destroying one of Gen. Jackson's vessels, the schooner Caroline, thus leaving him only the schooner Louisiana, and 24 hours later a battle was fought in which the Americans gained a slight advantage.

Our people had thrown up a breast-work three feet in height along the entire front of the army, and now the British built three "half moon" batteries, at equal distances apart, about 600 yards from Jackson's line, arming them with 30 heavy guns, which had been brought up from the fleet. These batteries were formed of earth, hogheads of sugar, and, in fact, of everything which it was supposed would offer resistance to the missiles of the Americans.

Then came New Year's morning, when both armies were hidden under a dense fog which did not lift until nearly eight o'clock; but as soon as it was possible to see surrounding objects the British opened fire from their batteries, and it seemed much as if every gunner aimed at the house in which was Gen. Jackson's headquarters. In less than ten minutes the building had been struck by more than a hundred shot and shell, and the commander-in-chief, with his staff, was forced to seek some other place from which to direct the troops in the battle then just beginning.

American Fire Effective. As a matter of course, the American guns had not been silent while the enemy was pouring into the city such a shower of iron. The 20 cannon, which had been mounted at different points along the line of breastworks, were opened on the British batteries on the levee, and those in front of our position, until the enemy began to understand that hogheads of sugar offered a poor resistance to a solid shot, for immediately one was knocked into splinters its contents ran out, thereby making big breaches in the works.

When this battle of the guns had continued for an hour or more, with the American lines comparatively unharmed and the enemy's batteries showing here and there great gaps which told that they would be speedily demolished unless there was a change in the method of fighting, the British made a determined attack on the left of Gen. Jackson's line, which extended into the swamp, and my grandfather was among those sent forward to meet it.

And now to tell the story from my grandfather's own lips, as it were: "When Coffee's Tennessee regiment, of which I was a member, gained that portion of our line which the British were threatening, they were advancing on the charge, most likely thinking to frighten us by that long line of glittering steel bayonets; but we had gone there for just such kind of work, and I venture to say that never one of us showed the white feather.

"We poured into their ranks a shower of lead which cut many a wide gap, but the British only closed up the line, coming forward like a machine, and showing us that Americans were not the only ones who knew how to do at such a time.

"Well, for a few moments they actually overran us with that line of steel points, and, having once discharged our weapons, we had no chance to reload. The only thing for us, who did not intend to be put out of the fight until it couldn't be helped, was to grapple with that red coated machine, for we couldn't get near enough, owing to the bayonets, to strike a decent blow with our clubbed muskets.

"It was as rough-and-tumble a fight as I ever saw, even when the combatants were unarmed, and the fact that we clung to them like cats was what knocked the Britisher's out of time, for they, with all their experience in such business, had never come up against anything like it.

Struggle with Big Britisher. "It was my ill luck to get hold of a big Britisher, who was 15 or 20 pounds the heavier, and stood a full head taller; but while he was trying to run me through with his bayonet, I had a chance to get the hold I wanted, and down we went. Again had fortune deserted me, for while falling he so contrived to twist his body that he fell on top, and for a few moments I had quite as much as I could do to keep pumping,

Mrs. Bluebeard.

The Story of a New Year's Resolution.

BY IZOLA FORESTER.

"Is it antique?" Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said, crossly, "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carving, if you mean that sort of thing. Why, Bess, she turned to the questioner with sudden energy, "I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining-room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess, positively. "Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home, while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious—" she paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested," Dess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious, Bob's not telling you a word about it, and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that someone didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess arose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin, and the confidence of 18 in her blue eyes.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had

"It stands to reason that they couldn't make out which man came from England, and grabbed at the first that came handiest, which just then happened to be me.

"Come up here, you blasted Britisher!" the best friend I had in the regiment shouted, as he pulled me back by the collar of my coat, and I wasn't much more than a half drowned kitten in his clutch.

"Let go of me, you idiot!" I yelled as soon as it was possible to get some of the mud out of my mouth. "Don't you know your own comrade?"

"The Britisher wasn't anybody's fool, and, of course, he understood just what a mistake had been made. He came up on his feet like a steel spring, and while my comrades were crowding over having captured one of the enemy, as they supposed, he took to his heels, running like a deer, with the mud falling off of him in flakes until some one saw what kind of a uniform he wore.

"In all that squad only a single man had a charge in his gun, and he fired at the fellow, but it was the wildest kind of a snap shot and the bullet went wide, of course.

"By the time I had cleared my face of mud the Britisher was out of range, and perhaps I didn't talk the sweetest I knew how to the blundering fellow who had not only lost me a prisoner, but came very near finishing the choking which the redcoat had begun.

Final Result of Battle. "Then the battle was well nigh over," my grandfather always said at this point in his story, and as to the result of the engagement he would give me a well worn slip of printed paper, from which I could read the following:

"Toward noon the fire of the British visibly slackened, while that of the Americans was unceasing. The batteries of the foe were crushed and broken. The sugar hogheads had been converted into splinters and their contents, mingling with the soft earth, soon lost their volume. The guns not dismantled were careened and worked with great difficulty.

"The invaders fled in inglorious haste, helter-skelter, to the ditches, in search of safety, and, under cover of the ensuing night, crawled sullenly back to their camp, dragging with them over the spongy ground a part of their cannon, leaving five of them a spoil for the Americans."

In the fight that day the American loss was 11 killed and 23 wounded, while 20 of the Britishers were found dead on the field, the greater number lying near the swamp where the attack on our lines had been made, and certain it is that no less than 30 had been disabled.

ONE ON EDWARD ATKINSON.

Tart Reply to His Cordial Greeting of Old Friend.

The late Edward Atkinson used to tell the following story at his own expense: In his boyhood he was one of a number of boys who used to play ball on the Boston common, which was then against the law. At regular intervals old Erastus Clapp, the constable, would beat down upon the trespassers and put them to flight. The boys used to have great fun with this rather choleric old man—Disastrous Clapp the boys dubbed him.

One day after Mr. Atkinson had grown up into a prosperous and respected business man, while passing along a Boston street in company with a friend, he recognized in a bent and wizened old man the likeness of his old acquaintance, Constable Clapp. Mr. Atkinson immediately addressed the old fellow.

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Clapp?" he asked.

The old man leaned on his stick and answered Mr. Atkinson coldly. "Now," he finally answered, and started to hobble on.

"Why, I'm Eddie Atkinson, whom you used to chase off the common years ago."

Clapp glared at him suspiciously, and finally put an end to the interview, much to the amusement of Mr. Atkinson's friend, by saying sharply: "Well, sir, no honest boy ever had cause to run from me."

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle, something fell on the rug at her feet and she picked it up. It was a small, old-fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea of concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Half way there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "catch all."

She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent-shaped, supported on hand-carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeon-holes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so, in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly and she held her breath. The key turned easily and the draw was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been her unflinching belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet, at the first blow of suspicion, it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all, or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith, and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a coroner's right to hold a post-mortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she unlocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he beat his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and glad, his clear eyes seeking for the happy welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for to-night," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first New Year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her; but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said, brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe in you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue. He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyhow?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—I don't want to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them to her tear-wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said, "you blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year one, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe-keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.

Photographing of Colors. Mon. Lippmann, to whom we owe all the progress made up to the present time in the difficult problem of the direct photography of colors, has just proposed a new solution, says L'illustration. The principle of it is based upon the decomposition of white light by the prism. The colored object chosen as a model is placed before a glass plate bearing longitudinal striae or flutings to the number of five to the millimeter. These flutings act like very small prisms which decompose the luminous sheaves proceeding from the image at their passage into the camera obscura. After the proof is obtained, developed, and dried it is placed in its position behind the fluted plate. If then it be illuminated with the white light it is seen through this plate to appear with the colors of the object photographed. The dispersive system of the fluted plate has decomposed the light into its elementary rays, and the colored radiations have been distributed upon the sensitive plate.

Give Her a Diary. A good Christmas present for a young wife is a nice diary. She will write in it every day for two weeks. Then such things as these will begin to crop out on its fair white pages: Recipe for waffles. Must get two yards ruching. Paid 12 cents to have toothache mended. Don't forget lining for kimono. Sold old pair John's pants to ragman for 22 cents. By and by the diary will switch off and become an account book, and it will end its career as a scrapbook for cake recipes.—Judge.

Come to Spare. "Made any resolutions for de new year?" "Now, I got some left from last year dat I ain't never used."—Judge.

A Toast For The New Year

Henry M. Hyde

TO THE True Pioneers of Progress—to the men with chain and sextant, drill and shield, hoist and riveter—burrowing through mountains, spinning, spiderlike, across dizzy chasms—making the world smaller and Man larger— A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Gentleman Adventurers—to the men who tempt the vengeance of the upper air, dare the sunless dangers of deep seas, track to their secret lairs the wild beasts of disease and pestilence—risking their own lives that the life of Man may be made safe— A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Poets and dreamers of the Present—to the men who harness the tides, bridge the west wind, put a yoke about the neck of the glaciers, drive the sun and moon tandem—making the forces of nature toil that Man may enjoy— A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Masters of the Future—to the men who know, to the men in earnest—rejoicing in their knowledge and their strength, looking with clear eyes, unafraid, into the face of fate—crowned with the high happiness of work well done— A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

—Technical World.

New Year Gleanings.

Interesting Bits Appropriate to the Day Gathered from Everywhere.

New Year's Is a Candy Day in France.

Boxes of Sweets Are Favorite Gifts with all Classes in Paris.

Once is used to be very popular to give New Year's presents; but now so much more attention is paid to Christmas, and every one receives so many lovely things then, that our American boys and girls cannot complain if they do not get presents a week later, as did their mothers and fathers.

However, if they lived in France, New Year's day would be a great occasion, especially for girls, for there every man or boy gives some gift, no matter how small, to his friends. No one paying a call would think of going empty-handed, and little French girls at school on the 2d of January count up how many presents they received, just as our girls do after Valentine's day.

A favorite gift is candy. Sometimes this candy is made into temples, churches or playhouses; or all sorts of queer forms like bundles of carpets, boots and shoes, musical instruments, griffons, saucers, lobsters, crabs, books and hats are made of colored sugar, hollowed out, and filled inside with chocolates, wafers and other bonbons that can be eaten.

Don't you think the little French children must feel pretty sick the next day, after so much sweet stuff? For, of course, they would have to sample each kind; that is, if they are like American boys and girls in their fondness for candy.

The Origin of New Year's Calls.

Like Many Others of Our Customs, They Were Imported from China.

The custom of making New Year's calls, which had a long run in America, and is still extant, came originally from China, where such calls are one of the main features of the brilliant and lengthy New Year's celebration.

Every Chinaman pays a visit to each of his superiors, and receives one from each of his inferiors. Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and mandarins go by hundreds to the emperor and that apparently much-maligned sovereign, the omnipotent dourer, with congratulatory addresses. Their robes are gorgeously embroidered, and are heavy with gold. The younger people call upon the elder.

Children call upon their parents. Pupils pay their respects to their teachers. A light collation is offered every visitor, but it is to be noted, no wine is served. Tea takes the place of any stronger drink. In China gentlemen never call upon the ladies, but upon each other, and the women also make social visits among themselves. Nor is one obliged, happily, to make all his calls in one day, for all calls made before the 15th of the month are considered correct. These calling customs have obtained in China from earliest ages.

No Chances Needed in the Brown Family.

Proposed Resolutions Brought Emphatic Objections from Both Sides of House.

"This is the new year," said Mrs. Brown, as she and Brown sat down to dinner, "and perhaps we ought to make some little changes for 1907."

"I am willing," he replied. "Yes, I have been thinking that I would make a few changes."

"That is nice of you. You know that you swear and that I don't like it at all. It will be so sweet and kind and considerate to give it up for my sake."

"Give up swearing! Not on your life!"

"What, then, did you mean by change?"

"Why, I have been allowing you five dollars per week as pin money; and I know that you simply foot most of it away. One of the changes contemplated was to cut the sum in half."

"Samuel Brown!" exclaimed the wife, as she knocked on her plate with her fork to emphasize her words, "don't make any mistake on your wife, May. You will continue to swear as hard as you wish, and as often as you wish, and my five dollars pin money comes to me every Saturday night, or there won't be any

Barred Out.

"Yvette Guilbert," said a theatrical manager, "received me in Paris. She was busy studying for her American tour, and for the George Moore play of 'Esther Waters' that she is soon to produce."

"She told me a pretty story that a tiny American millionaire she had met the day before—a little millionaire of six or seven years."

"This youngster, calling on her with his mother, suddenly interrupted his play to ask: 'Mamma, am I rich?'"

"Well," his mother answered, smiling and embarrassed, "you're not poor."

"Pshaw," he exclaimed, "his face clouding over. 'That bars me out, then. Nurse read to me this morning that the Salvation Army was going to distribute \$25,000 in toys and candy this winter, but it is for poor children only.'"



It Was Bob.



Barred Out.