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Mrs J. H. Beard
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## THE DYING OF THE YEAR.

ROBERTA LOUISE BAIRD.

THE old year is slowly and gently dying away;
Its griefs and pleasures now seem but a day,
Like a great panorama they rise to our view,
As we ring out the old,
And ring in the new.

As over the mountain, the moor and plain,
The snow white flakes are falling again;
The old year is dying!
Where the night and the morning meet.
'Twill soon lie down in its winding sheet.

Yes, you're gone forever old year it is true.
But we bid you good bye,
And with joy hail the new;
Though your sweets they were many intermingled with pain,
We bid them farewell,
They'll come ne'er again.

They are gone with your going, old year out of sight;
Though your sweets we'd keep with us,
And your wrongs we'd fain right,
But we lock them together in memories hall.
And the closing of night
Will cover them all.

There are loving caresses, eyes tender and true,
They are gone with the old
And come not with the new;
There are whispered farewells, tender and bland,
And words we'd fain spoken
With the touch of a little fair hand.

They are gone from our vision, those sweets of the old,
But in memories deep casket a place they will hold;
And as we ring out the old and ring in the new.
My heart goes a longing old year after you.

Hickman, Tenn.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

NINA MONTGOMERY.

AS he stood in the door of the green arbor where she was reading, he abruptly said, "I have a story to tell you."

She seemed surprised, yet moved to allow him room beside her on the rustic seat.

"There," he exclaimed aggrievedly, "I wish I were a sick pauper, then I might receive some kindness at your hands." This petulant outburst, for which in an instant he felt ashamed, awoke her to sudden concern.

"Are you ill?" she asked anxiously.

In her anxiety at his unusual manner, something which had lain closely hidden in her innermost soul, suddenly flashed into her eyes. The feelings of her heart for an instant were revealed. Then recollection drew swiftly the curtains of those fringed lids between him and further disclosure.

The doctor was awed at this revelation: his heart gave a wild bound of mingled joy and pain.

"Ah, should that look ever come again when he had told her his story." His heart sank, and all gladness left his face. He took her hands in his an instant then said almost sadly. "Catherine, I love you; I tell you this now, as you may not allow me to when you know all my past."

"Can aught change a woman's love?" she asked.

"You must decide that when you hear me through what I shall tell you. You see only the outward success and not the inner desolation of my life. Yet I ask your forgiveness first and last dear for the sins of my youth."

"Of your past I ask not, if you love me your future shall be my care," she said.

"Dear, noble Catherine."

"No, it is you who are noble. These years of earnest labor, oft unrewarded among the poor, have more than atoned for your past."

"Ah, you do not know the sin and wrong of it. I feel myself a murderer."

"But you have saved many lives. You have enobled and idealized your work by being a physician of souls as of their poor tenement."

"You overrate my actions, I simply perform my duty. I consider a talent God given, and by it we are divinely appointed to our vocations in life. The ministry alone is more sacred than my profession. Yet nothing can ever blot out the memory that I have wronged to death one whom I should have protected with my life. Only when you, dear, you who seem the fulfillment of her young life's promise of womanhood, can forgive, and when I have given to you my life's tenderness and care, can I feel that I have in any measure atoned for my past."

"Tell me of her—who:" she ended in a little gasp.

"Who was my wife. It was long ago, when I was but twenty-one, and just through my medical course. One day during a trip through our Switzerland of America, as I was resting in a picturesque spot, far I thought from the haunts of man, I heard quite near me one of the sweetest voices to which I had ever listened, singing snatches from a familiar song.

"I sprang to my feet feeling as though I had been dreaming, when from among the laurel shrubs just by, came a slender, lovely girl, with that delightful grace of nature's children, quite unlike the tutored grace of our ball rooms. If I had not been born a doctor, I should have been an artist: there is a kinship between the two. The naivette of this mountain child charmed my fancy. The innocence of her clear eyes, and unconscious hesitancy at the threshold of womanhood, awoke in me a peculiar feeling of interest.

"With only the guidance of the unwritten etiquette of a kind heart she entered into conversation with me and took me to her home. She lived with an old grand-father alone. The many trials of life had made him seek seclusion as a means whereby to secure his orphan grand-child against a portion, at least, of life's miseries. Alas! for all human plans.

"I dreamed a month away in this Elysium, when one day Laurel's grandfather was stricken with paralysis. He lived only a short time, during which he besought me often to care for his child. Being rash and full of romantic ardor, I promised willingly."

"'O, base vile wretch, how I fulfilled it!

"After all was over we were made man and wife, and I took her to my home among my family. My mother was then as she is now, ever loving and kind. My sisters were haughty and high strung, proud of their social position, and old family name. They were indignant at what they termed my low marriage.

"Poor little Laurel was as ignorant of our social etiquette as of its subterfuges. They disagreed with me about her beauty. The elegant dresses with which they thought to aid in transforming her into one of us, only trammeled her native grace. The atmosphere of our home chilled her young heart until she seemed changed. We grew daily apart. I had been proud of her voice, yet when she sang it was as a wail from a broken heart, instead of the bird like notes which had first greeted my ear.

"The climax was not long in coming. One evening a number of guests were assembled in our home. Laurel, after many requests was prevailed on to sing. After singing a few lines she utterly broke down, and with a sob arose and left the room."

A low answering sob from the women at the doctor's side smote his heart.

"O, Catherine, don't think me utterly heartless. It did trouble me, and had we been alone a reconciliation would soon have followed. It had been a maxim of our family never to make a public display of the feelings. I caught my sister's cold eye, and felt I must maintain the dignity of the family or it would be a reflection on my manhood. I controlled myself with an effort and acted the indifference I did not feel. My pride, alas, vain foolish word, was touched. She must be shown the absurdity of her act. I was a cruel brute —I, who called myself a man! So in anger I reproached her.

"She fell at my feet in an angony of grief. I told her that scenes were my detestation, and that her position was not becoming a member of our family.

"She arose as calm as a stone—poor little injured child—and said she would no longer distress me.

"The next morning found no Laurel in our home. The poor little birdling had left its cage, and the useless beating of itself against the iron bars of our social laws.

"From the moment I discovered her flight, remorse like a two-edged sword entered my soul. I followed her to the old mountain home, feeling sure to this she would go. The laurel was again in bloom, as it had been when I took her from her home one year before.

"I recalled with a keen pang how her grand-father had compared her to this child of the mountain, and given her its name. He said because her heart was as fine and true as this hardy evergreen, and her face as bright and delicate as its lovely flowers.

"The people who had bought the place were but sturdy, uneducated mountaineers.

"At my questioning they told me that a young woman, with very strange ways, had been there and gone wandering about the place, more like a ghost than a human being.

"To know that these people, who had known her, did not recognize her, caused me another heart stab.

"I had no trouble in identifying the hat and satchel found by the river bank as Laurel's.

"'She must have drowned herself," they said, "as afterward we saw no more of her."

"For many days I did nothing but try and discover the dead body, feeling sure that in her loneliness, she had sought death.

"I was too late: the rushing mountain tide had swept the young thing, who had grown fragile in that one year, out of my life forever.

"I understood with an overwhelming sense of anguish, all the wrong I had done: that I was a murderer. A heavy burden of guilt and shame fell on my heart, crushing out all hope and gladness. I loathed all for whose false approbatioh I had sacrificed her. For years, like an evil spirit, I wandered from place to place, seeking peace, which came not, and which I fear, can never come.

"Have you never noticed," interposed Catharine, "that God as a father, from a willful, fretting child, withholds the things we most desire, until we have learned, through patient waiting, obedience, to higher will?"

"'God grant it may be so."

"'I have found it so, but go on and tell me that you have found comfort in your work."

"'Yes, for my mother's sake, who had been the one true friend of Laurel, I returned and tried to take up again my shattered life.

"It has been fifteen years since I first saw Laurel, and for ten years I have lived here with my mother, trying to redeem the wasted years. I have never thought of loving the women who have crossed my path, until you came. I do not know how I dared love you; it came as an inspiration that, to some extent, I might atone to her by giving you my life's love and care.

"'You do not ask of my past," she said.

"'No, you are the embodiment of all purity and goodness to me; intuition tells me you have suffered. I want to guard you from it in the future, as my honored wife. Can you forgive my past and grant me that sweet privilege?"

"She raised her head and looked at him with eyes tear-dimmed. There was a tremor in her voice, as she asked:

"'If Laurel [illegible]

"'Impossible, dear," he answered firmly, "Laurel has no friends or relatives, or money, and she never went again to her old home."

"'Not impossible, Robert; she is alive; she has never ceased to love you. She forgives you as she hopes to be forgiven for her long neglect of duty. The vows were not all on your side, though you did seal them with this:" and she drew from her fingers and laid in his hand, a simple gold ring, which held his initials, 'R. E.' Afterward he had her initials, 'L. H.,' added, forming two monograms. "As you have been added to myself," he had said, and the idea pleased him. He looked at her now awe-struck, as though he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"'I have never taken it off before," she said timidly regarding him. He took her close in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"'I shall soon put it on again, my darling, my much-loved wife. But tell me dear, that you have not known want or poverty."

"'No," she answered, "I have not in the sense you mean. Yet in the long years I have often felt the need of your love and protection, and heart poverty is often the saddest kind. Good old grand-father left me a sealed letter, on which was written, 'Not to be opened until you are in dire need, my beloved child.' When I left your home I opened this. It directed me where to find quite a sum of money, which no one had ever supposed he possessed. Instead of my own name, I took my mother's maiden name, Catharine Lindon. I love it best, as while bearing it, I have won the best love of my life."

"'It is a poor love, dear, but it is wholly yours until death part us.'"

They sat late exchanging reminiscenses of those past years.

In a few weeks they were quietly re-united. People wondered, but only they and the gentle mother knew why Dr. Ellersly chose to be married with a worn ring. They only understood, his impassioned words, "My wife, doubly my wife," who knew the history of that past, and how he resealed those long-ago and broken vows, with others more true and steadfast. The years give token only of their entire fulfillment.

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The conversion of the flintiest, roughest limestone into soft, white wool, is one of the wonders of the century, which will shortly appear in a practical way to the manufacturer.

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In the Emerald Isle a belt of a woman's hair is put in the cradle of an infant to keep it from harm, and in Roumania the mothers bind red ribbons around the ankles of their children for the same reason.

## THE STORY OF TWO.

Wulscher & Son, music publishers, Indianapolis, have recently published "Two—A Life Story," the music by Mrs. Sue Ingersoll McWilliams, author of "The River of Time," "Passing Under the Rod," and other musical selections. The words of "Two" were written by Mr. Frank Seaman of this city, and we give them below in order that our readers may see how beautiful they are. "Two" may be had at any of our music stores.

TWO gather lilies and wade the sweet clover
Shouting glad songs in their morning, and May;
Gold are the dreams and the clouds that float over,
And golden the future far stretching away.

Two launch their boat for a voyage of long sailing,
The bright ripples play and the wind is off shore,
While the red light of the morning is failing,
Sturdy and strong sails the bark—dip the oar!

Two, hand in hand, climb over the mountains,
Footsore and weary from tempest and toil,
With only a moment to drink from the fountains,
Renewing their strength for tomorrow's turmoil.

Two, when the Autumn hath put on its glory,
Sit by the shores of the beautiful Past.
Whose solemn waves break with a wonderful story
Of fanciful ships that went down in the blast.

Two, in the chill of the snowy December,
Talk of the Winter that leads to the Spring;
Two sit and dream, over fagot and ember,
Of castles in air, and of birds on wing.

Two lie at rest under blossoming roses,
Winter sifts over them gently the snow;
Sunlight of Summer above them reposes,
Their places are filled, and the years come and go!

## THE PEACE HOUSE.

MOTHER dear, look! There is such a funny carriage in front of the "Peace House! I glanced up from my work, over the curly head of my six-year-old daughter and saw just across the street, that long, black vehicle, "the outward [illegible] sign" that one of the family had gone away with no bother about baggage.

We had been living in the little town of Maryville about six weeks, and as some of this time was taken up with settling down in our own little cottage, it was possibly a week or two before I noticed anything out of the ordinary about the house opposite. I had been at once struck with the pleasant picture it presented, all in cream and white, fresh as paint could make it, and in the greenest of lawns, with a white rose-bush, throwing its small fragrant blossoms in rich profusion over the porch. There had been incessant showers and everything was growing rampantly; grass, trees and shrubs, reminding you of a freshly bathed baby, they were so palpably, deciously clean. It was one evening, a few weeks earlier, that my little girl remarked on the fact, that we never saw any signs of life in the house opposite, except the smoke from the kitchen chimney. I noticed the empty porch, the closed shutters and the look of intense stillness, and answered her that I was glad there was no movement there. I was too tired to enjoy seeing people. I liked the look of peace about the house.

My words seemed to strike the child forcibly for some reason, so that always afterwards she spoke of it as the "Peace House."

The time came, however, when body and mind rested, I rather wished for a sign of life from my opposite neighbors. The whole aspect of the place showed that there was life there. Every few days an old gray-haired colored man used his lawn-mower, swept up dead leaves, trimmed unruly branches, but I never saw any movement in the house or from it. There it stood, the picture of an ideal home from the outside; its lawns like velvet, a border of rich, blue plumbago outlining the long veranda, and the beautiful rose, its long, white-laden branches swinging in the summer breeze. My curiosity was becoming rather unmanagable, when at last a caller said: "You have missed so much in not knowing Mrs. Gerard." "Who is Mrs. Gerard," I asked, but I felt sure of the answer. "She is your opposite neighbor, and is now an invalid, confined to her bed and receives no one, but to those who have known her, the knowledge is a benediction." My "Peace House" had just the occupant I could have expected and I asked no questions. It seemed impertinent to seek to know more of them than accidentally came to me. My patience was awarded, for that very afternoon about five o'clock, I thought I heard a step on the porch opposite, and there saw an old gentleman. His hair and beard were long and white, he leaned heavily on a stick, and with each step showed the infirmity of age. He walked to the white rose, cut three blossoms and then slowly and painfully, as if weighed down by the spirit as much as by age, he took his roses in, no doubt to put in the hand of the gentle woman who lay patiently waiting the call—home. Every afternoon at five o'clock, this little scene was enacted, and I could not help watching for it. The rose bloomed steadily, as if it knew what was required of it, though its companions had long ceased.

By accident I found there was another glimpse of my old gentleman to be had. Each morning about eight o'clock, he came carefully and wearily out of the house with a small covered market-basket on his arm. One day I came from my home at the same hour for the same purpose, and as the good walk was on his side, I crossed the narrow street. He stopped, and with trembling hand, lifted his hat. We talked of the incessant rains, of the heat, and at last he asked my native state. It was his own. He faltered out that he had returned to his old home two years before, and that there were but five living people who remembered him. He had lost seven children, and now,—his voice broke—"we are all alone."

The sound of wheels across the street, broke by revery,—the vehicle had gone. That evening and the next, through tears, I saw the three white roses cut, there was still a hand to receive them. The next afternoon I went in and closed the door. My "Peace House" was a house of desolation. F. N. W.

## THE TEST OF LOVE.

What conduces to the greatest happiness in married life? Love, a good disposition, cheerfulness, forbearance? No, none of these, though they are well enough. I believe the best basis for a happy marriage, is for a woman to have her own income! Oh, I can see you stare, you gentle, good women, who are trying to wheedle a few dollars out of the market money each week toward accomplishing your pet poject. You mothers who are lying awake at night, wondering how you can get enough out of the Great Mogul of the house to pay for Ida's music lessons, or Susie's new dress, which he has called rank extravagance, you know your dependence on your husband is the worry of your daily life. Love him as you did and may, your love has to stand a terrible strain the first of every month, when the bills pour in, and you are fussed at, and fumed at for your personal expenditures, which generally are a small part of the sum-total. The servants have their wages and expect them, but there isn't any wages for the wife. No sum set aside for her to do exactly as she pleases with, and no questions asked. Why are husbands so opposed to allowances? If a woman had one given her, there would not be that horrid attitude of a beggar, receiving what her lord likes or dislikes to give, the attitude which poisons so many women's lives, and ruins the frank, sweet relation of man and wife. What wiles this dependence leads to; what flattering and sugaring of a man, so as to get enough money out of him to make him do only what is right and proper for his family. There are very few women who are going to ruin their husbands; they want a legitimate value for every dollar spent, and that old cry of "woman's extravagance," "her ignorance of the value of money," are merely rallying words of the men who are opposed to allowances, and who like the doling-out-of-dollar-bill system. Trust a woman with an allowance; give her a settled sum each month: it's the best investment a man can make. So much will it accomplish; so much happiness will it produce in the home circle. Perhaps some women are saying: "Oh, if you only knew my husband; when I want money he says, "Darling, look under the pillow and take out what you want out of my pocket-book," or, "Tell me what amount to write on this check?" May be there are some women so blissfully situated. I am glad to know of them, but I fear in telling of the nobleness (?) of their Charles and John, they wander from the paths of veracity. Have you ever noticed, and with regret to admit it, how much more civil a husband is to his wife when she has an income: a small one which she has inherited? And if she has a big one, so that she can casually remark at the breakfast table: "My love, I think the girls and I will run on to the Waldorf next week for a little outing." How considerate he is, and in the exceptional cases where she pays all the bills and signs all the checks, how courteous and gallant a lover he is to his helpmate(?) Girls, when you are talking to the man you are about to marry, of your rosy future, which is to be full of love and sympathy and intintive comprehension, etc., ask him right then to give you an allowance; make him promise; perhaps he'll keep it, but if you have a father who can give you one, get it from him. Failing both, these don't marry! It won't do. You will then have to beg, to coax, to wheedle, and to do without, although, he said: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." FIN DE SIECLE.

## MY LITTLE MAID.

[MARGARET HUNT BRISBANE.]

MY heart is not with the little girl
Asleep in her mamma's bed,
Although I have kissed every auburn curl
That circles her sunny head.
My heart is not with the pretty boys,
Who clasp in each dimpled hand
Letters written for Christmas joys,
That come from Santa Claus land.
Three are the little ones left to me;
So three little stockings I fill,
But my heart is under a willow tree
On a lonely church yard hill.

You have passed away from our earthly sight,
Lost little maid of eleven;
But you stand with Bethlehem's babe to night
And your Christmas gift is heaven.
I watched your walk o'er the river dim,
Away from the world and me,
And you are my Christmas gift to Him
Who walked on the Galilee.
Gladly I give you unto His care,
But I am so human still
That my heart slips out over there—over there
To the little maid on the hill.

## GOSSIP AND SUSPICION.

WE are often asked "what is gossip?" We answer in a general way, that it is, talking of persons rather than things. Nothing shows the fancity of ideas more than this talking about the affairs of your neighbors. It is not only malicious people who originate scandal, it is narrow minded people, ignorant people, stupid people. Persons of culture and intelligence are not so hard run for topics of conversation. They can usually find something to say about art, literature, fashion or society.

The moment people begin to talk of their neighbors, of persons, rather than things, they are apt to degenerate into scandal; for when one speaks of the virtues of an acquaintance a dozen expatiate on his or her shortcomings. And this brings us to speak of real culture, or what we consider to be such, at least. A cultivated person, in the highest sense of the term, is not merely one who can talk of books, pictures, and other elevated subjects of human interest. To be thoroughly educated, the heart as well as the intellect, should be refined and enlarged. Some times we see women, who, without education, yet having been born amiable, are never guilty of gossip. Again, we see women not naturally amiable, whom education has taught to talk of things, not of persons. The perfect woman in this respect is one who is both amiable and educated. But education does not always elevate people above the regions of gossip—a really bad heart is always malicious. The best advice we can give is the homely old adage: "Mind your own business."

When a person entertains you with spicy ridicule of his or her friends, "showing up" their various imperfections and weaknesses, take your hat and go. If you need comfort there will be sufficient in the fact that you will undoubtedly furnish your share of amusement to the next arrival. Seal your ears to all such "confidences." Very few of us ever know the whole truth about any thing concerning a neighbor; and to speak of his or her conduct is usually to run the risk of being unjust. Much less should we talk of the motives of others. Very few of us know our own motives, and to venture on discussing a neighbor's motives is always impertinence, and often a real crime.

And in regard to suspicion. It is the worst policy in the world ever to bear an appearance of doubt toward another till he has given you good cause. Your suspicion may make an enemy, but it can never gain a friend; and a man who is disinterested, finding he has nothing to gain by honesty, or to lose by villiany, very often becomes a knave, though having been suspected of being so. M. B. A.

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Egypt is not so poorly supplied with periodical literature as is commonly assumed. There are about 100 periodicals altogether. Fifty-two are political, of which thirty are printed in Arabic and twenty-two in European languages.

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That the Japanese consider salted whale meat a delicacy, would appear by the quantities purchased. The whales are caught off the coast of Korea, the flesh and blubber cut up, salted and sent to Japan for sale as food. Over 2,000,000 lbs. of the whale meat was imported into Nagasaki alone last year.