

# THE NEW YEAR'S EVE



## FATHER TIME SETS OUT A NEW TREE

**OLD AND NEW.**  
I cannot joy with those who hail  
The new-born year;  
I rather grieve with those who give  
The good Old Year  
A tender tear.

The new-born year I of the New?  
By me and mine!  
How's better upon his course,  
On which the world  
Lies still and cold.

How in the shadow let me stand  
And count them o'er,  
The blessings that he brought to me,  
A precious store—  
I asked no more.

He brought me health—a priceless boon  
By me and mine!  
He brought me plenty for my needs,  
And crowned my shrine  
With love divine.

And when I think—suffused with tears  
I feel my eyes—  
Of all the dear delights he brought;  
That shall be his  
Sweet Winter skies.

Wherefore I cannot hail with joy  
The new-born year;  
I rather grieve with those who give  
The good Old Year  
A tender tear.

## After Ten Years

ALTER CARSON  
leaned back in the  
easy chair. Drawn  
up before his sit-  
ting room fire at  
his Duke street  
chambers in Lon-  
don. The clock had  
struck 11, and the an-  
nounced boom  
from Big Ben came floating over  
the tower spire as a sort of benediction  
on the rapidly dying year. The year  
of the great city without was not lack-  
ing in its element of melody, and the  
noise of merry revellers in Piccadilly  
completed a strange yet fascinating  
symphony. Pacing down the  
avenue came three young men singing  
that old Southern song, "The Wise  
Man to His Boy." The words and the  
melody startled Carson from the re-  
verie into which he had fallen. Sitting  
straight in his chair, he said, aloud:  
"What memories that song recalls!  
How my loneliness grows upon me!  
What a thrill I was ever to have in-  
cluded in the thing called love! But  
there, I've tasted the poison and must  
suffer by the result. What's that re-  
sult? Loneliness! Why cannot I be  
the gay throng outside? Here in this  
mighty crowded city I am as lonely  
as a man lost in a desert." He rose and,  
going to the other side of the room,  
opened a cabinet and took from it a  
bundle of letters, some dozen. They  
were faded and bore traces of much  
handling. After reading, he replaced  
them, and, walking to the photograph  
of a child on the wall, indulged in  
soliloquy.

"I know you not, my sweet child,  
but your mother was always, and al-  
ways must be everything to me. How  
hard and cruel seems the world! Your  
mother and I parted ten long years  
ago this night, to meet again in two  
years time! What happened to pre-  
vent us? I wrote many times, but no  
reply ever reached me. Three years  
after we separated a letter came from  
her, and in it I read: 'Now that I am  
married, perhaps you will write to  
London, a wife, caring not what be-  
comes of me.' I turned to literature,  
and have been what people call suc-  
cessful. But what is success without  
the power to experience that which  
makes it other than a metallic grati-  
fication? Whither months went by  
and I next heard from your mother,  
and then your photo only reached me,  
and when all has been studied, your  
mother married a good man, and I  
only the her and for you, too, baby,  
and you have grown up in her foot-  
steps."

The circumstances under which his  
letter to the girl went astray were to  
him mysterious, but as a matter of  
fact, he had explained. The girl was  
the daughter of a country lawyer, and  
he had made her acquaintance when  
she was staying in a boarding house  
in London, in which he was also  
staying. The reason for being in  
London was that she might improve a  
certain neglected situation, and he  
was taking singing lessons at a  
school of music in the neighborhood.  
As a matter of fact, the girl, having  
been brought up in the large, sunny  
house of her father, had never seen  
London before.

"I know you not, my sweet child,"  
will allow me to say that I think your  
real name is Herbert Wilton," pro-  
ceeded the mysterious stranger.  
Carson was utterly unprepared for  
this, and his surprise was painfully  
manifest. Appearing not to notice it,  
the lady went on:  
"You are unhappy, I know, Mr. Wil-  
ton. I shall not call you Mr. Carson.  
I am certain of it, because I was watch-  
ing you for ten minutes before you  
opened your eyes. Can I be of any  
help to you?"

"I don't understand you, madam,"  
answered Carson. "I have no trouble,  
at least none that you could assist  
me in."  
"That is a mistake," said the lady.  
"You are unhappy, I know, Mr. Wil-  
ton. I shall not call you Mr. Carson.  
I am certain of it, because I was watch-  
ing you for ten minutes before you  
opened your eyes. Can I be of any  
help to you?"

when the aunt be-  
lieved she was ar-  
ranging a highly  
desirable engage-  
ment for her niece,  
and on the princi-  
ple of doing  
wrong that good  
may come, she kept  
back the notes of  
this obviously poor  
suitor.

Carson often felt  
desolate, but never  
so utterly as then,  
and as he paced the  
floor the laughter  
of the happy crowd seemed to mock  
him. He rang the bell and ordered  
some tea. The demure little maid  
looked at him, and, going down stairs,  
said:  
"Poor Mr. Carson, he looks so  
strange and miserable!"

Returning, she found him sitting in  
his chair gazing with half-closed eyes  
into the fire. Placing the tea on a  
small wicker table by his side, she at-  
tracted his attention by the question,  
"Anything else, sir?"  
"No," was the reply; "but, see, this  
is New Year's Eve. You've been a good  
servant to me, at least. Buy yourself  
something," handing her a sovereign.  
The amount of the gift bereft the girl  
of the power of speech, and with a  
curtsey, eloquent in itself of gratitude,  
she left.

Carson, sipping his tea, again solilo-  
quized. "It's now within an hour and  
a quarter of the New Year. What  
will that year bring into my life? It  
cannot bring the light of love and  
companionship. The same round of  
weeks and months, and so it will be  
to the end. Ten years ago, in Old  
Kentucky, we said 'Good-by.' It was  
a 'good-by' forever."

"Goodnighting the absent woman,  
he continued: "Lella, Lella, to my  
grave I take with me the love I bear  
you. Why did we live to be parted so  
ruthlessly? What strange fate has so  
guided our destinies?"

He turned to the story of Evangeline  
and read of the sufferings of that  
heroic character. The reading soothed  
him and he fell asleep.  
The clock was striking the twelfth  
stroke of midnight when he awoke.  
He barely opened his eyes, then closed  
them again, and listened to the joyous  
salutations of people meeting in the  
streets. He was not selfish, neither  
was he bad natured. No man who  
every truly loved can be altogether  
either. As he listened he said:  
"I wish for all a bright New Year,  
and Lella, my absent Lella, whom I  
shall never see again, may your life  
know no sorrow, may yours never be  
the aching heart, and may you be  
blessed in your children growing up  
around you. My Lella—"

He did not finish the sentence, but  
the tears came trickling down his  
cheeks as he realized his barren life.  
Then he became conscious that some  
one had come into the room and his  
secret—secret because society said Wal-  
ter Carson carried his heart on his  
sleeve and was incapable of deep affec-  
tion. So sitting up and turning round  
he was startled to see seated on a  
chair a tall lady, clad in deep mourn-  
ing and veiled so heavily that he was  
unable to distinguish her face.  
"Madam," he inquired, too taken  
aback even to get up, "I should like to  
know why I am thus honored?"

"I came in with the New Year. Not  
an omen of ill-luck, I hope," replied  
a musical voice; "but I first want to  
know if Walter Carson is not an as-  
sumed name?"  
"Why do you ask such a question?"  
"For the best of good reasons, and  
as you will not tell me, perhaps you

"I KNOW YOU NOT, SWEET CHILD,"  
will allow me to say that I think your  
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ing you for ten minutes before you  
opened your eyes. Can I be of any  
help to you?"

responded the stranger, also rising,  
and as she did so throwing back her  
veil.  
"Lella!" gasped Carson, looking  
incredulously into her face.  
"Yes, Lella," was the answer whis-  
pered, while her arms stole round his  
neck, "come back to you with the New  
Year, never to leave your side until it  
so pleases God."

Then they sat down and she told  
him how, three years before, after be-  
ing left a widow, she determined to  
find out what had become of the sweet-  
heart of her younger days. How, by  
a chapter of happy accidents, she  
learned that he was in London. How,  
on knowing this, she hurried over land  
and sea, and just at the birth of the  
New Year entered his room. She saw  
the tears fall from his eyes, heard her  
name mentioned, and his blessing go  
out to her. All doubts were then at  
an end.

"My children will be here by the  
next boat, and you must be to them a  
father. Now I must go, as I'm weary  
with the excitement of the day."  
Carson drove her to her hotel, and  
to him the New Year bells never  
seemed to have rung such merry peals.  
They rang into his life a New Year is  
every sense. A few days later there  
was a quiet marriage, and on the fol-  
lowing New Year's Eve, as Carson and



## "I CAME IN WITH THE NEW YEAR"

his wife listened to the hour of mid-  
night strike, they thought, with hearts  
full of love and gratitude, of the joyous  
meeting twelve months before.

### Hopes of the Future.

With the coming of the New Year  
all our hopes of future good for our-  
selves and for humanity at large re-  
ceive a new impulse and an accession  
of power. If we are alive to the wide  
extension of knowledge, the conquest  
of the material world, the imminence  
of new and important discoveries and  
changes which shall make the possi-  
bilities of life more interesting and beau-  
tiful, we cannot but rejoice that we  
are born into this wonderful epoch.  
Tennyson's poem, written in the flush  
of young manhood, voiced the scien-  
tific fact in eloquence that can never  
be forgotten, but the thoughts of men  
are widened by the progress of the  
age. It is truly to the thoughts of men  
that we owe all the triumphs of civil-  
ization, the triumphs of religion, art,  
industry and science, as in the last re-  
sort all that is and all that we hope  
for resides in the thoughts of men and  
in the feelings and emotions which  
give birth to these thoughts, and be-  
tween which there is such a constant  
interaction.

### Balancing Our Books.

When the year is ended and the  
final summing up of accounts is finish-  
ed, it is comforting to look back and  
to be able to say, in all sincerity, that  
we have done the best we could for  
ourselves and for those about us. It  
is more than comforting to see that we  
have gained something, that our ef-  
forts have been crowned with success,  
and that we are by this advance-  
ment enabled to score a victory, even  
though it may be trifling, over ad-  
verse circumstances. It encourages us  
to redouble our efforts to make a bet-  
ter showing for the years to come, to  
so order our affairs that this season's  
gain will be but the beginning of bet-  
ter things, and that the great and  
grand fabric of our future may rise,  
ever increasing, ever more and more  
beautiful, and end in a noble, manly,  
womanly, Christian, symmetrical char-  
acter that will make its possessor  
known and honored of all men.

### To the Young.

While the opening of the New Year is  
a significant season for persons of all  
ages, it is especially so to the young  
and those in early manhood. There is  
so much ahead of the youngsters; so  
much for them to look forward to; so  
hope for, amidst; so much that will  
help them to make their lives worth  
living, and to make the world the bet-  
ter for their having lived in it.  
Welcome the new year. Welcome  
its work, its cares, its responsibilities,  
its trials, its crosses, its losses, its sorrows  
and bereavements. Welcome its work,  
because it is only by work that we  
achieve success and make ourselves  
strong for the trials and crosses that are  
to come. Welcome its cares, for they  
are the world's necessities, developers  
and teachers, and they lead us into  
those ways of wisdom, thoughtfulness  
and moderation which are the  
marks of a true manhood and womanhood.

And that is the girl who found the  
New Year's Eve in the arms of her  
father, and who had never seen  
London before.

## THE C. & N. P. R. R.

By January 1st, the Rock Island an-  
ticipates to be able to open for business its  
northwestern extension to El Paso,  
Tex. This line, in connection with the  
Southern Pacific and the Mexican Cen-  
tral railroads, will give the Rock  
Island the shortest line both to South-  
ern California and the City of Mexico,  
and make it a dangerous competitor of  
the Santa Fe. It took just one year to  
construct the 546 miles of the new ex-  
tension from Liberal, Kan., to El Paso,  
Tex. For the purpose of complying  
with the Texas law that every railroad  
within that state shall have state oper-  
ating headquarters and also for general  
construction facilities and convenience,  
the new road was placed under the  
charters of five different railroad cor-  
porations, viz.: The Chicago, Rock  
Island & Pacific proper, the Chicago,  
Rock Island & Mexico, the Chicago,  
Rock Island & El Paso, the Rock Island  
& El Paso, and the El Paso & North-  
eastern. The road from Liberal to  
Santa Rosa, N. M., a distance of 373  
miles, was placed under direct Rock  
Island construction, with J. H. Conley,  
vice president of the Chicago, Rock  
Island & Mexico, as Chief Engineer,  
and General Manager, while from Santa  
Rosa to Carrizosa, a distance of 190  
miles, the construction work was given  
to the El Paso & Northeastern, which  
already had a constructed line from El  
Paso to Carrizosa. The road from Lib-  
eral to Carrizosa will be equipped with  
eighty-pound steel rails, oak or pitch  
pine ties, and modern ballasting. De-  
pot, side tracks, switches, station  
houses, yardings, water tanks, and  
Western Union telegraph lines have all  
kept pace with actual road building,  
and when the road is opened by the  
first of next year it will be in as perfect  
condition as any of the lines of the  
Rock Island system that have been in  
service for years. In connection with  
the Rock Island-El Paso line is the  
new thirty-mile railroad which is to  
develop the immense Dawson coal  
fields, owned by the Rock Island, on the  
Beaubien and Miranda grant, in the  
northern part of Colfax county, N. M.  
This road will leave the main Rock  
Island rails at or near Liberal station,  
twenty miles southwest of the Cana-  
dian river crossing, and run through  
the New Mexican counties of San Mi-  
guel, Mora and Colfax. This branch  
will be completed by May 15, 1902. The  
coal is to feed the southeastern por-  
tion of the Rock Island-El Paso line,  
and probably will largely supply the  
Southern Pacific railroad, in addition  
to a heavy domestic custom in that  
section of the country. The comple-  
tion of the El Paso line will give the  
Rock Island a route of 223 miles short-  
er between Kansas City and El Paso  
than that of the Santa Fe between the  
same points, together with a saving  
of fifteen hours of time, the latter fact  
being largely due to the favorable  
alignment and maximum 1 per cent  
grade of the new Rock Island line. In  
connection with the Southern Pacific,  
the Rock Island will have a shorter  
line from Chicago to Los Angeles than  
will the Santa Fe. The construction  
cost of the Rock Island-El Paso line  
will approximate \$7,000,000, an average  
of about \$15,000 per mile.—Chicago  
Tribune.

## NEW BOOK ON THE GRAND CANYON.

The Santa Fe has in preparation to  
be published some time in December,  
a new and magnificent book on the  
Grand Canyon of Arizona. The pub-  
lication comes at a fitting time, as  
travel to the Canyon has greatly in-  
creased since the opening of the new  
railroad to the Rim, and a commodious  
Harvey hotel is in process of erection  
at the head of Bright Angel Trail. The  
book will commemorate these events—  
events of vast importance in that land  
of silence—and will be worthy of its  
theme if the ablest pens in America  
can make it so. It will be handsomely  
illustrated, and will contain about 128  
pages of matter. Among the authors  
represented—most of whom wrote con-  
tributions especially for this work—  
may be mentioned: Hamlin Garland,  
the distinguished author of "The Eg-  
gle's Heart" and other popular books;  
Charles F. Lummis, editor of "Our  
West," and the chosen prophet of  
Adobeland; David Starr Jordan, pres-  
ident of Stanford University; John L.  
Stoddard, the lecturer; Charles Dud-  
ley Warner, up to the time of his  
death the dean of American authors;  
Major J. W. Powell, the daring explor-  
er who led the first expedition down  
the Colorado, passing through the en-  
tire length of the Grand Canyon; Har-  
riet Monroe, the poet and journalist;  
"Fitz Mac," of Colorado Springs; Prof.  
R. D. Salisbury of the University of  
Chicago; Prof. Beecher of Yale, and  
Charles S. Gleditsch, the eminent Kan-  
sas lawyer. These and many others have  
made the book the finest of its kind.  
The exact date of publication has not  
yet been decided, but it is expected to  
appear before the end of 1901.

## Sounds Like Yankee Humor.

Frederick Villiers, the well-known  
war artist and correspondent, tells of  
having seen the following sign in a  
prominent hotel in an Australian town  
where water was scarce: "Please don't  
use soap when washing, as the water is  
required for tea."

## The Century Magazine will devote

considerable space during the coming  
year to out-door improvement of cities  
and villages. The improvements in  
Washington, D. C., planned by the Com-  
missioner of the District of Columbia,  
which are to develop the capital on a magnificent  
scale, will be authoritatively set forth  
with official plans. A group of papers  
by Sylvester Baxter and others will  
carry the subject into the small city  
and village, and are expected to satisfy  
the current inquiry as to how to go  
to work to beautify the town.

## Landslide Threatens Villages.

A great "slide" is threatened in the  
mountains near Anney, in France,  
where the entire district of Aysse is  
threatened with destruction by a great  
mass of earth many thousands of cubic  
meters in volume, which is slowly  
slipping down the slopes and must  
surely overwhelm the valley. The popu-  
lation looks forward with dread to  
the autumnal rains.

## Care of Japanese Children.

Japan has only one orphanage, yet  
in no other land are fatherless children  
better cared for. Every family cares  
for the sick, destitute or orphan child  
in its midst. There is a superstition that  
a childless home is cursed, and many  
children have been adopted and reared  
in the most loving and intelligent  
manner.

## DEER AS SMALL GAME.

### INTERESTING DISCOVERY MADE IN NEW YORK STATE.

Bones Found Prove the Animal Could Not Have Been More Than Six Inches High—Fore Leg and Foot of the Skeleton Remains Intact.

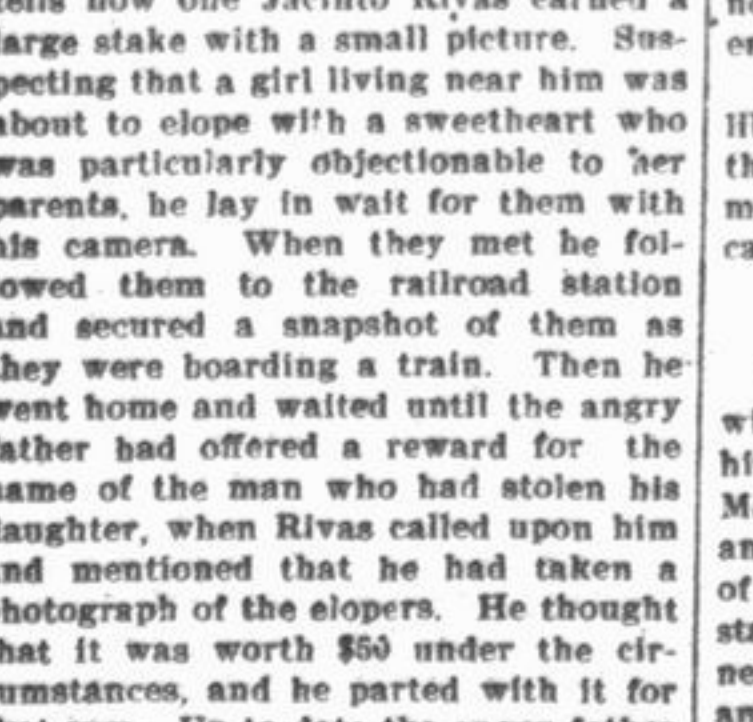
Bones of a tiny deer, five and one-half inches high at the shoulder, and small enough to be stowed away in a coat pocket, have been found in a ploughed field in Rensselaer county, near Troy, N. Y.

A fore foot and leg of the skeleton remain intact. From these it is possible to determine the exact proportions of the remarkable creature, and to know, beyond question, that the skeleton is that of a deer.

The bones prove that the deer had matured, but whether it belonged to a diminutive species, or was a dwarf, is not known.

The epiphyses, or ends of the bones, are firmly united to the shaft by osseous tissue, showing that the leg found belonged to an adult deer.

This tiny deer doubtless lived in that middle age of animal life when ever the horse was represented in a species of little creatures with five toes. It was an age in which the animal kingdom ran to extremes. The great Irish deer, which was probably contemporaneous with the little deer of New York, was even larger than the largest deer of this day. On the other hand, there were the little horses and the diminutive creatures of many other species, one of which is probably represented by the extraordinary deer



Deer Under a Foot High. Whose remains have been found in New York.

### How to Sustain a Poem.

Professional models, in posing for artists, appear at first glance to remain perfectly still, but a closer inspection of them always shows that they sway continuously and regularly from side to side, says the Philadelphia Record. In discussing this swaying movement and its advantages, a model said the other day:  
"We sway because, somehow, it rests us, and because through it we can hold a pose quite ten times longer than we could if we kept ourselves rigid and stiff. A model, as soon as he strikes an attitude, begins unconsciously to sway, moving in the tempo, as investigation has shown me, of his heart beats. Why this swaying helps him, I don't know, unless it be that it keeps his limbs from getting cramped and from falling asleep. It does help him, though, immensely, as without it he could not possibly hold a pose for an hour, a test of endurance to which any good model is equal."  
"Posing is very hard work at the best. You, or any amateur, would find difficulty in posing for ten minutes in even the easiest attitude. If you should make a trial of it some time you would conclude that the professional model is rather underpaid at the rate of 50 cents an hour which pre-  
vails."

## QUEER WILLS OF NEW YORK.

### Some Extraordinary Bequests Made in the Empire State.

It does not necessarily follow that because a man has been shrewd enough to amass a great fortune he is wise enough to dispose of it in a sensible manner. The records of the probate courts show that bequests fraught with onerous, even impossible, conditions are not uncommon. It is as though the testator, resenting the scramble for his property which he foresees, would follow his death, desires to make a gift of his heirs as hard as possible.

Within the last few months there have been several of these eccentric wills. A brother left his sister \$25,000 under the express condition that she should neither marry nor become a nun. In default of carrying out the stipulations the money is to be distributed among other relatives.

Very different toward marriage was the attitude of a wealthy Italian who died recently. To each of his three daughters he left \$500 a year if they remained single and five times as much, \$2,500 yearly, if they married.

A member of the English parliament just deceased bequeathed to his two daughters his entire estate of \$720,000 with the provision that they can only inherit if they attain the age of 25 without wedding either a Hebrew or a citizen of the United States.

A curious evidence of the foresight of Benjamin Franklin is furnished by one of the items of his will. A small sum of money was left with the proviso that it should not be used until the twentieth century, and that meanwhile the accumulating interest should be added to the principal.

The gift has now become available, with the result that the trustees of the Franklin fund have at their disposal \$375,000, which will be used to erect a Franklin institute in Franklin square, Boston.

More singular even than any of these odd bequests was the obligation that Lord Bute imposed on his heirs. As he lay dying he expressed the wish that his heir should be taken to the holy land and buried there, adding that unless this was done his relatives would never rest happy in possession of his estate. So strong was this appeal that the order was carried out to the letter.

## RIDING ON AN AUTOMOBILE.

### Racer Describes His Sensations During a Fast Spin.

What are the sensations of a racing automobilist? A good many people have, no doubt, asked this question mentally the past week, especially those who saw the races at Oakley last Monday. A Cincinnati Commercial Tribune man put the query into words on that day and while the crowd was waiting for Fournier and his "Blue Devil" and Mr. John Duttonhofer, who had made a good race in the first event, answered it by inviting him and two others to take a spin around the track in his automobile.

As the machine whirled out of the paddock and onto the track the wind struck it with full force, but the speedy little racer seemed not to mind that a whiff. In a moment it had spun past the grand stand and was taking the first turn like a thoroughbred. People, fences, and the landscape in general now seemed to be a rapidly moving panorama, so fast and smoothly did the auto run, while a look at the ground made the riders think that yards and yards of discolored ribbon were being reeled off beneath them. Almost before they realized it they were half way round, whirling softly over the course and leaving a little cloud of snow-white steam in their wake.