

COUSIN JOSEPH'S HAPPIEST NEW YEAR

MR. JOSEPH NEWTON paused before ringing the doorbell and looked about him. To come back to one's home after fifteen years is an experience for any one to think over, and he found himself looking for familiar objects. "Is Mr. Shaw at home?" he inquired of the young girl who answered his ring.



"THAT DOES SEEM MEAN," ASSENTED MR. NEWTON.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Newton, following her to the kitchen, where Bob was washing sweet potatoes. "How many do you expect?" asked the man, lading gray over the fowls that were turning a lovely brown in the big oven.

"Oh, they all will be here except their brother Joseph, who lives in the city, and he never honors the gatherings with his presence," said Tory. "Why doesn't he come?" "Is he the black sheep of the family who isn't invited?" asked Mr. Newton.

"You wouldn't think he was the black sheep if you could hear the family talk about him," said the girl scornfully. "It's all 'Brother Joseph' and 'Cousin Joseph' all the while of the very name. They think because he went to the city and got rich that he's the most wonderful person that ever lived."

"That does seem mean," agreed Mr. Newton, "but perhaps he doesn't know about these things." "There they come!" cried Bob, dropping his sweet potatoes and rushing out to help Cousin Charley out of the old surrey driven by her brother.

"This is a gentleman who came to see uncle," said Tory when Cousin Charley had limped into the sitting room and was established by the fire. "He's been helping Bob arrange in the kitchen. Now you just sit still, for your rheumatism will be worse if you try to walk around. We'll get along all right."

"I must have forgotten to tell you my name," said Mr. Newton. "If your uncle shouldn't get back this afternoon you may tell him James Bradford wanted to see him."

"Well, if he knew what he misses I'll venture to say he'd be here, no matter how much business he has on hand," said Tory, surveying the long table with pride. "The idea of missing a dinner like this for a few dollars!"

"My brother lives in Chicago, Mr. Bradford," explained Mrs. Randall, "and he never has been home since he left the farm. He has made a fortune and is one of the prominent business men of the city so he has little time for visiting. This is his picture, taken some months before he went away."

And Mr. Newton found himself gazing at a boy who seemed all hands and feet, while his head was painfully held in place by a stiff collar, and the high back of the chair in which he was seated.

Dinner was served promptly at 12 and during the long meal Joseph Newton had the unusual experience of hearing his praises sung by his relatives. He dished up quarts of gravy, out piles of bread, supplied hungry boys and girls with turkey and chicken, obeyed Tory's numerous directions as well as he could and in every way made himself useful.

"You don't want any outsiders at the table," he said, following Tory's example. "I will help Miss Tory so that you all can be together." "All but Brother Joseph," said several voices at once, and all looked at the place religiously kept vacant at the table for the absent member.

"I'm going to sit right down here in Brother Joseph's place," declared Mr. Newton when at last he and Tory had a chance to sit down for refreshments and rest their tired feet. "I don't care if it is the seat perdition."

During the dishwashing Mr. Newton enjoyed to the utmost the conversation of the young girl and joyfully dismissed Bob so that he might draw her out without being bothered by the boy's many questions and complaints.

"Why have I never met such a girl before?" he said over and over, only to remember that the few girls he had met during his money-making career were society belles. "I'd like to get out of this kitchen when the dishes have been put in the line and the kitchen put in order."

"Now, you must go into the sitting room," said Tory briskly. "I have some work to do upstairs and must get rid of my plan for something more appropriate to this joyful occasion. I promised to play for them after awhile."

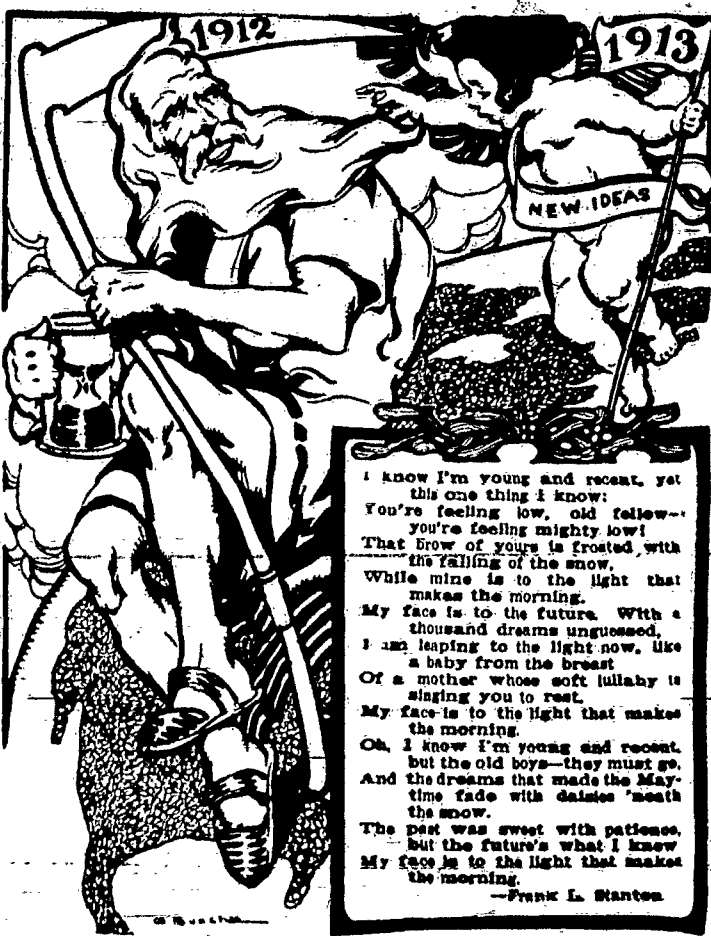
From the entry five minutes later in the parlor Tory guessed what was going on, so she leisurely dressed and sat down by the window to look across the wide white fields. Her uncle and aunt drove into the yard and made their way to the house. Into the midst of her thoughts came her aunt's voice calling "Tory, Tory," and she slowly rose to go downstairs.

"This Brother Joseph" said three voices at once before Tory reached the sitting room. "We forgot all about you in the excitement. Isn't it wonderful we didn't recognize him?" "He thinks you're about fifteen," Tory said, adjusting you, "but in the inexpressible Bob, with a broad grin on his freckled face. 'He thinks you're awful smart.'"

"From his dusky corner Joseph Newton advanced to meet the young lady in the simple white frock with her dark hair wound round her head in the latest fashion. Her dress was simplicity itself, but there was the unmistakable stamp of fashion upon it, and from the crown of her head to the tip of her dainty shoes the city man recognized the city maiden.

"You are Miss Victoria Stoddard, and I had the pleasure of taking you out to dinner last Friday evening," he said smilingly. "I think I made some remark about the young women of today in comparison with their grandmothers which you resented, did I not?"

The New Year to the Old.



I know I'm young and recent, yet this one thing I know: You're feeling low, old fellow-- you're feeling mighty low! That brow of yours is frosty, with the falling of the snow. While mine is to the light that makes the morning. My face is to the future, with a thousand dreams unguessed, I am leaping to the light now, like a baby from the breast. Or a mother whose soft lullaby is singing you to rest. My face is to the light that makes the morning. Oh, I know I'm young and recent, but the old boys--they must go. And the dreams that made the May-time fade with daisies 'neath the snow. The past was sweet with patience, but the future's what I know. My face is to the light that makes the morning. --Frank L. Stanton.

A FATEFUL NEW YEAR'S DAY

NEW YEAR'S DAY is the anniversary of an event which marked the happy conclusion of one of the most fateful acts in the shifting momentous drama of the American rebellion.

On this date just fifty-one years ago the curtain of night fell on the peaceful finale to the famous diplomatic complication known as the Trent affair, which came dangerously near involving Uncle Sam in a discussion with John Bull at bayonet's length.

In 1861 James M. Mason of Virginia and John S. Slidell of Louisiana, who had left the United States senate to cast their fortunes with the Confederacy, were appointed commissioners to solicit the aid of Great Britain and France in behalf of the south.

On a dismal, rainy night in October they escaped from Charleston on a blockade runner. They left Havana for England on the British mail steamer Trent. Captain Charles Wilkes of the United States man-of-war San Jacinto, returning from an unsuccessful chase



Therefore the commissioners would be cheerfully delivered to Great Britain and that power would be forever barred from asserting the right of search. This dispatch was discussed at cabinet meetings on Wednesday, Christmas, and Thursday and after much opposition was readily endorsed.

Years afterward, when John Hay was secretary of the legation at Paris and Colonel Webster was consul at Bradford, England, they met in the gay French capital, and of course they fell into a reminiscent chat.

Webster asked about the paper which Lincoln had so unostentatiously destroyed on that memorable Sunday in Washington. Hay explained that it was a dispatch Lincoln had prepared in answer to Great Britain's demand and that it was directly opposed to the propositions of Seward's dispatch.

An experimental draft of this document in his own handwriting was found by Hay among Lincoln's papers after his death. His chief proposal was to arbitrate the matters at issue or to the alternative to carefully discuss the questions involved and formulate a rule binding upon both nations for similar cases in the future.

President Lincoln came into the office, accompanied by John Hay. After the usual greetings the president referred to the Trent affair, and the secretary of state explained what he had been doing. Lincoln expressed a desire to know the contents of the proposed reply and young Webster was directed to read it to him. The president listened attentively and at the conclusion of the reading said:

"I read it again, please, pausing a moment at the end of every second or third sentence."

As the second reading progressed the president's face relaxed and plainly indicated a feeling of relief. As the secretary neared the end Lincoln drew a document from an inside pocket, quietly snatched to the fireplace and threw it into the flames without a word of comment or explanation.

The president then notified Seward of a cabinet meeting and asked him to bring a copy of the dispatch just read. Seward's paper, considered one of the ablest and most important in American statecraft, maintained that the Confederate commissioners and their papers were contraband of war and that Wilkes was right in capturing them, but admitted that he should have taken the Trent into port as a prize for adjudication.

As he had failed to do this and by removing Mason and Slidell had constituted himself a judge in the matter, to approve his action would be to sanction the "right of search" which had always been denied by the United States.

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A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

Oh, the first of the year's too cold, For the cause of a true reform. 'Twere better to wait for a later date When things are a bit more warm.

The trouble that lies in the way of Who'd leave bad habits behind. Their virtuous sniff is frozen stiff By the chill of the winter's wind.

The good intent of the righteous bent Is ripped by the frosty air. And the news turned leaf soon comes to grief And withers beyond repair.

Old Janus bold, with his blasts so cold, Bids deep on the virtuous frost: Reform is lost in the awful frost That comes with the month of snows.

'Twere better by much to await the touch Of a genial May day sun For putting on ice your favorite vice, With which you at last are done.

For the tenderest flower in Nature's bower That time can never evolve is a sturdy oak, and that's no joke. Compared to a good resolve.

And that is why, with the new year by, To my vicious ways I cling, And contra bonus moras go Till the warmer days of spring. --John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

A FRONTIER HOLIDAY

WITH the merry roundups, barbecues and log raising the festivities of the New Year's holiday season come with well timed regularity to break the monotony of the cowboy's prosaic life. In the ranging country of the north west, where the entire possessions of the average ranchman consist of a few hundred cattle, half a dozen ponies and a rude dugout or "shack" furnished with the bare necessities and where there are only a few cowboys to do the whole work of the ranch, the only assured diversion of the year is the June roundup.

Unless the cowboy goes into a frontier town to take in a barnstorming



NOT UNTIL SUNRISE DOES THE MUSIC STOP.

performance or a "show" given by a traveling prestidigitator he has absolutely no outside diversion. But in the older ranching territories of the southwest, where stock raising has settled down into a safe and remunerative business and the precarious livelihood and plow simplicity have given way to an assured income with comfort and plenty, the holiday jollification has come to be an established custom.

It is a pleasant break to the winter spent in "filling lines" over the country or in whisky poker and enthralling outdoor sports.

For a week or two before the holiday feast all hands lend their aid to the capturing of game and the finding and saving of eggs.

This is the season for wild turkeys, fat rabbits and ducks. The ordinary mode of getting turkeys is to shoot them, the hunter hiding in the sagebrush or chaparral and decoying the birds by imitating their cluck. The great birds, hearing this friendly call, answer and come to it, and a volley of buckshot secures several of the flock.

Another and more exciting manner of turkey capture is to rob a roost. This is done at night by seeking the peccan groves, where the turkeys generally roost.

Some designing and lucky buntamas, having "spotted" a roost, inform his friends, and they go in a party to the place. Cautiously approaching under cover of night, their horses' feet tread noiselessly over the dead leaves, they patiently await the settling down of the restless and exceedingly wild and timid turkeys.

At last, when the fluttering browed figures form a motionless part of the shadowy silence, the signal is given, and bang go the guns simultaneously from all directions. There is a heavy fall, and the rest of the turkeys are so dazed and frightened that they sit still, a helpless prey, to be picked off one by one until the whole roost is secured.

The cowboys' revel is dancing. They are graceful, natural, muscular and active. Dancing to them is horseback riding in good company, under shelter and to the tune of a fiddle. It gives free play to their untiring, restless bodies and at the same time salutes and delights their love of women's society and good fellowship.

Not until the dull red glow of sunrise creeps over the dun prairies does the music stop. Then after a breakfast of "cold bits" and strong, hot black coffee the girls go to rooms prepared for them at the ranch or, mounted on fleet footed bronchos, galloping over the prairie, the fresh, wild wind in their faces and the thrilling memory of sweet wholeness or sweeter promises in their wholesome, simple hearts. --Boston Globe.

THE WASSAIL BOWL

FROthy time-immemorial beverages, hot or cold, have been deemed indispensable to the proper sending off of the old year and the welcome of the new. So long as these are innocuous, well and good, but the wise man drinks "with harness on his throat." This our good old Dutch forebears did not always do.

While the famous wassail of song and story was always served hot, the contents of the punch bowl, holly wreathed, were ice cold.

For this famous old drink no recipe is better than the ancient one, which is given in the exact words of



THE WASSAIL BOWL WAS ELABORATE OF COMPOSITION AND HIGHLY SPIKED.

the original: Simmer a small quantity of the following spices in a teacupful of water--viz: Cardamoms, cloves, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cinnamon and coriander. When done put the spice to two, four or six bottles of port, sherry or madeira, with one pound and a half of fine loaf sugar (powdered) to four bottles, and set all on the fire in a clean, bright saucepan.

Meanwhile have the yolks of twelve and the whites of six eggs well whisked up in it. Then when the spiced and sugared wine is a little warm take out one teacupful, and so on for three or four cups, after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually and stirring it in briskly, so as to froth it. The moment the froth is obtained toss in twelve fine soft roasted apples and send it up hot. Spices for each bottle of wine: Ten grains of mace, forty-six grains of cloves, thirty-seven of cardamoms, twenty-eight grains of cinnamon, twelve grains of nutmeg, forty-eight grains of ginger, forty-nine grains of coriander seeds.

TIME. Time is the fashionable heat that slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand. And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly, Graps him the newswoman. Welcome ever smiles, And farewell goes out sighing. --Shakespeare.

Br'er Rastus on the Holidays. I'll be mighty glad when de holidays is gone, kase den folks 'll settle down en be reasonable once mo'. De Lawd loves a cheerful giver, but not de man what gives en dem damn de de' ter ease his mind. De one trouble 'bout Christmas is de fact dat so many overcivilized people gits it all mixed up wid de 50th or