

## THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

IT VANISHED WITH THE RING-  
ING OF NEW YEAR BELLS.

*Pathetic Story of a Dear Little Woman  
Who Was Wedded to Her Art—  
"As One Throughout Eternity"—A Sad  
Recital.*



**N** THE third floor of a business and tenement building combined lived my artist friend. She was a dear little woman, with a smile and a pleasant word for everyone who went to her door. Like nearly all persons

in this line of work she took up painting, first for the love of it, and afterward as a means of livelihood. To be sure she loved it, yet, but sometimes she had to work at it when her hands were weary and her eyes pained. It was at the close of the year. She had had a hard month's work filling Christmas and New Year's orders, and when New Year's eve came and others were enjoying themselves in various ways she sat alone in her little room, which served both as studio and a living room, too weary to light her lamp or prepare her evening meal. She gazed at a picture just finished, a scene of her childhood and young womanhood haunts. Her thoughts went back to those happy days when not a thought of care cast a shadow on her young life. She thought of herself when, in the exuberance of youth, she pictured her future in brightest colors. She had hoped in those days to reach the fame of Raphael or Michael Angelo.

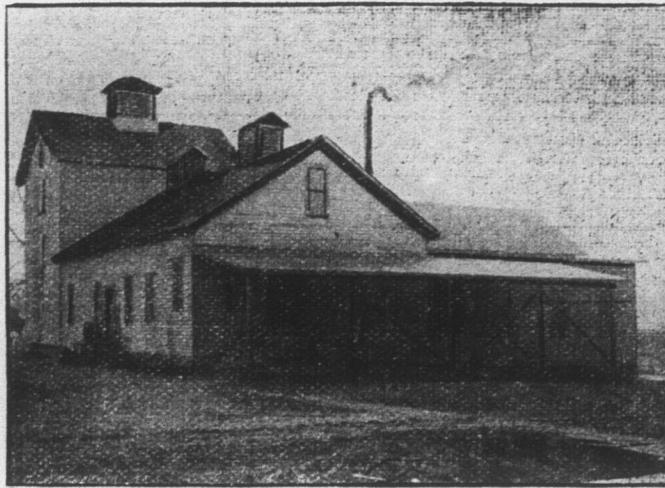
Friends, she had scores; lovers, she had not a few; but she answered to their supplications:

"No, I am wedded to my art. It fills my heart, my life, my being. I have room for naught else."

But there came a day when she met one whose love she reciprocated and

done many deeds of kindness to weary and despondent ones, which loving acts have, like the ripples of the sea, gone on and on, only the Master knoweth whither. Thou hast comforted the sick, helped the poor, made happy the little children; but still thy life is not complete; there awaits for thee a great joy."

The voice ceased, but she heard the sound of sweet music and far-off bells like silvery wedding bells. Suddenly,



RENSSLEAER CREAMERY—A. MCCOY, PRESIDENT.

beautiful light shone above her, so that she closed her eyes and then she felt the clasp of a hand and heard the voice of one of long ago saying:

"Those on earth who are united in love Cease not to care for each other above, For their souls then shall unite And they'll be as one through eternity."

She awoke. The distant chimes on the cathedral were joyously ringing in the new year. The sound of sweet

the same day with us as it is here, for there is a difference of 12 days in the calendar, as everybody knows. So our Christmas falls on your Jan. 6. Coming, as it does, so near New Year's day, it is not so much of a social occasion as it probably would be otherwise, but as a religious festival it ranks with Easter, and the two days are the principal feasts of the year.

The religious services are most impressive. Our churches differ from yours in some ways, for there are no pews in them, and we adorn them as richly as we are

this difference: It is deemed almost obligatory for inferiors to call on superiors, and for the younger members of the community to call on the elder. There is, of course, no law about this, but if an employer, for example, should not receive a call from each of his employees, he would feel that his dignity had not been properly respected, and the employee would feel that he had been rude, to say the least. I remember that my father used to reprove me severely if I failed to call on any one who had a right to expect a visit from me

## TURNING NEW LEAVES.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year. "Now, what is that singular sound I hear? As if all the paper in all the world Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh, that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise Of all my children, both girls and boys, A-turning over their leaves so new, Ard all to do honor, New Year, to you."

Flit busily, and twitter in my ear Their little frozen note of wintry cheer; From ruddy children with the snow at play



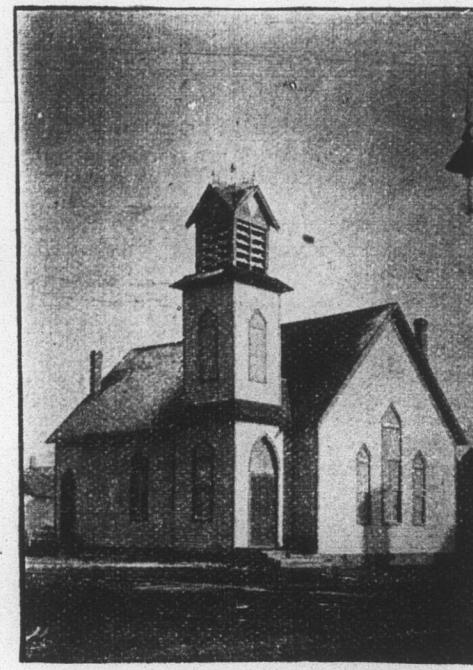
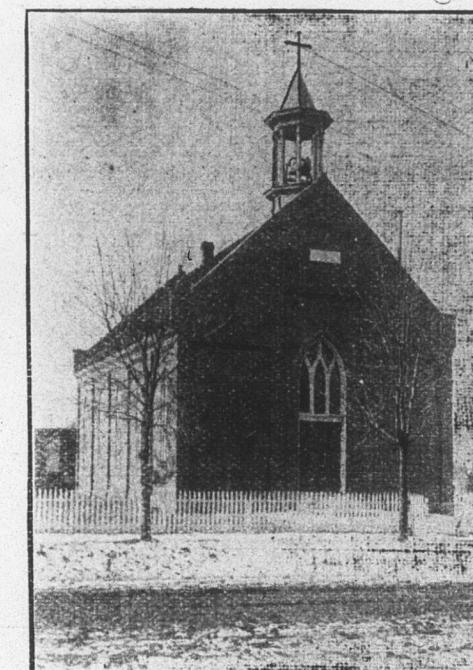
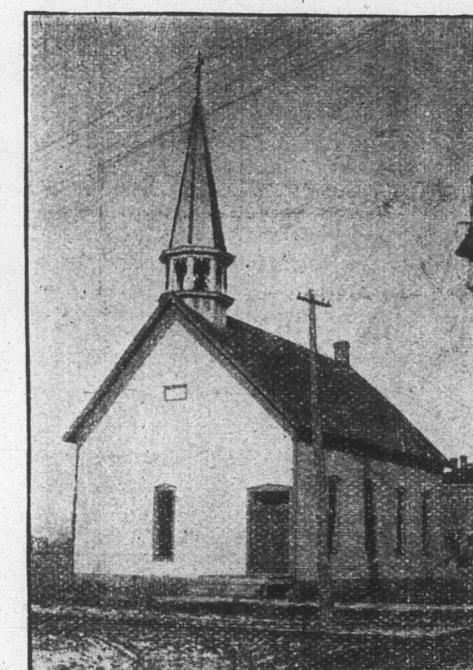
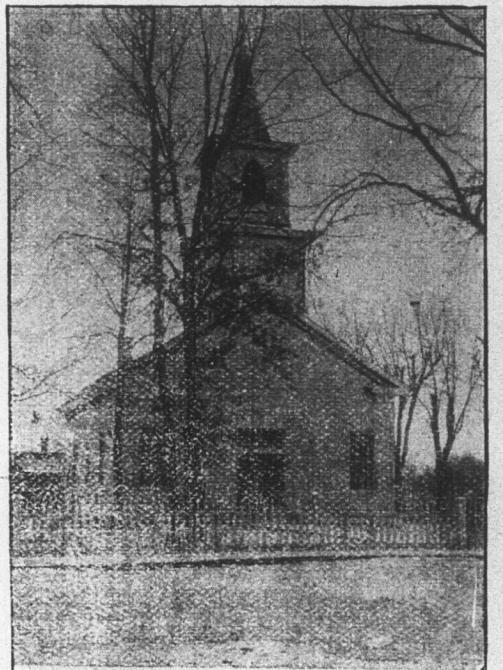
Ring peals of laughter, gladder than in May, While friend greets friend, with "Happy be thy Year!"

So would I joy, if Thou wert by my side—  
So would I laugh if thou couldst laugh with me—  
But left alone, in Darkness I abide,  
Mocked by a Day that shines no more on thee;  
From this too merry world my heart I hide—  
My New Year dawns not till thy face I see.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

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she was happier than ever before. She asked herself: "How can I give him up; and, how can I give up my long-cherished hopes to devote my life to this work?" And she pondered over it until she became pale and thin and ambition finally conquered.

It was to this part of her life in particular that her mind reverted. "Beneath the spreading branches of this stately elm," she murmured, as she gazed dreamily and tearfully through the growing dusk at the painting before her, "he told me of his love. The sorrowful expression upon his face, as I told him I could never be his wife, haunts me still. Oh, was I right? I have not succeeded as I desired. My fame has not reached foreign countries. I have spent many lonely hours here; no husband to encourage me in my work, to cheer me with his love. No loving little arms to encircle my neck; no lips to press my own. No one to sympathize with me, when I am weary and discouraged. Oh, have I made a mistake? And where is George? Has his life been wasted? Has he been true to me as he said he would be? Ah, I have not only missed something in my own life but have perhaps made a wreck of his. O, Father, I pray Thee, forgive me if I have been too ambitious."

The little artist clasped her worn hands in her lap and closed her eyes in slumber. The fire in the grate burned lower and lower; but the moon's rays shed a halo of light about her head. She dreamed that she was once more a maiden fair and her lover was with her, but when he commenced to whisper to her the story of love he was suddenly called away. Thrice did he attempt it, and the last time her heart thrilled with his burning words—but she bade him go. Then she heard a voice saying:

"Woman, knowest thou what thou hast done? Thou hast outraged not thine own heart, but that of the man. For this sin shalt thou suffer."

She dreamed again and she thought she was at Heaven's gate. "Enter," said a voice, but it was not that of her first dream. It was low and sweet and said. "Sister, thou hast fulfilled thy tasks on earth. Thou couldst have made a happy home for thyself; but it was rejected, and instead thou hast

music could be heard from afar, but no hand clasped hers. She knew then it was a dream. But who will say that the little artist will not find when she reaches the pearly gate to the one from whom she has been separated in this life?

## Sentiments of Famous Men.

Here are a few wise sayings: When Peter Cooper was asked at an advanced age how he had accomplished so much and had preserved his strength of body and mind so well, he said, "I always find something to keep me busy."

dress, if it is only a pair of new shoes. This has led to another custom which is in vogue especially in Constantinople, where the Armenian children are all educated in our parochial schools. These schools are located in the churchyards and are, of course, supported by the churches. Some of the children are very poor, and a collection is always taken up at the Christmas service in the church for the purpose of buying new clothes for the children whose parents cannot clothe them properly.

There is one very benevolent gentleman, a merchant in Constantinople, whom I know very well, who always buys a great number of suits at Christmas—from 20 to 60 or 70, according to what he can afford.

When the visitor arrives at the house of the person he is calling on, he is received according to his station. If he is a dependent or a servant or hired man, he may very likely receive a small present of money; perhaps only as much as 25 cents, or perhaps \$5 or \$10, or he may, especially in the country, receive food or clothing. If he is a social equal, he will be entertained with arrack and fruits and sweets. Gifts are much used, too, for trifling gifts.

I should say that the greeting on entering the house on one of these visits is sim-

ilar to the morning salutation. The guest says, "Christ is born and made manifest to us" and the reply is, "Blessed are the birth and the manifestation of Christ."

One custom is worth mentioning. The smaller boys in each village go out in parties on Christmas day, carrying bags, and go from house to house singing a sort of Christmas carol or song about the birth of Christ. I cannot recall the exact words, but it tells the old story and has a refrain: "Good tidings! Good tidings!"

They go on the roofs of the houses, for the houses of the villagers are almost underground, and the roofs are easily reached, and as they sing they let the bags down in front of the doors, and the people

Telling Fortunes From the Bible.

In Scotland an old New Year's custom is for people who wish to know what fortune the new year has in store for them to consult the Bible in the morning. The sacred book is placed on a table and opened at random. The particular passage on which the forefinger rests is supposed to forecast in some way the fortunes of the ensuing year for the person making the trial.

New Year Greeting.

A gude New Year to ane and a',  
And mony may ye see  
And during a' the years to come,  
Oh, happy may ye be.

Satisfied.

A group of pleasant faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a door yard on a bright New Year's day,



THIS JUMPING JACK IS A DANDY.

Susie was saying, "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own dolly! my own dolly!" And she sung it over and over, cuddling her dolly close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth dolly, and yours is wax with real hair. I love to look at it, but I'm afraid to touch it for fear it would break. I suppose a dolly that won't break is best for me. Mamma says I'm pretty hard on a doll."

Roy was looking at Johnny, playing with his jumping jack. Johnny said:

"I did want a rocking horse, and I was most sure Santa Claus would bring me one. I thought he'd know I wanted one so much. But this jumping jack is a dandy, though," and he pulled the string hard.

The little figure turned two or three somersaults, and ended by standing on its head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sober, said: "Your Johnny jumper is awful nice, and I like to see you make him go it." The everlasting truth that character is sure to win success was put in concrete form when William M. Evarts said of a famous preacher, "The man behind the sermon is the secret of John Hall's power."

John Stuart Mill showed how possible it is for a man to rise above his environment in these words, "Though character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape these circumstances."



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—REV. R. D. UTTER.

## ARMENIAN CHRISTMAS.

One of the Persecuted Race Tells of Ob-  
servances and Customs of His People.

It is not as easy to describe the customs of the Armenian people in their celebration of Christmas as it would be to tell of the English or the American ways of celebrating, because the customs of my people differ according to their habitat. Scattered as the Armenians are from Constantinople and other cities to the little villages in Asia Minor, there are many observances that are almost purely local. Some of these, however, are extremely interesting.

To begin, Christmas is not observed on

the making of presents at Christmas is not perhaps as general among our people as it is here, though in the cities we are rapidly adopting European customs. Presents are given, but most frequently by superiors to their inferiors or by elders to children.

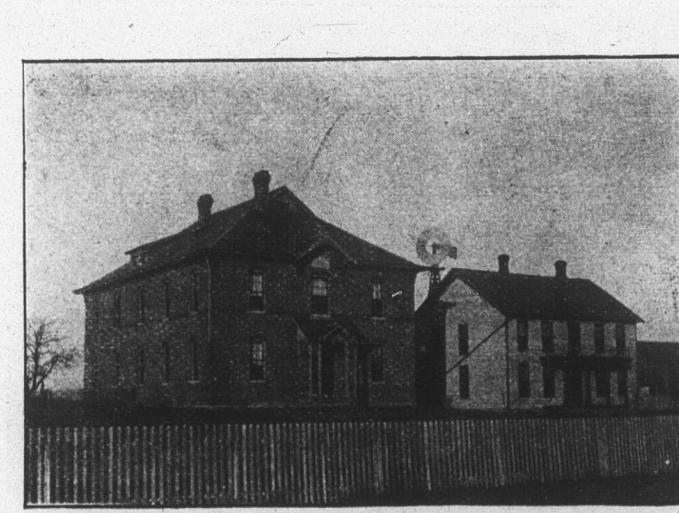
After the church services the people greet one another with a special salutation. One says, "Christ is born," and the reply is, "Blessed is the birth of Christ." This is as they return to their homes from church.

Later in the day there is a general interchange of visits, much like the fashion of New Year's calls, which is still kept up in some parts of this country, though with

put in them whatever they feel disposed to give. Sometimes it will be a little money, and sometimes it will be something the boys can easily sell for money to have a good time with, and sometimes it will be some kind of trash put in for fun, but everybody is good natured.

Christmas among my people is hardly what it is here, but the spirit of the day is the same, and perhaps it is only poverty that makes the difference.

*Up & away / Lucy*  
(Armenian Hail)



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