Conkey's Home Journal Jan, 1899: 4-5.

By Onoto Walanna

Drawing by Louis Betts

J. I.

T was New Year's eve. A gentle snow was falling everywhere and it was quite cold outdoors. Nevertheless the people were like hims and

less, the people were langhing and chatting happily everywhere, and the fading sunset lingered lovingly about their happy, smiling faces.

The treasure vendor came proudly along on his cart, calling his wares aloud, and stopping every

once in awhile to make a sale. A gay party of geisha girls, with arms linked happily about each other, passed down the main street, chatting and whispering and laughing together.

They were plauning what they were going to do with the presents they had purchased, for they were just returning from a shopping tour. One of the girls hung somewhat behind the others, and there was a constrained, sad look about her face, which contrasted with the happiness visible in the others.

43

"Well, Shizu-san," said one girl turning on her sharply, "you have not purchased so much as a piece of candy. How could you be so stungy!"

The girl did not answer. Her face had thished a hort, painful red. The girls continued whispering spiteful little things to each other, as girls often do.

When they repelled the tea garden, Shizu ran off by herself, and rushing to her little room sat down on the mats, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh, pitiful Kwannon," she said, "I have given all my money to my parents and now have not a sen left even wherewith to reward the kind Americazan

lady." She sobbed bitterly. After awhile another geisha girl joined her, and Shizu confided in and unfolded her trouble to her. The friend thought the matter over.

"You say you were starving, and the Americazan lady bought you food?"

The girl nodded her head.

"And she secured you this position?"

"Yes, but I have been here only one week now, and I have not saved anything."

Her friend thought the matter over, then she

said very gravely: "You certainly owe a debt to the Americazan, which it would be most ungrateful for you to neglect. Come nearer, Shizu-san, let me whisper in your ear, for I see some one's eye peering through the fusuma and know they will hear is."

So they whispered together for some time, and after awhile Shizu rose to her feet, her face grown suddenly, bright and happy. She put her arms

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"SHE PUT HER ARM AFFECTIONATELY AROUND SHIZU"

lovingly around her friend and thanked her for her kind advice

Now the Leunards had lived in Japan so many years that many people regarded them almost as citizens. Therefore it was not at all extraordinary that instead of celebrating Christmas as they would have done in America, they kept instead the New Year holiday with the Japanese. So it happened that they spent a great deal of money in decorating the house with bamboo and pine and in making presents to their friends and servants.

On New Year's morning Mrs. Lennard got up very early, in order to see that all the presents for the children were in their right places and that no vagrant had been around to disturb them. After going carefully over them in the dining-room, she passed into the adjoining room where her servants were in the habit of placing their various little gifts for herself and family, for a Japanese servant never fails to present his master or mistress with a present at New Years.

The American lady's sweet face softened as she looked at the various gifts which were laid on the floor, some of them addressed to her personally, some to her husband and most to the children. The room was in semi-darkness, as the blind was down. As she crossed the room to lift it, her foot came in contact with something that made her pause for a moment in fright, for it did not feel like any ordinary toy. She stopped in the darkness and touched it with her hand. Then she rose shivering and pulled the blind high up.

Lying sound asleep in the midst of the presents

was a little figure. She was dressed in a rose colored kimona, and there were imita-

ments in her hair. Mrs. Lennard could see that she had taken especial pains to dress her hair well and look as nice as possible. At first she did not recognize her. Then she went close, and saw it was Shizu. She did not wake her, but stepping on tip-toe crept back to her own room.

(4)

"Walter," she said, shaking her husband, and then as he opened injured sleepy eyes at her, she continued: "What do you think! I could not sleep toward morning and so crept down to look at the presents. Shizu-san is lying sound asleep among them."

"She has been stealing, I suppose," her husband said with an angry look of suspicion. "That's all the thanks you get for helping those beggars."

"Don't, Walter, I can't believe it."

"Well, I'll go down, anyhow," he said, "and fix it so she can't get out when she wakes. She'll find herself in a trap and will have to account for it."

When Shizu-san awoke, she sat up blinking her little eyes at the bright

sun that was dazzling them. She fancied she had drawn the blinds down before sleeping. Then she looked about her, and as she half started to rise, she saw that both Mr. and Mrs. Lennard were in the room.

Her face suddenly broke into the most confiding, bewitching smiles. She crossed t, where they were standing, and putting her little nands on her knees smiled with pleasure and essurance.

"You lig' me?" she asked.

"How did you get into tl., house?" Mr. Len-

nard asked, disregarding the girl's evident anxiety to appease them. His stern voice frightened the girl for a moment. All her sweet assurance vanished, leaving her with such a pitiful, questioning little tremor on her face. She pointed vaguely toward the window.

"What have you taken?"

The girl was so mortified now that she commenced to weep very bitterly.

"I nod cum for steal," she said, indignantly.

Now Walter Lennard was just as hard and
cranky as his wife was tender and kind.

"We didn't expect you to admit it," he said, coldly. "However."—he pushed the fusuma apart,—"as it is New Year's you may go, but mind you, if we catch you again, off you go to prison."

Walter Lennard felt very righteous in his indignation, for had not both he and his wife helped the girl's family in diverse ways, in spite of being warned against her father by many who said he was a good-for-nought?

Shizu-san was shivering now. She crossed obediently to the door. Then she paused for a moment, her little heart breaking.

"What is it, Shizu-san?" Mrs. Lennard asked gently, thinking her husband had been too hard on the girl.

"Thad you kind to me," the girl began wildly, "I thing' all the time what kin I do. So I spik' with Mimosasan an' we thing' tha's bes' I mek' you present, but if I have no munney, what kin I do? Tha's vaery sad nod have aeny munney. Tha's account I have no present for give you. Then I thing' I cum' here, thinging tha's bes' I give you ME! jus' me! for present. You lig' me?' She paused a moment and smiled again, for she had forgotten the man's unkindness, and remembered only her mission. Then she continued, haltingly, "Praps you thing' I nod good for vaery much? Yaes? You thinging thad? I worg' for you all day an' all nide, be true-good-foraever an aever."

The American lady's eyes were full of tears now. They were turned on her husband in dreadful reproach. He was looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets, but his indifference was too studied, and his wife-knew he was ashamed of himself.

She turned very gently to the girl. "And is that why you are all dressed up to-day, dear?"

She put her arm affectionately around Shizu and kissed her, smiling through her tears.

"Come, then," she said, "We'il show the children our sweetest New Year's present!"



NEW YEAR'S VOICES

BY FANNIE E. OSTRANDER

HEAR the laugh of the merry New Year—
O work-a-day World, take heart!
There's a breath of gladness in every tone;
There's a message of joy from the great Unknown.
O work-a-day World, take heart!

HEAR the song of the happy New Year-



By Frederick Hoyd State
Drawing ty Louis from

HE big doors in the White House were swung wide open. A little man had just alighted from his barouche and walked briskly up the steps. The buckles on his shoes shone brightly. His dress was perfect. His silken hose were without wrinkles. His pow-

dered wig spoke well for his hairdresser. His long satin waistcoat, worked with daintily-designed figures in silk; his rich coat; his ruffled shirt; his knee breeches—all bespoke the min of fashion. His easy manners, his graceful address; and his careless style, told of the man of the world.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

NDER the glow of the candelabra in the great reception room of the presidential mansion stood a woman, lithe and graceful of figure. Her hair was black as the midnight. Her features were almost Grecian in their outlines. Her teeth, which she showed slightly when she smiled -which was most of the time-were white and beautiful. Her skin was marvelous in its delicate coloring-pink shading gently into alabaster. Her voice was soft and soothing. Her manner was the manner of a woman of society who strives to please. Her dress would have told one of her social position. The gown was of brocaded silk -a light shade of blue-low as to the neck and shoulders, showing the outlines of a form that was plump and girlish. The sleeves barely reached to the elbow, displaying to fair advantage an arm almost perfect in its moulding. From beneath the skirt peeped the feet, incased in slippers clasped with buckles of silver. Underneath the coiffeur of cushioned hair danced eyes black and merry.

AARON BURR.

THE man who had walked so briskly up the steps appeared before her and bowed low and stately. She saluted him cordially. The two were on the best of terms. The man was Aaron Burr. The woman was Dolly Madison. Once upon a time he had brought her the message that "the great little Madison" wanted to call on her. Burr, with his airs of a Chesterfield, and Dolly, with the graces of an angel, were famous friends.

Burr laughed in that pleasing way of his as he reminded her of his journey to attend her wedding with Madison down at her sister's place in Harwood. He spoke of the people at the wedding feast, who, in their eagerness to obtain souvenirs of the occasion, cut the ruffles from the bridegroom's shirt. And then he smiled at the shower of rice and all the happy doings of that day. Dolly was smiling, too, but all the time she was bowing to the guests as they came up to her.

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JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTERS.

THE President's two daughtes were marre and lived in Virginia. Martin, who was twife of Randolph, paid only two visits to a father during his administration. She we, have presided at the presidential mansion whonor as she was a gifted and accomplish woman. When a child, she had gone with father to Paris, and had been placed under the care of Madame de Genlis, and had afterware seen a little of French society just before the Revolution. She and Mrs. Madison were fir friends.

The other daughter, Maria, was a beautif woman, but very delicate. She was married to M Eppes, of Virginia, and died while her fathe was President. Jefferson had known the Mad sons for years, and it was natural that he shoul ask the wife of his secretary of state to act a hostess at the White House, receptions.

QUAKER BRED.

DOLLY Madison's early life and advantages in no wise fitted her for the position she ocupied in society in later years. From a quair little Quakeress, whose face was every morning before she went to school covered with a white line mask to keep the sunshine from her complexion whose sunbonnet was sewed on her head, an whose hands and arms were safely protected it long gloves, she passed step by step in the socie evolution till she became first lady of the land. As we turn back again to that picturesque perio of the times of Dolly Madison, we see this mixtress of the White House through two administrations of President Jefferson and through the administration of her husband, shining like unit