

## The Fireside.

### MABEL STANTON'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

The blow fell on Christmas. It seemed all the harder for that. When the very air was filled with joy and merry making to be forced to bear the awful news to his home that he was utterly ruined seemed to James Stanton, as he sat in his office, the climax of misery.

But it must be done. The brown stone mansion with its furnishings must be given up, and the place in society where the Stantons had been ruling spirits. And this was Christmas eve. Great drops of perspiration stood on the merchant's brow, but he nerved himself to the task with the thought, "It must be done."

As he entered the door of his luxurious home, his daughter Mabel met him. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "You are late," she said, "and it is Christmas Eve. Poor papa! you work so hard," for her quick eye had caught the anxious, careworn look on her father's face.

"I want you to look happy, papa," she said, "for your little Mabel has learned the art of cooking. Taste my dinner and see. I cooked it all myself. I wanted to celebrate in a new way, you see," and the merry girl laughed gayly.

"It makes me happy to see you so bright, my darling," said Mr. Stanton, for Mabel's gaiety was contagious. "Is this the same young lady who, a few weeks ago, was so dismal and tired of everything?"

"Yes, and no. That Mabel was a helpless girl looking about for amusement and entertainment; this one is the one of the world's busy workers, and happy, of course."

"What do you mean, dear?" her father asked in a bewildered tone.

"That I have graduated with honor from the Parloa Institute," she answered, proudly. "But dinner waits. Judge for yourself."

The Christmas dinner was a perfect success, and Mr. Stanton, but for the terrible consciousness that haunted him, would have enjoyed it fully.

"Mamma laughed at me, don't you remember?" Mabel said when the dinner was over; "but Bridget says the likes o' me she niver saw, and wants to take lessons in cookery."

"You are a brave girl, Mabel. Perhaps you can help us in our trouble," said Mr. Stanton, as the family gathered in the parlor.

Mrs. Stanton looked up with a startled glance as her husband went on:

"We must give up our home, my dears," he groaned. "I am ruined, and have only enough to meet my indebtedness."

"If you can do that, papa, you are not ruined," said Mabel, bravely.

"But, my dear, this house must be given up," Mr. Stanton said, gloomily.

"Very likely; and the servants," said Mabel, cheerfully; "but we can still have a home, can't we, mamma?" and she turned toward her mother, who seemed to be reclining on the sofa. Mrs. Stanton had fainted.

"Poor mamma! She is so weak and nervous. We must spare her. You and I must bear the burden, papa."

"God bless you, my darling," said Mr. Stanton, huskily.

Mabel applied restoratives, and after

a little her mother opened her eyes and tried to rise.

"Forgive me, James. I am only a burden where I want to be a helper," she said; but her daughter with gentle force laid her back upon the pillow.

"You are to keep perfectly quiet, mamma dear," she said, gently. "Things are much brighter than we feared;" and the invalid safe at rest in her own room, Mabel joined her father in the parlor. He told her his troubles without reserve. Through becoming security for a friend he must lose his own fortune.

"I'm afraid that isn't just right," said Mabel. "The wise man said, 'He that hateth suretyship is sure.'"

"Yes, Mabel, I have learned a lesson, but too late, alas!"

"And now?" she asked.

"Now I intend to settle up my business and take a position as a salesman."

"And I, papa, will be housekeeper," said Mabel. "We shall only need a small house now. O, I wish we could get a pretty cottage in the suburbs, and quiet and the pure air might cure mamma."

"We will see," said Mr. Stanton, who under Mabel's cheery words began to look more hopeful.

He found a buyer for his house the next day and that he would be able to pay something toward a cottage with what remained after all his indebtedness was met. He heard of a desirable property and took Mabel out to look at it, and so greatly was she pleased that it was bought at once and preparations for removal were begun.

Mrs. Stanton tried hard to rally, but the shock of their misfortunes so prostrated her that she was unable to leave her bed until New Year's morning. It would seem heartless that Mabel was not sorry for this, were it not that it enabled her to carry on her work without hindrance.

When Mrs. Stanton came into the parlor on New Year's morning, she noticed with a sigh that the piano and some favorite articles of furniture were gone.

"It don't matter," she thought; "all must go soon."

How much better you are looking, mamma," Mabel said. "It would do you good to take the air this fine day."

Mrs. Stanton looked up inquiringly.

"I know what you would ask," Mabel said. "Yes, the carriage and horses are sold, but they are to be at our disposal to-day."

The ride in the fresh air was so exhilarating that Mrs. Stanton looked around with interest upon a part of the city which she had never seen.

"What pretty cottages!" she said; "and each with a little garden." The carriage drew up before one of these.

"We will stop here. You need rest," said Mabel, and Mrs. Stanton found herself in a cozy parlor, with homelike articles of furniture, and Norah, Bridget's daughter, waiting to assist her.

"Why? What? When did you come, Norah, and where are you?"

"In your own home, mamma," said Mabel, with tears in her eyes. "Do you like it?"

"O Mabel, it seems like heaven after such a week, but I cannot understand."

"Papa and I do. We have had a busy week; but it has been a holiday

week," said Mabel laughing, "and now you have only to rest and grow strong and well in this pure, bracing air. See what a pretty view we have of the river, and when summer comes we can have our own pretty garden; and Noah is to be our housemaid, and we shall be so happy."

The excited girl stopped for breath, and the tonic of her words was so inspiring that Mrs. Stanton went around the neat rooms, finding all in perfect order, looked out again on the beautiful river and exclaimed, "Are you a fairy, Mabel? This home is fit for one, I am sure."

Mabel seated herself at the piano and sang:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place  
like home."

Mr. Stanton came to dinner in the new home, and found such a happy circle that he said to his wife: "I'm not sure that ours was a failure after all. We might never have known what a treasure we possess in our dear Mabel."

"And, papa, I'm glad you've waked up to the fact," said Mabel, laughing gaily. "I'm sure I never was so happy in my life. Helpless luxury does not suit me at all. But now I am of some account. And don't you see mamma is better already? When summer comes we will see her quite fair and robust."

"God is very good; better than all my fears," said Mr. Stanton, devoutly.

"Did you ever read the poem, papa, commencing

'Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new?'

"We can adopt that, changing it only to every year, and we may find plenty to do all about us, I am sure. That is the grand secret, after all, of enjoying a happy New Year."

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### "A MAN WENT OVER HERE."

I was on a train from Albany, N. Y., when four travelling men came aboard. They turned a seat, so that they could face each other in conversation. Three of them conversed freely about the business they represented; the fourth, a quiet listener; and finally one said to his silent partner:

"And what house do you travel for?"

"Well, gentlemen," he replied, "I represent a wholesale liquor store in New York City. Some people do not like my business. There's lots of money in it, and—lots of danger. Twenty years ago there were nineteen of us started out for the firm I represent well and hearty. We arranged to pull into New York every Saturday night, and, after reporting, went out on a lark together. I am the only one of the nineteen left; the others, every one of them, were killed by the liquor we sold. I tell you, gentlemen, there is lots of money in it, but LOTS OF DANGER."

In the centennial year—1876—I visited Niagara Falls. I saw on the Canada side this sign put out on the edge of the precipice:

A MAN WENT OVER HERE.

I need not tell the result as I braced myself against a tree and looked down upon the craggy rocks 200 feet below, where he landed.

There are, in round numbers, 300,000 saloons in the United States. One year after the reader lifts his eye from this story he may go to each of these saloons and put up this sign: "A man went over

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## Don't Chide the Children.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end.

Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother, living at 499 Gray St., says:

"My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

here." He did not cease his descent with a fall of 200 feet, but from the bottomless pit of despair comes back the affirmation of God's eternal truth: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. 6:10.

I know a town that bought ground for a graveyard with license money, and nearly fifty of its graves have been filled by the victims of their own saloons—all inside of the first twenty-five years. Shall it not "be called the field of blood to this day?"

I knew a saloonkeeper who had on his book 150 customers. One day he checked off the names that were not available, and forty-eight were dead because of the drink he sold them. He went out of business because of its murderous record. Every case had its history.

One was his own father, who late at night fell out of his wagon on his way home, a few miles out in the country.

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