

ONE NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BECAUSE SHE KEPT IT, ONE WOMAN'S LIFE

'LL never make another New Year's resolve as long as I live," sighed the hostess.
"H'm! Suppose you failed to keep yours:" replied the guest.
"Pshaw; if you had, you'd have

been wearing wings instead of furs and a halo rather than a picture hat."
"I kept mine, but it gave me a lot of trouble. You see, it was the first New Year's since my marriage, and I felt it necessary

to turn over a very white new leaf, so l 'Never to tell another fib? Then I hope

Anne did not ask you if her new gown wa id not-neither did she. If she had,

I would have at least told her that it was

And spend so much money on them that have to give up a hat or two, besides ving my complexion spoiled by the Not to mention the doctor's bill, if it

made you ill. See?"
"Nor the fact that I'd have to take the medicine! No, I resolved to devote myself



"I SENT A BOY FOR A CAB."

to good deeds-I always did like giving ad-

Was Arthur delighted?"

"I suppose so. He was reading his paper when I told him. It is queer, but that ab-sorbs him as much as curling my hair ab-sorbs me." 'Men are so queer. Did you really keep

your resolve?"
"M'hm; I gave a silk waist that came

"M nm; I gave a silk waist that came from Paris to a woman with three starving children and even showed her how to make it fit her. Then I went to see a blind woman who lived in an alley, and took her a bunch of roses and a lovely embroidered doiley. And there was Elaine, who never did a thing for anybody; I told her she ought to he sahagand when I was her she ought to be ashamed, when I was devoting myself to the poor."
"And was she?"

"And was she?"

"No. She remarked that I was wearing a new fur boa, and that I was evidently not depriving myself of imported hats. I told her that I had to set the poor a good example in meatness." example in neatness.

"True. But-"
"Yes. It was raining when I came away from the blind woman's, and I sent her grandson for a cab. He never returned, and I found that my watch watch." I found that my watch was gone, too. When I told Arthur, he—"

"Yes, go on!"
"He said that charity not only covered a multitude of sins, but a good many dollars as well. Well, I caught a cold that day and was sick for a week. The cook promptly left, and in boiling two eggs and making some undrinkable coffee Arthur burned his hand, scorched his coat sleeve and broke two cups. He blamed that all on charity."

"M'hm. Then, we had to buy a good many tickets for charitable entertainments, and all my poor people got out of work and said they'd rather have money than advice,

"Of course."

"Complained? How like-"
"Yes. Finally M "Yes. Finally Mrs. Swellstyle decided to give a colonial bazar, and asked me to help. The costumes were to be rather expensive, but the proceeds were to de great good in buying photographic copies of good pictures are the barries." tures on which the starving poor could feed their hunger for beauty. I consented to help, but-"
"Arthur?"

said that if I continued my charitable deeds we would soon be objects of charity ourselves. He hasn't refused to go anywhere with me since, but if you will believe it, Elaine, is telling everybody that my good resolve was only a scheme to bring about that result!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

THE TURNING OF A LEAF.

MR. SIMPLETON TURNED IT, BUT DIDN'T

NOTICE that to-day is the first of January," remarked Mr. Wim-pleton, as he unfolded the break-fast napkin. "The day has set me to thinking that I had better revive my boyhood's habit and

revive my boyhood's habit and make the resolve to turn over a new leaf. In the past, I—"

"Now, you are not going to resolve to help the poor by giving away all your second-best clothes, are you?" said his wife, apprehensively. "You did that once, I rémember, and had to shovel the snow off the front pavement in your best suit."

"I have done nothing of the kind," hastily replied her liege. "The fact is that I have not been as kind a husband in the past as I might have been, and—"

past as I might have been, and—"
"Oh, I guess you've been as good as the average," responded his wife, calmly.
"No, I have not, my dear, that is merely your gentle, wifely way of putting it. I know that I have often displayed great

temper when the provocation was slight but in future you shall have no cause for

"Well, of course, you were very unpleasant about those bills, Nathaniel. I thought

at the time that you never behaved in that way before we were married, and—" "Displayed some temper, did 1? No won-der. An angel on a tombstone would have displayed." displayed temper over such extravagance as that. Did you expect me to remain as quiet as a—as a gingerbread baby while I was robbed by a lot of—However, in future I shall do it, since you are so anxious."

"You are sure that you are not ill, are you, dear? The doctor said—"

"Never better in my life. I have merely seen the error of my ways and received. mper over such extravagance

you, dear? The doctor said—"
"Never better in my life. I have merely seen the error of my ways and resolved to mend them in time. When I think of the terrible fits of anger to which I have sometimes given way, I—"
"Well, I was afraid that the last cook would make trouble because of the things you said to her about the biscuits, still—"
"The things I said, eh? Let me tell you, Sarah Wimpleton, that many a man would have deserted his wife for less than that. If I did make a few slight remarks I was fully justified, I can tell you. However, it shall never happen again."
"I am glad to hear it, dear. Now that I think of it, I feel very badly over your quarrel with the people next door, and your feud with the iceman, and the things you said about the cigars I bought you at Christmas were—but what is the matter?"
"The matter is this, madam; I shall not remain here to be insulted. I am the most patient and long-suffering of men, but even I will not stand this. I shall be at home late this evening, if you send me a note of apology in the interval for this unprovoked attack upon me!" The banging of the front door put an impressive period to oked attack upon me!' the front door put an impressive period to

the sentence.

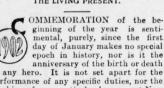
"And all," said Mrs. Wimpleton, shaking her head at the clock, "all because he had decided to turn over a new leaf on New Year's day!"

Greeting to the New Year. Hail, glad New Year! We do not ask
Our woes you should disperse.
We merely urge this simple task—
Pray do not make them worse.
—Chicago Record.

The Simple Fact. Stuyvesant—Going to turn over a leaf, New Year's day, old man?
Schermerhorn—No, going to turn the same old leaf.—Brooklyn Eagle,

SOME NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

THE PAST IS MERELY THE EXPRESSION OF THE LIVING PRESENT.



OMMEMORATION of the beginning of the year is sentimental, purely, since the first day of January makes no special epoch in history, nor is it the anniversary of the birth or death of any hero. It is not set apart for the performance of any specific duties, nor the teaching of any particular lesson; yet New Year is observed, quietly it is true, and without any ceremonial, in all parts of the United States. Inited States.

United States.

In looking for the beginning of this practice, one must go into the prehistoric past, for New Year is the most ancient of all the days which men have set apart for special distinction. In the former days, though, it began with the advent of spring, when began with the advent of spring, when the buds and leaves began to open and the voices of the song birds were heard again. The Latins, from whom came the months now used, celebrated their New Year as the nations older than they had done, in March. This explains why December, meaning "tenth" month, should be twelfth in our calendar. calendar.

The day, then, neither a festival nor a fast; not one to keep alive the fires of patriotism, as the Fourth of July, or to bear in remembrance, as Christmas, the sublime life of a Christ, is, nevertheless, universally observed, because at one time it did stand for a most beautiful sentiment—the revivirying of nature. It harbingered the banishment of cold and of the sterile winter; it gave assurance of a harvest for man, who could see in the bursting of the seeds au-tumn days of fullness.

Thus was it with the Chaldean, oldest of

the civilized peoples, whence came Abra-ham, the founder of the Jewish nation. They were as puzzled as moderns are over the mystery of death, and that greater mystery, life. Of the generative principle they made a god and worshiped it. The presence of their god was felt, seen, as they presence of their god was felt, seen, as they taught, in the new garb put on by the trees, in the tiny spears of green grass which peeped through the sere blades of the pre-vious year, and in the many-colored little flowers that nestled confidingly beside the

grass-blades.

They knew their god lived and was pleased with his people. They broke forth into re-joicing which lasted many days. There was worship in the temples and the groves, and infinite gladness everywhere. Through cen tury after century this religious and fes-tival observance was had, and the remains of it are seen to-day in the chief holy day of the great Catholic church during the vernal season, although now held in com-memoration of a grander and more glorious

The New Year observance, then, is the survival of a day beyond the period of its effective use. Once a sublime object lesson, it remains solely as a record of the beginning of a new year, arbitrarily fixed by man. Its position is a peculiar one. It is neither the beginning of any one of the four seasons, nor the end of any one of them. It is not the commencement, necessarily, of a week, even. It does but assert for man that by his choice of computation a New Year has begun.

Yet, as to the ancient, so to the modern, New Year teaches, after all, the same les-

New Year teaches, after all, the same lesson. It tells that the old year is dead, and the New Year is born. It declares the mortality of all things, and it proves that the mortal shall put on immortality. It teaches the higher lesson that out of death comes life; that the dying year does but make way for the living year, and that the chasm way for the living year, and that the chasm is invisible between the dying and the dead. A single tick, just one tick of the clock, and in the minute interval the Old Year was and the New Year is, and from this lesson one may learn that the sum of all the lives that have been is but the expression of the lives that are, just as the result of all the years that have been is found in the New Year just begun. WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

CAN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE.



"Mamie," asked Mrs. Benham, "why do any men reform and give up their bad ts at New Year's?" "Because," interrupted Mr. Benham,
"they can't help themselves. They're
'broke' after Christmas.

His Roar.

McGorry (carpingly)—Thim makers av al-nanaes hov got us be dhe t'roats, bedad! Mrs. McGorry—How d'yez make thot

McGorry-Make ut out? Here, now e hov cowld weather New Year's, phwin don't nade ut; an' do dhey give us aven brith av frost on dhe Fourt' av July, phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid dhe heat? Not so's yez cud notice ut, bedad!—

Not a Procrastinator

"I shall not wait till New Year's to turn over a new leaf," said young Hoopler. "My grandmother sent me a Bible for a Christ grandmother sent me a Bible for a Christ-mas present, and I shrewdly suspect that the dear old lady has hidden **a** few bank-notes in it."—Judge.

Go Slow.

Make new resolves mildly, or else, I protest, When the time comes to keep them you'll run short of zest. —Chicago Record.

Rather Discouraging. Maude-Did Daisy Freshlight give young

Slowboy any encouragement at the New Year's ball? Clara-No, I think not. She asked him to marry her, that's all .- Chicago Daily

Should Be Perfectly Happy

Should Be Perfectly Happy.
"I don't see why Long Jim Jones shouldn't
be happy this New Year's day," said the
Georgia native. "He's got six fiddles, ten
children, an' a moonshine 'still' that ain't
never been spotted by the government."—
Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution. I were in your place!"

THE DYING YEAR.

Now the year is sinking slowly, Sinking to its last long sleep. And the passing hours seem holy, While we turn aside and weep.

Like a friend about to leave us, Very precious still it seems;
All too honest to deceive us,
Though made up of transient dreams.

Yet those dreams are interwoven
With the fabric of our souls,
And in passing they have proven
Life is real as it unrolls.

O the year of tears and laughter, Shade and sunshine, calm and storm, Passing on, while we come after Vainly searching for "its form.

Still that form, so feeble, lingers Like a pilgrim by the sea,
And it points with trembling fingers
Toward the unsolved mystery.

O how lovely in its dying
Is the year so gray and old,
While the wintry winds are sighing
O'er a new grave in the mold.

By that grave with open portal, Thoughtfully we stand and wait Till the old year, like a mortal, Sinks beneath the walls of fate.

From that grave we come rejoicing
At the breaking of the morn;
In these words our gladness voicing: "Lo! another year is born!"

-G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE UNEXPECTED

By MARY A. SAWYER.

Mrs. Hamilton rose swiftly from her seat at the sewing-machine and hurried into the hall to answer the telephone bell. A few moments later she came back and resumed her work.

"Dear me!" she said, again. "It is so vexatious, when I told him this morning that we had plenty of cold meat. Partridges are dear now, too, for they are out of season. And I did want to get this dress of Gracie's done before

She stitched for a few moments longer. Then gathering up her work she folded it away in her large work basket.

"If I am to cook partridges for supper, I must have a coal fire. So,"glancing at the clock, "I must get it under way at once. William is always punc tual when he is bringing home thing he especially likes for his supper.

She reproached herself for this re mark almost instantly. "Of course he likes a variety; why shouldn't he have it when he works hard to supply all our need? He grudges me nothi why should I be vexed over this little extra cooking?"

Her annoyance was but temporary therefore, and when she heard her husband's step in the hall she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to him cheerfully:

"Bring your partriages down here, William. I'm all ready for them, and the fire is burning splendidly."

Receiving no reply she went back into the kitchen. He had not heard her, but he would be down directly, she said to herself. She went into the dining-room and turned the gas higher. He might come through it, and it would not do for him to stumble against the table.

A few moments later her husband joined her: His voice was cold. "Why are you down here?" he said,

in a displeased tone. "I wanted to be all ready for your

partridges. Where are they?"
"My partridges? What do you mean? When did I say anything about par-"Not two hours ago. You called me

up, and said you would bring home partridges for supper. And so I came own to have everything in readiness They can't be cooked in a moment.'

You will not be troubled by them tonight. I said nothing about par-

"You certainly did." "You are mistaken."

"I heard you distinctly. You said-"I said I intended to bring home Partridge, George Partridge. And I must say I expected to find you upstairs instead of pottering around

derstand why I was not there to re-

Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little. "Partridges! Partridges! I can't think how you could confound the

"I thought I understood you, but never mind now. You must go back upstairs at once. Send the children down in a few moments, please. I'm afraid

they are not quite tidy.' "Tidy!" in a voice which brought a swift color into his wife's checks— 'tidy! Well," moving toward the door. "I'll send them down and you must get

off that calico dress.' "I'll change it before I see him. Go up and stay with him, do! I must alter the table and get up a different meal altogether."

"It seems as if a man never could bring home his friends and find things as they ought to be," muttered Mr. Hamilton, leaving the room in evident

At the close of the evening, after the departure of the guest, it became plain to Mrs. Hamilton that his displeasure had not been materially lessened the appetizing supper she had pre pared, nor by the pains she had taken with her own personal appearance. He stopped suddenly before her, after pacing up and down the room.

"When I bring home a man like Partridge, a man of brains and education, it is strange you can't appear as f you knew what he was talking ab d and kissed her with a tenderness that brought quick tears to her If you don't know anything about his tory, for pity's sake, need you say so? I'd read until I did know something if eyes.
"Two heads are better than one.

self by a great effort.

"I would like to read. I would like to be a thoroughly well-read woman. But with the house and the children and the sewing and the cooking, I really cannot get the time."

"Fudge! Nonsense! Where there is a will, there is a way."
"Not always."
Mr. Hamilton resumed his restless

pacing of the room. "I'd find time to know something about my own coun-

try, I guess!" he declared.

Mrs. Hamilton left the room quietly. There was still an hour's work to be

done downstairs, she said.
"Fudge! Nonsense!" retorted her

husband. A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton came home to his supper at the usual hour. He opened the door with his latchkey and found himself in an unlighted hall.
"Clara!" he called.

"Yes. What is it?"
"The gas isn't lighted, and the hall is

as dark as a pocket!" No response came from the sewingroom at the end of the hall, from which a faint stream of light issued. Stumbling toward it Mr. Hamilton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he pushed the door open. In the one large easy chair sat his wife. Upon the table beside her was a shaded lamp. In her hand was a large book, and its pages her eyes were fixed. She did look up when he entered the room and walked up to the table.

After a moment's stealthy scrutiny of her face he turned away. He went back into the hall and struck a match noisily, and lighted the gas. Then, feeling his way, he went downstairs. Instead of the bright, cheerful diningroom, with the table attractively spread for the evening meal, he found darkness.

Uttering a purposely loud exclama tion of disgust, he went into the kitchen. Here, too, was darkness. Striking several matches, he at last succeeded in reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes when the strong light filled the om. In the sink were the breakfast dishes, unwashed; on the tables were plates of broken food; on the stove were the unwashed kettles and pans.

Mr. Hamilton strode through the cold room and called to his wife.

"Clara! What has happened down here? Has the range given out? Where is supper?"

No reply came. He hurried upstairs, breathing heavily.
"Clara, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Hamilton turned a page and read with absorbed attention.
"Clara!" shouted her husband from

the doorway.
She looked at him for a moment. "Not so loud, please!" she said, returning to her book.

"What's the matter? Clara, I say, what has happened to the range?" Mrs. Hamilton turned another page. A sudden fear seized upon her husband. Insanity! She had lost her

senses:

He stole softly across the carpet and grasped the book she held.

"Don't!" she said. "Pray go away.

You are interrupting me."

"Clara! Are you sick, or are you

Her tone was natural. Mr. Hamilton discarded his momentary theory of insanity. His voice became more impera-

"It is supper time! Where are the children? Where is the supper? Clara,"

loudly, "where is the supper?"

Mrs. Hamilton partially closed her

book and looked at him.

want to know who succeeded to the throne after—"
"The throne be hanged!" interrupt-

ed Mr. Hamilton. "Where are the chil-

"The children? Let me see. Oh. I remember! You'll find them at your sister's. I—"

send them there?" Mrs. Hamilton resumed her reading. "You must explain my mistake to "Four days for housekeeping, two for which we can easily do

my reading," she said, quietly.

Mr. Hamilton stared at her for a moment. Then he burst into a hearty

He left the room still laughing. He whistled as he went down to

kitchen. In a few moments his wife joined him.

"I'll see to things down here, while you go for the children," she said; William, before you go, tell me this: Is it possible for a woman to keep up her education while she is doing housework, mending, sewing, receiving callers and making calls,

"I was a brute that night, Clara. You know more than most women

"No," sadly, "I have not kept up as I should. But I mean to, William. children must wear plainer clothing, and so must their mother, for their mother must not be an ignoramus.'

"And their father must not require such a vast amount of cooking as he has in the past. He must be content with simpler meals." "The cooking is more important than the frills, the latest sleeves, etc.

The time for reading must be taken from the unimportant matters. Mr. Hamilton thought with a keen egret of the work he had so often thoughtlessly made for the patient woman who stood beside him.

were in your place!"

We'll talk it over by and by. In the New Ye tone, the words seemed brutal meantime, help me to begin the New holiday.

to Mrs. Hamilton. She controlled herself by a great effort.

Year well by giving me bread and milk to-night. The children will like

it, and so will their father." Mr. Hamilton went after the children presently. As he passed a church he saw a multitude of people entering

"The Old Year out-the New Year

in!" he thought.

He walked on with new purposes forming in his mind. The New Year should be different from the Old there should be more time found for the enjoyment of life. Things should be made easier for his wife; they would make life higher and holier. It should be a New Year-a year of love

to God and love to man. He spoke of these thoughts, that were stirring him so strangely, that evening. He was alone with his wife. She listened with sympathetic inter-est. She said little, but her few words satisfied and cheered him.

He arose and stood by the window when the clocks rang out the year. Soon the worshipers in the churches filled the streets. Something of the solemnity of the hour passed from them to him. He looked up into the deep mysterious realm of starry space, and a strange new sense of companionship came to him. He found himself repeating words long half-forgotten: "If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee. The Lord is

thy keeper.' Presently the sound of footsteps in the street died away. All was still

again.
"The Old Year out! The New Year in!" he said. "Thank God for the desire to make it a better year!"

His heart was full as he turned away from the window.

The vision of the past grieved him sorely, but again he was comforted. "The Lord is thy keeper. He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Zion's Herald.

HANDSEL MONDAY.

Gift" Day Is Universally Celebrated by Peasantry of Great Britain.

The first Monday of the New Year is universally celebrated by the peasof parts of Ireland and of the north of England, as Handsel, or "gift," Monday, says the New York Trib-une. On this day tips or small gifts were expected by servants, as well as by the postman, the deliverers of the newspaper, the scavenger and all persons who waited upon the house. The word "handsel" is an old Saxon word which means "to deliver into the hand." It refers to the first sale of the New Year or of the day, as well as to the first gift of the New Year. In some parts of Ireland and Scotland there is considerable merry contention in putting off all payments, however trivial, that come on this day until the next, it being considered unlucky to pay out money on this day. On the other hand, there is special demand for such money, as money received on Handsel Mon-"Sick? No. Go away. do. I am so day is supposed to insure a full purse all the rest of the year.

After a somewhat riotous period of spending money Handsel Monday called for a sudden stop in all expenditures, and probably was a prudent check upon what had often become by this time reckless extravagance. A vast number of people in this land of plenty buy a great many bok and looked at him.

"The supper? You said the supper?" things which are of no practical use to them, and spend money otherwise "Ine supper? You said the supper?"
"I did!"
"Well," yawning, "I suppose it is getting late, but I must finish this book. I don't care about food, but I do afford to be wasteful. New Year's day is usually a day for good resolutions, and there is no resolution more common than one which calls for a general retrenchment of expenditures.

As a people, we are generous to a fault, and a vast amount of unhappiness in the household as well "At Helen's? Why in time did you actual crime can be traced to imprudence in money matters. wise thing to have a day which calls which we can easily do without, if for any special reason we are desirous to avoid spending all money. There is little danger that it make niggards. Comfort and happiness depend as much upon prudence in giving and spending when we cannot afford to spend as they do upon being properly open-hearted and generous

> Custom Largely Due to Dutch. The custom of celebrating New Year's day in our country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesdue to the Dutch. ant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the govern or's home, at New Amsterdam. The Dutch method of kissing the women for "A Happy New Year," served, and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly bekissed country in all Christendom, and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the observance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus, and who made no note of their first New Year's day in the new world, save to record:

'We went to work betimes.' The Jewish New Year,

New Year's day was not regarded as Christian festival until the year 487. and there is little mention of it until 1550, when it was included in the liturgy. Most countries celebrate New Year's day on January 1, but the Hebrews celebrate theirs in September, for they arrange their calendar according to the new moon, and as their months are either 29 or 30 days long, New Year's with them is a movable