



As the moon-clock unerringly records the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, so the sun-chronograph writes down the days and seasons and determines the time of their recurrence. Man has given names to the latter and set apart certain of the days as commemorative of heroic lives and deeds, or as suggestive of a sentiment that may be valuable, or otherwise, as it is taken. The Fourth of July teaches of patriotism, Christmas of the blessings of home and the beauty of the Christ-life, while New Year's tells of the sepulture of one and the genesis of another cycle of earth.

Celebration of the latter anniversary is sentimental, but sentiment pierces the heart that is callous to logic. Patriotism is sentimental, but it impels men to the mouths of death-dealing cannon. New Year's might have been as appropriately on May 1, or any other day, but time has honored the selection, and there are, besides, no means of fixing the period when, according to the sublime Mosaic account, "the evening and the morning were the first day."

This anniversary is suggestive of things that have been. Mnemosyne whispers of ships that passed in the night—of opportunities that came and were not seized; of follies and sins; of grief and pain; of joy, and pleasure, and joy, and peace. God be blessed for memory! The saddest recollection, even, is touched of the gentle hand of sympathy, and the greatest tragedy bears a lofty lesson. Who can too deeply prize the shadows of the past that come up out of the night, self-illuminated by the deeds of goodness, mercy and all-kindness that marked them when in substance they lived and moved with us? These unwritten books have the most precious pages, and as we turn them, one by one, over, we scan the lines with moistened eyes of tenderness and with hearts that beat in unison with the sentiments thereon inscribed.

Cherishing whatever is good of the past, man stands in the vestibule of the incalculable year and fills its salons and chambers with cheery furniture and dear, loving forms. New Year's has, in fact, been termed a day of resolves that are broken. But it is better, far, to purpose and not to do than never try the right at all. The sum of life's duty is contained in the simple adjuration, "Try! and, should failure come, try and try again." Not everyone is privileged to attain all-goodness, and few there be who can boast of a record of unbroken success. The night comes to all, but the star of Hope, like Sirius, never sets. Happy is that man who has strength to do when the promise of fulfillment is weak.

If the full sunshine may not come, let the glints find their way through the dense foliage and tessellate the ground with their tremulous mosaics of varying shape. Pity for him who cannot see in the dawn of the new year the light of better things. What hour so glad and bright as that which paints the eastern sky in crimson and gold, and that is filled with songs of birds, inspired of the pure air and the fresh, skin-kissed light? The matin-time of 1896 is come, and all who will may hear the angel voice of Hope whisper benisons that shall be inspiration to renewed courage in the putting aside of things that hinder the onward march to better living.

KNOW THE TRADE.



Algy Highlier (to his valet and secretary)—All the blooming bills in James? James—Nearly half, sir. Algy Highlier—How much do I owe? James—About 5,000, sir. Algy Highlier—Good heavens, James! I must run that up to 10,000 mighty quick or the beastly twaddlers will be wanting their money.—Judge.

Probably Made of Brass. "Banks," said Rivers, "every day in the year seems to be New Year's to you." "Go ahead," said Banks, bracing himself. "I'm ready." "For the reason," resumed Rivers, "that you are always blowing your own horn."—Chicago Tribune.

The Prospect. New hopes, new aspirations, new delights. New debts, new tribulations and new ills. New accidents, new quarrels and new fights. New fears, new noises and new doctors' bills.

Great Self-Denial. New Bride—I have baked my first pie, dear. Won't we have fun eating it with our New Year's dinner, to-morrow? Husband—I am sorry, darling; but I have made it a rule of my life never to eat pie during the holidays.

On New Year's Day. "I've made a splendid resolution." "What's that?" "Not to make any."

KEEPING THEM ON THE FARM

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"I am just casting up my accounts for the past year and making estimates for the coming one," said Farmer Tuffkidds to the friend from the city who had come to spend New Year's day. "Um! Let me see! Debtor to 89 dogs at 75 cents—some of my own raising and others bought at wholesale—\$66.75. To—"

"Do you contemplate utilizing 89 dogs during the coming year?" interrupted the friend, with much interest.

"That is the number we have made use of during the past year," replied the host. "During the coming year we shall probably use a great many more. You see—"

"My goodness!" ejaculated the visitor, as a great clamor broke forth, apparently originating behind the barn. "What is that?"

"Oh, I have given four of the younger boys a hand organ apiece, not two of which play the same tunes, and when they all strike up together they make considerable racket," explained the farmer. "But the boys enjoy it, and that is the main point. I guess they will stop playing pretty soon and go to fighting over the discord, and then there will be a little less noise. Suppose we go up to the garret? The billiard table is up there, along with the poker lay out. The boys hold their dog fights out back of that high fence you see yonder, where nobody will bother them."



THE OLD MAN SUMMING UP HIS ACCOUNTS.

them. If you're thirsty there is always a keg of beer in the cellar and hot tamales to go with it. The boys have a display of fireworks every few nights, and I have hired a couple of Italians to come around twice a week with their dancing bears. And once a month I hold an auction of household goods for the amusement of the boys; they are very fond of auctions. If you care for sport you may enjoy running up against my oldest son's faro bank. He is away from home just now, but my second son is fully competent to interest you. The boys are talking of organizing a fire company and I have promised to allow them to burn a stack of hay twice a month. They are going to have—"

"Great Scott!" broke in the visitor, as another terrible uproar arose. "What on earth is that?"

"It is my little four-year-old son amusing himself. The child is so passionately fond of tying tin kettles to dogs' tails that I keep 16 able-bodied dogs on hand all the time for his especial benefit. He has invented a plan for tin-ketting ten of them at once and letting them off together; great head on that boy—he'll make his mark some day! It makes a good deal of sport for the other boys, too, for they are fond of betting on which dog will run the farthest. We always make believe that Wednesday is Saturday to please the smallest boy, and have the Fourth of July and Christmas each come three times a year on our private calendar, just to please the rest of the boys. And, then—Why, here comes my oldest son now! He eloped with the hired girl night before last. I want you to meet him; you will find him a bright young fellow."

"But why do you grant your sons all these extraordinary privileges?" questioned the visitor, completely mystified.

"In order to make the home place attractive to them," was the answer. "You know how prone farmers' sons are to desert the old farm for the excitement and pleasures of city life. So I have endeavored, as well as my means would permit, to make them contented here. You see, I debit the boys with the money expended in their behalf and credit them with the time they put in at home. During the past year they have complained but little, and I feel sure that, with the plans I have in mind, they will be contented during the coming year. It is not such a difficult thing, after all, to keep the boys from leaving the farm if you take hold of the matter in the right way."

NOT VERY NOURISHING.



Bookkeeper—You told me to remind you to send your creditor, Smith, something to-day. Hardup—Oh, yes, ah, just send him my compliments.—Chicago Record.

What will the New Year bring?

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

The old year fades into the past With all its joys and sorrows, With all its barren yesterdays, And all its bright to-morrows; Some hearts regret its hasty flight, Some gladly speed the parting, Which banishes the sad old year, So joyous at its starting.

We bid the dying year good-by And turn, with hope reviving, To greet the New Year coming in With promises enlivening; And as we lay aside the past In gladness or in sorrow, We reach out to the time to come And of the future borrow.

What will the New Year bring to us— Is weal or woe awaiting? Will fortune smile in kindly way Or will she need berating? Could we but rend the veil of time And see beyond the present, What would our longing eyes behold, A prospect dark or pleasant?

Ah, it were well would we but take The days as they are given, And make each one a stepping stone To raise us up to Heaven; Instead we waste the precious hours In blind and fruitless hoping, The while we in an aimless way For sorrow gain a groping.

The coming year will surely bring Us whatsoever we merit; So if we fail to reap success We've but to grin and bear it. For what we sow that shall we reap, Such is the law unbending Which rules our lives from day to day— Beginning unto ending.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Emily Marshmallow was spending the holidays with her dearest friend, and on the first morning of the new year they were discussing their faults and turning over enough fresh leaves to fill a book. From this they fell upon the failings of their mutual friends. "If I were as jealous as Jessie," observed the blonde Emily, "I should turn over a new leaf in regard to that to-day."

"Instead of that," returned the brunette Lucy, "she has decided not to taste candy for a whole year." "It always did ruin her complexion." "Yes. Jealousy is so foolish, isn't it? Charlie always says I have none."

"Nor I. Jack thinks it wonderful." Just then the maid appeared, bearing a box. "Miss Lucy, here is a box of flowers for—"

"For me?" "For Miss Emily." When it was opened, on top of the roses was a card, bearing the name of "Charles Brownsmith," and "New Year's greeting." "Oh, how lovely of him!" "Who, Jack?" "No, Charlie." "Very nice, indeed, to pay my guest some attention. Of course, I don't care, but I think it unnecessary for him—"

"You surely are not jealous, dear? For my part, I think an engaged man has a perfect right to send flowers to any girl whom he admires." Another knock and another box of flowers. This time the roses were for Lucy, with the card of "Jack Vanstyle," and "Best wishes for a Happy New Year."

"How kind of Jack! Do look, dear Emily." "Very nice. Of course, he only wished to please me, but I—"

"Why, you know, dear, you just said you thought an engaged man had a perfect right to send flowers to any girl whom he admired."

"Whom he admired, yes, but—"

"Don't be jealous, dear; it is silly." "Then I'm not surprised that you—"

"You are horrid, Emily Marshmallow, and if I was not in my own house I—"

"I shall not stay here to be insulted!" "Please, miss," said a voice at the door. "I knocked, but you didn't hear. The florist's boy is downstairs, and he says that by mistake he exchanged the cards in those boxes of flowers he just sent." "Of course; I knew that all the time." "So did I, dear. What a funny joke; lucky we are not jealous, like Jessie!"

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