



NEW YEAR'S ADVICE.

There is a foe that watches
Your comfort to destroy,
Assuming shapes of evil
To interrupt your joy;
To keep him at a distance
Should be your purpose true.
So "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Each day he may remind you
Of sorrow that's in store;
Each day with hints and shadows
Perplex you more and more;
But go not forth to meet him
As many people do,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

'Tis time enough to worry
When misery appears;
'Tis time enough for weeping
When there's excuse for tears;
So ever at the fountain
Of prayer your faith renew,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

For they who borrow trouble
Are never out of debt,
O'er every fancied evil
They worry, fume, and fret;
And if you would be happy
Another course pursue,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Anticipating pleasure
May give relief from pain;
Anticipating sorrow
Is never any gain;
And if you would be cheerful
In mind and body, too,
Then "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"



Estelle, Maude and May Robbins stood in the window with their heads close together.

"I am so sorry," whispered Estelle. "I do so want to make mamma and papa a New Year's present and I have spent all my money—every cent."

"So have I," said Rosy, "and I have not kept even a piece of ribbon or an ounce of worsted."

"It is too dreadful," Maude whispered. "If that horrid Miss Croker had not insisted upon our buying those little books at the fair we would all have had plenty of money. I wonder how long she is going to stay. She is so fussy," said Maude. "Nothing suits her. Sometimes she says: 'This egg is too soft, Lizzie, take it away and bring me another.' Then Lizzie makes up a face and I have to laugh."

"Well, but Maude," said Estelle, who was the eldest, "that is wrong. The girl who is hired to wait on the table should never make faces, no matter what happens; and you must never laugh at her again. I am sure Miss Croker saw you this morning."

"But she is fussy," said Ray, "and I wish she would go home."

"Mamma likes her," replied Estelle. "You know she was mamma's teacher once and some one left her a big fortune and so she stopped teaching."

"And mamma says, too, that she is very charitable and gives heaps and heaps to the poor people," put in Ray.

"Then I wish she had bought those books herself instead of making us spend all our money," grumbled Maude.

"If we had been honest and said right out, 'I want all my money for myself,' perhaps she would," said Estelle.

"Tomorrow is New Year's day. It is too late to get anything now," sighed Ray.

"If we only had some of that lovely wool Miss Croker has been winding for the last three days, we could knit mamma some beautiful mats for her dressing case. I could knit one before dark," said Estelle, mournfully.

"Could you, my dear?" said a voice close behind them.

The three children turned and saw Miss Croker sitting in a rocking chair just behind them. They did not know how long she had been there or how much she had heard, but she had three large balls of brilliant colored wool in her lap.

"Are you sure, Estelle, that you could make a mat before dark?" said Miss Croker, looking over her spectacles at the three blushing faces before her. Maude and Ray answered "Yes," very shyly.

"Then," said the lady, "sit down there on the sofa and I will give you each one of those balls of wool."

"You are very kind," said Estelle. "Thank you, Miss Croker," said Maude. But Ray, remembering that Miss Croker must have heard her say she wished she would go home, wanted to hide herself. However, she came out from behind the curtain and seated herself close to Estelle. Miss Croker then gave them each a crochet needle. "This blue ball is for you," she said, placing the wool in Estelle's lap. "The mauve for you," and she dropped another ball in Maude's hands, "and the pink for little Rosy Ray."

The children laughed merrily, but at the lady's last words their faces grew very long. "Now, girls," "I want three mats for my dressing case at home and I know you will be delighted to make me a present before I go, which will be very soon now." She looked at Ray while she spoke and then left the room.

"Horrid thing!" said Ray, as the door closed. "I won't knit a mat for her. I thought she meant to give us the wool."

"It just serves us right for talking about mamma's friend as we did," replied Estelle. "We will have to knit them. Come, Ray, I'll begin yours, and Maude, don't you remember? Make a chain of three stitches and the next row plain."

They were all three fond of this kind of work and presently forgot their disappointment.

The sun was just setting when Estelle said: "There, that's the last of the wool and my mat's done. But just see what a big wad of paper Miss Croker rolled her wool upon." She tossed the paper under the grate and fastened off her knitting neatly.

"And mine's finished," said Maude, and here is another great roll of paper, and there is something hard in it. Maude opened it slowly, laughing as she did so. A bright five dollar gold piece.

"Oh, look! Just look! I wonder if Miss Croker meant to put it there!"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Estelle, but wait until Ray has finished her mat then we will go and ask her."

"It is done," said Ray, "and here is another five dollar gold piece. Estelle, you'd better get a poker and pull out that paper you threw under the grate."

Estelle soon had the paper in her hand, and sure enough, there was a third gold piece hidden away in it.

"She must really intend them for us," said Ray. "I feel so ashamed because she heard me say, 'I wish she would go home.'"

While the three girls with the money in their hands and the mats in their laps were wondering what they ought to do, Miss Croker walked in.

"So I see my mats are finished," she said. "They are very pretty and I will keep them always in remembrance of my three little friends."

Estelle held up the shining coin. "I found this in my ball," she said.

"I put it there as a little surprise for you," replied Miss Croker, "and now I hope you can buy some small gift for your mamma and papa. Then she added, "Come, children, hurry on!"

"AND THE PINK FOR LITTLE ROSY RAY,"

your wraps and I will take you down town to choose your presents."

Never did three little girls dress in such short time.

Miss Croker took them to such wonderful stores and was so pleasant and kind that the three little girls never forgot that New Year's Eve.

The gifts that they carried home to their parents, which were selected under Miss Croker's advice, were really very pretty.



HER HAPPY HOME.

I hear the cold rain beating
On sudden roof and lawn;
But the hearth is swept and garnished,
The curtains all undrawn;
The merry Yule fire flickers,
The mellow lamp-light falls
On softly tinted carpets,
And gayly festooned walls.

Without, the night is black and shrill,
The homeless winds complain;
But the cheerful light of the fireside
Streams far thro' the falling rain;
Down the garden, across the lawn,
To the dull, deserted street,
We have laid a shining pathway
For the homeward wandering feet!

For God hath blessed us richly
With health and goodly cheer;
And this is the happy Christmas night—
The best night of the year!
And tho' there are vacant chairs, ah me!
At hearth and board to-night,
Their cups are filled and garlanded—
Their places warm and bright!

And I sit among the children,
(Too tired to romp or tease)
And over the pretty golden ring



Of heads about my knees—
While the night and the rain grow wild—
I watch and listen and wait,
For a step on the shining pathway—
A hand at the garden gate!

For now is the boy, happy time
When strife and rancor cease,
And the Messenger Angel bringeth
To all "Good Will and Peace!"
And, oh! if his loving hand should bind
Of the silver threads of rain
Some strong, bright dew to lead the lost
And wandering home again!



Welcomes its responsibilities. Heavy though they may be, they but strengthen mind and muscles for the coming fray. They are the skirmishes in the battles, the campaigns that make soldiers of us, and teach us how to buckle on our armor and gird ourselves for the fight.

Welcome its trials. For out of them we come purified and refined, as the gold that is freed from the dross and impurities that belong to its crude and natural condition and cling to it until they are purged away.

Welcome its crosses and losses. For they but emphasize and punctuate the story of regeneration and the heroic careers of those who kept straight on in the path of duty, never hesitating, never turning aside, never holding back their hands from doing that "next thing" that the faithful look upon as the point gained in the daily warfare of life.

Welcome its sorrows and bereavements. They teach us to look upon this world as not our permanent abiding place, but that we have a home not made with hands eternal in the Heavens, whither our loved ones have gone before, and from the windows of which they are beckoning to us to come up higher.—Rev. John Hall.

UNHAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY.



Mrs. F. (petulantly)—"You never kiss me now."

Mr. F.—"The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed. One would think you were a girl of 18."

Mrs. F. (suspiciously)—"What do you know about girls of 18?"

Mr. F.—"Why, my dear, weren't you 18 once yourself?"

Forget Misfortunes.

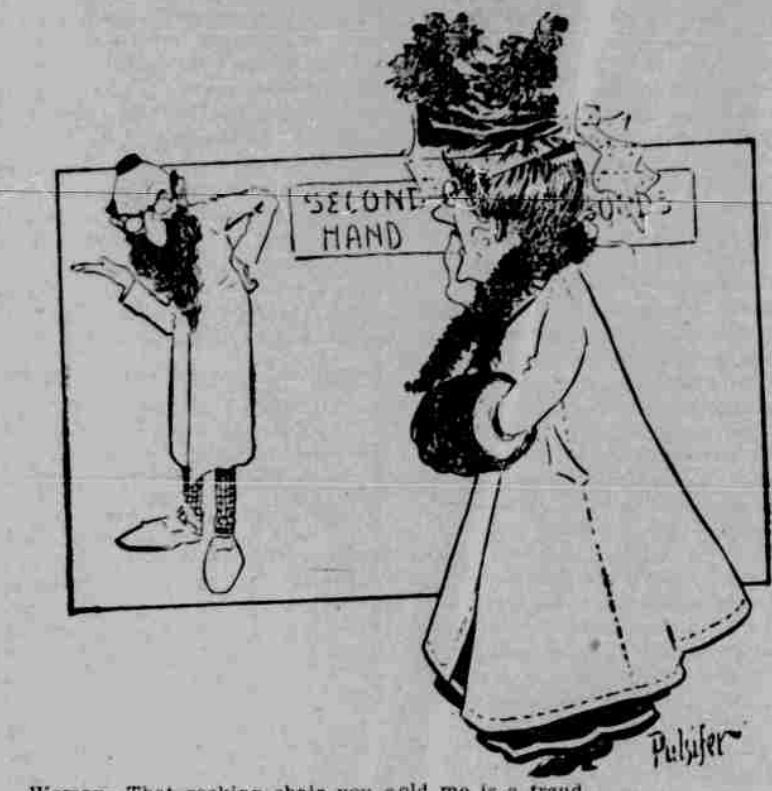
Welcome the New Year's spirit. It comes with the hope-day, the day upon which we all like to put behind us all of our past misdeeds and misfortunes; to turn the traditional new leaf; to start all over again, and see if out of our many times unhappy and unfortunate environment, we cannot build something more creditable to ourselves, more satisfactory to our Maker and more worthy to be recorded in the great ledgers wherein debit and credit are kept by unprejudiced hands.—H. S. C.

Bestow Happiness.

In the year just dawning take note of the good things as well as the ill. I have heard it told of a bright old lady that all her life she kept a book she called her "pleasure book," and that she always found, on looking over it at each year's end that no day had passed without carrying in its trails some little bits of happiness.—St. Louis Republic.

Pictorial Humor

HE KNEW HER.



Woman—That rocking chair you sold me is a fraud.
Second-hand Dealer—How's dot.
"The rockers are not even, and, as you rock, it keeps moving sideways all over the room."
"Meln gracious! I have made a mistake and sent you von new patent rocker, varnanted not to wear out de carpet all in von place. Dot kind costs von dollar more."
"Huh! Well, it's your mistake, and I won't pay the dollar, and I won't send it back—so there!"

Beating an Elopement.

"Yes, I have had my little romance," sighed the drummer as the talk turned on love. "If things had gone right with me I should have married the nicest girl in the world years ago."
"But they went wrong?" was queried.
"Yes, they did. I loved an Ohio farmer's daughter. The father was opposed to the match and forbade me the house."
"But why didn't you plan an elopement?"
"We did. Yes, sir, the girl loved me and we agreed to elope. I was to be on hand on a certain night with a horse and buggy and bear her off."
"Did the scheme work out all right?"
"No, it didn't. I arrived on time to the minute, but I couldn't find the house. The old man had got onto us, and what do you think he'd done? True as I live, sir, he'd gone and moved his house three miles down the road, and I couldn't find it, and the elopement couldn't come off, and that's why I'm a lonely old bachelor to-day."

Parental Pride.

"They tell me that your boy Josh is getting very handsome," said the neighbor.
"Yes," answered Farmer Cornuttel. "Josh is getting' right busy. He puts in three or four hours a day now tellin' me how I'd order run the farm. I've got an idea that Josh is one of these \$20,000 a year men that the steel trust is lookin' fur an' can't find."

THE OBJECT.



"That's a beautiful stained glass window."
"Yes; it was given by Mrs. de Rich e, whose pew is just below. She wanted something to suit her complexion."

Signs in Japan.

The people of Japan have a mania for English signs and they flood the rooms at hotels with English cards. They have no inspirational mood, and they generally express an idea negatively which we express positively. One day a traveler said to a waiter: "Kishi, the rolls are cold." "Yes," he said, "a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good." A conspicuous notice at a leading hotel reads:
"On the dining time nobody shall be enter the dining and drawing room without the guests allow." One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads: "Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course, the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package." A Tokio dentist's circular reads: "Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore, when it is attacked by injury artificial tooth is useful. I am engaged in the dentistry, and I will make for your purpose."

The Champion Glutton.

"Quite a gourmet, isn't he?"
"Gourmet? Why, he's a regular glut-ton."
"You're rather harsh, aren't you?"
"Well, he's one of those fellows who will eat a hearty breakfast and then discuss with his wife what to order for dinner."

ONLY SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.



Hungry Harry—I'm down on dis travellin' business, an' dat's right.
Wandering Watson—Why, wot's de matter wid yer?
Hungry Harry—I thought de lady said somethin' 'bout porter-house, but when her husband go troo wid me I foun' dat she meant slaughter-house.

Wanted Help.

A stalwart Life Guardsman in London strolled leisurely down the street, and, approaching an expectant boot-black, pompously placed one enormous foot on the polishing block. For a moment or two the lad gazed in wonderment at the expanse of leather spread before his eyes, and then he hailed a colleague on the other side of the street.
"Hi, Bill," he shouted, "lend us some polish. Hi've got a Harny contract."

A Tribute to the Departed.

"Yes, she's a great talker."
"Talked her husband bald, hasn't she?"
"No, the baldness was the work of his first wife. She didn't talk much, but she left some ample proofs of the excellence of her methods."

The Quarrel.

She—You're just hateful.
He—You're more so.
She—You're a regular stick.
He—You're as cross as two.

A Woman's Idea.

"Are we all out of debt at last?" she asked.
"Thank heaven we are," he answered.
"Then, let's give a swell dinner and dance," she suggested.
"But that will put us in debt again," he protested.
"Of course it will," she returned, "but what's the good of making our credit so good if we don't use it?"—Chicago Post.

Habit Is Strong.

"That man," said the modern Sherlock Holmes, "came from a town where they have strict blue laws."
"How do you know?" asked the observer. "Because you will notice that he can't even enter a drug store without hunting the side door."

What's the Use.

She—"Do you remember the time we were married, dear?"
He—"No, what's the use of worrying over something we can't help."

Why He Succumbed.

Not long ago, in Perthshire, a woman was driving her husband down a narrow lane, when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's cart. Neither had room to pass, and in most disagreeable tones the woman said: "He must go back, for I shall not. He ought to have seen us before entering the lane." "But, my dear," replied her husband, "how could he, with this sudden turn in the road?" "I don't care," said the woman haughtily, "I shall stay here all night before I give way to him." The driver of the cart overheard all the conversation and said, resignedly: "A' right, sir; I'll gang back"—adding, sympathetically, "I've got just sich another one at home."—Glasgow (Scotland) Mail.

Making Preparations.

"I want to get a turkey and a bottle of paregoric, and some mince-meat, and some pepsin pills, and some cranberries, and some furniture polish, and a quart of oysters, and a package of court-plaster, and some sweet potatoes and a fire insurance policy."
Here the market man smiled merrily and inquired:
"Going to eat all that?"
"No," responded the customer, "but the family Christmas dinner occurs at my house this year."—Baltimore American.

Eli Whitney and the Cotton Gin.

"I see they are going to put up a tablet to the memory of Eli Whitney down south somewhere."
"What did he ever do?"
"Think he invented a gin."
"That's funny. They'll be puttin' up monuments to the inventors of cock-tails next."

The Difference.

"What is the nature of this new fangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?"
"That," responded Cynicus, "is easy. 'Golfing spine' is what the old man used to have after a hard day's plowing, but he called it the backache."

And He Was Comported.

"But tell me," he persisted, "is there nothing I may hope for?"
"Oh, yes," she replied, graciously, "Forever."