WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST; THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

ONE WORKING DAY FOR US ALL.

To-day the Only Period for Which We Are Accountable.

The coming year will have 365 days in its calendar, but really will have only one working day, and that is called "To-day." That is all you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in to-morrow. Serve your Master by the day. Each four and twenty hours brings its own duties to be done, its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made heavenward. There never was a Christian yet strong enough to carry to-day's duties with to-morrow's worries piled on the top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb walls until you get to them, or to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then, keeping step with him, march on to duty over the roughest road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest head wind you may encounter. "My times are in thy hands," and they could not be in better hands. Our times are in our all-wise and all-loving Father's hands, both for control and for concealment. He takes care of us, and yet we can not tell just what to-morrow or the next year will bring forth.

Facing the New Year.

A new year is upon us, with new duties, new conflicts, new trials, and new opportunities. Start on the journey with Jesus—to walk with him, to work for him, and to win souls to him. A happy year will it be to those who through every path of trial, or up every hill of difficulty, or over every sunny height, march on in closest fellowship with Jesus, and who will determine that, come what may, they have Christ every day.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

Children's Day in Russia.

In Russia New Year's is especially the children's day. Among the peasants the old-time frolics and games are preserved. It is a practice among the boys to arm themselves with a supply of shelled wheat and dried peas and to go from house to house in the small hours of the morning. They present themselves unbidden in a neighbor's house, where the doors are always unlocked, and pelt him with wheat or peas till he offers cakes or fruit as a truce.

The Closing Year

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and peaceful world. Hark! on the winds
The half-a-deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks, and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wailings of a mighty spirit,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year.
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose times are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have pass'd away.
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead
Flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadows in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The beight and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of sickness succeeded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword and warrior's shield
Flash'd in the light of midday—and the strength
Of servitude hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon the mountain crag—But Time
Knows not the weight of clime or elevation,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the brand
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
Their heads and lay down proudly their strength
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yea bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiades, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To double in the trackless void—yet Time—
Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and passes not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path.
To sit and mum, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

GREAT DAY FOR THE ROMANS.

Right Beginning of New Year Meant New Year Them Success.

No nation has ascribed so much importance to the beginning of things as the Roman. To that people there was a magical connection between a right beginning and success. To them New Year's day was the day of days. It was the anniversary of the founding of the city of Rome, which they considered the greatest event in the world's history. They called the first month of the year January in honor of Janus, the god of doors and beginnings. (The world still uses a heathen calendar.) At dawn of the new year the people, robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods, especially to Janus. Fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchanges of costly presents marked the day. All evil-speaking, quarrels or excesses were for one day laid aside and the ideals for a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

The Animals' Season Greetings.

The action and voices of domestic animals on New Year's day are said to be more significant than any other of the year.

A dog's cheerful bark in the morning is a most auspicious sign, while his howl is very unfavorable.

To meet the cat on the morn of the New Year is considered by people in the Latin countries as a sign that they will change their residence, and it also betokens ill for the future.

Throughout southern Europe it is regarded as a most fortunate sign to see a pig, signifying plenty for the coming twelve months.

The sight of a snake is considered to be the worst conceivable omen, for it means death by violence.

To see a jackdaw, magpie, or crow is a sign that the beholder will be cheated on all sides during the following year.

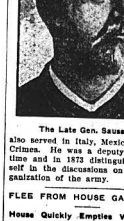
Land of Many Tongues.

An American tourist who traveled through Hungary last summer in his automobile says that he found the signboards in German, Magyar, Italian, Slovenian and Turkish. Preference was given to none.

GREAT FRENCH SOLDIER DEAD.

Gen. Saussier's Long Services to His Country Ended.

Gen. Felix Gustave Saussier, former commander-in-chief of the French army, died Dec. 20. He was one of the best known and bravest officers in France. In the battle around Metz a quarter of a century ago he distinguished himself most signally. The famous infantry charge at St. Privat, which practically barred the progress of the Germans on that side, was led by him. Saussier was one of the officers who signed the protest against the surrender of Metz. Gen. Saussier



The Late Gen. Saussier.

also served in Italy, Mexico and the Crimea. He was a deputy for some time and in 1872 distinguished himself in the discussions on the reorganization of the army.

FLEE FROM HOUSE GALLERIES.

House Quickly Empties When Certain Members "Orate."

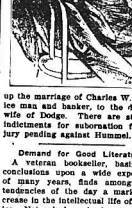
Congressman John Gaines of Tennessee and Robert Adams, Jr., of Pennsylvania somehow or other have acquired reputation as being very poor speakers. When either begins speaking the galleries become empty about as rapidly as though the house were on fire. Mr. Adams began a speech the other day and there was such a rush outward that the man whose duty it is to lower the flag at adjournment started to perform that task. A member of the house who had not been in listening to the speeches came to the same conclusion as he pushed into a crowded elevator. "When did the house adjourn to?" he asked the elevator conductor. "It hasn't adjourned," said he. "Mr. Adams of Pennsylvania is speaking," he added, whereupon the member guessed he would go home anyhow.

PRISON FOR LEADING LAWYER.

Abraham Hummel, New York Legal Light, Convicted of Conspiracy.

Abraham H. Hummel of the law firm of Howe & Hummel, one of the biggest in New York, was last week convicted of conspiracy, sentenced immediately to one year in the penitentiary and a fine of $500, and taken from the courtroom across the bridge of sighs to the Tombs prison.

The charge upon which Hummel was convicted was that of conniving with the aid of the perjured testimony of Charles F. Dodge, to break



up the marriage of Charles W. Morse, a veteran bookkeeper, and his second wife of Dodge. There are still two indictments for subornation for perjury pending against Hummel.

Demand for Good Literature.

A veteran bookseller bases his conclusions upon a wide experience of many years, finds among other tendencies of the day a marked decrease in the intellectual life of America. Not only have business and professional men come to be readers in great numbers among buyers of good literature but a large clientele of women readers prefer a well-written story of only moderate interest to a badly written romance of absorbing theme. He also finds a growing appreciation of really good poetry, a tendency to pay more attention to book reviews in periodicals of acknowledged standing and a demand for books of serious import to be "read in" instead of "read through."

What He Was.

"Once I knew a man," said the interesting conversationalist, "who was born in mid ocean. His father was an Englishman and his mother was a French-German parentage, but was a native of Greece. So what do you suppose that man is?"

The listener thought steadily for some moments, but at last announced that they could not guess.

"He is a dry goods merchant," explained the interesting conversationalist.

COMING ALTOGETHER TOO SLOW

Plunkett's Method of Retirement a Trial of Patience.

The Hon. William B. Plunkett of Adams, Mass., when a young man used to accompany his father to Boston and New York to learn the correct way of doing business. The first time he went alone the hotel in one place was crowded, and young Plunkett found he would have to share his bed with some one else. Making the acquaintance of a gentleman in the hotel office, they decided to room together.

Plunkett's room-mate, being tired, retired early, Plunkett, wanting to see the papers, said he would follow in an hour or so. He did so, and, thinking his room-mate asleep, tried to get into bed without awakening him. Being considerably over six feet in height, he found this no easy task. He got in at the head, and kept working his way down, a few inches at a time, until his knees went past his bed-mate's feet, when the other, lying very still, but very much awake, said: "For God's sake, Plunkett, when are you going to stop coming?"

He Doesn't Curse Now.

Washington, Kans., Dec. 25 (Special)—Jesse E. Mitchell is a telephone lineman, and also a well known resident here. Everybody acquainted with Mr. Mitchell knows that he was a man who held very positive views about Patent Medicine. Hear what he says now:—

"I used to curse all kinds of Patent Medicines, for they never did me any good, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have caused me to change my mind. For twelve years I suffered from Kidney Trouble. There was a hurting across my back that made it positive agony to stoop, and as I am in a stooping position nearly all day, you can imagine how I suffered. After a day's work that any man would think nothing of, I would be tired and worn out. In fact, I was always tired. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking four boxes I feel like a new man, I am as fresh at night as when I begin work in the morning. I have no pain in my back now, and I am stronger than ever."

Wanted to See the Beauty.

A few years ago the school in the little red schoolhouse between Nashua, N. H., and Pepperell had for its teacher a young woman noted for her beauty. As a well known wag named Williams and a young man were riding past the school, Williams, who had heard of the teacher's beauty, determined to see her. Alighting from his carriage, he rapped at the door, which she opened, when he asked if any of her pupils had lost a book. She inquired if any one missed a book but no loss was reported. She then said to Williams: "Why, have you found one?"

"No," he answered, "but I didn't know but I might."

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save twice only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 8 pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

After Christmas.

The Mouse—It was very kind of you to remember me with that ton of hay. I enjoyed it immensely.

The Elephant—Don't mention it. I must thank you for that bit of cheese you sent me. It was just what I wanted.—Woman's Home Companion" for January.

The Millinery She Longed For.

"Well, after all," said Mrs. Nagget, finally, "there's just one little bit of millinery I can't do without."

"And, I tell you, I won't buy it for you," snapped Mr. Nagget.

"No, dear, you don't have to here to pay for it. It's a widow's bonnet."

In the Black Hills.

Hold-Up Pete—Shoot me for a catamount, but them tenderfoots in that coach have nerve. They don't see a bit skeered of guns."

Bad Bill—Guns ain't skeered of nothing. That's a bunch on their way to the divorce colony.—Puck.

Mother Cray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Leroy, N.Y.

Pa's Wild Guess.

"Say, pa, this paper says that a Boston minister wants to have District Attorney Jerome canonized. What does that mean, pa?"

"Canonized? It means blown from a cannon, I guess."

Why It is the Best

is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other; better and one-third more for 10 cents.

The Pennsylvania woman who squeezed a deer to death must be a terror at the bargain-counter.

A woman never forgets her first love—her forgives herself it she may.