The New Year.

Your petitioners stand at your gates, New Year,
A clamorous, hungry crowd;
And they pour their wishes into your ear
In voices deep and loud.
They show you the work that you have to do
And it is not an easy task
You listen to all they say, New Year,
And give them the boons they ask.

'Give me a little more gold to heap,
Or houses, or shares, or land!'
'Give me more bread for my children's mouths,
And work for my willing hands,'
'O give me health, you may keep the rest
If you will, but make me strong.'
So the pleaders fill the air with prayer,
And are begging the whole day long.

'An upward step in the social scale
Give me, and an honored name.'
'Little care I for the gold that wastes
If I have my meed of fame.'
What is the outside world to me?
Give me a heart at rest
In the kindly thought and the tender love
Of those whom I love the best.'

These are a few who are wise, New Year.
And this is the boon they crave,—
'Bring me a change that is all within,
To render me meek, yet brave,
To conquer and banish the self that is mean,
And the higher self upraise,
That so I may work on the Master's side,
And my life may give Him praise.'

You will do your best for us all, New Year,
But you come of a race of sires
Who never have given the sons of men
The half of their wild desires.
No stronger are you than your fathers were,
And however good your will,
You will leave your petitioners at your gates
With their needs and cravings still.

But the whole world opens its heart to you,
Welcome to towns, and men!
Welcome to every fireside scene,
And to frozen field and fen;
Your hands are full of our Father's gifts,
And they come His grace to prove;
And whatever you bring will be good to have,
For our Father's name is Love.

—MARIANNA FARNINGHAM.

Georgiana's New Year's.

Lilla was very happy after Georgiana came home. She had always felt anxious and unhappy when she wakened in the night and thought of Georgiana in the little wooden hut out on the drying-shed— especially when it rained, or the wind blew hard. Of course she always remembered to cover Georgiana up carefully at night, and to let down the heavy curtain in front of her dear hut. Lilla knew, too, that Uncle John, the night-watchman, had to pass over the drying-platform every hour; but in spite of all this the little mother of Georgiana was unhappy when she wakened in the night and thought of the darkness and loneliness of her darling child. It was this that made Lilla so happy when she saw Georgiana on the couch in the light of the open grate fire in her room.

It was Christmas night, you remember, when Georgiana came home. There was no school that week, so Lilla could give Georgiana all her time. Her papa looked very solemn when Lilla said, the day after Christmas that she was going to stay home with Georgiana. "Have I a rival?" he asked. Lilla threw her arms around his neck and said, "Papa, how foolish!" She covered his face with kisses, and buried her head in his neck. "Papa, you know I love you better than anybody in the world, but Georgiana will be lonely this first day here, and I think she needs me."

He held Lilla a minute close to his heart, in a way that made her the happiest child in the world, and said, "Of course she does. You are right. Stay with her to-day." He kissed Lilla, walked over to the couch and shook hands gravely with Georgiana, and hoped she would learn to like her new home. Lilla was in the big boarding-house alone.

In spite of Georgiana, Lilla had a wild desire to run after her father. She went with him always to his office, and from there to school with big Fisher as attendant, and under Fisher's escort she went back to the office from school. To be away from her father was a very rare experience, and, even in her own room, it meant an attack of homesickness. The first difficulty that Lilla met was a lack of furniture adapted to Georgiana. Lilla loved comfortable chairs. She disliked sitting on chairs that were too high, or at tables that were too high. She found that Georgiana must sit on the couch; there was no other way to make her comfortable. The day was a pleasant one. She made her precious child a new dress and hood out of material paid for out of her own money.

"The only thing that troubles me, Georgiana, about you is that I shall have to leave you at home so often, all alone. There is school, and I must stay with papa. You will have to learn to live alone, Georgiana." Georgiana looked quite satisfied.

"You know, dear, I would take you with me always if I could. You would not be at all like Mary's little lamb. You would be very quiet. But I think you might not be good for the other girls in the class. They are not used to you, dear, as I am. You know at first I could not study—I kept looking at you all the time. It was not your fault, dear heart. It was just ugly me. I loved you so," Lilla whispered softly, "that I wanted to look at you all the time." Lilla felt quite sure that Georgiana understood her.

The days flew very fast that week. Lilla's papa pretended that he was greatly neglected by his daughter and his granddaughter. When bedtime came, he would take one on each knee, and the history of the days was told.

"Lilla, to-morrow is the first day of the year. Do you wish that it was like Christmas?"

"What do you mean, papa?"

"Do you wish that there were presents and New Year's trees and all the things that go to make Christmas such a gay time, such a happy day?"

"No day could be just like Christmas. It's a day just by itself, papa."

"I've been thinking about Georgiana, Lilla. I think she was left out of our Christmas, and perhaps we might make New Year's Day her day."

Lilla's eyes grew sorrowful.

"Papa, do you think she felt it? Did she feel left out?"

And Lilla took Georgiana's hand, and pressed her head close to her father so that he would not see the tears in her eyes.

'Oh, no! I do not think she felt left out at all. She came home, and that must have been a good Christmas gift. It must have been pretty lonely for her at night." Lilla kissed him gratefully. He had felt just as she did about Georgiana.

"Papa, is it too late for me to go out and buy—Lilla stopped quickly, and looked at Georgiana apprehensively—"Some figs," added her father, with the suggestion of a wink at Lilla, as if to say, "We understand each other." "No it is not too late—Georgiana will not object to being left alone here. It is far more comfortable than the playhouse."

"I'll put her to bed," said Lilla. She has not taken a nap to-day."

"Very like her mother," commented the papa, which caused Lilla to blush. Lilla hated "naps," and the suggestion always meant a very unpleasant state of feeling when Lilla had a nurse. She remembered it now; so did her papa. Georgiana was undressed and put to bed on the couch.

"When she was covered up, Lilla told her: "I am going to buy some figs, Georgiana. We will leave the gas burning low, dearest."

When Lilla came home, she put the box of figs on the table, and stole quietly to bed. In the morning she got up before it was light, and dragged blankets over to the couch and went to bed with Georgiana. She slept there until the room was flooded with sunshine.

How she hurried and dressed! How carefully she dressed Georgiana, her face radiant with the consciousness of a happy secret!

She knocked on her father's door, and they held a whispered conference. The end of it was that Georgiana was carried into her grandfather's room while Lilla and her papa went to breakfast. Lilla was asked to stay in the parlor after breakfast, while her papa went upstairs. When she was called and went to her own room, she stood in amazement at the door. Georgiana sat in a chair of mahogany, put together with brass-headed nails. In the middle of the room was a four-post bedstead beautifully carved, and made up with sheets, blankets, and pillow-cases; on it was a card, "From Jack and Bill and their Mother." The chair had a card on which was written, "From Fisher, with much love."

A table just the right height for Georgiana had a card on top, "From Uncle John, made in the night-time." Brown had made a rocking-chair for Lilla. "All babies like to be rocked. Brown rocked her mother to sleep many times." Lilla's own present was on Georgiana's head—a warm hood. In the corner stood a doll's carriage with a card, "To my grandchild, for the happiness she has given my child."

Lilla knelt beside Georgiana and whispered softly, "We thank everybody, but most of all dear papa." And that was Georgiana's New Year's, and I think you will agree with me that it might be called Lilla's.—The Outlook.

Some Poor Boys Who Became Famous.

There are many boys and young men who hope for success in life who little appreciate its possibility and how it is won. Instead of a determined purpose to achieve it by complying with required conditions, they are relying on fortuitous circumstances or the aid of friends. They fail to comprehend the power of self-reliance, industry, and integrity in getting on in life and achieving true success. Let them study the lives of others who have risen to eminence, and who have had to rely ent rely on their own resources and personal merits. By so doing they will find much to stimulate industry, economy, perseverance, and an unswerving desire for righteousness.

Useful and honorable pursuits are open to poor as well as rich. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that such pursuits seem to have a preference for those of humble birth. The history of some of the most eminent inventors, statesmen, scholars, philanthropists, and reformers justifies this conclusion. George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine, was the son of a collier; John Kitto, the famous traveler and scholar, was the son of a mason and was partially deaf and deformed; Benjamin Franklin, the eminent statesman and philosopher, was a journeyman printer in his early manhood, and fame was through bitter struggles with poverty; Daniel Webster, the great statesman and orator, was the son of a small farmer who was too poor to help his son to an education; Abraham Lincoln, our martyr President and the great emancipator, was a railsplitter in his boyhood; Ulysses S. Grant was the son of a tanner; James A. Garfield was a canal boatman when a boy; Charles H. Spurgeon, the greatest preacher of modern times, began life under adverse surroundings, his father doing a small business that was not lucrative, at Kelvedon, England; Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, began life as an apprentice to a coachmaker; Luther was the son of a poor miner; Zwingle was the son of an obscure shepherd; Bunyan was the son of a travelling tinker; Columbus was a weaver's son; Gibbon the historian, Carey the pioneer missionary, and Roger Sherman the statesman, began life as shoemakers; Jeremy Taylor, the distinguished preacher, was the son of a barber; Ben Johnson, the noted English dramatist, and contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, was a bricklayer. Many other like instances could be cited.

Among celebrated living men are D L. Moody, the evangelist, whose early life was passed on a New England farm amid scenes of extremest poverty, and Thomas A. Edison, the distinguished electrician and inventor, who began life as a newsboy. So there are educators, scientists and writers, business men and leaders in the professions, who began life poor boys. They have reached eminence, not by some favorable turn in the wheel of fortune, but by patient, persevering study and effort, they have achieved success. They have won it. It has not simply been thrust upon them. These examples are worthy of the study of all poor boys of our times. They may succeed in the useful and honorable pursuits that are open to them if they will. Manly, courageous living and work will yield a sure and noble reward.—The Telescope.

Careless Children.

An evil to be guarded against in childhood is carelessness. One who has had much to do with the training of young children writes on this subject as follows: It is interesting to go into some room filled with boys and girls, and notice the heels of their boots and shoes. Many of them will be found to be brown and rusty. It is only a careful boy who blacks the heels of his boots. I know a good many persons who think if they can face the world well, appear honest, kind, and good, they are doing all that is required. Back out of sight, as they suppose, in the home perhaps, maybe in school or in business, are the little rude or careless acts that nobody sees. Is there nobody to see? What do you suppose the Lord thinks of those unshined moral heels? Do they suppose they can go along and never turn around? Do they suppose no one is ever to come after? Just because they are smart enough to see only part, do they suppose no one else will see the whole?

A little girl was sent to put her bureau drawer in order. She smoothed over the pile of articles, and then carefully spread her nubia over the top A boy was sent to put the back yard in order. How well it looked from the window when he had finished! Did he think anyone would look into the corner behind the woodshed? Alas, for the "heel's" of the bureau drawer and the garden! Only the parts well done—carefully, conscientiously, honestly done—will ever stand for our credit.—Christian Herald.

Home Hints.

Meat and fowls made be made more tender if, when they are boiling, a teaspoonful of vinegar be added to the water.

Try cleaning the hands with ground mustard and warm water, instead of soap, after having handled any strong smelling substances.

It is positively asserted that to drink a half pint of hot milk or hot water will have the effect of producing sleep in eight or ten cases out of ten.

Curry Sauce is made by allowing one pint of milk to the tablespoonful each of flour and butter and to these adding one teaspoonful chopped onion, one teaspoonful of curry powder and the same amount of salt.

Venetian Sauce.—Make a rich drawn butter sauce and add to it the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful each of parsley and capers cut fine. Season to taste with salt. These seasonings are enough for two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter and a pint of hot water.

Velvet Sponge Cake.—Yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, two teacupfuls of granulated sugar, one teacupful of boiling water, two and one-half teacupfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Beat the yolks of eggs and sugar until very light; then add the well-beaten whites; add slowly the boiling water, stirring all the time; then add the flour with the baking powder sifted into it; season with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, bake in a rather hot oven, that is to say hotter than is usual in baking cakes.

Dr. Brewer, in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, tells the following story: It is said that Spurgeon used to practice his students in extempore preaching from a text only disclosed in the pulpit and that one of his young men, on reaching the desk and opening the note containing his text, read the single word "Zaccheus." He thought for a minute or two, and delivered himself thus: "Zaccheus was a little man, so am I: "Zaccheus was up a tree, so am I; Zaccheus made haste and came down, and so do I." He suited the action to the word.

Make Your Own Lantern.

Your home is incomplete without it, and price is within reach of all. I ordered one for my own use—and it was so handy and convenient I went to taking orders for them and sold 51 in one day making over $5 clear. It gives a beautiful white light, chimneys never break from heat; it is always clean and ready. Francis Casey, St Louis, Mo. will send sample for 13 two cent stamps, write for one. I got my start from him.

Georgia B.

Do you consider Smitherton a dishonest man? Well I should think would make him blush to look at an upright piano.

The New Hook Spoon Free To All

I read in the 'Christian Standard' that Miss A. M. Fritz, station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made $13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANETTE S.

Ever notice that nearly all fat men are good natured? Of course they are. A fat man is too short winded to fight.

Another Smart Woman.

My husband is poor but proud and he does not want me to work; as I have nothing to do I get reckless, and after reading in your paper Mrs. Russell's experience selling self-heating flatirons I concluded I would try it. I wrote to J. F. Casey, & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they treated me so nicely that I felt very much encouraged. As soon as I got my sample iron I started out and sold 8 irons the first day, clearing $12. I have not sold less than eight any day since, and one day I sold 17. I now have $225 clear money, and my husband does not know I have been working, but I am afraid he will be mad when I tell him. Have I done right or should I quit work and leave him to struggle alone?

AN ANXIOUS WIFE.

You are doing just right, your husband should be proud of you, go right ahead and show the world what an energetic woman can do. That self-heating iron must be a wonderful seller, as we hear of so many that are succeeding selling it.

I am inexpressibly sorry, Mr. Smithers, she said, to learn that when you called the other day Tiger bit you. Oh, that's all right, he said, with a forced effort to be cheerful. No, it isn't, she sobbed. The dear little fellow has been ill ever since.

A Chance to Make Money.

I read how one of your subscribers made money selling Dishwashers; I ordered one, and my friends were charmed, as they hate dish washing. My brother and I commenced selling them, and have made $1,700 after paying all expenses. We don't canvass any. Our sales are all made at home. People come or send for them. The Mound City Dish Washer is the best Dishwasher on the market. Our business is increasing, and we are going to keep right on, until we make ten thousand dollars. We sell from 5 to 15 machines every day, and some days more. The Dishwasher is lovely. every housekeeper wants one. There is no excuse to be poor when so much money can be made selling Dish Washers. For full particulars, address The Mound City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. They will start you on the road to success.—A READER

Any diversions at your boarding house, Widdleton? Yes, every morning at breakfast we all quarrel about whether the weather is colder or warmer.

All Sorts.

A man convinced (by his wife) against his will is of the same opinion still.

Prevent sickness and save doctor's bills at this season by keeping your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The young man who is anxious to lay the world at the feet of the girl he adores, three months after he marries her isn't willing even to lay the carpet.

Dr. Shields, an eminent physician of Tennessee, says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood-medicine on earth, and I know of many wonderful cures effected by its use." Physicians all over the land have made similar statements.

'No,' said she, quietly, but firmly, 'I will not sign the paper, for I don't believe in women's suffrage. The idea of asking us women to support your candidates! I've supported my husband for the last ten years, and I think he's enough."

For hoarseness, loss of voice, and all affections of the vocal organs, the favorite remedy with many clergymen, singers, actors, auctioneers, and public speakers is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As an anodyne-expectorant, its beneficial effects are promptly realized.

An examiner asked the Bible lesson class to tell him what was the chief difference between Elisha and Elijah; and, after a pause, a little lad held up his hand, and said: Please, sir, Elisha walked with God; but the carriage was sent for Elijah!

Priscilla Leonard contributes a number of amusing epitaphs to the Independent. Among them are these:

"This corpse
is
Phebe Thorp's,"

Vermont furnishes this;

'Died when young and full of promise,
Of whooping cough, our Thomas.'

The same state furnishes the following, which possesses to a slight degree at least some ambiguity:

"She lived with her husband fifty years
And died in the confident hope of a better life."

The Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the

One True Blood Purifier.

Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, perfectly and permanently cured by

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Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

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