· NEW YEAR

welcome thee, New Year! Look! opened-armed I wait. Thy footsteps drawing near, thy hand upon the gate;

My trust in thee is placed and for thy grace I plead.

I welcomed thee. New Year, with eyes o'er full of love; Twas God who sent thee here from

radiant worlds above; 'Tis God whose voice shall sound and call thee home at last; On good or barren ground thy seed-

ling moments cast. I welcome thee. New Year, by heart and hand and voice;

and rejoice With holy will and might with potent

wisdom rife; Since thou canst use them right, take all the keys of life. --Lalia Mitchell, in Housekeeper.

والمنافقة والمنا Mr. Rooterby's Resolution. enter the second

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Mr. Rooterby was a jack. That was what everybody said; and, of course, what everybody says is

true, whether it is or not. Nor was Mr. Rooterby a Jack because his first name was John, and all Johns are by the rule of diminutives Jacks.

Not at all. Mr. Rooterby was a jack because his ears were abnormal, and he showed other signs of an ineradica-

ble stupidity. "Bein' as you air the best boarder I've got, ever did have, or expeck to have," remarked his landlady many times during the years he had been occupying her second-floor front, " won't say as how you air a plum silly, Mr. Rooterby, but I'd be most sure to if you wasn't the kind of a gent you air in every other respeck. Indeed. would, Mr. Rooterby, and the good Lord knows I ain't the woman to deprive a man of his just deserts, seein! that my poor, dead husband was one of the Lord's chosen. I don't care if people did say I had to keep boarders so's we wouldn't starve to death or go on the county."

Some of the boarders were much more emphatic in their remarks than

was the landlady. "If Rooterby," said the prominent politician who sat across the table from him, "wasn't such an infernal fool, he would have married a rich woman long ago, and been a member of congress from this district. He would have also had a comfortable home instead of plugging away in a power to have her move to some other and the firemen trying to turn the beastly old boarding house. If I had his chances for about seven minutes you bet I'd corner the convention and get the nomination or break a bank in the attempt."

erby was a jack, or a silly old fool, stances what other results could have with the accent on the profane penultimate, all on account of his persistent celibacy.

Let us examine into the testimony against Mr. Rooterby. A man of 50. so well preserved that he didn't look it by ten years; a man of affairs and a comfortable competence; a man of good habits and good family: a sedentary life; a man of some personal pulchritude and of excellent worthy of the name, except in respect-

This being a fair presentation of the testimony in the case of public opinion against Rooterby, the jury will return a prompt verdict to the effect that Mr. Rooterby is guilty with evident malice aforethought prepense. "I vow," said Mr. Rooterby, solemn-

ly, in the presence of witnesses, "that woman on earth. What the dickens" one resolution for the year just usher. Help! she shouted, but no one went why so many people here call a lift an -Mr. Rooterby was a vestryman and ed in. could not be too emphatic—"do I want with a wife, I'd like to know? Here I am past 40 years of age"-Mr. Rooter- want to resolve right now and here was. 'Nobody will help me; I shall by was just a shade sensitive on the that I will not propose marriage to drown!' You see what a difference subject of age, and still didn't want any woman on earth, just to show the transposition of those two small to appear silly about it—"living serene you folks who are everlastingly chaff- words makes?" ly and comfortably, with nothing to ing me that I mean business for the "But I don't know what that has extent responsible. In fact I am writer caught him in the act. slave to a woman's foibles and fan- out and the house was still. cies I might be called on to be. There- It was one o'clock the dead hour and the lecture was off.—Chicago Recfore, when I am perfectly satisfied and of night.

is, truly, and yet it serves its purpose hall in his dressing gown.

considered as one. At Christmas Mr. Rooterby had corner. she told the cashier about it the tears | up to the fourth floor where the wid- "Old Lady of Threadneedle street." thought it such a pity so dear and front rooms. made the cashier wonder what Mr. | bed his outstretched hand and groped its services about \$1.300.000.

O, swiftly haste, by river, plain and wonder what Mr. Rooterby had been back was cut off by the fire which he (the cashier, had been saying a But the widow was in no wise dauntgreat deal of importance to her him- ed. self, and with some hopes of success, thrown in his path, and Mr. Rooterby that. I had it built for two." was a distracting obstacle, beyond

peradventure. Nor did the fact that he had pre- floor below. to the typewriter when he (the cured the rope's end to the window Without one doubt or fear I meet thee | three hours to Mr. Rooterby's one, | self for the more or less perilous trip and thought more of her in a minute to safety.

in seven years by the watch. Minneapolis she spoke to him about the matri- home in controlling the thing and got to say is that he ought to have ground. been married twenty-five years ago The widow, who was dangling below

and got out of the way." Which seemed so bitter and unkind some accident. that the sweet little typewriter opened her blue eyes in surprise and ejacu- quired. lated in almost a tone of horror: "Why, Charley, how can you say Rooterby, with as much feeling as the

After that the life of the cashier be my wife?" began to grow narrow, and he never "Who, what do you mean?" gasped saw Mr. Rooterby come into the office the widow, almost losing her balance that he didn't begin to think of those at the unexpectedness of it. mysterious murders in the Rue Mor- "I mean will you marry me, of aid. gue, which Poe tells of, and wonder course. How else could you be my what was the price of man-eating mon- | wife?" keys and how long it would take him which was slowly but surely under her position. mining the mental equilibrium of the "What resolution?" inquired Mr.

bosom of his cashier, grew more po- marry any woman on earth." lite, if that were possible, to the type- Mr. Rooterby was stumped but for of the eccentricities of genius, Mrs. writer day by day. Indeed, his man- an instant only. Rooterby impressed the cashier as a to lose you in that frightful blaze-" man deeply and dangerously in love. The widow had recovered her senses Strange that the casl er should be again.

different had he known. and with her there lived her mother, hose on all of them. a widow not yet 40, and so young and fully insured, and what a happy New pretty as easily to pass as her daugh- Year it was to the cashier.—New York ter's sister. The women were con- Sun. fidantes, and all the typewriter knew So it would appear that Mr. Root- the mother knew. Under the circumbeen expected than that Mr. Rooterby

was looked upon with favor? As for Mr. Rooterby, he would have laughed to scorn so much as a vague hint that he was gradually succumbing to the mysterious power of the feminine over the masculine destiny. than hunger." It was New Year's eve. The cashier

and the daughter seemed to be com- Help?" paratively happy in the company of "I don't remember it," she answered.

Mr. Rooterby popped up first.

disturb me and no one to question new year at the same old stand." to do with me," the lady said. my movements or my motives. What This was received with great ap- "Alas!" he almost sobbed; "alas! I have is my own, and it is not con- plause, and the cashier glanced alas! Why will people who are otherstantly undergoing a process of drain- stealthily at the typewriter as if to wise fairly intelligent make such woeage to meet the extravagance of peo- assure himself that she was safe for ful assaults upon our beloved Engple for whom I would be to a large another year, anyway. And the type- lish? You said: 'I think you will Tit-Bits.

monarch of all I survey, as a bache- Then with a resolution to the credit the misuse of the word will.' If lor, and if I were a married man, of each one they said "good night," you had said: 'I think you may (or there's no telling what kind of a and in an hour the lights were put might) find work around—"

as happy as a man can be in this vale At three, came a terrific banging on

Rooterby had been saying to her any- her way with him to the head of the stairs. A tongue of flame met them The cashler and the typewriter were at that point, and for an instant Mr. Sur Entire 106the only occupants of the office ex- Rooterby's heart failed him. He cept Mr. Rooterby, and it was not knew there was no fire escape at the surprising that the cashier should front of the house, and access to the saying to the typewriter, seeing that had taken possession of the stairway.

"Come," she said, "I have a rope esunless distracting obstacles were cape in my room. We can go down by

> Mr. Rooterby had told her at first that her daughter was safe on the

sented a fine suit of clothes to the The flames were yet some distance cashier as a Christmas souvenir make from the front windows, with a door it any clearer in the cashier's mind shut between them and the outer air why he had a right to be saying things and in a second Mr. Rooterby had se used to be a glass of fashion." cashier) was in the office with her and had adjusted the widow and him- sometimes broke."—Brooklyn Life.,

than any other man thought of her | Whoever's make the fire escape was it was a most excellent one, and be-"All I've got to say is," responded fore Mr. Rooterby had got to the secthe cashier to the typewriter, when ond story window he was perfectly at monializing of Mr. Rooterby, "all I've he stopped it twenty feet from the

him, gave a nervous start, fearing

"What is it, Mr. Rooterby?" she in-"My dear madam;" replied Mr. circumstances would permit, "will you

This was a poser. to teach one to climb up to Mr. Root- "But your resolution. Mr. Rooter- a habit of telling all you know. erby's window and eliminate Mr. by?" replied the widow, looking up at Rooterby from the emotional problem him as shyly as she could, considering met me till lawst evening, and then

Mr. Rooterby unconscious of what "Why the one you made when the was surging and throbbing in the New Year came in, that you wouldn't

ner to all women was changing. He "That doesn't apply here at all." seemed to be so gentle, when before, he said confidently. "You are not on bile nearly three weeks before he while he was always courtesy itself, earth, and you never will be if you started out to break the records."he was lacking in that ineffable gen- don't accept me right now, for I have Chicago Record-Herald. tleness which comes only from the wasted time enough, and the thought heart of hearts. In other words, Mr. a few minutes ago that I was going FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

so discerning, for no one else noticed "Mr. Rooterby," she interrupted,

that Mr. Rooterby was other than his with some degree of asperity, "don't you see what a spectacle you are Yet he was, and the typewriter knew making of yourself? I'm willing to something that few others knew. do anything to get down from this."

Certainly the cashier did not know it. And it was even a more ridiculous for his manner would have been very spectacle five minutes later, when Mr. Rooterby, in his dressing gown, with The typewriter, who was nineteen, his arm around the widow in a fluffy lived in the same boarding house that smoked wrapper, met the cashier in sheltered Mr. Rooterby; notwithstand- an overcoat and boots holding fast ing the cashier had done all in his to the typewriter in something white,

Teaching Her a Lesson. "I think," said the kind old lady, that you will find work right around | plainingly. the corner there."

"Madame," said Sauntering Sim, "I was born and bred in Boston. I am sorry that you used those words. Carelessness in the use of our sacred language is to me far more distressing

"What you you mean?" she demandman of domestic tastes and somewhat was calling on the typewriter, or ed, with considerable spirit, for she rather, they had joined the "watch had once been a school teacher, and meeting" at the boarding house after prided herself on her parts of speech. education; a man considerably above the theater, and the cashier was com- "That little word 'will," " he replied. the average in all that makes a man paratively happy, for Mr. Rooterby | "Ah, how often it is misused! Have was devoting himself to the mother, you ever heard of the lady who fell of the persistent celibacy referred to quite to the neglect of the daughter, from the steamship and called 'Help!

the cashier. There was a sound of "Well," he went on, "this poor wo-. revelry by night, and all the boarding man fell into the water, having neghouse had gathered then, its beauty lected to inform herself concerning and its chivalry, and they had a wal- the proper use of the words 'will' and | halla kind of a wassail until the clock | 'shall.' It happened that no heroes | struck 12, when the festivities ended, were on deck when she went overand each member of the company, be- board, therefore her appeals for help who came over to not married, "I wouldn't propose marriage to any fore departing, was called on to make were made in vain. 'Help! can't say. I was about to ask you to her assistance, and in despair she | 'elevator' and a tart a 'pie.' "-Washcried: 'Nobody shall help me; I will | ington Star. "Excuse my haste." he said, "but I drown' What she meant, of course,

find work around the corner." Mark

But she let the dog out just then ord-Herald.

of tears, what in thunder is the use Mr. Rooterby's door, accompanied by The Bank of England is a prosperous of trying to change the conditions?" a scream, and Mr. Rooterby, before institution, with a capital of over \$72,-What a stereotyped old argument it he was wide awake was out in the 000,000 and a surplus of about \$16,000,-000, yet the governor receives a salary finely, and is an armor of defense be- It was the typewriter in a cloud of of only \$10,000 a year. The pay of its hind which more bachelors hide than white and the hall full of smoke, and twenty-four directors is \$2,500 each per any other, perhaps, unless poverty be people below banging doors and shout annum. The bank is a vast building, ing and a fire bell clanging around the one-story high and perfectly isolated. There is not a window to be seen in given the pretty tryepriter in his "Mamma," she gasped and down she its walls. The offices are lighted from employ for two or three years a went in a faint just as the cashier the roof or from the nine inner courts present of a handsome street gown, dashed in from his house in the next and garden. At night a detachment for Mr. Rooterby was practical, and block, and Mr. Rooterby, dropping her of Foot Guards, commanded by a capshe had needed it so badly that when in the most unromantic fashion, flew tain watches over the safety of the came into her eyes, and she said she low and her daughter occupied the During the day the private watchmen of the company itself suffice to maingood a man as Mr. Rooterby did not | There he found her just coming out tain order. The bank is intrusted by have a wife, and a home and children, of a faint, and as she caught her scat- the treasurer with the arrangements and all those happinesses which go tered wits, for the widow was a wo- for the interest on the national debt. with matrimony, and there was some man of rare sense and presence of consols, annuities, etc., and receives swered. thing in the typewriter's tone that mind after the first shock, she grab- from the government as payment for



MONEY AND THE CHRYSALIS. Money is like the butterfly:

Before it falls Within your grasp it crawls As a caterpillar, slowly.—By and by It seems to be in reach; you lay Fond hands upon it.—-Lo. E'en as you touch it, though,

It puts on wings and flies away. -Chicago Record-Herald.

FRACTURED. "Isn't Styles looking seedy? He "Yes; but glasses of fashion are

CAUTIOUS.

Short—Do you believe that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind? Long-It all depends. What are you feeling for now?—Chicago News.

NOT THAT KIND.

Dr. Emdee-My man, you are sadly in need of change. Hardup-Yes, but I called you as a medical, not as a financial expert. Harlem Life.

LEFT!

Harry—Fred says there is only one girl in all the world for him-Dick-That's . just like Fred's cxaggeration. He knows well enough there isn't even one.—Chicago Record-Her- | Saving? Read the REVIEW.

TIME ENOUGH.

Miss Kostique-She says you have Cholly—The idea! Why, she nevah

only for five minutes. Kostique-Well?-Catholic Standard and Times.

A CLEAR CASE. "Has your husband ever shown any

Wattles?" "Oh, yes. He had his new automo-

"So you are going to retire from active leadership?"

"I am," answered the political boss. "What's the matter? Are you tired?" "No. But it seems the proper thing. I have observed that all prominent statesmen do so now and then."-Washington Star.

STRANGE MISAPPREHENSION. Borus-How do you like that last

poem of mine?" Naggus-First rate. It's so restful -so soothing, don't you know." Borus-Restful? Great Scott, man! It's an epic!

Naggus-Good heav -- ! I thought it was a lullaby!—Ch!cago Tribune

WHEN PATIENCE CEASES. "You were mighty patient before we were married," he remarked com-

"Yes," she admitted. "You're mighty patient too when you're sitting on the bank of a stream trying to get a fish, but your patience don't continue after you have landed it."—Chicago Post

HIS SWEETHEART'S JOKE.

A young man in Newcastle recently received a letter from his sweetheart in another town, and in it he was told to "look under the stamp on the en-

The young man spent an hour steaming that letter, and when he finally got the stamp off he read: "Was it hard to get off?"—Chicago Journal.

MUTUAL CURIOSITY.

"Why do you English people insist! on calling an elevator a 'lift' and a pie a 'tart?' inquired the young woman.

"Really," answered the young man

NOISY SUNSET. Scene-A Garrison Town. Time-

Old Lady Visitor (startled as the gun is fired at sunset)—Dear me! What's that?

Native—Oh, it's only the sunset. Old Lady—Why does your sun set here with a bang like that? It goes down quietly enough in our place.-

CONSCIENTIOUS. "Yes," said Mr. Cumrox, "we always

attend the grand opera." "What for?" asked the man who knows nothing but business.

"Out of a strict regard for the truth. My daughters want to be able to say they have heard all the great singers, and I think that their con scientious devotion to avoiding a fib on the subject is very much to their credit."—Washington Star.

HIS PROPOSAL.

Of course he was an ingenious man and she was an unsuspecting damsel. "Let us," he said, "pretend that you are Porto Rico and I am the United

"Oh, I don't like these geographical

games." she returned. "They require so much thinking." "But this doesn't require any at all,"

—he insisted. "How do you play it?" she asked. "Why, I simply annex you," he an-

"It's not such a bad game," she admitted after a while."--Chicago Post

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