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THE WATCH NIGHT.
Twas like an old-time lovefeast—that
Watch night, for it seemed
That heaven was just so near to us
light around us streamed;
Jerusalem, the golden, flung all its portals wide,
And we felt the shining presence of the
crowned and crucified.
We saw, as 'twere beneath a bright and
all-revealing sky,
That far-off land, o'er Jordan's strand,
where our possessions lie;
And heard, while all our songs of joy were
thrilled and wafted o'er,
A softer, sweeter music from the bright,
celestial shore.
The dear old songs of Zion—the old and
ever new—
From praying lips and hearts that night
were answered from the blue;
We listened for the answer, with perfect
faith, and then
When one cried "Hallelujah!" soft echoes
said: "Amen!"
"Amen!" each face uplifted seemed all a-
shining with the light
The radiance of the realms that know no
sorrow—neither night;
Where never any blessing to His children
He denies—
When the Lord Himself shall wipe away
the teardrops from their eyes.
'Twas like an old-time Lovefeast; old
scenes were brought to view—
We had the old-time singing, and the "old
religion," too!
We told how He had walked with us
through valleys of Despair,
Until at last, the dangers past, His love
had led us there!
And all sang "Hallelujah!" in sight of
heavenly lands;
'Twas a glad shaking up of hearts, as well
as shaking hands!
And the Old Year died in music, and the
New Year dawned in light,
And we passed to God's good morning from
the glory of His Night!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitu-
tion.

HOW JIMMIE KEPT HIS RESOLUTIONS

On the first day of January Jimmie Wilson's mother said: "Well, my son, what are your New Year's resolutions this year?"
It was evening, and Jimmie was working on a problem in interest at the time, for, say as much as they might about his not being neat in his dress or his unpleasant habit of nodding his head when he meant "yes," and shaking it when he meant "no," no one could say that he was not the leading pupil in arithmetic in Lees-ton academy. Another thing that everybody had to admit was that Jimmie was in love with his mother, but to-night he scowled and worked on. He heard Eva's subdued laugh, and without raising his eyes he saw Tom kick Ned.
He did not see his mother's face, but he knew without looking that pained surprise was written there, for he had never been the boy to treat his mother with disrespect. He might trip Tom or strike Ned, he might even tease Elsie or grumble when his father asked him to leave his problems to post a letter for him or to mow the grass on the lawn, but his mother always found him ready to go on an errand or do the chores.
By and by the figures began to act queerly. He found himself saying "nine times eight equals fifty-six," and once he discovered that he had multiplied the interest by the principal to get the rate. Determined not to give up, he tried to get his mind back to his work by adding a set of figures, three columns at a time, but he failed, and dropped to two columns; it was still too much for him, and when he had gone to one column and had said "five and eight are—I won't talk to her before the others—eight and five are—they'd laugh if I did—are twelve; no, are—like as not Ned would ask me the time; pshaw! Five and eight—or else Tom would tell me to catch cold and get a crick in my neck—" he gave up and slammed book and tablet upon the table with such a bang that his mother dropped her work and Eva gave a frightened little screech that set the other boys into a roar of laughter.
Taking advantage of the confusion, Jimmie whispered to his mother: "Come up to my room," and made his escape. He waited in the hall until his mother came out, and then he took her arm and together they went in silence up to his room. Pushing her into his own cushioned rocker, he went to a table and took from one of the drawers a little red book. Then he came and sat on the arm of her chair. Still he had not spoken, but his mother was accustomed to his silent ways. Some people thought it queer that he should be so quiet, but when they mentioned it to his mother, she only smiled and called it "Jimmie's way."
Opening his book well toward the back, he said: "You know I keep my school records in here and my monthly accounts and anything else that I want to have convenient to refer to. I've had it two years."
He paused a moment, but his mother knew that he was warming to his subject, and at such a time he was sure to find the words that he needed.
"Back here I have written my New Year's resolutions, and you know how I have broken every one of them. January 1, 1897—I hereby resolve to quit nodding my head and to say "yes" instead. If I stick to it, mother will give me a new watch. What happened?"
His mother laughed, but he repeated almost fiercely: "What happened?"
"Why, on the second day of January I took you to the jeweler's and showed you the kind of watch I would get you if you kept your resolution, and then I asked: 'Isn't it worth the effort?'"
"And like a dunce, I nodded my head!"
"So you did, and you have tried ever since to earn that watch, but it has proved too hard a battle. Nevertheless I will say: 'Try again.'"
"Well, here's January 1, 1898. 'Once more I firmly resolve to quit nodding my head; moreover, I resolve not to give so much attention to arithmetic

that I neglect my grammar.' What happened? Why, I nodded my head worse than ever and my year's average in grammar was one less than it was the year before."
"Still, I believe that you made a determined effort and you helped me to see how strongly your mind was turned toward mathematics. I think we have both been happier since," said his mother. From his elevated position on her chair arm Jimmie patted his mother's head approvingly.
"Now it comes to this year, and I know just what you want me to resolve to do. You want me first to say this: 'I am determined that the third time is the charm, and that not once during this entire year will I nod my head for yes or shake it for no.' Don't you?"
"I should like it," she answered with a smile. "I should not like to have you give up what once you have undertaken to do."
"Then you'd like me to add that I will be neat in my personal appearance. Now I want to ask you a question. Does being neat mean wearing a stiff collar and a white shirt and keeping my shoes blacked?"
"I should think so."
"Well, I can't do it."
"You can do it. You may not want to very much."
"Suppose I fail?"
"Try again."
"Suppose Tom tells me to take a stiff neck so I can't nod?"
"Don't hear him."
"Yes, I will, and pound him, too."
"Well?"
"Why, of course, when you look at me like that I'll try if I die in the attempt," and, taking a pencil from his pocket, he recorded his two vows.
On the following day Jimmie went down town and bought a half-dozen white shirts and as many collars, either, he said to the clerk. "I want regular chokers. Death can't come any too soon to a fellow that has to wear such things. I want good points to them, too."
When he appeared at dinner, his head held high and his chin scraping the points at every movement of his head, the entire family looked the amazement that it did not dare to speak. Something in Jimmie's expression forbade it.
With unflinching regularity, his answers fell: "Yes, mother," "No, father," and if at times his head moved suspiciously, as if the nod or the shake were coming, he always caught himself and the words came in time to save him. Eva declared to her mother an hour later that her head and neck ached for Jimmie, and on each succeeding day through the week she wished for Saturday.
Surely Jimmie would put on his old cotton shirt for Saturday," she told her mother in another outburst of suffering. "And if he does, I'll just hug him. I like our slouchy old Jimmie a hundred times better than I do this high-collared 'Yes-Eva-ed' boy we have now."
But Saturday brought no change in Jimmie's attire, and still no one dared speak to him about it. Jimmie went to his room earlier in the evening now than he used to do, and during the summer he spent many an hour alone in his room with his door locked. The year wore on and finally the 31st of December, 1899, had come and was almost gone. A party of young people had gathered at the house of the Wilsons to watch the old year out, but just before the clock struck 12 Jimmie touched his mother's arm, and together they slipped off to his room.
Going to the table drawer he took out the little book, and, opening it to the page on which he had written his resolutions, he spread it on the table and waited for the clock to strike. When the last sound had died away he took his pencil and wrote across the page "Victory." Then he slowly removed his high collar and threw it into his mother's lap. Standing directly in front of her, he said:
"Mother, ask me if I am glad that 1900 has arrived."
She repeated the question, and Jimmie deliberately nodded his head three times.
"Now, ask me if I am going to make any more New Year's resolutions."
She asked this question, and he shook his head three times, from right to left. Then he broke into a hearty laugh.
"I just wanted to see if I knew how to do it," he said. "I used to come off up here and take off my collar and rest my head and neck, but never once did I nod my head. Now, I think I can remember to say yes and no, but I've bought a box of new collars, and they are not high ones, either."
He produced a box filled with the comfortable turn-over kind, and selecting one, put it on. Then he said: "We had better go downstairs. They have missed us. But don't say a word about this."
"Tell me one thing more," said his mother as they started down. "How did you manage to remember not to nod your head?" Jimmie laughed again.
"Oh, my collars always managed that for me," he said.—Chicago Daily Record.

CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS.
Tuesday, Dec. 17.
House—Debate on the Philippine tariff bill occupied most of the day. Payne of New York opened for Republicans and Swanson of Virginia for the Democrats. The other speakers were Messrs. Grosvenor, (Rep., O.) and Robertson, (Dem., La.), for the bill, and Messrs. Shafer, (Ill., Colo.), Dearmond, (Dem., Mo.), Thayer, (Dem., Mass.), and Patterson, (Dem., Tenn.), against it.
Senate—Brief session held. New immigration bill introduced.
Wednesday, Dec. 18.
House—Philippine tariff measure passed.
Senate—Standing committees were named. Most of the session spent in executive session.
Thursday, Dec. 19.
Senate—Philippine tariff bill received and referred to committee. Brief executive session held and adjournment taken until Jan. 6.
House—Agreement reached to take up the Nicaragua canal bill Jan. 7. Adjournment taken until Jan. 6.

BOERS ARE BUSY.
Kitchener Reports Severe Fighting in Various Localities.
London, Dec. 23.—Lord Kitchener, in a dispatch from Johannesburg, dated Saturday, Dec. 21, sends reports of sharp fighting in the Orange River and Transvaal colonies. Two hundred mounted infantry, in the neighborhood of Begindery, were divided into parties and were searching farms when they were attacked by 300 Boers and 40 armed natives under Commandant Britz. The Boers charged determinedly in overwhelming numbers. Beyond the fact that the British casualties were severe, no details have been received.
Lord Kitchener also reports that during General Dewet's attack on the British forces commanded by Generals Dartnell and Campbell at Langberg, Dec. 18, the Boers charged bravely and fought desperately for several hours. Dewet was driven off with the loss of 20 men. There were 12 casualties on the side of the British. On Dec. 20, General Botha, with 800 Boers, surprised Colonel Lamant's advance guard at Tafelkop, Orange River Colony. The Boers rushed a kopje commanding the main body and the guns, but Damant rallied his men and drove the Boers from the kopje. The British were dangerously wounded, two officers and 20 men were killed and three officers and 17 men were wounded. The Boers left six dead on the field and dispersed. The British pursued the enemy and captured a number of prisoners, including Commandant Keyter. Later the Boers, under a flag of truce, asked permission to remove their dead. They admitted having buried 27 men.
In the eastern part of the Transvaal Colony Colonel MacKenzie attacked Commandant Smith's force of Boers, Dec. 20, killing 6 and capturing 16 of them. Commandant Smith escaped.

TO AVOID EXCLUSION LAW.
Large Number of Stock Companies Being Organized in China.
Port Townsend, Wash., Dec. 23.—Information has been received here by members of the local Chinese colony to the effect that a large number of stock companies are being organized in the southern provinces of China with a capital of \$1,000,000 and upwards and stock to the amount of \$500,000 will be issued to Chinese coming to America so that they can show upon being examined by the customs officials at the port of entry that they belong to the exempt class of merchants. This action is said to be the result of the agitation for a more stringent exclusion law at the expiration of the present law next May.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.
Minneapolis Wheat.
Minneapolis, Dec. 23.—Wheat—Cash, 77½c; May, 78½c; July, 79½c. On Track—No. 1 hard, 80½c; No. 1 Northern, 67½c@68½c; No. 2 Northern, 76½@77½c.
Sioux City Live Stock.
Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 23.—Cattle—Beef, \$4.00@5.65; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1.50@3.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.50@4.00; yearlings and calves, \$2.75@3.85. Hogs—\$5.65@6.30.
Duluth Grain.
Duluth, Dec. 23.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 79½c; No. 1 Northern, 76½c; No. 2 Northern, 73½c; No. 3 spring, 71½c. To Arrive—No. 1 hard, 79½c; No. 1 Northern and Dec., 76½c; May, 79½c. Flax—To arrive, \$1.55; cash, \$1.44½. Dec., \$1.54½; May, \$1.59½.
St. Paul Union Stock Yards.
St. Paul, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Fancy butcher steers, \$5.60@6.00; fancy butcher cows and heifers, \$4.25@4.75; good to choice veals, \$4.25@4.75; good to choice feeders, \$3.25@4.00. Hogs—\$5.25@6.35. Sheep—Good to choice, \$3.25@3.50; lambs, \$4.00@4.50.
Chicago Union Stock Yards.
Chicago, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Good to prime, \$6.00@7.00; poor to medium, \$3.70@4.80; stockers and feeders, \$2.00@4.00; cows and heifers, \$1.00@5.25; Texas steers, \$4.25@5.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5.75@6.25; good to choice heavy, \$6.15@6.50; rough heavy, \$5.80@6.05; light, \$5.00@5.75; bulk of sales, \$5.75@6.25. Sheep—Good to choice, \$3.50@4.10; lambs, \$2.50@5.10.
Chicago Grain and Provisions.
Chicago, Dec. 23.—Wheat—Dec, 78½c; Jan., 78½c; May, 82@82½c; July, 82c. Corn—Dec., 64c; May, 67@67½c; July, 66½@66¾c. Oats—Dec., 44½c; May, 45½@45¾c; July, 39½c; Sept., 33½c. Pork—Dec., \$15.20; Jan., \$16.45; May, \$16.92½; July, \$17.00. Flax—Cash Northwest, \$1.60; Southwest, \$1.58; Dec., \$1.60; May, \$1.60@1.61. Butter—Creameries, 15@24c; dairies, 14@20c. Eggs—28c. Poultry—Turkeys, 6@10c; chickens, 6@8c.

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