



By Lee Fairchild,

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Oh, vanished year—
A moment of eternity—
How swift a wing was thine!
The smile, the tear,
Were thy strange gifts to me,
And drops of pain and pleasure's wine!

A FEW RESOLUTIONS.

I resolve the coming year that I will not drink any unless I am—thirsty.

That I will pay all I owe, except what I owe John L., which is a thrashing.

That I will be as true to the fairer (they have not acted fairer) sex the coming year as I was the last year. I think I can.

That I will try not to find my temper if I succeed in losing it as often as I did in 1889.

That I will try to be kind to all who are unkind to me—very few are.

That I will let people mind their own business and will assist them all I can.

That I will answer my correspondents better than heretofore—I have very few left.

That if I can not find a man after mine own heart, I will seek a woman.

That I will write better or more entertaining things for the press—if possible.

That I will be kinder to the gentleman (if such he was) who threshed me last year.

That I will act better in good society.

That I will agree to obey my superiors if I have any. I think I am safe in making this resolution.

THE MILKMAN.

I am resolved again to sell
My customers another year
A portion of the same old well;
They should take water without fear

THE LAWYER.

I am resolved henceforth to be
A fitter child of sophistry:
If justice be not on my side
Then justice shall be sorely tried.

THE POLITICIAN.

I am resolved—I always was—
To advocate some righteous cause
While grasping treason by the throat
Until he promise me his—votes.

UNCONSCIOUSLY.

Mrs FINLY—Well, Mr. Dougherty are ye still lookin' fer a woife?

MR. DOUGHERTY—Yes shure, and I am; and aire ye one?

MISS FINLY—No indade; no sich good look as that.

That I will not again laugh in church—unless the minister turns clown again.

That I will not try to make another Fourth of July oration, so help me those who heard me last fourth and clapped their hands when I was entirely *through*, having held their breath up to that time.

That I will send the next spring poem to the editor instead of taking it.

The next poem I write I will put into prose having the substance more harmoniously wedded to the form.

That I will write my uncle for twenty dollars before I make arrangements for investing it in a deal looking to the getting even with the hotel man, who is about that much in my credit.

That I will not send to Mrs. Blank another poem beginning

Oh, that you were but won again,
And I myself the winner.

I am moved to make this resolution through the advice of a gentleman whose last name is pronounced the same as hers. He doesn't know good poetry when he sees it.

That I will not advocate the putting of money into real estate without regard to the locality. It is well to be well "grounded." I think I can keep this resolution.

That if I stay up with the moon I will not fill up with her. I wish Miss Willard would resolve to stop the moon from setting such a bad example, and imitate that orb by taking a man to travel with her. I am not a married man, but this statement has no logical connection with the foregoing.

I trust a number of these resolutions I will be able to keep; and I can if they are like the crust of a recent piece of pie that I undertook recently.

THE PREACHER.

I am resolved to preach away
In my new parish my old say:
Something in common, it is said,
The living should have with the dead.

THE FLIRT.

I am resolved—I think I am—
To be this year, why, this year's—lamb!
Of course, by this all that is meant
Is simply to be innocent.

If in the mean time or the while
I make a lass of a smile—
And catch some youth who should be
caught—
Well, if I don't, I think I ought.

WITH EDGED IRONY.

MISS DAISY (to Mr. Charles, who has an envious rival in Mr. James)—Mr. James is just as witty as he can be; don't you think so, Mr. Charles?

MR. C.—Yes, most people are!