

Clothing for a Goose.

Last New Year's, writes a correspondent, a very amusing event occurred in my poultry-yard, where I had a flock of seven geese, which I was

planning to keep through the winter. That morning I fed them, as usual, and then I went to the barn to get a sack of corn in the shed. During the forenoon I had occasion to pass through the barnyard, and, to my dismay, found the old gender stretched on the snow, apparently dead. The goose, however, was still kicking its legs, and other deaths might be expected in a short time.

Annoyed at the loss of the gender, I resolved to make the ducks as light as possible, and so picked up and carried him to the house, and proceeded to pick off his feathers. This done, I left his body at the back door to be carried off by one of the men.

In the middle of the afternoon I heard a loud, shrill, strutting sound, and, looking in the barnyard, ran out to see what was the matter.

"Matter enough, surely! There was the old gender whom I had stripped of his feathers, strutting about as vigorously as ever, and had recovered from their greivous's stimplicity, and evidently didn't like the novel appearance of their former 'lord and master.' They were clacking the poor fellow's stupidity, and he was answering, giving him spiteful pecks at every opportunity."

I laughed till the tears came at the comical sight. Then I caught the poor creature by the neck and body, and clothed him in red flannel, which I sewed on. He was a funny-looking gender.

"The goose liked him little better than the duck, and pecked and chased him so badly that he was obliged to defend himself by a few dashes, till he had become a little accustomed to his red

fallen plumes. After that he had little difficulty in recovering his former strength and vigor.

What had caused the seeming death of the poor dancer was soon apparent. The mischief was in the corn barrel. One of the farm laborers, on a recent morning, had taken a barrel of corn to which he would have "a little bit of good time," as he expressed it, had hidden his bottle of whiskey, with which he intended to celebrate New Year's Eve, in the barrel over night. The cork came out, the contents escaped and saturated the corn, and my unfortunate guest had the "little bit of good time."

It was a amusing yet piteous temperance lesson to the man, and it was six months before he again indulged his appetite. I wish I could write with his complicity reformed, but he would not do so. He was determined to be this overcome. The dancer wore his flannel suit all winter, and was spoken of ever after as the "red flannel dancer."

Thoughts for the New Year.
 Renewed feelings of ambition are
 kindling in the hearts of many a young
 man. More resolutions are made than
 at any other time, and as often are
 they all broken. But with some of the
 resolutions made with the dawn of a
 new year, the least likely to be broken
 is close. Numerous feelings of honor
 and achievement can be traced to some
 determination of purpose made upon
 the occasion such as the first day of a
 new year, or the first day of a new
 journey of life. We all desire success;
 the problem of life is its winning.
 Every person carries in his or her own
 mind a plan of some kind, a plan of
 great success or failure. The success
 of success is labor, and it requires
 a strong resolve will to turn it. It is
 hard, earnest work, step by step, that
 leads to the goal. The man who has
 the most potent that at the present
 time. Positions of trust and eminence
 are no longer secured at a single leap.
 Men and women have ceased to succeed
 in a single day. The man who is
 an exception, but the instance are

ence. Success, a writer has said, is the child of confidence and perseverance, and never without the meaning of a purpose in the work.

The secret of many successful careers is the thorough performance of whatever has been undertaken. An individual who has the habit of never to put our hands to anything so which we cannot throw our whole energies harnessed with the very best of our endeavors. Perseverance is described as the power of doing things achieved only through a absorption of failures. In spite of our best efforts, failures are in store for the majority of the race. It remains, then, for us to persevere in the face of our circumstances, bearing in mind that races do not always won by the swiftest, but, nor triumph in battle secured by the strongest arms. It is not so much the number of failures as the strength of it is the right application of them in which success is ensured.

In starting out on the journey of life, we must have a definite purpose. First, to obtain every journal of

dwelve within your reach.
 Study people for the knowledge they
 impart to you.
 Read books for what they can teach
 you.
 Next, see what your temperament
 best suits you for.
 Mark your tendencies, and apply
 them.
 Be sure you have not mistaken your
 calling.
 Once certain, apply yourself to your
 chosen work.
 Then, work hard, earnest and inas-
 surant.
 Don't consider anything beneath
 you.
 Be patient, honest and pleasant in
 manner.
 Success may not come at first, but it
 will not be far off, and when it does
 it will be the greater for its delay.
 T. L. H.