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FRUIT AND PRODUCE
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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 30, 1897. VOL. XXXVII—NO. 34.

ADV
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FOR SALE.—100 Bushels FIRST-CLASS CLOVER SEED, that I can sell very cheap if sold at once.

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$10.50 Carriage Harness
that I sell will cost you $12 or $15 anywhere else. A full supply of PLOW IRONS always on hand. I have just received a boat load of SALT, and now is the time to buy cheap. Get prices on my

FODDER YARN
BEFORE YOU BUY.

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Aug. 12, 1897. M. M. RASIN, MELITOTA, MARYLAND.

GREET

Jack Frost with a smile. Don't shiver around and fear the coming of cold weather. Be prepared for him—greet him with a smile and hearty handshake. It will surprise him and make you feel better.

MEN'S SUITS

that we have sole control of for this market at $4.75 a suit that are good substantial ones. They look well, wear well and fit correctly. A fair man's suit as low a. $2.45 for the whole suit, then on to better grades with quality ahead of price every time.

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We can modestly say and can prove our assertion (long as this lot lasts). We have no competition here on this line.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

Talk the matter over with your boy, ask about his clothing wants, let him tell you what he wants and what he don't want. He has Clothing ideas which are good. They're not affected by peculiarities, they are just natural ideas. Let him tell you where and how he wants his clothing, and let him select them from our large line from 90c. to $5.00 the suit with all the intermediates.

PARTICULAR MEN

who want any conceivable kind of black suit come to us, because they find what they want. Gloves, Hats, Neckwear and Underwear. Come examine our line and mode of doing business, it will probably result profitably to both.

Respectfully,
MOODY & LUSBY,
Directly opposite Court House. Square Dealing Clothiers.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

Custom and Ready-Made Harness,
A Specialty. Prices Right.

All Repair Work done in the neatest manner by the best workman on the Shore.

Horse Blankets & Carriage Robes
in great variety, and all kinds of Horse Goods.

Sleds for the Boys and also for the Girls, that they can steer at will.

BELTING
of any sizes, and LACE LEATHER in any quantity.

MACHINERY OIL { LARD OIL, CYLINDER OIL, OIL OF ALL KINDS.

THE SHARPLESS SAFETY HAND SEPARATOR
For Farmers and Dairymen.
The greatest invention of the age—stands to-day without a competitor. It is absolutely safe, and skims clean! it is neatest looking. Call and examine and get prices.

G. W. SMITH,
Ellason Building, Chestertown, Maryland.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
Special Attention Given to Horseshoeing.
AT THE OLD STAND, KENNEDYVILLE, MD.
WE KEEP FOR SALE THE GENUINE
OLIVER CHILLED Plows
AND STINGS
And All Kinds Agricultural Implements.
THE CELEBRATED TIGER CORN PLANTER.
McCormick Harvesting Machines,
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, NO-TOP BUGIES, ROAD CART, DAYTONS, SULKIES, CARRIAGE TOPS, CARRIAGE POLES, CARRIAGE HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS.
Caps, Barbed Fence Wire and Belting of all kinds. Quality of material used considered, we can compete with any make in prices.
Agent for Alo rance Agent.

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Your Best Christmas Gifts

Will be found here, those things that are useful as well as beautiful. And one thing is certain, you'll not find such rich quality, such high values, anywhere else as are here now.

Holiday Goods. Our great stores are crowded with holiday attire. Fancy Smoking Jackets, House Coats, Silk Handkerchiefs and Fine Gloves in separate boxes; Suspenders, Neckwear, Hose, put up separately in dainty boxes; Fancy Slippers, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, Canes, Pajamas, Bath Robes, Dress Suit Cases, Satchels; Studs, Link Buttons, Collar and Cuff Buttons, all the newest fads in men's jewelry, and a hundred and one other things suitable and useful as Christmas gifts for men and boys.

Men's Suits. Every man and boy ought to know the goodness of Oehm-made clothing. The finest suits and overcoats, as perfect fitting as a tailor could make, are here at prices that seem a mockery in their lowness. You can save from three to ten dollars on every suit or overcoat you buy here.

Every facility for out-of-town visitors. Free reading and writing rooms exclusively for ladies. Smoking room for gentlemen. Free parcel checking. Information bureau. All cars pass.

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THE EXACT CENTRE OF BALTIMORE.

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Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P.M.
Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,
having enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.
EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
To prevent needless delays, patients may, in person or by mail, make engagements for any hour or date desired, if not already engaged.
I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Cussey. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.
DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Office 115 Main street, with Dr. J. T. Twilley.

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ATTORNEY,
will resume the active practice of law. Business promptly attended to.
Money for several client's to loan.
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Office opposite Court House.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 2, Glenn Building, 12 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., will attend the regular terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.
All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

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FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Established 1877.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Live Stock
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
30th & Market, Philadelphia.
We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced.
Jan. 16, 1896.

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FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
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No. 121 Callowhill Street,
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Stewart Fruit Company,
WHOLESALE
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

HAIL TO THE NEW YEAR.

Hail, hail to thee, O virgin year,
Not yet a day's length on thy throne!
Thou with the merry eyes and clear
And joyous voice of dulcet tone!
Hail, hail to thee, thou strong of limb!
Our praise is thine, O youthful king!
For thou art pure of woe and sin;
Thy young hands yet but blessings bring!

The monarch who is laid away
Within the catacomb of years
Was harsh and ruthless in his day—
Seemed less to love our joys than tears.
We look for blessings manifold,
New year, from thy pure, sinless hand!
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold
Toward us—and our native land!

Bring healing to the hearts now sore
From wounds the cruel old year made.
The veil of peacefulness draw o'er
The woes at each heart threshold laid
We cannot love a tyrant king—
Our hearts refuse to loyal be
To one who takes delight to fling
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,
When comes the time for thee to go,
"O darling year, we grieve today,
Because we all have loved you so!"
—Good Housekeeping.

Marie and Her Little Ragged Doll.

"Happy New Year's, marshal!" shouted a chorus of childish voices in the Rue Imperiale of Lyons. They were gamins of the town, who, in a band, crowded around Marshal Castellane on the 1st of January, 1857. The big hearted man, who was at that time military governor of the town, finding himself surrounded by the young urchins, conceived a strange idea, which was both the indication and the result of his nature.

"You want New Year's gifts, my boys?" said he.

"Yes, yes!" shouted the youngsters in chorus.

"Very well, my little friends; you must win them."

"Win them! How?

"By taking them by storm."

"How so?"

"The thing is very simple. You see that candy store there at the corner of the street?"

"Yes, marshal."

"Very well. Take it by storm, and when you capture it you are at liberty to sack it. Everything that it contains will be yours."

The youngsters were delighted. In short order they picked up all the stones that they could lay their hands on and sent volley after volley at the windows. For a moment nothing could be heard but the ringing clatter of broken glass.

Out bounded the proprietor with a big stick in his hand. He was about to charge upon the young vandals when he noticed Marshal Castellane, half choked with laughter, endeavoring to order a second bombardment. The incident immediately became clear to the shopkeeper's mind, and he, too, burst out laughing.

When the breach was made, the little rascals rushed into the shop, opening the door simply to avoid the necessity of passing through the windows. Then they made a furious attack upon the candies and cleaned out almost the entire stock.

When that expedition was over, the marshal ordered a second one against a cakeshop. The little army, commanded by Castellane, won another victory, the recompense for which was the absorption of an immense number of cakes.

The two battles and the damages cost the millionaire marshal nearly 100,000 francs. That was his contribution in the form of New Year's gifts for the gamins of Lyons.

On the following year he had another adventure. This time the military governor, in the course of an evening walk, stopped by chance in front of an antiquary's store, where there were some curious old things displayed in the window. Among some objects of a rare value was a little ragged doll, well worn and evidently of the cheapest kind, just about good enough for a junkshop.

How it got there among the objects of the antiquary was the thing that puzzled the marshal. Just then a little girl came up in a hurry, carrying a loaf of bread under her arm. Shivering in the cold January wind, she drew over her thin shoulders a little faded shawl, while her dress, worn and light, clung to her frail limbs at each step she took.

The little one opened the door, and, without entering, said to the shopkeeper:

"Mr. Antoine, did anybody make an offer for my doll?"

"Five cents was all that I was offered for it," replied a hoarse voice.

"That's not enough," said the little one. Then she closed the door, and, with a sigh, continued her journey. The marshal followed her closely, but she did not notice him. She entered a poor, tumble down house and mounted the stairs. When she came to the garret landing, the child opened a door and disappeared. Castellane stealthily crept up and listened at the door.

"You were very long, Marie, and the little ones are dreadfully hungry," said the voice of a woman inside.

"The baker refused to give us any more credit, and I had to talk to him," replied the little girl. "But anyway here is the bread, mamma. Let me cut it for the children."

The marshal did not need to hear any more. He understood the case thoroughly. In a hurry he returned to the antiquary, and, pointing to the old doll, asked:

"How much for this doll?"

"Anything you wish, sir," said the dealer.

"Well, let us say 100 francs."

"You are joking, are you not?"

"Not at all. Here's the money."

"Oh, my dear sir, if you only knew the good that you are about to do."

"To whom?"

"To a little girl in the neighborhood, the eldest of a numerous family in desperate straits. The father is at present in the hospital. They are unfortunate people, but very honest, I can assure you. The little girl told me to find a purchaser for that old doll. She fancied, poor thing, that she would get 10 cents for it. I never thought I could sell it. You say 100 francs?"

"I said 100 francs, and I have just finished counting out the amount, and here it is." And the marshal placed 20 5 franc pieces on the little counter of the shop. The dealer wrapped the doll in a paper and presented it to him, with many thanks and benedictions in the name of the family.

Without paying much attention to him Castellane left the shop and returned to the old house with the intention of leaving the doll at the door for little Marie. But the latter, whose impatience had been sharpened by want, had already returned to the dealer. What was her joy when he told her the good luck that had come to her! She received the money and came back to the house as fast as she could run. She accomplished the journey with such haste that she overtook the marshal at the door of the garret.

"Ah, it was you!" she cried just as she found him in the act of placing the little package at the door of the humble lodging, and in an outburst of gratitude the little thing threw her arms around the neck of her benefactor and kissed him.

When the good hearted Castella[illegible] afterward told this little story, he added:

"Never in my life did I get a kiss that went to my heart like that."

CHANGING THE CALENDAR.

How Our Almanacs Are Kept In Accord With the Clock In the Sky.

Jan. 1 is not comparable as a public holiday with Christmas as to the universality or antiquity of its observance. Before 1752 the year began on March 25. The change in the calendar was made in that year for Great Britain by an act of parliament, and we inherited the existing custom of marking the beginning of the year from the mother country. The day was not observed in colonial times with the formality which has marked its observance in later years. After the colonies had adjusted business affairs to the new date, the 1st of January grew in importance and in course of time became a legal holiday.

An interesting incident of the change of the calendar in 1752 was the dropping of 11 days, between Sept. 2 and 14, giving that month only 19 days, to bring the English into harmony with the Gregorian calendar. The omission of the 11 days attracted great interest, and long notice of the proposed innovation was given in the newspapers of the period, so that business affairs could be accommodated to what was called the "new style." The act of parliament correcting the calendar also ordained that the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, 2300 or any hundredth year, except only every fourth hundredth, shall not be deemed leap years, but shall be considered common years of 365 days only and that the years 2000, 2400, 2800 and every fourth hundredth shall be leap years, consisting of 366 days.

Every year whose number is divisible by four is leap year, except only when the number ends with 00, in which case it is leap year only when the preceding figures are divisible by four. By this rule the year 1900 will not be a leap year, while the year 2000 will be. By this ingenious arrangement, says a writer, "our almanacs are kept in harmony as nearly as may be with the great clock of the skies, the only perfect timepiece." All the old colonial literature for some time after the change referred to gave dates under both the old and new styles to prevent confusion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YEAR IN THE COUNTRY.

Good Cheer Prevails Untrammeled by Society Formalities.

The more primitive and genuine forms of holiday celebrations are to be found in the country, and this fact applies with special force to New Year's. The people are less influenced by the mere formalities of life and customs change in response to the dictates of preference and not of social decrees. Here the custom of making New Year's calls remains practically what it always has been—an unvarying custom, subject only to the obstacle of inclement weather. The most sociable farmer is forced to yield to a heavy fall of snow, and a blocked road is about the only barrier to his paying visits to congenial neighbors. The form of entertainment within doors is as different from that in the city as the different environment would suggest. In the more sumptuous homes egnog in great bowls that seem never to be permitted to show signs of being emptied stands invitingly in the great halls and forms the basis of the good cheer that prevails everywhere. Even in the humble homes the bounty of the inmates is conspicuous in a variety of characteristic refreshment that must not be spared by the guest.

The ordinary gift giving, turkey dinner, Christmas tree Christmas is not to be compared with some of the jolly New Year's celebrations which the farmer's boy Jack can tell you all about. He would think half the fun lost without the New Year's sleigh ride. Green Christmases and New Years are classed appropriately with graveyards, and the weather man would understand this better perhaps if he didn't live in a big city where New Year's sleigh rides are out of fashion—particularly the kind of sleigh rides Jack looks forward to on New Year's day.

The lowering sky has been scanned anxiously for a fortnight. There is just enough humidity to make it certain that it must snow unless the weather changes. Then comes New Year's dawn, and the first glance from the bedroom window reveals a delightful expanse of heavy white snow banked up against the fences and seeming to stretch to the end of the world. A happy New Year's is assured in truth.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MOQUI'S NEW YEAR.

A Mythical Drama Acted to Placate the Enemy of the Sun.

The Moqui New Year's celebration, called So-yal-u-na, is largely a presentation of a singular and elaborate mythic drama, divided into two parts, in which offerings are made to effigies of the great plume headed serpent, the enemy of the sun, followed by a sun dance, in which the conflict between the sun and the inferior hostile gods is admirably portrayed by Moqui men personifying the various deities.

This celebration is primarily performed by warriors and commemorates the return of the sun from the winter solstice. In other words, the Moqui woefully fear, when they see the sun going farther and farther to the southward each day, that he is going to desert them and leave them alone upon their cold, weary, sand blown mesas. One wonders little that in this dread situation they have initiated profound and mystic rites with a view to propitiating the evil one who would harm their dearly beloved eternal fire.

Day by day the old men and seers of the tribe watch each morning the point at which the sun rises from the eastern horizon of the pinnacled and ragged mountain range. They have found a particular notch between two peaks, past which the sun does not travel in its southern march, but instead it stops and returns over its long and dreary trail to bring ultimately the spring, the butterflies, and, most precious of all, the corn—their staff of life.

As the sun nears its lowest notch preparations for the rite which conciliates the sun's worst enemy—the snake demon—are well under way. Tomorrow, in a weird subterranean cavern called an estufa, or kiva, it is declared that the baneful serpent shall be amply placated. So rich will be the tribute that for one entire year the sun shall be free from his persecutions, and the clouds, too, which the snake wickedly swallows, shall gather and their moisture freely descend upon the parched and blighted land until it is once more clothed in verdure.—New York Herald.

Nomenclature of the Months.

The Roman year originally began with March, and September, October, November and December were the proper names for the last four months, as the year had but ten. When January and February were added, however, the names became entirely inappropriate, but nevertheless have by general custom been retained in spite of the error implied.

[illegible] Paris make [illegible] English fa[illegible] "a la F[illegible]

THE NEW YEAR.

O bright new year with joyous mien,
With heart unknown to piercing woe,
Scatter abroad the gold of peace,
And bid the waves of pleasure flow
With rhythmic sound and trembling shee
Through the channels of each soul!
Command war's thundering voice to cease
Bid strong armed plenty freely dole
Comforts to man. Make Sol increase
The useful products of the green.
Hush discord's voice that bringest forth
From fierce Pandora's box the ills
Unnumbered that with lightning speed
Deep rack the bosom of the earth,
Depopulate it habitable hills,
Poison its soothing streams and rills,
And to a desert change the mead.
Strike, too, the heart, deep down within
O'erwhelm it with disgust for sin.
Cause charity and love to reign
Triumphant o'er each hill and plain.
Crush Mammon's head. To God alone
Let adoration true be shown.
Then loudly do we shout to thee,
Welcome, welcome!
—San Francisco Monitor.

The Story of a New Year's Gift.

A couple married but a few years, who had lost everything through illness and misfortune, decided to come to Chicago before winter set in to try to secure some sort of employment that would yield a living. The husband had been an accountant and office man, and the wife had a good general knowledge of and experience in office work.

They rented a suit of cheap rooms on the West Side, and then followed days and days of weary seeking, almost a house to house canvass of the down town district, leaving applications wherever the managers would permit.

"We can't give you any encouragement in these times. We are not taking on any new men.

"Our business hardly warrants our keeping our old employees, but we can't discharge or get rid of them till they die off. Your references are all right, and if times were different," etc.

And when Sunday came there was scurrying for stationery and for stamps out of the thin purse to answer ads. Any one who has answered advertisements in the Sunday papers knows what it means to reply to what seems something promising and then wait, first with a hoping, then with a sinking, heart, for the postman Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning. When there were no letters by Wednesday, they consoled themselves, scarcely daring to look into each other's eyes, by saying that the firms were investigating their references, which would, of course, occasion delay, but one day was like another, with its trudging, trying and waiting.

The purse became empty and the meals scanty, and the rent due, and after the first month the furnace sent up little heat and the landlady's "good morning" was frigid. They shut the doors more quietly as they went in and out and wore shabbier clothes, and their steps grew heavier as their faces grew less hopeful.

One night the husband came home without his cuff buttons, and next morning wore a pair of his wife's, but there were steak and coffee for supper. In a few days he left his watch down town and wore an old fashioned silver one that had been his father's, and then they decided they could get along without that too. And there was nothing more to pawn. The man several years before had helped a lawyer out of a tight place, loaning him small sums several times. He dropped in to see him in the chamber of commerce building and asked him for a dollar or two. The lawyer stepped out to get the money, and, strangely enough, forgot to come back at all.

The wife had packed two pieces of rare French bric-a-brac in her trunk, and if she could sell them—in a great city there were always people who were glad to get hold of artistic curios, if you could find the right people.

The pieces of china were worth from $50 to $100, but husband and wife agreed to part with them for $25 if a purchaser could be found. A curio dealer down town offered her $1.50. "They are French. There is no demand at present for things of the kind, but if you want to leave them I will give you a dollar and a half or so," said he. The wife next started to visit houses on a fashionable boulevard, and was either denied admittance by a haughty servant or a supercilious dame refused even to look at the pieces—the like of which could not be found outside an art museum. She never bought from peddlers, she explained; then a long, weary walk home, and only bread and tea for supper.

For two or three Sunday nights they had attended Rev. Dr. D.'s church. Besides being a most learned and eloquent preacher, Dr. D. appeared to them a man of large heart, kindly impulse and intense sympathies, whose whole personality beamed with love and kindliness. The little woman hopefully decided to go to this minister and ask his assistance. Surely in so large and wealthy a church the pastor would know of some philanthropically inclined parishioner who would be glad to help a struggling fellow creature, as well as to acquire the beautiful objects of art. Reading in the papers of philanthropists giving thousands for charity, she thought it only needed that they should know any one to be worthy of assistance and they stood with hands outstretched. A minister of Christ's love and mercy would surely help her. But she was from the country and did not know.

She called at the residence of Dr. D. In a few words she told him her story. He stood, glasses in hand, impatient for her to finish, not asking her to sit. Then he replied, "I am sorry, but I can do nothing."

"Won't you look at it?" she ventured.

"No, I've no time; very busy with important letters. I can do nothing for you."

He hastily opened the door, almost pushed her out, and, without even a "Good morning," shut the door.

The little woman came to me. I could not buy, but I gave her some names of women of my acquaintance who I thought would help her—at least who could do so if they chose. Among them was Mrs. R., a frivolous, newly married woman who had never been suspected of ever having had a sober, serious impulse, but who was warm hearted and lovable and happened to be first on my list. With this I dismissed the matter for a time from my mind, as we are all wont to do with things that are harrowing, contenting ourselves with a word or promise of possible aid, like the man who always looked upon a debt as paid and canceled after having given his note for the obligation. I chanced to call on Mrs. R. some time after, and what attracted my attention first in the drawing room, after the lovely countenance of the hostess, was an antique empire cabinet surmounted by a bust of Napoleon and inside the identical Sevres.

Surely the stone that the builders rejected had become the head of the corner. I curbed my curiosity until the other visitors were gone, and then, over a cup of tea, asked and heard the story.

"It was one day last week," said Mrs. R. "George was home to luncheon. You know I made him promise beforehand that he'd always come home to luncheon unless I was going out. Well, George was home and brought papa with him, and then they [illegible] going to a directors' meeting [illegible] rose leaf; Fred sent them from New York—of some new company they have just organized. Papa is president and there's ever so much capital behind it. Their offices are lovely, in the Altruria building—you know those new corporations always have such fine offices. Don't you like flowers? Try a nougat. Of course they were talking business, and when some one came I was glad to get out and let them finish alone.

"Here was this pitiful little woman, quite handsome at one time, I should say, but faded and out of style. Why, I knew she was in trouble before she spoke, for no pretty woman would wear such clothes unless she had to, and I guess, after all, I was sorrier for her on that account than anything else. Yes, and when she showed me that china—now, I don't know anything about such things and just have more glass and china than there are places to put it; people send so many of those things for presents now—well, I told her I didn't need any dishes, but if there was anything else I could do— Just then papa came in, and in a minute he was wild. He didn't see the lady or anything else, but just those dishes. 'Why, it's royal Sevres! Where did it come from? It's 100 years old!' he cried, and he examined the painting and the mark—watermark, I believe, isn't it? When he had finished his ecstasies, I explained the lady wished to sell it. He was aghast. To sell such a treasure for $25 was rank robbery. 'Why, don't you know they are priceless?' he exclaimed.

"I never saw anything get the better of papa's business judgment before. He asked how she came to want to part with them, and she told us, oh, the most pitiful story. Her husband was out of employment and they had suffered everything for months; didn't have enough to eat, I suppose. I never knew that kind of refined people could get so poor. Papa bought the china for part of my New Year's gift. I don't know how much he gave. You can't ask about a present. And George gave her an address and told her to have her husband call at the office in the morning. I never was so happy in my life. After the men and the little woman were gone I had a good cry. I was in the midst of it when Dr. D. called, and of course I had to tell him why I was crying and everything. He was so interested, and he had a curious look on his face and said: 'Thy ways are not our ways. Mrs. R., your father is the best man I ever knew.' And you know papa isn't a church member at all; hardly ever goes to church.

"He's a very able man, the little woman's husband, George says. They put him into the office of the company and think of making him manager after the first of the year. He told George that his wife is all that saved him in his trouble, and she sees good in it all and says their trials only made them nearer to each other and that I won't know what love is until trouble comes and we fight it down together. We've talked of it since. It's curious how she happened to come to us. It seems as if something must have sent her at last, doesn't it?"

Perhaps.—Chicago Post.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

A Good Old Custom That Should Not Be Allowed to Die.

The formal custom of receiving New Year's calls has nearly died out in our large cities, it having been superseded by the regular afternoon and informal evening receptions, to which gentlemen take more kindly than to the old fashioned New Year's party. The good old Knickerbocker habit has not, however, died out altogether. It has only been broken up into different forms, the result of the complex conditions of modern life. Some families still maintain the custom in its entirety. Some give formal dinners, not the "family" dinner, which is usually the part of the Christmas festival, and in the country carriage loads not infrequently go round from house to house making merry calls, picking up additions to the party and finally ending with supper at some hospitable house and in an evening with games, refreshed by apples, roast chestnuts, homemade plum cake and sweet cider.

It is now said that this custom of making New Year's calls in the city belongs to a time when making calls had not become a daily business pursued for want of other occupation by men and women of leisure. It is true that it belongs to a time when men were too busy to do much visiting and gladly seized this annual opportunity of looking up old friends, and especially the busy wives and mothers they had known as girls, and recalling and recounting the scenes and events of their youth.

This annual brightening of the links of old friendship is the special function of New Year's calls. The day is put to very bad use when it is employed in a mere effort to count up a long list of names of people whom one may have seen yesterday, or the day before, or who have no steady purpose to prevent them from calling every day of their lives.

Of course one does not want to miss one's intimates on such a day, but there is not the same object in setting apart a day for them, and this is the reason why so many people who have "traveled" relinquish the custom when they return home to a life based, so far as possible, on what they have heard and seen abroad.

But there are many who represent the oldest and best families who cling to old habits, who do not spend half their lives abroad, but who are the strength and honor of the best enterprises and efforts at home. Then there are others, busy professional and business men and women, who form the largest part of our "best" society, who, perhaps, do the most to formulate its habits and perpetuate its customs, and to those the 1st of January as a day of freedom and devotion to the social idea is a boon which they welcome apart from its significance and the desire to perpetuate it as a custom.—Philadelphia Press.

An Undeveloped Idea.

Some years ago, according to the Boston Transcript, an inventor who had devised a new sleeping car took his plans to Mr Pullman The latter, after looking over them, said: "There is an idea there. I will give you $100,000 cash for your patents." The inventor was a poor man, and he would not accept the terms. He said that if the idea was worth $100,000 to Pullman it was worth millions to him. The car was built and proved a financial failure, and it is believed that even to this day the inventor does not know where the "idea" was whose presence Mr Pullman discerned in the working plans.

The Bloody Meadow.

Tewkesbury, where a famous battle was fought during the war of the roses, is in Gloucestershire, at the confluence of the Avon and the Severn and 180 miles from London The battle was fought on the Bloody meadow, just outside the modern town, and, according to local tradition, one night in every year on the anniversary of the conflict the adherents of the white and red roses meet and fight the battle over again.

Among the Vosges peasant children born at the new moon are supposed to have tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter have better reasoning powers. A daughter [illegible] the waxing moon is always

NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN

GREEN ARCHES DECORATE EVERY PORTAL.

The Ship of Wealth and Seven Gods of Fortune and Happiness—Japan's Venus and Santa Claus—Old Man of Longevity—Quaint Legends of Antiquity.

In Japan "the glad new year" is a season of much festivity and innocent mirth. Every portal is decorated, and each object of which the decoration is composed has a symbolic meaning. The usual form of the decoration is a green arch. On the right is placed a small pine tree with a reddish stem and on the left one with a black stem. Fancy has attributed to the light one a feminine and to the dark one a masculine sex. Also this hardy tree symbolizes a stalwart age that has withstood the storms and struggles of existence. Close to the pines on either side are set graceful stems of bamboo, which, rising erect with succession of rings, forms a fit symbol of hale life and fullness of years. The distance between the pines—about six feet—is spanned by a grass rope, sufficiently raised to admit of passage beneath it. This, according to its symbolic purpose, debars all unclean and evil things from crossing the threshold.

Among the decorations hung in the arch is the takara-bune, "the ship of wealth," a miniature ship of twisted straw, in which are seated the seven gods of fortune and happiness. The names and functions of these seven gods of fortune are worthy of attention. Fukurokuji, the first figure which attracts notice, is an old man with a very tall head. He is known as the ancient star of the south pole, the luminary which presides over human life and by its appearance announces peace to the world.

Bishamon, the next figure, is the heavenly protector of priests and the special patron of all who wish to become expert swordsmen, horsemen and scholars. He stands, armed cap-a-pie, grasping a long spear in his right hand, while in his left he holds a miniature pagoda which contains the soul of the devout. Those who pray to him are told that "he can grant them good fortune more swiftly than the flight of an arrow from the bow."

Near to this oriental man is Benten, the Venus of the company, a comely woman, holding a stringed instrument of music, the emblem of harmony. Actors and people who make their living by amusing the public look to her for attractiveness and ability to acquire wealth.

Hotei, the least dignified of the seven, but the greatest favorite of the populace at large, is supposed to have been a priest, remembered for his portly form, his love of children and for a large cloth bag, which he always carried. He is the Japanese Santa Claus; a merry old fellow whose heart retains a boyish freshness notwithstanding the wrinkles on his brow, sharing with zest the sports of children who take liberties with him as with a playmate and claim him as their own. His bag, always full, may be put to many uses. It may be a bed upon which he can rest his limbs at night, or a receptacle for the thousand precious things which he has gathered, or a trap for little boys and girls who are enticed inside to see the marvelous things it is supposed to contain, or the treasury from which he dispenses gifts to all good children; for he is of keen discernment, with eyes in the back of his head, and, able to see around corners, he can easily distinguish the good from the bad.

Ebisu, a short figure with a jovial countenance, is the guardian of markets and trades. He is the third son of Izanagi and Izanami no mikoto, the creators of great Japan and the progenitors of the mikado, but he reflects little credit on his illustrious parentage, for he is a cripple. He is represented in pictures as sitting by the sea on a rock, with a fishing rod in his hands and a large red tail, the turbot of the Japanese banquet, under his arm, and on his head a cap worn by persons of rank.

Daikoku, the god of wealth, is a short, stout, well to do looking figure, standing upon a pair of rice bales, holding a large mallet in one hand and with the other grasping the mouth of a bag, filled with wind, slung over his shoulder. He is painted blue, the color of heaven, wears a black cap, the crown of which projects forward over his brow, and is attended by a rat with which he sometimes amuses himself. The moral is, human nature is prone to ambition, therefore a low figure and humble attitude are most befitting it. The bag slung over his shoulder represents wealth, hard to be acquired; like the wind, not easy to be controlled and ready to escape; therefore to be held fast. The cap coming well over the forehead prevents too high looks and keeps the eyes intent upon the realities of life, without which there can be no success. The mallet is the symbol of labor by which wealth is acquired, and the bales of rice on which he stands show that he is the patron of agricultural prosperity. All classes of the people honor him, and his image is in every house.

Jirojin, the seventh of these gods, is the duplicate of Fukurokuju. He is represented as a venerable man of dignified bearing, clad in long robes of a bygone time, bearing a fan and supporting his footsteps by a crooked staff from which is suspended a manuscript roll, while by his side are the stag, the stork and the tortoise, emblems of longevity.

These seven divinities, like the nine muses, are thus charged with functions of great import in relation to the lower world. Their names are woven into cradle songs, to the sound of which many a Japanese child is hushed to his earliest infant sleep. This song is used especially to announce the rowing into port of the treasure ship, with the seven gods of fortune aboard, on New Year's eve.

The Old Year.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night.
Ring out wild bells and let him die!

Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!
The year is going. Let him go!
Ring out the false, ring in the true!

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more.
Ring out the feud of rich and poor.
Ring in redress to all mankind.
—Alfred Tennyson.

The great Mohammedan school at Cairo, El Azhar, meaning "The Splendid," has clear records dating as far back as 975.

According to a celebrated anatomist there are upwards of 5,000,000 little glands in the human stomach. These glands pour out the digestive juices which dissolve or digest the food. Indigestion is want of juice, weakness of glands, need of help to restore the health of these organs. The best and *most natural* help is that given by Shaker Digestive Cordial. Natural, because it supplies the materials needed by the glands to prepare the digestive juices. Because it strengthens and invigorates the glands and the stomach, until they are able to do their work alone. Shaker Digestive Cordial cures indigestion and permanently. It does so by natural means, and therein lies the secret of its wonderful and unvaried success. At druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

High Engine and Fire Room Temperatures on a Warship.

The great internal heat that rendered the Amphitrite inefficient was due to lack of provision for ventilation in the engine and boiler spaces. These regions became so hot that little useful work could be done in them, and the lack of air was such as to actually ruin the furnace draft, smoke coming out freely from the holes in the furnace doors. Aside from two small ash hoist tubes in the central part of the fireroom and a small escape hatch forward, there were no openings from the fireroom to the outer air.

The boilers reached nearly to the iron main deck of the vessel, and as the air above them and between the deck beams had no escape it became greatly heated and lay roasting in those spaces. It was impossible for a man to go on the gratings behind the upper parts of the boilers after they had been under steam a few hours, though the main and auxiliary stop valves were there. A board of officers that reported on temperatures in the vessel got at this place only by introducing a thermometer on the end of a long pole, and this thermometer, when fished out and taken to a place where it could be read, showed 202 degrees.

The superstructure containing the cabin