DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILEY

Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,



Having enlarged and otherwise added to the convoniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.

☞ EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

☞ I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Casey.

Office 115 Main street, With Dr. J. T. Twilley.

MEDICAL ANNOUNCDMENT!

I take pleasure in announcing to the friends and patients of the late Dr. T. H. Cooper and to the public generally, that I have purchased all of Dr. Thomas H. Cooper's SPECIAL REMEDIES and offer them to the public. The merit of these remedies are widely known and I am in full possession of hisreceipes. Any one needing these remedies will find me at

344 High St., next door to McFeely's Furniture Store, each day in the week.

DR. F W. HODGKIN,
April 7-tf. Chestertown, Md.

DR. H. BENGE SIMMONS,

HOMOEPATHIC Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house recently vacated by Mr. W. O. B. Knight, opposite Market Space, Chestertown, Md. a28-3t.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
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.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

10 South Street, Room 35, Baltimore, Md., will attend the jury terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.

All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

WILLIAM W. BECK,

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BE sure you get the BEST WORKMEN and the BEST MATERIAL. Don't waste good money on bad material. Masury's Paints are the best on the market. We are the sole agents for this district, and are always ready to show you sample cards and quote prices.

We Will Paper Your Room for $3 and upwards,

and guarantee satisfaction or no money. If

You Want Your Pictures FRAMED,

call and see our selections of Moulding before going elsewhere. They are the finest in town. We can be found at the old stand formerly occupied by P. T. McFeely.

Yours for Business,

W. L. FOWLER,
March 30, 1899. CHESTERTOWN, MD

RESTAURANT AND ICE CREAM PARLORS.

I WISH to announce to my friends and the public generally that I have openeda restaurant and ice cream parlor at the place until recently occupied for the same purposes by Mrs. John L. Shuster. Meals will be furnished at all hours, the service being entirely under my personal care and supervision. Oysters will be served at all times by the pint, quart or gallon. Ice cream, water ices and cake will be served in any quantity desired. Also bread of all kinds. Creams, ices and cake will be served to transient customers.

MRS. J. CORDRAY LOUD,
High street, near Stam's Hall.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 28, 1899. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 25.

A Merry Christmas to All.

We ask you to visit the

Town Hall,

where you will find a choice line of Xmas Gifts.

We often wonder what to purchase for a useful present, so I will give you in part some of the many good things that we have in store at wonderfully low prices:

Goat Lap Robes,	$4.00
Astrican Lap Robes,	3.25
Wool Horse Blankets,	3.50

A large variety to make your selection from.

Ebony Handle Knives & Forks, per set,	1.75
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Fine Table Steels,	30c
Cocoa Floor Mats,	33
Box of good Cigars for	25 & 50
A Good Gun for	6.00
Our Special Set of Harness,	9.75

We have the largest line of Pocket Knives in the county. These articles are only a few of the various lines of goods that we have in stock, and a visit to our place will convince you of the enormous stock of goods we carry constantly in hand.

Isaac Robinson,

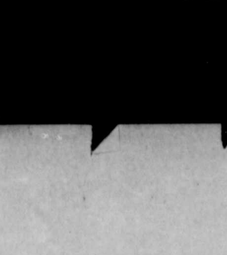
Still Pond, Md.

R. BERGEN'S

DECEMBER SALE!

Marvelous Cut in Prices of Stylish

Cloaks.



FURS SUITS

Capes.

Our Great Reduction Sale of Ladies' Cloaks inaugurated here on December 1st, has eclipsed all previous offerings. No wonder—such offerings of High Grade, Stylish Garments just at the height of the season—are simply wonderful. We invite an inspection of Prices and Styles

A corresponding cut has been made in our Dress Goods Department, consisting of Crepons, Cloths, Serges and Fancy Novelties. These will be offered at prices which defy competition.

A Word About Millinery.

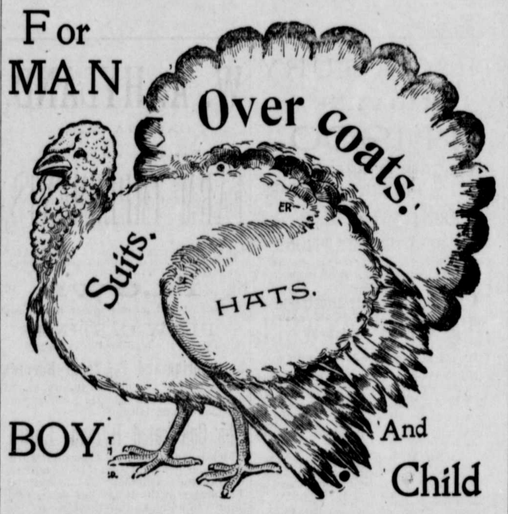
We carry the largest and best assorted stock of Millinery on the Eastern Shore. Our styles will suit the most fastidious and prices have been cut one-half.

☞ Remember, when in want of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Cloaks, Suits, Furs and Millinery, look for

R. BERGEN,
The Leading Merchant of Chestertown.

A Happy New Year.

For MAN



Our various lines are all complete, and such an assortment with prices attached that causes a trip to the city entirely out of the question.

Respectfully,

Moody & Lusby,

Directly opposite Court House. Square Dealing Clothiers.

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THE "NECESSARY" MAGAZINE

The best-informed men and women in the world use the AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS to keep well informed, and call it the "necessary" and "indispensable" magazine. In the busy rush of to-day ambitious men and women must know about the important questions of the month, and not only this, they want to know about them at the right time. When the whole country is puzzled over the gigantic combination of trusts, a well-informed article is printed in the AMERICAN MONTHLY, giving the facts, and its editor discusses the theory; when the Dreyfus affair is in everyone's mouth, the best story of Dreyfus and the great case comes out in this magazine.

Every month, in "The Progress of the World," Dr. Albert Shaw gives a comprehensive picture of the world's history during the previous thirty days. In the departments, the valuable articles and books that have been published during the past month are reviewed and quoted from, so that the readers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY can get the gist of them. In every issue nearly a hundred pictures are printed, including the portraits of the men and women who are making the history of the month.

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HACKETT'S

Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing Parlor,

Still Pond.

THE DYING YEAR.

Goodby Old Year! We speed the parting guest.
Although your life was short, you lived your span.
You have your time to live and die like man,
And now has come your time to go to rest.
You rounded out the life you well began,
You frolicked with the Spring when you were young,
And to the lang radiant Summer clung.
When o'er the hills the blushing Autumn ran,
You followed her and lingered at her side
Until she fled when Winter came in sight,
Armed with his weapons for a sturdy fight.
With him so grim you could not well abide,
You being old and weak, he in his prime.
Death comes to you just in the nick of time.

—Boston Transcript.

Halverson's Awakening.

It was all over with Halverson, and even his tossed and harassed brain, seeking some way out, knew it well. He was done. To his fitful struggles an end had come, or must come now, this day. Another morning would be too hateful. Whether fate were unkind or merely remorselessly just was an inquiry he did not seek to make, for it would be futile. It was too late for speculation. What good to analyze the past for causes when the irresistible, impending effect was upon him—when it had not only knocked at his door, but had entered and stood waiting, beckoning and impatient?



SHE BROUGHT IN A LAMP AS HE DREW ON HIS SHOES.

The old year was going out. So must he, too, go out, like a big candle, but whither? What care does old Time take of his children, the dead years? Where do wearied souls find haven when the clay which gave them tenement is cold? He propped his back with pillows and sat up in bed, staring out the window into the falling gloom of the short December afternoon, but seeing not even the scattered flakes of snow banished from a few scurrying clouds marking the winter sky with swift changing formations. His thoughts were introspective, but dominating them all in gloomy monotone, like the irreverent booming of a deep toned bell marking a sunken reef, telling of destruction standing with jaws agape, was that one he could not escape if he would—he was done; he was done; here was the end!

The barren room, ill clad even for that poor tenement, excited his disgust as with a long groan he came back to his surroundings. It smelled evil, too, like a basement dive, for he had slept there long—how long he hardly knew—and it reeked of his potations. He got up unsteadily and, drawing on his trousers, flung up a window overlooking the street. The fresh, keen air rushed upon him bitingly, but he seemed not to feel its sting. Leaning far out, he drank it eagerly. Lighted cars, filled with home going people who seemed gay, hurried past on North Clark street, parkward, to the runic rhyme of the cable, to the clanging of the bells the gripmen gave voice in warning or in greeting. Most of the passengers carried little bundles. Some of them held boughs or wreaths of decorative evergreen. Tomorrow would be the New Year. They were going home, content, perhaps with good resolutions. Going where? Home! Where was his home? What was it? He shivered and, shutting down the window, drew to the pile of huddled clothes which lay upon the floor beside his bed.

The door behind him opened softly, letting in a shaft of yellow light from the room beyond, and it threw across the floor, even to his feet, the shadow of the woman who loved him. As she stood there, looking uncertainly into the dusk where he sat obscured, his eyes were still bent upon that silhouette, picturing on the coarse matting her waved hair, her fair outline, all grace and dear womanhood, all his—the pearl he had won as prize in life's tourney and flung away.

"George!" his wife called gently. "Are you getting up?"

He grunted roughly, for in truth a new kindled emotion choked him, and he would not trust his tongue.

As if in echo of his voice there came from the lighted room the sound of clattering blocks and falling tin, a swift patter of little feet and an eager, childish treble crying out gleefully:

"Oh, mamma, is papa up?"

A boy of 6 years ran past his mother and, with instinctive seeking, like steel to magnet, plunged through the semi-darkness straight into his father's arms with a shout of joy.

The man cuddled him close, but beneath his breath uttered something like another groan.

"Santa Claus is coming tomorrow, papa," the child said, and as the man sat still, only hugging him closer, he went on: "Because, you know, he couldn't get here Christmas, he was so busy, and there were so many poor children he had to see. But he's coming tomorrow. Mamma said so, didn't you, mamma? And, say"—he put up his lips confidentially and whispered—"we've got a chicken and some nuts."

"Bring in the lamp, Kate," said Halverson hoarsely, struggling up from the clinging child. "I've got to dress and go."

"Supper is nearly ready," she said. "You'll eat with us, won't you? It isn't often we have you nowadays, George."

"I've got to go," he repeated.

She brought in a lamp as he drew on his shoes and fastened his suspenders. He strode to the little mirror in the cheap pine dresser and lathered his face before it in silence. The boy looked on in interested silence as he began to shave himself. The woman sat upon the bed and regarded him wistfully, but in silence also.

The odor of stewing foods came from the other rooms. The man nodded his head significantly toward the open door as his razor paused.

"The neighbors must have sent something in," he said, with a bitter sneer, "or was it the county agent? What's all this talk about Santa Claus anyway? Have you been mocking your own child again? Aren't things bad enough without that?"

His tone was harsh, and the woman smiled pathetically. She answered gently:

"A mother doesn't mock her baby, Georgie will have all he has been led to expect tomorrow anyway. And it's the New Year, George, dear"—she rose and came to him, putting her hand on his shoulder—"it's the New Year, full of hope, if not of promise. Can't we be brave together? You always have said you wanted only a chance; that something must turn up. Perhaps it will when the New Year comes."

He shook the hand away, and the razor cut his cheek.

"You must have had a windfall," he snarled as he stanched the wound. "You talk like you might be an heiress. It wasn't the neighbors, then?"

"There was no windfall," she answered slowly. "I was only trying to hold on for your sake and—and his. I had a ring, you know."

Her voice faltered, and he wheeled sharply, looking into her face. She held up her bare left hand and smiled into his eyes bravely for one fitting moment. Then she flung herself prone upon the bed, shaking with convulsive sobs. The child ran to her and, burying his face in her skirts, cried too.

Halverson made haste to finish dressing. As he hurried into his ulster his wife rose quickly and staid him with a gesture.

"You won't stay?"

"I can't," he muttered surlily. "I have an engagement."

"You'll be back tonight?"

"Where else could I go?" he answered, but his eyes evaded hers.

"George," she said pleadingly, "tomorrow will be New Year's. There is something I wish you would bring me home tonight for a New Year's gift. Will you?" His wife clung to him as she spoke, both arms around his neck.

"What is it?" he asked. His throat was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight.

"A new man, George," she said brokenly.

He kissed her, stooped and kissed the boy and went out without a word.

Halverson walked with uncertain, hesitating steps eastward in the dim bystreet to Clark. Empty cars were running southward. It was 6 o'clock. The sky was clearing, and the night promised fair. Along the great artery of the North Side, smooth in its new dress of asphalt, the brilliant electric light shone in farfetching lanes, a milky way fallen to gross earth. As the bell of an approaching train heralded its coming he felt mechanically in his pockets for fare. There was nothing. Shrugging closer into his collar, he started riverward, walking more briskly now. He was shivering, although well clad, and within a block he entered a saloon. The barkeeper was alone.

"I guess you'll have to let me have one on credit till next time, Dick," said Halverson, with affected briskness. "It's pretty sharp outside, old man. Off the shelf, please."

The barkeeper looked at him curiously as he poured out a glassful of whisky and drank it eagerly.

"You look like a ghost, sure enough," his host commented as Halverson set down the glass. "What have you been doing to yourself, my son?"

A roistering party of young men burst through the doorway before Halverson could answer. He knew them all, and they greeted him effusively.

"We're out for sport tonight, Georgie, my lad. Come along and see the old year out. Be a good fellow!" cried one, slapping his back with zealous energy.

Halverson laughed. "I'm broke tonight, Charley," he said airily, as if it were a joke he could not but relish.

"That makes no difference," returned Charley boisterously. "I've got enough for both of us. Just drew a month's pay, you know. Come on."

What did it matter? Since he was going to end it all, was going to make his escape, was going to shuffle off his responsibilities this night before ever the new year dawned, what did it matter? One more night, with the riot of spirits in his shaking pulses, a last whirl of the town! It might harden his grim resolution. He would go, and he went.

It was ten hours later when a porter with bucket, mop and broom shook him roughly by the shoulder. He found himself sleeping heavily in a chair in an all night saloon in Fifth avenue. How he had come there he did not remember.

"Get out and get some air! It's New Year's!" called the white aproned man behind the bar. "You ain't dead, are you?"

Halverson rose with a start, awake. Recollection had rushed upon him like an armed man and thrust home. He knew what he had to do and grimly set to do it quickly. Without a word he went out. He walked fast to Randolph street and put his face to the east. So this was the hour! Well, he was ready. The water might be cold, but he would not shiver long. He went on swiftly.

Presently he was aware one paced behind him with equal step. If he slackened, the other lagged. When he put forth a brisker foot, the other held to his heel. This annoyed him, but he did not look around. "I will shake him off at the viaduct," he said to himself.

"You are in haste tonight," the other called banteringly over his shoulder. "Why tonight? Why not yesterday? Why not ten years ago? Why not tomorrow?"

The other drew beside him. Halverson looked furtively and knew his companion, though it had been long since they had spoken. A gloomy frown clouded his flushed brow.

"It must be tonight. It is the end," he said, as if in apology.

"Ah!" said the other. "Is it so? It is you, then, who will leave it all behind, who will flee, who will be the coward? What of them? What of her? What of the boy? Must they bear the brunt alone?"

"I cannot help it," he faltered. "They can be no worse off anyway. And it isn't my fault. It's the cursed luck!" he ended savagely.

"Yes, the 'cursed luck,'" the other answered, echoing his own innermost thought. "Whose cursed luck? Theirs, not yours. Has she been loyal, devoted, loving, true, forbearing, a wife, a mother? And has he called you papa, dear, and looked with his deep truthful eyes to you as his shield and his refuge, his solace, his God? And you, what have you done? Have you poured your patrimony down your throat? Have you sunk your manhood at the gaming cloth? Have you paid love with neglect and cast the joys of fatherhood to swine? Have you, who have talent and education and once had friends, sold your possessions stick by stick until your wife pawns her wedding ring to buy fire and food for her baby—and for you?"

Halverson hung his head. They were on the viaduct now. The other drew yet closer until he touched him. A pale light faltered among the stars which marked the east before them. They walked on together.

"Pah!" cried the other in a burst of high scorn. "You sicken me. You are less courageous than the mere beast, you with a brain. Do you think you are nothing? Do you believe by pulling the shelter of the lake over your own miserable head and body you preserve your honor? Why, man, man man! Awake!"

They stood far out upon the long pier beside the deep water.

"Even now," the other cried, with energy, turning Halverson to him, so that they looked in each other's set face, "a sweet faced woman kneels beside your bed and prays. Tears fall from her eyes upon a little, restless child, who stirs and snuggles to her, asking, with shut eyes, 'Is papa home yet, mamma?'"

"O God!" Halverson burst out in agony, stretching forth his arms.

The other caught his hands and held them tightly.

"You made a promise," he said very softly. "You sealed it with a kiss. Kate begged of you a New Year's gift



SHOOK HIM ROUGHLY BY THE SHOULDER.

to make her happy. Shall it be hers? See, the sun is rising from the lake. The new year is dawning. Shall it be hers?"

Halverson fell upon his knees. The specter of his quickened conscience faded from his grasp and left him there alone. Two tears, priceless gems, dug from the mine of his reformation, crept across his cheeks, now pallid, but there was a new light in his deep eyes. The sun was tiptoe on the water's edge. Across the rippled lake from the full orb even to his knees shone a golden pathway leading up, it seemed to him, to higher things.

He rose and stood erect, facing the day. Lifting up his arms, he cried out aloud:

"Oh, Kate! Oh, wife! You have your New Year's gift. I go to you a man."—Chicago Chronicle.

NEW YEAR'S IN SCOTLAND.

Bringing In the New Year at Tron Church, Edinburgh.

New Year's is the great Scottish holiday. Christmas is of course an official holiday, and in the large towns, despite old prejudices, its observance is becoming more recognized among the better business houses. But for the general population of the country the New Year is the great holiday festival, and, though temperance sentiment is making its way, there is still a great deal of hard drinking at this season. It is none the less a fact, however, that the spread of temperance education and the better amusement of the people are gradually having their influence in making New Year's less of a saturnalia than it was wont to be.

Bringing in the New Year at the Tron church, Edinburgh, is a time honored custom which does not seem to be falling into disuse. On the last night of 1898 thousands of young people, with a sprinkling of older persons, congregated as usual at the Tron church, which is in the heart of old Edinburgh, to speed the passing year. When the church clock showed midnight, a loud cheer was raised, handshaking became general, the old salutation, "A happy New Year!" was heard on all sides, and, bottles of the national beverage having been produced from topcoat pockets, healths were generously pledged. After this had been done bands of roistering youths and maidens set off to "first foot" their friends.—Chicago Record.

ROMAN NEW YEAR'S.

Various Dates Celebrated at Different Periods.

The good old Romans, who had some hard common sense in spite of their self conceit, believed thoroughly in New Year's day. They were characteristically careless as to when it should be celebrated, and sometimes it was held at various dates of the year by communities living at no greater distance from each other than a railroad train would take them in these days in a few hours. But so long as they got the full number of high days and holidays into the 12 months the good old Romans cared little whether they adhered strictly to the almanac or not.

Even when Christianity became an established institution in the land and the Christian leaders began to systematize the days for celebrations in which the church participated there was still a difference of opinion as to the day on which New Year's could properly be celebrated. It is even on record that New Year's day has been kept on the date set apart for Christmas, while it got so mixed up with the other divisions of time at another period that it was kept on Easter day one year and on the 1st of March on another. It is necessary to trace the celebration of the first New Year's day clear down to the sixteenth century before any definite understanding of the proper day for the celebration can be found.—Brooklyn Citizen.

New Year's Gifts In Spain.

In Spain, as well as in Portugal, the luxury to which a pretty woman devotes the most care and attention is the lace used in the fashioning of her fan and, above all, of her mantilla. Few men have any idea until they attempt to make a New Year's offering of this kind of the amount of money that can be lavished on even the tiniest piece of lace, particularly if it happens to be old Italian or Spanish point, dating from the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Ignorant as the Spanish woman is on most subjects, she is conspicuous for her profound and extensive knowledge of the different kinds of lace, and her talent for distinguishing point d'alencon from point d'argentan, and point de venise from that old Italian point known by the name of Greek lace, is only equaled by the grace with which she wears the national mantilla and maneuvers her fan.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dig down to the *cause* of your sickness if you want to get well and stay well. Most likely it's indigestion. The irritating poisons of fermenting, putrid food, left in the stomach by indigestion, cause headache, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, stomachache, nausea, irritability, and all the other well-known symptoms of indigestion.

They also cause many pains and disorders which are often laid to other causes and hence are not easily cured. But as soon as the poisons are *removed*, all these symptoms and disorders *disappear*, because there is nothing left to cause them. Nothing succeeds in this like Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it *prevents* the undigested food from fermenting in the stomach and *helps* the stomach to digest its food.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type) 3 or less insertions, $1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

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JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

The Closing Year.

With mistletoe and holly
Upon your bier
Make room for youth and folly,
Thou sad Old Year!

You've felt the pains and sorrows
That mortals know;
We long for new tomorrows,
So bid you go.

We'll give the joys you've brought us
A last goodby
And failures that you've taught us
A passing sigh.

When sunshine gilds your coffin
With hope and cheer,
The world's hard heart will soften
And shed a tear.

But, a new year discerning
Beyond your tomb,
All mortals will be turning
From grief and gloom.

They'll place a wreath of holly
Upon your grave
And haste to greet the folly
That once you gave.

—Omaha Bee.

OLD TIME NEW YEAR'S

HOW CELEBRATED IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Public Displays of Pomp and Pageantry—Mary Queen of Scots' Propitiatory Present—An Occasion For Renewal of Friendship.



IN OLDEN times all the European courts, England included, took New Year's as an opportunity for a marvelous public display of pomp, merriment and prodigalities. It was in one of these grand pageantries, 1562, that Queen Elizabeth, in a state visit to St Paul's cathedral, severely rebuked the dean for having so thoughtlessly laid on her cushion, as a token of love and respect, a prayer book, richly bound and full of splendid illustrations of the apostles and martyrs, at the very moment when the sovereign had issued stringent laws against "superstitious images and pictures."

On that festival, too, foreign princes in the course of their travels were expected to officially attend the reception of whatever court they then happened to be visiting. A glimpse of the parade surrounding such formalities is given in the description of the equestrian procession of the Swedish prince, who in 1569 presented his respects to the virgin queen in all due ceremony. Gorgeously appareled himself, and his steed not less so, the royal visitor was accompanied by a large retinue, clad in velvet and heavy gold chains, the guards carrying halberts.

Truly, one wonders at the trouble and expense incurred by the noble travelers in those days of slow communications, strict etiquette and magnificent display. As a family gathering New Year's day always proved an occasion for renewal of friendship and reconciliation. Who does not remember, for instance, the anecdote of the Prince of Wales, son of Henry V, who, anxious to appease his irritated father and to show him how unjustly he had been slandered, appeared in court, on the grand anniversary of universal good will, in his blue student's robe, pierced round the collar with eyelets corresponding in number with the years he had spent at the university. From each tiny hole hung a needle and thread. By this mute and original pleading, variously interpreted, the dutiful son is, however, credited with intending to clear himself from the imputation of being a spendthrift. Had he not carefully and obediently kept the needle and thread given every year by the bursar to Oxford students with the fatherly advice, "Take this and be thrifty?"

The unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, eagerly availed herself of this opportunity to propitiate her cousin Elizabeth, to whom she sent cunning headdresses of network, likewise collars and cuffs, knitted gold hair nets and rare and beautiful embroideries. Among the latter was conspicuous a basquine, or Spanish coat, which, when worn with the mantilla, wrapped the figure much after the style of the Turkish female garb! Many illusions to special money for her New Year's generosities are found in the august prisoner's correspondence.

No doubt the great characteristic of the eventful day was the lavishness with which gifts were distributed in every class of society as tokens of love, respect and gratitude, amounting sometimes to bribery. Indeed this delicate way of securing the favor of judges and high officials became such a source of abuses that in 1290 it had to be forbidden by law. Yet even as late as 1688 James II himself still accepted such tokens from his subjects. As an example of these offerings from successful suitors may be mentioned a pair of gloves containing 50 angels, or half sovereigns, presented on New Year's day by a Mrs. Croaker to Sir Thomas More in recognition of his decision in her favor in a suit against Lord Arundel. "It would be against good manners," said the chancellor, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves. The lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere." In fact, during this festive season gloves were customary gifts in the sixteenth century, but on account of their cost money was often given instead; hence it became known as "glove money."

The purchase of two pairs of lined gloves for Queen Anne of Denmark had so exhausted the savings of the beautiful but poor Arabella Stuart that she was reduced to knit a purse as a humble but dutiful New Year's offering to James I. Lady Mary Grey, more fortunate, had been able in 1578 to present her beloved Queen Marie Stuart not only two pairs of sweet gloves, but four dozen gold buttons, with a seed pearl in the center of each. Occasionally, too, presents embodied some allegory or hidden meaning only understood by the giver and receiver. The quaint though unattractive jewel affecting the shape of a dark lantern, sent in Scotland by Harrington to James, carried with it the long expected news that his accession to the English throne was but a matter of a few days or even hours. How eloquently it expressed "the failing lamp of life was very dim with the departing queen and would soon be veiled in the darkness of the tomb."—London Queen.

New Year's Dinner.

Oyster Soup.
Boiled Codfish, Egg Sauce.
Escaloped Oysters.
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing.
Cranberry Sauce.
Escarole Salad. Pumpkin Pie.
Ice Cream.
American Cheese.
Cakes. Fruit. Coffee.

—Chicago Tribune.

An English Custom.

Carrying branches of evergreens hung with apples, oranges and gayly colored ribbons, the children still parade the streets of some old English towns, "agganowing," as it is called, from the words of the ditty they sing:

We're come to give you warning
It's New Year's day a-morning,
With a hey and a how
And an aggan agganow.

—Atlanta Constitution.

NEW YEAR'S VOWS.

Good Advice For Those Who Would Lead Better Lives.

Young man, would you swear off indeed? Think of your mother, her white hair and deathless words. Think of your stalwart father, stern, but just, and prouder of you than any earthly fame or name. Think of the men your sins damn. Think of the men your good life would redeem. You can't save the race, a single city even, but take some life tomorrow and make it your concern. Say to your neighbor at your desk:

"Tom, old boy, you are in trouble. I have known it for some time. I want to help you. Don't be afraid of me. Don't laugh at me. Tell me what is wrong. I'll help you bear it. I am no saint myself, but I mean to be a better man." You will get him if he is worth saving. Take a single family of poor ones, smitten sorely this hard winter. It is too late now for a Christmas dinner, but coal and clothing and common food and an hour's chat now and then will tide them over and save you.

You may "swear off" with oaths unique and varied until you totter into your grave, still "swearing off" against death and hell, but every vow will be broken unless you learn to think of God and your fellow men. Don't mope; don't go away alone and think of yourself, your craving nerves, your past sins, your blasted hopes, your forgetful friends, your isolated and defeated life. That is suicidal. Don't, on the other hand, be sanctimonious; don't pretend; don't even tell your friends that you have turned over a new leaf; don't undertake too much. You can best think of God and men in company with those who are thinking as you want to think. For this end our Lord established his kingdom on earth.—Rev. Barton O. Aylesworth.

NEW YEAR'S IN RUSSIA.

Customs of the Festival Peculiar to the Land of the Czar.

In the smaller cities in Russia New Year's day is in the 12 days' festival. The Russians in many parts have held to the old ways from time immemorial. The preparations for the season begin early in November. The host of some great house begins to lay in stores of salted beef and sausages, liquors, etc.

The hostess calls on all her friends and invites young and old. Next day she is succeeded by the nurse, who makes the same round of visits. Her duty is especially to invite the young ladies. She is hailed with joy, and the lady of the house hastens to mix for her the cup of wine. She delivers her errand and is plied with questions as to the invited and the rejected. But the most important question is, "Who are the elected?" These are the young men invited by the hostess for the girls, or "fair maidens," as they are called. The duty of the young man thus designated is to look after the amusement and pleasure of his "fair maiden" for the "12 days." The responsibility of the choice lying with the hostess, she has to be careful in her selections.—New York World.

A Sultan's New Year Gift.

A courteous exchange of presents was frequent between sovereigns of various nations. One of the most feminine instances typical of the fashions and customs of the day is apparent in the offerings sent in 1559 by Sultana Valide to the great Elizabeth. It consisted of a costly robe and girdle and five handkerchiefs, two wrought in gold and three in oriental silks, together with rare necklaces of pearls and rubies and a wreath of diamonds.

New Year's Loving Cup.

A bowl of spiced ale, in which were roasted apples, toast and sugar, was carried round from house to house New Year's eve by the village maidens, who sang songs and wished every one a happy New Year. The loving cup of present times is a relic of this ancient and still observed English custom.—Selected.

Puritan New Year's.

The Puritans objected to New Year's gifts as a heathenish custom, but it was quite as universal as Christmas gifts.—Exchange.

Happy New Year!

"Happy New Year!" Like a bell,
Peals the happy, joyous call.
"Happy New Year!" Louder yet!
"Happy New Year, one and all!"

As the cheery cry rings out
Winter storms are all forgot;
Gloomy skies are summer blue;
Tears no more life's pages blot

Hope again with tints of rose
Paints our castles in the air.
Happy thoughts drive care away,
And happy smiles our faces wear.



"Happy New Year!" once again
Falls upon our waiting ear.
Childish is the voice that calls,
Joyous, fearless, sweet and clear.

Years slip off, and youth anew
Fires our blood like mellow wine.
Age and honors count for naught—
Sixty's sadder far than nine!

"Happy New Year!" Speed the wish!
Send it thrilling through the air
Till every heart beats perfect time
To "Happy New Year!" everywhere.

—New York Press

Trouble In Teaching Monkeys.

An experienced animal trainer says: "As a rule, monkeys are readily trained, but occasionally there is one, as in the human species, who is a dunce and won't learn anything, is positively stupid and refuses persistently to become educated. The trouble in teaching monkeys is largely that they are mischievous. They try to overdo things and do things which are not wanted of them, so that in order to make them perform as desired steady drilling is necessary, although they grasp an idea quickly. The only two species of animals which can be taught by precept and example are the chimpanzee and the orang outang. They are imitators, and to instruct them in doing a thing it is only necessary for the trainer to do it first himself, and then either one of these will imitate him."—Washington Post.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me." For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

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