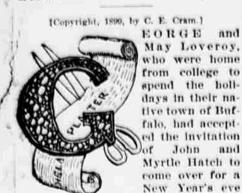
A SURE CURE.

A REW YEAR'S STORY BY C. E. CRAM, M. D.



EORGE and May Loveroy, who were home from college to spend the holidays in their native town of Buffalo, had accepted the invitation of John and Myrtle Hatch to come over for a

supper and stay for the night. It was a jolly party of six, including Mr. and Mrs. Zacharish Hatch, that encircled the table at that last supper of the dying year. Myrtle's married brother, Edward Hatch, and his young wife had promised to be home for the holiday, intending to come up from Rochester on the evening train. Their nonappearance was the only cloud that hung over the Hatch homestead that night.

As in every reunion of old friends, it would be easier to tell what they didn't than what they did talk about, but it was when music was the subject claiming attention that Myrtle remarked:

"Since you went away I've lost my voice. I cannot sing for any length of time without becoming hoarse." "Ditto here," added John.

"You should try our Professor Debeau's prescription," advised George. "Which is"

"Professor Debeau, our instructor in vocal music, says such trouble results almost entirely from a person's breathing through his mouth, especially when asleep.

"Did he suggest a remedy?"

"Yes. He says that the best remedy is to take a wide strip of isinglass plaster and to fasten the lips together with it and leave it on all night. If you buy a yard of the plaster and use it every night, before it's gone your voice is all right. It's sure death to snoring too."

"Did you ever try it?" was John's

"No-o," admitted George, "but several of the boys at college thought it cured their hoarseness, and sore Throats, too, at times, and one thing is certain-it will keep a person from moring."

The pleasant evening enjoyed by the gathering has nothing to do with our story. Suffice it to say that an hour or so after the party rose from the supper table the young men excused themselves and left May and Myrtle to an exchange of confidences while they set out for a stroll. Hardly had the door closed upon their departing forms when Myrtle exclaimed: "May, I have promised to sing at an enteraninment next week and have been Breading it for days. Suppose we buy some of that plaster and use it to-

May had been thinking of just the

"Agreed, but we mustn't let the boys know anything about it," was the re-

And, with considerable laughter at the toke, as they conceived it, of testing Professor Debeau's remedy with-



"A YARD OF PLASTER, PLEASE." out the knowledge of their brothers, wraps were hurried on, and the girls were soon on their way to the nearest drug store.

Having secured their treasure, Myrtle and May hurried back and were soon in the privacy of Myrtle's room. An hour or so later they decided, as May expressed it, to "muzzle themselves" and retire for the night. May had felt a tickling in her throat that was doubtless of an imaginary or sympathetic nature and had decided to try the cure herself. So each cut a generous strip of the plaster, moistened and applied it and sat down, hands pressed tightly over mouth, waiting for the plaster to dry.

Naturally when the drying process was completed they found it impossible to speak. So they had recourse to paper and pencil to describe their first sensations as mutes and were soon ready to pay their respects at the whrine of Somnos.

While the young folks had been enjoying themselves in the parlor Mr. and Mrs. Hatch had been in the sitting room, he with his paper and she with her knitting. It was the wife who looked up and said:

"Zachariah, don't you think it would be a good plan to get some of that plaster and see if it wouldn't help you swear off snoring for the New Year? It's dreadful! If you could only hear yourself snore, you wouldn't stop at trouble or expense."

"Perhaps-some time," replied Mr. Hatch, manlike, without taking his

eyes off his paper. "But don't you think you had better try it tonight and start the New Year right?" persisted his wife. "You don't want Mr. and Miss Loveroy to go home and say that they couldn't sleep be-

cause you snored so loud." "I suppose so. Don't bother me. Send

the rather gouty tempered Mr. Hatch. "No; I believe I will go myself and

not let the girls know anything about it." And his good wife laid down her work and started for the drug store. The druggist's surprise gave way to astonishment as Mrs. Hatch demanded



of him a yard of isinglass plaster. He concluded that somebody must be pret-

ty badly cut up over at the Hatches'. By 11 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were sleeping soundly, each with lips glued together, the wife fixing hers like her husband's when he complained of the ludicrous figure he would cut when the plaster had been applied.

In the meantime George and John had made the circuit of familiar streets, and neither had realized the lateness of the hour until George, to ascertain the time of night, had stepped to the window of a well lighted store, none other than the drug store with which we are already acquainted. It was 11 o'clock. The druggist was preparing to close up for the night.

Before he could do so John pushed his way into the store. "Walt till I get some plaster," he called out to his companion. "I'm going to try your plan;" then to the druggist, "A yard of plaster, please."

"That's the last roll I have," said the tradesman in bewilderment as he handed out the third yard of plaster he had sold to the Hatch family that evening. He began to think that some one was playing a joke on him, and after George and John had departed he hurriedly closed his store.

The boys found the Hatch residence in darkness when they arrived there, except for one solitary light that shone dimly through the slatted windows of the sleeping room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. A sleepy housemaid admitted them, and they as silently as possible ascended to their room.

No time was lost in sticking their lips together, and a struggle with the lamp followed, ending only when John turned the wick so low that the flame flickered a few times and then died out. Left in silence and darkness, the boys were soon sleeping soundly.

All was quiet and still by midnight, for Mrs. Hatch did not believe in young folks sitting up to watch out old years. Then Myrtle suddenly awoke with the terrifying thought that some one-a man, of course-was holding his hand over her mouth. Then, remembering the events of the evening, she realized the cause of the peculiar sensation. But the shock to her nerves remained. The assertion that her scare was all imaginary, though repeated over and over to herself, failed to quiet them.

There! It was somebody trying to get into the house! The front door bell rang loudly. Then some one began pounding on the door. Myrtle could hear it quite plainly. She sat upright and listened. Never before had she been awake at night and not heard her father snoring. She missed that reassuring snore very much. Could anything have happened to him? Or perhaps the house was on fire! Yes; it must be fire. She was sure that she smelled smoke.

Giving May a tremendous shake, Myrtle slipped out of bed, threw on a dressing gown and hurried down to the front door, where the pounding still kept up. In a moment she had the door open; but, instead of a stalwart fireman, in stepped her brother Edward and his wife.

"Why, it's Myrtle!" cried Edward. "The train was late, and we thought you were never going to let us in. We're nearly frozen and hungry as bears. And how is mother and everybody? Why, what's the matter? Why don't you speak?"

For obvious reasons Myrtle remained silent. A moment later a second silent figure crept down the hallway and stood by Myrtle, and then came Mr. Hatch himself, hastily pulling on a few clothes as he came.

"Oh, here's father! He will explain," cried the amazed Edward as the third figure came groping silently down the twilight of the long hall. "Good heavens, Eva! Father's dumb too!" For in the middle of the hall stood the paternal Hatch, uttering not one word of welcome to his beloved son.

A moment later Mrs. Hatch came down, visibly agitated and mutely waving her arms. Behind her came the two young men, one armed with a baseball bat and the other with a poker. But not one word did they speak. Isinglass plaster has some very adhesive properties, and when one's mouth has been glued shut for three long hours one cannot be expected to carry on an extended conversation. For several minutes the strange group

gazed at one another. "Edward, they're all crazy! Let's go home, anywhere, but do not stay in this house!" cried Mrs. Hatch junior,

with strong signs of hysteria. "Speak, somebody, can't you? For heaven's sake, wish us a happy New Year!" cried Edward, taking his fright

ened wife in his arms. But not a word did any one speak

Myrtle after some if you like," replied | The silent group shuffled sheepishly about, making weird and inexplicable signs, which more and more convinced Edward that all the family of Hatch had suddenly departed with their several and individual senses.

"Mother! Father! Has it come to this? Will you turn your own son away from your door at midnight without one word of welcome? What have I done? What has happened? Can no one speak?"

The answer to the last question had to be a distinct but inarticulate negative. Eva covered her face with her hands and broke into sobs. "They have turned you away, Edward, because-because they think I have dishonored the name of Hatch. Some one has told them about-the-the-apple pies! Tell them, Edward, it was not my fault, not my fault! I-I-didn't mean-1-oh, I can't go on! I can't go on!" And again poor Eva broke into sobs.

At this point Myrtle slipped away and came down stairs again with a huge pair of scissors in her hands. Without one word of warning and before Edward could throw himself between them she savagely stabbed his father-at least so it seemed in the uncertain light-in the face with the murderous weapon.

"Saved! Happy New Year everybody!" gasped Mr Hatch senior, catching his son in his arms and shaking his hands till they ached. "We're all glued up, my boy, every one of us, glued up with the stickiest, most infernal sort of sticking plaster ever created. That's right, Myrtle. Cut your poor mother She's always best at explaining."

The welkin rang with Edward's aughter when his mother did explain. th much gravity, just how they ame to be found in such a predicament, and it took several gallons of hot water to wash away the traces of that Isinglass plaster. But there was a second supper in the Hatch homestead that night, and, as every one confessed, It was the jollier of the two.

Smart Winter Shirt Waists.

Last winter witnessed a faint at tempt at the introduction of the flanuel shirt waist. This season it is the "piece de resistance" of the smart woman's wardrobe. The model illustrat-



THE NEW SADDLE YOKE SHIRT.

ed, the "saddle yoke," meets the latest demands of fashion. The shirt is set into the yoke in front in minute tucks but simply gathered at the back, where the yoke takes a pointed shape. Rows of stitching ornament yoke and collar. All the waists are more fanciful than heretofore. The plain, everyday affair of the first introduction is now tucked, feather stitched and corded in various fashions. Tiny white polka dots or fine hair stripes on plain grounds are favorite patterns, with blue as one of the most popular colors.

A Valance For the Bed.

Every bed should have a valance. It decorates a room, gives to it an air of pretty simplicity and is often a place to hide away a box where room is scarce. The swiss valance is the best. It can be renovated and looks, if well done up, as fresh as a daisy. These dainty accessories look particularly well for brass bedsteads. When united with covers of white and pillowshams on the same order, the scheme is in deed an attractive one.

Fashion's Echoes.

The marquise diamond represents quite the newest and most elegant fad in rings. A single very large stone is cut into the shape mentioned, yet hardly so pointed as the true marquise form, being somewhat more of an elongated oval.

Cloth toques show every disposition to claim a fair field and a large slice of popular favor. These toques are proof positive that the art of millinery lies in the fingers rather than the materials.

Fur as a trimming on hats repeats its success on ceremonious gowns also. Blue and silver fox and sable tails are the choice furs, including chinchilla, which holds its own for collars and A new departure is the use of small

and beautifully cut cameos in belt Crystal finger bowls set in silver gilt frames are very handsome.

The long box coat is quite the swel thing. On the Wrong Tack.

Tommy - Grandpa, are kings and queens always good? Grandpa-Not always, my boy, not when there are aces out against them

-Brooklyn Life.

THE DAY AND ITS OBSERVANCES IN MANY LANDS.

Sometimes a Mingling of Superstitious Ceremonies and Excessive Jollity-Odd Festivities In Scotland, China and Japan.

Every nation has its particular feast days and holidays, some paying greater attention to one and some to another, but all peoples on the face of the earth who reckon time at all in some manner greet the New Year.

We have so shuffled our calendar that now the occurrence of the New Year on the 1st of January has lost its significance. Among primitive nations, however, the New Year invariably marked the opening of one of the natural divisions of the seasons.

One of the oldest of New Year customs is that practiced by the Ainos of Japan. For a thousand years these people have stood still in their civilization, following all their primitive customs and ceremonies. New Year with them is a season of merrymaking which winds up with the great bear feast, called Omsia, in which a huge bear is sacrificed.

In Scotland, where Christmas is not observed as a general holiday because so many Presbyterians look upon its observance as a species of superstition, New Year's day is a joyous one, and a strange way of celebrating the dying of the old year has long been customary there. The last night of the year is called "Hogmenaye night" and is celebrated by drinking, singing and general festivities.

The Chinese are notorious for their fondness for holidays, and the Celestials make the most of this one. They are not content with one day, but take a whole month to celebrate the approach of the New Year. Chinese lanterns, firecrackers, feasting and the paying up of old debts play the major part in the ceremonies.

A strange custom in many parts of Europe is that of having a member of the family, either the eldest or youngest, open the family Bible at random and place his or her finger at any spot on the open page without glancing at it. The verse thus marked is regarded as a sort of text for the ensuing 12

A very poetical old ceremony is that of the so called Messe des Animaux, or animals' mass, which takes place on New Year's eve in the French department of the Cevennes, a country in which the celebration of the New Year almost entirely supersedes that of Christmas. This truly pastoral festival is given in behalf of the herds of cattle which constitute the chief wealth of the hardy mountaineers. Before the ceremony begins herds of cows and sheep and goats are driven to an open space before the church. Inside the building is gathered a crowd of stalwart men and women in festive raiment, each holding a lighted candle while the cure celebrates mass.

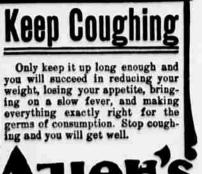
Some of the aborigines of our own land have New Year customs that are exceedingly interesting, notably that of the Moqui Indians, called So-ya-una, which is a singular and elaborate mythical drama, divided into two parts, in which offerings are made to effigles of the great plume headed serpent, the enemy of the sun. This is followed by a sun dance in which the conflict between the orb of day and the inferior hostile gods is portrayed. LEONARD ETHERINGTON.

'No, no," the little maid replied.

A Problem of Centuries. 'Oh, look before you leap!" he cried. But to his arms flew she



'This year you've leaped all right, I see, And I am in a kiss, But 4(00) into 19(00) won't gee. You're figures are a miss



disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis soon disappear. And even the coughs of consumption are either completely checked or greatly lessened. Two sizes: \$1.00; 50c. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.



There's nothing in Ivory Soap but soap, good, pure vegetable-oil soap. There's nothing to make the linens streaky, no alkali to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash-day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it for the next wash. The price places it within reach of every one. Look out for imitations.

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SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer-I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it? A Ripans Tabule.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that RTPANS will not benefit. They banish pain and One gives relief. Note the word RTPANS on the package and accept no substitute. 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples a sand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents forwarded to the Ripans Chem B Spruce St., New York.