

# THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

YESTERNIGHT the year lay dying:

By his lowly couch we met,  
Bringing ivy leaves, and trying,  
Some with smiles and some with sighing  
To remember—or forget.

Now the nursing year is waking,  
And we gaze into his eyes  
Heedless of his sire's forsaking,  
In his cradle he is taking  
Gifts from earth and sea and skies.

Dawn of gold and sunset gleaming,  
April eve and Junetide morn,  
Things of truth and not of seeming,  
These have glorified his dreaming,  
He the heir, the newly born.

In his tiny grasp he treasures  
Riches that may soon be ours—  
Sunlight gold in brimming measures,  
Meadow fragrances and pleasures,  
Honeyed wine distilled of flowers.

Soon the child will frolic lightly  
O'er his father's grass-green grave;  
Day shall be his playmate brightly,  
And his sleep be sweetened nightly  
By the songs of wind and wave.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

"I understand," interrupted the widow sympathetically.

"And, by Jove!" finished the bachelor. "I had to restrain myself to keep from going back and proposing to her!"

"How lucky you did!" commented the widow witheringly.

"But I wouldn't have," explained the bachelor ruefully. "If the girl had restrained herself."

"Nevertheless," repeated the widow. "It was lucky—for the girl."

"Which girl?" asked the bachelor. "The girl I broke off with or the girl that came afterward?"

"I suppose," mused the widow ignoring the levity and leaning over to arrange a bunch of violets at her belt, "that is why it is so difficult for a man to keep a promise or a vow—even a marriage vow."

"Oh, I don't know." The bachelor leaned back and regarded the widow's coronet braid through the smoke of his cigar. "It isn't the marriage vows that are so difficult to keep. It's the fool vows a man makes before marriage and the fool promises he makes afterward that he stumbles over and falls down on."

The marriage vows are so big and vague that you can get all around them without actually breaking them, but if they should interpolate concrete questions into the service such as, 'Do you, William, promise not to growl at the coffee—'

"Or, 'Do you, Mary, promise never to put a dab of powder on your nose again?'" broke in the widow.

"Nor to look twice at your pretty stenographer," continued the bachelor.

"Nor to lie about your age, or your foot or your waist measure."

"Nor to juggle with the truth whenever you stay out after half-past ten."

"Nor to listen to things that—that anybody—except your husband may say to you in the conservatory—oh, I see how it feels!" finished the widow with a sympathetic little shudder.

"And yet," reflected the bachelor, "a woman is always exacting vows and promises from the man she loves, always putting up bars—for him to jump over; when if she would only leave him alone he would be perfectly contented to stay within bounds and graze in his own pasture. A man hates being pinned down; but a woman doesn't want anything around that she can't pin down from her belt and her theories to her hat and her husband."

"Well," protested the widow studying the toe of her slipper, "it is a satisfaction to know you've got your husband fastened on straight by his promises and held in place by his own vows and that he loves you enough to—"

"Usually," interrupted the bachelor, "a man loves you in inverse ratio to his protestations. The lover who promises all things without reserve is too often like the fellow who doesn't question the hotel bill nor ask the price of the wine, because he doesn't intend to pay it anyway. The fellow who is prodigal with his vows and promises and poetry is generally the one to whom such things mean nothing and, being of no value, can be flung about generously to every girl he meets. The firm with the biggest front office is likely to be the one with the smallest deposit in the safe. The man who swears off loudest on New Year's is usually the one they have to carry home the morning after. And the chap who promises a girl a life of roses is the one who will let her pick all the thorns off for herself."

"Perhaps," sighed the widow, chewing the stem of a violet thoughtfully, "the best way to cure a man of a taste for anything, after all, is to let him have too much of it instead of making him swear off. If you want him to hate the smell of a pipe insist on his smoking all the time. If you want him to sign the temperance pledge, serve him wine with every course. If you want him to hate a woman, invite her to meet him every time he calls, and tell him how 'suitable' she would be."

"And if you want him to love you," finished the bachelor, "don't ask him to swear it, but tell him that he really ought not to. The best way to manage a donkey—human or otherwise—is to turn his head in the wrong direction and he'll back in the right one."

"Then," said the widow decisively, "we ought to begin the New Year by making some irresolutions."

"Some—what?"

"Vows that we won't stop doing the things we ought not to do," explained the widow.

"All right," agreed the bachelor thoughtfully. "I'll make an irresolution to go on making love to you as much as I like."

"You mean, as much as I like, Mr. Travers," corrected the widow severely.

"How much do you like?" asked the bachelor, leaning over to look into the widow's eyes.

The widow kicked the corner of the rug tentatively.

"I like—all but the proposing," she said slowly. "You really ought to stop that—"

"I'm going to stop it—to-night."

The widow looked up in alarm.

"Oh, you don't have to commence keeping your resolutions until tomorrow morning," she said quickly.

"And are you going to stop refusing me—to-night," continued the bachelor firmly.

The widow studied the corner of the rug with great concern.

"And," went on the bachelor, taking something from his pocket and toying with it thoughtfully, "you are going to put on this ring"—he leaned over, caught the widow's hand and slipped the glittering thing on her third finger. "Now," he began, "you are going to say that you will—"

The widow sprang up suddenly.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried. "In a moment we'll be making promises!"

"We don't need to," said the bachelor, leaning back nonchalantly, "we can begin by making—arrangements. Would you prefer to live in town or at Tuxedo? And do you think Europe or Bermuda the best place for the—"

"Bermuda, by all means," broke in the widow, "and I wish you'd have that hideous portico taken off your town house, Billy, and—"

But the rest of her words were smothered in the bachelor's coat lapel—and something else.

"Then you do mean to marry me, after all!" cried the bachelor triumphantly.

The widow gasped for breath and patted her hair anxiously.

"I—I meant to marry you all the time!" she cried, "but I never thought you were really in earnest and—"

"Methinks," quoted the bachelor happily, "that neither of us did protest too much. We haven't made any promises, you know."

"Not one," rejoined the widow promptly, "as to my flirting."

"Nor as to my clubs."

"Nor as to my relatives."

"Nor my cigars."

"And we won't make any vows," cried the widow, "except marriage vows."



GREAT SCHEME.

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass very carefully, and every morning, when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

## THOUGHT CHILD WOULD DIE.

Whole Body Covered with Cuban Itch—Cuticura Remedies Cured at Cost of Seventy-Five Cents.

"My little boy, when only an infant of three months, caught the Cuban Itch. Sores broke out from his head to the bottom of his feet. He would itch and claw himself and cry all the time. He could not sleep day or night, and a light dress is all he could wear. I called one of our best doctors to treat him, but he seemed to get worse. He suffered so terribly that my husband said he believed he would have to die. I had almost given up hope when a lady friend told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used the Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment and he at once fell into a sleep, and he slept with ease for the first time since two months. After three applications the sores began to dry up, and in just two weeks from the day I commenced to use the Cuticura Remedies my baby was entirely well. The treatment only cost 75c, and I would have gladly paid \$100 if I could not have got it cheaper. I feel safe in saying that the Cuticura Remedies saved his life. He is now a boy of five years. Mrs. Zana Miller, Union City, R. F. D. No. 1, Branch Co., Mich., May 17, 1906."

## A Lost Art.

A Richmond housekeeper had occasion many times to employ a certain odd character of the town known as Aunt Cecilia Cromwell.

The old woman had not been seen in the vicinity of the house for a long time until recently, when the lady of the house said to her:

"Good morning, Aunt Cecilia. Why aren't you washing nowadays?"

"It's dis way, Miss Annie," replied Aunt Cecilia, indulgently, "I's been out o' wuhk so long dat now when I could wuhk I finds I's done lost mah taste fo' it."—Lippincott's.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.



# New Year Irresolutions

By HELEN ROWLAND

## The Widow Discusses Them With the Bachelor.

**I**SN'T it hard, said the widow, glancing ruefully at the holly-wreathed clock on the mantel-piece, to know where to begin reforming yourself?"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the bachelor, "you are not going to do anything like that, are you?"

The widow pointed solemnly to the hands of the clock, which indicated 11:30, and then to the calendar, on which hung one fluttering leaf marked December 31.

"It is time," she sighed, "to begin mental house-cleaning; to sweep out our collection of last year's follies and dust off our petty sins and fling away our old vices and—"

"That's the trouble!" broke in the bachelor. "It's so hard to know just what to throw away and what to keep. Making New Year's resolutions is like doing the spring housecleaning or clearing out a drawer full of old letters and sentimental rubbish. You know that there are lots of things you ought to get rid of, and that are just in the way, and that you would be better off without, but the minute you make up your mind to part with anything, even a tiny, insignificant vice, it suddenly becomes so dear and attractive that you repent and begin to take a new interest in it. The only

time I ever had to be taken home in a cab was the day after I promised to sign the pledge," and the bachelor sighed reminiscently.

"And the only time I ever overdraw my bank account," declared the widow, "was the day after I had resolved to economize. I suppose," she added pensively, "that the best way to begin would be to pick out the worst vice and discard that."

"And that will leave heaps of room for the others and for a lot of new little sins, beside, won't it?" agreed the bachelor cheerfully. "Well," he added philosophically, "I'll give up murdering."

"What!" the widow started.

"Don't you want me to?" asked the bachelor plaintively, rubbing his bald spot. "Or perhaps I might resolve not to commit highway robbery any more or to stop forging or—"

"All of which is so easy!" broke in the widow sarcastically.

"There'd be some glory and some reason in giving up a big vice," sighed the bachelor, "if a fellow had one. But the trouble is that most of us men haven't any big criminal tendencies, merely a heap of little follies and weaknesses that there isn't any particular virtue in sacrificing or any particular harm in keeping."

"And which you always do keep, in spite of all your New Year's vows," remarked the widow ironically.

MEASURE A STRINGENT ONE.

Our First Law Against the Freedom of the Press.

Under the provisions of this law, anyone who wrote, printed, uttered or published any false, scandalous or malicious matter against the government, the congress or the president of the United States, or which tended to bring them into hatred or contempt, could be punished by heavy fines and imprisonment; and the statute was so worded as to penalize not only honest criticism of the executive, but even the free expression of opinion. No legislation more fatal to the popularity of Adams' administration could possibly have been devised; but although the sole responsibility for its enactment has frequently been charged to the president, it cannot justly be laid at his door. His fussy, sensitive, conscientious, frothy, tactless nature had doubtless been more stung by the lampoons and critical attacks of the pamphlets and

newspapers than that of any other official; but the abuse of the press had been so general that scarcely a man in public life had escaped defamation, and the act had been rushed through both houses of congress by a vote which distinctly stamped it with the approval of the whole administration party.—Harper's Magazine.

**New Year's Calls.**

The custom of visiting and sending presents and cards on New Year's day is recorded almost as far back as history goes. The practice of using visiting cards can be traced back for thousands of years by the Chinese. Their New Year's visiting cards are curiosities. Each one sets forth not only the name, but all the titles of its owner, and as all Chinamen who have any social position at all have about a dozen, it makes the list quite appalling. These cards are made of silk or else of fine paper backed with silk and are so large that they have to be rolled up to be carried conveniently. They are, indeed, so valuable that they are returned to their owners.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.**

The Breakfast is a Poetic and Religious Rite.

Except at the Chinese New Year, which comes in February, it is very hard to catch a glimpse of children in China. Little beggars will run beside you for miles to earn one "cash," a copper coin with a square hole in the middle of it, worth the twentieth part of a cent; but children who have parents to care for them seem to be kept indoors all the time, or only allowed to play in walled yards and gardens, writes Bertha Runkle in St. Nicholas. We used to say to each other: "Why, where are the children? Haven't they got any?" But at New Year's we found out that they had.

This is the great holiday of all the year in China, when everybody hangs out flags and colored lanterns and sets off firecrackers. (We borrowed our custom of firecrackers for the Fourth of July from Chinese New Year's.) All the people put on their very best

clothes, and the children the best of all, jackets and trousers of bright blue or green or yellow or purple, the boys and girls so much alike that you can only tell them apart by their hair. The boy's, of course, is braided in a pigtail, and the girl's is done up on her head with silver pins, or, if she's a very grand little girl, with gold or jade. Thus decked out, the children go walking with their proud papas and mammas, and often go to the theater, which is a rare treat for them.

Perhaps Chinese children have romping plays together, but they always look as if they were born grown up.

**Caution.**

"No, I've nothing for you," snapped the woman. "Why don't you look for work?"

"Madam," responded the applicant for a handout, "no later than this morning I read of a man near here who starved to death while looking for work. I do not desire to annoy this hospitable community by expiring in its midst."

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