The Columbus Journal.

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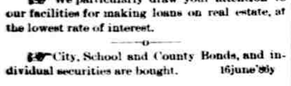

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NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, 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 OLD—RING IN THE NEW.

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.

* * * * * * *

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson.

EGBERT'S NEW YEAR'S.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

This day Egbert had been down to the very end of the garden, to the little house that stood by the edge of the woods on their neighbor's land, and he looked with childish curiosity through the palings, to where he heard voices. A boy of about his own age, a poorly dressed and not very pretty boy, stood with a woe begone look while a sweet faced woman bound up a cut finger, and then when it was done she passed her plump arm around the child's neck and drew the curly brown head to her breast, and with the other she patted his cheek, and then caressed his curling hair, and finally kissed him two or three times very tenderly.

Suddenly Egbert's heart swelled and his throat pained with the effort to keep back the tears. No one loved him like that.

"Mother," said the boy on the other side of the fence, "mother, it doesn't hurt a bit now. Shall I go on chopping?"

"Yes, dear, but be a little more careful. I don't want to find you in a hospital New Year's day.

"Don't you be scared. You best little mother in the whole world."

So the "best little mother" went into the cottage, giving her boy one more beaming glance of love as she entered the door, and the boy returned to his job of splitting kindlings.

NO ONE LOVED HIM LIKE THAT.

Egbert stood a little while and then went slowly toward the house, his brain filled with thoughts and his heart with a vague sense of grief and almost anger.

He wanted a mother. He had none; no one to love him in that precious fashion that he had just beheld.

His nurse had always been good to him, his father more than good, but why had he no mother?

Where was she, or had he never had one?

His father gave him everything that money could buy or affection devise, but he had never known a mother, never heard the name even, at least as applied to himself, but now he suddenly felt that he had needed a mother always and he had never had one.

What was the reason?

Did everybody have mothers, or only the poor, for he realized that these people were poorer than others, and yet as he remembered that sweet comforting smile and that tender caress he felt wronged and defrauded.

"I will have a mother, too," said he, "even if I have to live in a cottage and wear old clothes and have no playthings like that boy; I'll ask father right away."

Egbert Fallon would be 10 years old on New Year's day and he had never known any other home than this, which was in a suburb of New York and closed against intrusion.

He saw no children, except when he rode on his pony beside his father in their excursions, and no visitors came there, nor did Mr. Fallon visit any person.

The servants were the same that had come there when he did, and no one of them ever said a word that could give this little fellow the idea that life had ever held any other ties for him than those he now had.

Egbert returned to the house slowly and thoughtfully and went to the study, where he expected to find his father; but he found no one, and so he went on up stairs, but there he did not find him either; so almost mechanically he went on until he reached the garret, where he went over to the east window and looked out toward the little cottage, all the while with his heart full of this new longing.

After a little he began to look about and notice the quaint old broken furniture that was stored here, and finally his glance fell upon a queer, old fashioned little hair trunk bound with iron bands, studded with brass nails.

He thought what a pretty place this would be to store his smaller playthings in, and knowing that everything there would willingly be given to him, he tried to open it and see what it would look like on the inside.

The trunk was locked, but he soon found means to open it, and he found it filled with women's clothes.

He tossed them out impatiently, and then at the very bottom of the trunk he found a portfolio full of papers.

Among them was a letter sealed and addressed to his father, and a picture painted on porcelain of a lovely woman, who somehow looked familiar to him, but he knew he had never seen her, yet he loved her, and he put the picture in his pocket and took up the old portfolio and went back down stairs.

He scarcely knew what he was about or what he was thinking of, and his little brain was as confused as his heart was full.

He entered the study and found his father there talking with the nurse, who seemed to hide something under her apron.

Egbert smiled a little contemptuously as he at once understood that it had something to do with New Year's—some new gift.

"Father," said he, "were you thinking of giving me anything to-morrow?"

"Why, yes. It is New Year's, and your birthday. Is there anything you would like to have particularly?"

Egbert hesitated and grew red.

"Father, I don't know as I could, but if I could have one, I should like to have a mother."

If a knife had pierced that father's heart, he could not have grown more pale than did Mr. Fallon when his boy stammered out that pathetic request.

He groaned in agony as he staggered forward and stretched his arms across the table, and hid his face upon them, while he trembled in every limb.

Egbert came close to his father wonderingly, but he could not understand this sudden display of emotion, and he laid the portfolio down on the table with the picture, and finally seeing that his father seemed so grieved, he put out his hand instinctively, and tried to caress his father's hair, as he had seen that poor woman do.

This light touch brought Mr. Fallon's mind back to his child, and he slowly lifted his face from the table, and then drew the boy to his knee, a very unusual demonstration for him to make.

"What made you ask that question, Egbert? Who has been talking to you?"

"No one, father, only I saw that poor children had mothers, and today I somehow felt that if I had a mother of my very own, I should feel so contented and happy, and I felt, too, that I had always wanted one, only I never knew it until today, and I thought you could get me one, perhaps, instead of any play toys. I am tired of all kinds of toys, and when I saw that boy's mother love him so tenderly, I made up my mind to ask you. I should love you just the same. Father, why is it I have no mother, or don't rich people have them?"

"My boy, I have tried to keep this sorrow from you, and to so fill a mother's place that you would never miss her, but it is useless. Nature has spoken. You had a mother once, but—you have none now. You can never have another."

"But where is she, father! Is she dead?"

"Yes, child, dead to us all."

"But when did she die?"

"Eight years ago, Egbert. Now, my boy, listen. You must not speak of her again, never, never. I cannot bear it, to me nor to any one else. You must think no more about it, and be as happy as you can with me. Am I not good to you?"

"Oh, yes, and I will try," said the boy, trying to struggle against the tears; and then he rose and went out of the study and up to his room, where he went to bed to think and try to understand this first sorrow and first mystery of his young life.

Mr. Fallon remained in his study a prey to violent emotion.

This child, whom he had surrounded with such tenderness, and who had all that was left of his broken heart, found that not enough, and his innocent nature cried out for mother love, not even knowing what it was.

And that mother, weak, unworthy, sinful and abandoned, what did she care if the little heart broke for want of a mother's tender care?

Hot tears forced themselves through his eyelids, and sobs racked his breast as he thought it all over.

He had taken his young bride to his heart and home, with pride and love, deep and true, and in two short years she had proved unworthy of his name.

Even while her first born lay upon her breast she was a guilty wretch, and then, when his cousin had discovered all the wrong, and had proved it to him, she dared deny it and so make it all the deeper.

Then he had driven her forth, torn from her false arms the pretty baby, and she had gone out of his home and life forever, leaving the blight of her sin upon them both.

Then he had made a recluse of himself for the sake of his child, and had tried to so fill this little heart that it should never need another love, and yet that little heart missed something. Ah, well, he would have to know it some day. Perhaps it was best that he learn it now, while too young to understand.

The sweet, innocent face that she had! How could guilt have lodged in that heart?

How could she have sacrificed husband, child, good name, all?

Yet she did. The proofs were too strong for doubt.

Those letters, their touch withered his heart and life at once, eight years ago when Amy was driven forth a wanderer and an outcast, weeping and declaring her innocence to the last, in spite of the proofs in his possession.

Then she had taken her shattered life home to her parents, and they had sheltered her.

They believed in her innocence. Well, she was their child, and they ought to believe her.

"Oh, Amy, little Amy, I loved you so!" he murmured. "I could love you now, God help me! I believe I do yet, in spite of all, and I forgive you, for you were so young!"

"FATHER, WHY IS IT I HAVE NO MOTHER?"

At this moment his eyes fell upon the portfolio lying upon the table, and mechanically he opened it, only to start, hold his breath and strain his eyes to the utmost as he examined one by one the papers which proved upon their face that the poor wife, so wrongfully accused, had been driven away, the innocent victim of his cousin.

It did not need the letter which she had written on her dying bed to him, confessing her crime and begging forgiveness, to prove that Amy was as pure as an angel; and now he sprang to his feet, with new life in his veins, new hope in his heart, new light in his eyes.

For six long years that letter and the portfolio, with the rough copies of the false letters which had condemned an innocent woman, had lain almost under his hand and he had never known it.

When Lydia died her little trunk had been sent to him, but he never looked beyond the top, and he never knew that her hopeless love for him had been the motive for this crime.

He closed the portfolio, saying:

"She is dead now; I will forgive her when Amy forgives me."

And as he moved the book the picture lay exposed. He grasped it, and through blinding tears he kissed the face of his poor wife, and then he rose with a new energy, saying:

"I will start this hour, and if they will let me see her I will pray her forgiveness on my knees. My poor, persecuted wife."

A soft rustle of garments, a breath of perfume sweet as a clover field, then a low, tender voice whispered:

"Clarence, she has long ago forgiven you, and has loved you always."

"Amy, oh, my wife!"

After awhile, when they could talk, Amy told him that her longing to behold her child had been so great, that she had stolen there like a thief, and had managed to gain entrance, and then she had hidden behind the curtain as her husband came in, and so had been a silent spectator of all.

MOTHER AND CHILD WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

Morning dawned and Egbert dressed and went downstairs, feeling as if something unusual was about to happen.

The remembrance of the conversation with his father weighed upon his young heart, and checked the curiosity as to his expected presents.

The door opened and his father came in leading the lady of the portrait. One look at that face was enough, and mother and child were in each other's arms.

The little heart had nothing left to long for, he had his mother, and yet two pearly tears swam in his eyes, and his lips quivered, but it was with pure joy.

GIVING NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The giving of New Year's gifts is a custom that has long been practically obsolete, but in the olden days gift giving on New Year's was as strictly observed as on Christmas. Like many of the Christmas customs, it was derived from the Romans, among whom, at one time, the day possessed the proud distinction of being the only one in the whole year on which gifts could be legally demanded.

Among common New Year's gifts in the early days of England's history were oranges stuck with cloves—oranges and cloves were great rarities then—gloves and pins to the ladies, etc. The common gift from a tenant to his landlord was a capon, and Cowley, an early English poet, recognized this custom when he wrote the lines:

When with low legs and in an humble guise
He offered up a capon sacrifice
Unto his worship at the New Year's tide.

Among the characters in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Christmas" is "New Year's Gift in a blue coat, serving man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread, his torch beaver, carrying a marchpane with a bottle of wine on either arm." Sometimes in the place of gloves or pins, dearer then to the feminine heart, even, than now, for they were costly and used only by the rich, sums of money were given; hence the terms, still in common use, of "glove money" and "pin money." The bribing of judges was not at all uncommon in those days, and money paid to the administrators of the law was often concealed in handsome gloves presented as polite offerings of friendship. Once when a lady of the name of Croaker sent a pair of gloves to Sir Thomas More lined with forty golden sovereigns that judge returned the gold with a note in which, "since it were against good manners to refuse," her New Year's gift was accepted, "but as for the lining," he went on, "I utterly refuse it." It was the custom then to make New Year's gifts in profusion to the reigning sovereign, and lists of such gifts are still religiously preserved.

Queen Elizabeth received more New Year's gifts than any previous ruler of England, and among the articles named on her lists were necklaces, petticoats, looking glasses, bracelets, silk stockings, etc. It is believed that the famous silk stockings given to this queen by Mrs. Montague were New Year's gifts, and it is recorded that Elizabeth liked them mightily, and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more. The giving of New Year's presents to superiors was a custom generally observed, and, of course, became a cloak for all sorts of jobbery.

The Banquet of Jests, published in 1634, tells a tale of a New Year's gift made by one of the noblemen of the reign of King Charles I to the court jester, which it terms a "pleasant story." It seems that the jester was not satisfied with the number of pieces of money he had received, so he shook the coins discontentedly in his hand, whereat the nobleman begged the return of them for a moment, "and by the way," he added, "there is one of them which I would be loath to part with." The coins were returned and the jester waited patiently for a larger gift. But the nobleman pocketed the cash, remarking with great brilliancy:

"I once gave my money into the hands of a fool, who had not the wit to keep it."

The fact that this story has been preserved from oblivion for more than 200 years by means of constant republications in England, and that all the wits of that island have doubtless laughed heartily at it, may perhaps be considered sufficient excuse for its insertion here.

There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters apiece, partly colored, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face nor live above twenty-four hours.—Chambers' Book of Days.

AN OLD POEM ON TIME.

Why sit'st thou by that ruined wall,
Thou aged carle, so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?

Know'st thou not me? the deep voice cried,
So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thou shalt part forever.

—The Antiquary.

THE DIVINING HORSE.

BY AURELIEN SCHOLL.

The Count X—— has in his stables six horses of all styles of beauty, and beside them, in a stall which touches the wall, stands an old horse covered with scars and with great callouses upon his knees. This frightful specimen of the equine race is treated like a son of the family, and is caressed and cherished.

They make him a soft bed; they serve him with hay from the Maison Doree and oats from Bignon's. They exercise him every morning for a short time, and when it is ever so slightly cold or foggy they cover him with a warm blanket. He lives like one who is enjoying his revenue.

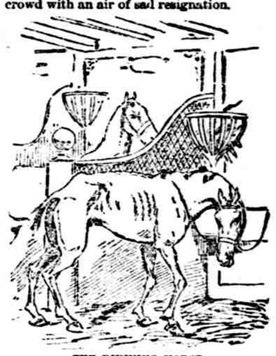
"Where the devil did you find that horse?" asked a friend one morning while they were harnessing the break.

"It is a very simple story," answered X——. "In the most dolorous circumstance of my life this animal was the only being who could understand me. In a voyage to Italy I had encountered at Capri a woman for whom I conceived a grand passion, or, more truly, the only passion that ever invaded my heart. She was either English or American, and I was destined never to see her again. Remembrance tortured me. I paced the streets of Paris, in all the senses of the word, in order to forget her or distract my mind. I had but one image in my heart, one name upon my lips. My friends, whom my melancholy saddened, drew away one by one, and when one day I wanted to confide in one, and I named to him my mysterious passion, he began to laugh, saying that those sentiments were not for our days. I quit him brusquely and recommenced my vagabond existence."

"Last New Year's day, re-entering Paris, I heard the rolling of a drum. A saltimbanque was gathering a crowd and a clown was ranging them in a circle. I pushed my way to the first row of the crowd.

"By the side of the drum stood a horse curiously accoutered. On his head was a bunch of three colored feathers, faded and stringy, and on his back a mantle, once red but now a dull brick color, and with fringe which may have been gilded the first year of Duquesnel's direction of the Odeon.

"Thin and rough of coat, trembling on his legs, the poor animal contemplated the crowd with an air of sad resignation.



THE DIVINING HORSE.

"Evidently he was hungry, and death alone could put an end to his sufferings.

"The clown blew a trumpet, while the other man continued to beat the drum.

"The music ceased at last and the clown commenced his harangue.

"'This horse, ladies and gentlemen, is the one which bore the duke of Orleans the day of the execution of Louis XVI. Later he became the intimate friend of Robespierre's pack mule. This horse, pupil of Mlle. Lenormand, can count up to a hundred, only we stop him at twelve, so as not to tire the public. He divines the character, the faults and the good qualities of the spectators. The price of the consultation is fixed at ten centimes.'

"The old rack-o'-bones on four legs designated successively the most lazy person, the most gluttonous and the most obstinate.

"'Now, gentlemen,' added the clown, 'this surprising animal will designate the person of you all who is most in love. He fixes no price for that exercise and relies upon the generosity of the public.'

"A few pennies fell upon the carpet and the horse made the circuit of the crowd twice, looking each one in the eyes and having a reflective air. Then he seemed to take his resolution and came straight to me and took his stand before me.

"'Is it this young lady?' asked the clown, pointing to a pretty little washerwoman, who blushed as red as a cherry.

"The horse shook his head for a negative sign.

THE MAN MOST IN LOVE.

"'It is this gentleman, then?' asked the clown, and from head to foot the horse answered, Yes.

"The idiotic crowd began to laugh, while the girls looked at me with mischievous glances of sympathy.

"I caressed the old horse; I offered him even a fat gingerbread man, and slowly withdrew. The poor beast threw me a melancholy look and went on to another part of the crowd to continue his business of saltimbanque.

"It was not until night, in a feverish insomnia, that a feeling of remorse oppressed my heart. One being had understood me; one alone; and I had let that friend depart forever. Poor animal! Artist of the ring! With what sympathetic attention he had looked at me!

"And I dreamed that I went back to Capri, guided by that old horse. How he had traversed the gulf of Naples is not explained, but he was there with me, searching for the unknown.

"And the next day I hastened to the Place of the Throne. I found the saltimbanque and proposed that he should sell me his horse. At first he rejected my proposition. That horse supported three persons; they would have to teach another, and it would take too long, etc.

"At last, however, the saltimbanque consented to cede him in exchange for a second hand merry-go-round, which happened to be for sale on account of death.

"I brought my friend proudly home; proudly, though at a walk and behind a cab. He has seen hard times, no doubt, during his long career, but I give him a happy old age, and he shall sleep in his luxury affectionately watched by him whom he alone could understand."

NEW YEAR'S IN MANY LANDS.

In China New Year's Day is the chief festival of the year. It comes, by the uncertain calendar of our antipodes, late in January or the beginning of February. It is celebrated with many of the observances peculiar to New York. Visits are exchanged, presents made; the Chinese, clothed in their finest dress, hasten from house to house to call upon their nearest friends. Wines, cakes and confectioneries are offered; congratulations are exchanged and good wishes for the new year pass from guest to host. It is not said that the Chinese ladies share in the festivities, but they probably consume their sweetened balls of rice and their sugared fruits in the inner rooms of their dwellings. The resemblance between the Chinese celebration of New Year's Day and that of our ancestors is so alike as almost to prove that the one is borrowed from the other.

For thousands of years the Chinese have exchanged visits and good wishes on New Year's Day—when Cæsar penetrated the Belgic marshes, and when the errant Gauls descended to the sack of Rome. We may be sure that the custom has never changed. One of its peculiar traits may well be borrowed in other lands. On New Year's Eve every Chinaman pays his debts, and is freed from every liability. For ten days before the new year business ceases, accounts are balanced, books written up. Honesty is a Chinese virtue, and the unlucky bankrupt in his remorse is often driven to suicide. The Chinese among themselves are a contented, cheerful, uncomplaining people. Family life among them is usually happy and united; the teachings of Confucius and Mencius are full of hope.

But the intense superstition of the race fills China with a constant disquietude. On New Year's Day it is supposed that the "Spirit of the Hearth" makes his annual visit to the skies. If he should go away in anger the good fortune of the family would be lost forever. He is followed with incessant prayers and a farewell from each member of the household. A peculiar kind of sweetmeats is offered him to close his lips together, and some beans to feed the horse on which he is supposed to ride. Even the educated Chinese share these ideal fears. In a recent inundation of the Yellow river, that was followed by a wide devastation, one of the most learned and powerful of the Chinese officials fell on his knees before a water snake that had crept out of the flood, beseeching it to save the country from any further danger.

On our own continent, long before England and Holland had adopted the eastern custom, New Year's Day was celebrated with strange and fanciful ceremonies in the splendid cities of Yucatan. The story of Mayan civilization is as yet only imperfectly known.

But we may still wander amidst the ruins of its great capitals, along highways once trodden by countless travelers, and lift in part the veil that hides its fallen splendor.

Fifty cities, it is said, covered the peninsula of Yucatan. They were joined by fine roads paved with stone. Their temples and public buildings were of enormous size. They were not far behind the Chinese in many of the refinements of a civilized life. To the Mayan the new year came as to all other races—the symbol of a new existence. The temples were swept and decorated anew—perfect cleanliness was a part of their faith. The huge idols were carefully freed from dust. The children of the schools, the priests and nobles joined in the work of purification. Many persons fasted for thirty days before the new year's ceremonial. But when the morning dawned all was joy and congratulation. The women of Yucatan, like those of China, took little part in the ceremony. But the princes, nobles and priests, clad in fine robes, filled the courts of the temples. A banquet of Mayan delicacies was provided, wine and intoxicating liquors flowed freely, the people drank madly, and the barbaric scene usually closed in a fierce and bloody contest.

In their wild superstitions the Mayans surpassed even the lowest savages. They fed on the bodies of their captives and slaves; their temples rang with the shrieks of their victims.

Roman, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek rejoiced with the new year. At Rome an image of the golden age was imagined. The slave became for a moment free; perfect equality ruled in the Roman home; gay sports and laughter filled up the fleeting moments of the Saturnalia. The Roman celebration passed down through the Middle Ages, and something of the license that had prevailed in the houses of Cæsar and Sallust was adopted in the homes of our European ancestors. But to the modern the conception of the new year and its duties is of a higher and happier nature. It is not the Mayan, the Chinese, or even the Roman festival. It is the opening of a new period, in which better thoughts and purer motives may have freer play. We rejoice, visits are exchanged, good wishes shared, the hopes of the future rekindled, the new page of life surveyed with no desponding eyes.

In the new year that opens upon us we have much to do. We are to remember more than ever that we are but men. We are to study more than ever how to help each other.—Eugene Lawrence in Harper's Weekly.

Superstitions Regarding New Year's Day.

In England there is a popular idea that if an unmarried person trips accidentally while going upstairs on New Year's day, that person will be married before the year is out.

In Bulgaria it is believed that the child born on New Year's will never have to work for a living. Also, if any one, while eating a New Year's dinner, lets fall a piece of bread upon the floor, that person will come to want before the end of the year.

Among the Oriental races in general all the grown people endeavor to have in their pocket silver, gold and copper at the dawning of that day to insure abundance of money during the year.

Some of the eminent people who were born Jan. 1 were Baron Von Trenck, 1710; Edmund Burke, 1730, and Maria Edgeworth, 1767.

TIME'S DARLING IS DEAD.

From out the crystal snow,
A year ago,
The angels made her;
And the sentinel stars of night
Gave his blue eyed darling light;
Then they pillaged the moon of her crown
To fashion a pure white gown;
And they circled her waist amain
With the wisp of a comet's train.

From out of the eastern gray
Of a new born day
They took a strand;
And they bound the silver line
With a ray of the sun's decline;
And they wove them well in a loom,
The threads of hope and of doom,
Till they formed a beautiful car
Made fast to a meteor star.

Then down from the gates above
A bit to love,
She came to his hand;
But the crimson and silver were one,
And his hopes but a mist in the sun.
The clouds in their sorrow may weep,
While the stars no more vigilance keep,
As they search on planet and sphere
For his darling, the dying year;
But they wander and weary in vain
To restore the living again;
For under the crystal snow,
A night ago,
The angels laid her.

Curious Old Almanacs.

With the New Year we all betake ourselves to new almanacs. And these almanacs of ours are very different from those of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth century. Here is the title page of one of them:

"A Prognossicacion and an Almanack fastened together, declaring the Dispocission of the People and also of the Wether, with certain Electyons and Tymes chosen both for Phisike and Surgerye, and for the husbandmen. And also for Hawekyng, Huntyng, Fishyng and Foulynge, according to the Science of Astronomy, made for the Yeare of our Lord God M.D.L., Calculed for the Merydyan of Yorke, and practiced by Anthony Askham." At the end, "Imprynted at London, in Flete Strete, at the Signe of the George, next to Saint Dunstan's Church, by Wyllyam Powell, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."

Then follows the Prognostication, the title page to which is as follows:

"A Prognossicacion for the Yere of our Lord M.CCCCCC.L., Calculed upon the Merydyan of the Towne of Anwarpe and the Country thereabout, by Master Peter of Moorbeeke, Doctour in Physicke of the same Towne, whereunto is added the Judgment of M. Cornelius Schutte, Doctour in Physicke of the Towne of Bruges in Flanders, upon and concerning the Disposicion, Estate, and Condicion of certaine Prynces, Contreys, and Regions, for the present Yere, gathered oute of his Prognossicacion for the same Yere. Translated oute of Duch into Englyshe by William Harrys." At the end, "Imprynted at London by John Daye, dwellyne over Aldersgate, and Wyllyam Seres, dwellyne in Peter Colledge. These Bokes are to be sold at the News Shop by the Lytle Conduyte in Chepesyde."

And here another:

"An Almanacke and Prognostication for the Yeare of our Lorde MDLL., practysed by Simon Henringius and Lodowdyke Boyard, Doctors in Physike and Astronomye, &c. At Worcester in the Hygh Strete."

And another:

"A Newe Almanacke and Prognostication, Collected for the Yere of our Lord MDLVIII., wherein is expressed the Change and Full of the Moone, with their Quarters. The Varietie of the Ayre, and also of the Windes throughout the whole Yere, with Infortunate Times to Bie and Sell, take Medicine, Sowe, Plant, and Journey, &c. Made for the Meridian of Norwich and Pole Arcticke LII. Degrees, and serving for all England. By William Kenningham, Physician. Imprynted at London by John Daye, dwelling over Alderagate."

Pleasant Greetings.

Two policemen on sidewalk talking in storm:

"Happy New Year's, is it? Nobody's offered me a nip or a tip today!"

"Me, too."

The dog does not testify.

Too Much Candy.

Hundreds of tons of candy have probably been bought by parents for their children within the last week. The sweet but treacherous compound is a necessary part of our civilization. The Nineteenth century holidays would be incomplete without it. Whether it is conducive to health in its best and purest form is doubtful. Those who lead a thoroughly vigorous out door life can probably take a good deal without any bad effect. But it is not those, as a rule, who are the great candy eaters. They crave a more solid food. It is generally the stay at homes who do most execution on sweet things. A girl of 15 will sometimes consume an amount of candy which would make strong men turn pale. Very young children, when they get the chance, limit their appetites by their capacity.

Morning Dew for Her Complexion.

A young woman who claims Augusta as her home, and who officiated as maid to a New York belle who spent last summer at Bar Harbor, has just cleared up what was regarded, even at that resort, used as it is to queer freaks, as mysterious actions. Every morning my lady's maid was seen to leave the hotel between 5 and 6, and spread on the grass something that looked very like a fine white handkerchief. Then, having waited a few moments, she would gather up the article and return to her mistress' chamber. She now explains that it was part of her duties to wet a lace mouchoir—as the lady called it—with the early dew of morning and then lay it over the face of the New York belle, who had an idea that it softened and added beauty and freshness to her complexion. Privately, the maid admitted—not expecting to be engaged by the same damsel another season—that the young lady's ruse was a failure, as her complexion always looked moist and rather shiny, instead of having the clear tint she hoped for. That the first snow of winter is commonly supposed to remove freckles is an old conceit, but that the morning dew enhances the complexion of city belles is indeed a new "fad."—Lewiston Journal.

Railway Enterprise in Turkey.

An important railway enterprise is announced in Turkey, a syndicate of British financiers having received from the government the right to construct a grand trunk line to traverse the central plateau of Asia Minor and connect Constantinople with Bagdad, covering a distance of 1,230 miles. It is said that for years past this undertaking has been the goal of rival speculators. English, French, German and American companies have all sought to obtain the franchise. The line to Ada-Bazaar from Ismid is to be commenced forthwith and finished in two years. In four years the line is to be finished to Angora, and eight years after to Bagdad. It is estimated to cost some $90,000,000.—Chicago News.

Time for Mariners.

The plan of signaling accurate time from sea coasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country now has on its coasts fourteen time balls and five other time signals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time balls; Germany has seven time balls; France, four time balls and two other time signals; Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland with Belgium, and the United States, have five time balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Example of Chinese Cruelty.

A sample of Chinese justice is afforded by the case of a half witted youth who, in an attack of epilepsy, fatally injured his father. The Chinese law decrees that a son who murders his father, whether he be sane or insane, shall suffer the lingering death—that is, his body is sliced with knives and the torture prolonged for hours. A parallel atrocity was furnished by the sentence to the same torture of a young Chinese woman who killed her father-in-law while he was attempting to assault her.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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