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THE NEW NORTH-WEST

MONTANA · OREGON · WASHINGTON · IDAHO · DAKOTA · WYOMING · NEBRASKA

VOL. 19, NO. 27. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, DECEMBER 30, 1887. WHOLE NO. 964.

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Special Attention Given to Collections.
952

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952

O. B. O'BANNON,
Land Agent and Attorney
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.

G. A. KELLOGG,
Civil Engineer, Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Office with O. B. O'Bannon. Orders for Surveys of Mineral and Agricultural Lands will receive prompt attention. Orders can be left with Mr. O'Bannon in my absence. 519.

H. B. DAVIS,
County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.
Office at the Court House, with Probate Judge. 832

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

C. F. REED.
DENTIST
Office Over Kleinschmidt's Store.
DEER LODGE, MONT.
951 3m

J. A. MEE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Deer Lodge, M. T.
Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.
Office on the corner, south of the McBarney House.

JOHN H. OWINGS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Kleinschmidt Building, formerly occupied by M. M. Hopkins.
Deer Lodge. - Montana.
Calls in town or country will receive prompt attention. 643

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W. A. CLARK, S. E. LARABIE,
CLARK & LARABIE,
BANKERS,
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Do a General Banking Business and Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS.
First National Bank, New York, N. Y.
776

First National Bank!
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Paid up Capital......$500,000
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Designs furnished and close estimates made on Business, Dwelling and other Houses.
Do all Kinds Job Carpentering.
SASH AND DOORS IN STOCK.
Shop next door north of Murphy, Higgins & Co's store. 980

P. J. LOOSEN,
Fashionable Tailor!
Main St., next to Postoffice, Deer Lodge.
Suits Made to Order in the Latest Styles.
Finest Line of Fall and Winter Samples Ever Brought to Deer Lodge.
Clothing Promptly and Neatly Cleaned and Repaired
A Share of the Patronage Solicited and Good Work Guaranteed. 951

Metropolitan Saloon,
HENRY HARRIS, Proprietor.
Johnny Cerber's Old Stand,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
I have opened the above SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM, stocked the bar with the best Liquors and Cigars, and solicit a share of the public patronage. 9 8 tf

Scott House.
DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
Sam. Scott, Proprietor.
Board Per Day $2.00. Single Meals, 50 c.
550.

CITY HOTEL,
Main Street, bet. 3d and 4th,
DEER LODGE, MONT.
E. P. MILLS, Proprietor.
Board and Lodging, per week.........$9.00
Board and Lodging, per day............1 50
Single Meals.............................50
First-class in every respect. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited and Satisfaction Assured. 951

THE ORPHAN'S NEW YEAR.

Cold is the night, and the wind blows wild
And the clouds scud swiftly by,
And the beating rain falls pitiless
On a little orphan boy,
Wandering, friendless, alone in the dark,
Alone in the crowded street—
Less than naught to the human throng,
That careless pass and meet.

I wonder if ever a home he had,
This desolate orphan, and where?
The mother who bore him, did she love
This child with the tangled hair?
I wonder if brother or sister he had,
If ever a father he knew?
Or if he ever eat of bread in his life,
Or of meat, as the rest of us do?

"TELL JESUS TO PLEASE LET ME DIE."

Scarcely human he seems somehow,
As he steals along the street,
Like a faint shadow of bygone things,
With his listless, frozen feet;
And he almost falls as he creeps to a gate
And crouches with desolate cry:
"Mother, oh, mother, make me get warm,
Or tell Jesus to please let me die!"

I wondered, as I saw them raise
The corpse of that friendless one
Whether 'twas better to die as he died
Than to live as he had done;
And I almost forgot that he had starved,
For that cold and shelterless gate
Had been the portal to paradise,
Where the welcoming angels wait.

But yet I wondered if those that saw
That piteous, still young face
Would, when they met a starving child,
E'er think of the time and place
Where they helped to lift that little form,
With its frozen look of pain,
And, thinking of him so wan and white,
Pass a hungry face again. —O. H.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

BY E. LOUISE WEST.

Mrs. Dreswell called her husband into the back parlor after tea. "I want to consult you seriously, my dear," she said, "with regard to our New Year's presents."

"Ah, yes," agreed Mr. D., rattling his watch chain with more energy than the occasion seemed to require. "Oh, certainly!"

"You see," pursued Mrs. Dreswell, gravely, "there are a great many people to whom we ought to give, but"——

"Ha! ha! yes indeed, but"—— Mr. Dreswell opened up the interview with a great appearance of mirth.

"Of course, we cannot give to everybody. There are my family and your family, I mean," said Mrs. Dreswell, looking confused, "your family, and—well, both our families. Our families and their children," continued the business-like little woman, "and the servants"——

Mr. Dreswell's strong right hand, employed in brushing troublesome crumbs from his waistcoat, was now lifted impressively. "My love, I sacrifice a large portion of my income and deny myself many things for the purpose of encouraging the servants to remain in my house. Must I also present them with rich gifts? Gold from the mines of the Indies? I tell you, Mary Ann, my store is no such place!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dreswell, hastily, "the servants are of small consequence, but what shall we do for Aunt Mary Ann?"

"Aunt Mary Ann be hanged!" said Mr. Dreswell. He had known his merriment could not stand the strain.

"But I was named for her, and"——

"Then, my precious pet," he chimed in, cheerfully, "if any presents do result from that interesting connection, they will certainly pour in from the other side; and—I hope they may, I hope they may."

"Well," she sighed, judiciously waiving the point again, "there's Grandma Miner."

"Yes," he responded suavely, "there's Grandma Miner—there she is."

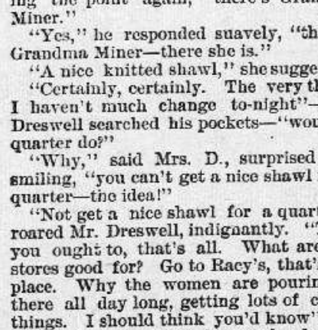
"A nice knitted shawl," she suggested.

"Certainly, certainly. The very thing. I haven't much change to-night"—Mr. Dreswell searched his pockets—"would a quarter do?"

"Why," said Mrs. D., surprised into smiling, "you can't get a nice shawl for a quarter—the idea!"

"Not get a nice shawl for a quarter?" roared Mr. Dreswell, indignantly. "Then you ought to, that's all. What are the stores good for? Go to Racy's, that's the place. Why the women are pouring in there all day long, getting lots of cheap things. I should think you'd know"——

"My dear, be still!" he was headed off at last; "I have priced them there, and they are very high."



"HA! HA!—YES, INDEED."

"Well, don't go there then! Pass the store. You should have tried Bootlyer's at first."

"I did, and they are just as high. You needn't"——

"Great stars! Isn't that like a woman! Now, are there no more than two stores in town? Aren't they as plenty as huckleberries? What is the necessity of shopping on the best streets, anyhow? I'll wager fifteen dollars you never thought of going half a dozen yards out of your way, over to Eighteenth avenue."

"Yes, I did, John, and it was no use"——

"Now, Mary Ann, hush! hush! stop right there. What you lack, what you've always wanted, so to speak, is a good, strong will. By Jove! a man ought to look out for that in a wife. You should be determined to get a thing for a certain sum, and then get it. That's what I'd do. What you need is will power. The city's big enough. In one place—yes, my dear, don't contradict, I've seen it with my own eyes in the paper—they offer to give a pot of flowers and something else, I forget what—a chromo, probably—to people for just walking through their store! Now, I don't care for chromos myself, but if you had simply passed through that store a few times you might have had enough to give a nice present to the servants if not to all your friends, and never cost you—I mean me—a single cent. But, no! you're the last woman in the world to surprise a man with a thing like that. You ought to have a stronger will, you really ought."

Mr. Dreswell's voice grew milder and lower as he leaned back in his chair. He had talked himself tired.

"To return to the point," said Mrs. Dreswell, sarcastically, waiving the said point once more, "I would also like to get a dress for Sarah's little girl, something pretty and durable."

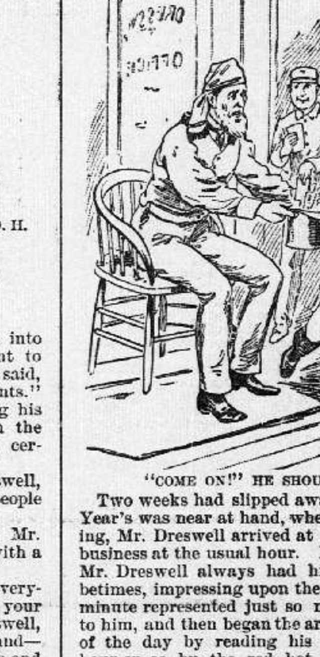
"Well, I see no objection to that," said Mr. Dreswell, with a high, bright look of daring on his face, "none."

"It will cost $10," she added, adopting more direct tactics.

"Ten dollars!" Mr. Dreswell was nearly speechless. "Is it possible that you can't," he tapped his finger on the table at every word, "take a needle and thread and sew her up a dress for less hard earned money than that? You're crazy! Oh, you want will power! A good, strong will would make a woman of you, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann having been routed with great slaughter at every advance, silence now reigned for a while, until an idea struck Mr. Dreswell. He jumped upon his feet.

"Now, my love," he said, with much dignity, "I wish to indulge and please you in every reasonable way, but I insist upon its being reasonable. I have offered you a great many plans and ideas, and also some money to-night, and now I have one more proposition to make. Suppose we lump the whole abominable business." Mr. D. lost his temper a little here, but he paused, and regained it. "How much do you want? Speak out now, only be reasonable, Mary Ann. Bring your will to bear now, and make it low—as low as you can. What is it? Ah! you'll think about it. Well, don't be too late, I'll have some expenses of my own to cash up shortly." Mr. Dreswell whistled cheerfully, glad to put off the evil day, and walked up stairs.



"COME ON!" HE SHOUTED.

Two weeks had slipped away, and New Year's was near at hand, when, one morning, Mr. Dreswell arrived at his place of business at the usual hour. It was early. Mr. Dreswell always had his family up betimes, impressing upon them that every minute represented just so many dollars to him, and then began the arduous labors of the day by reading his paper for an hour or so by the red hot office stove. Advertisements of holiday goods in large type filled his eyes, and these recalled to Mr. Dreswell his conversation with his wife, and the impending doom of holiday giving which hung over his own head. It was not that he was unable, out of his plentiful means, to do this thing, nor that his wife was not economical and sensible, though her feelings on the matter never even occurred to him, but he hated, on principle, to give something for nothing, and as he bestowed on his paper an angry fillip, he averred that it was all "nonsense." Then he took an easier position and continued his reading. Suddenly the door opened, and a lad put his head in.

"A bill, sur."

"Where from?" said Mr. Dreswell, shortly.

"Racy's, sur."

"What for?"

"Want the money, sur—takinconto' stok, sur."

"I'll come and see them about it."

The gentleman spoke promptly, but he was greatly surprised. Mrs. Dreswell always dealt for cash, and behold! here were several expensive articles charged against both his name and his express orders. Mr. Dreswell was still rapt in disgusted amazement when a bill from Bootlyer's arrived, and then one from Eighteenth avenue, and among the articles was a knitted shawl. Ten minutes later another man tramped in and found the head of the firm in a condition so nearly bordering on insanity that he was rejoiced to get away uninjured. As for Mr. Dreswell he tore the long towel off its roller and bound it tightly around his head to keep his great brain from bursting. Then throwing off his coat and cramming all his bills into the crown of his shining high hat, he dashed madly to the outer door, and sitting down in front of it, held the hat out in both hands.

"Come on," he shouted, in bitter fury, "I said she hadn't any will. Bring 'em in! I told her she lacked will power. Pile 'em up. I told her she ought to be determined. Here I am! I told her she didn't know anything. I'm the very fool they want, every time!"

A couple of frightened boys here slipped in and contributed a few bills from various places, Mr. Dreswell moaning and groaning unceasingly. But he paused presently to read a note:

MY OWN PRECIOUS LOVE—I thought the easiest way in regard to our holiday presents was the best. They are all sent and off my mind, and I feel quite happy. You will surely approve of the bills, for they are very reasonable. Your own devoted and loving WIFE.

Swedish Social Etiquette.

All through Sweden social intercourse is encumbered with much ceremonious etiquette, particularly among the landed gentry. The three Scandinavian tongues employ the two personal pronouns "thou" and "you," the first familiarly, the second when speaking to a mere acquaintance. But a well bred Swedish gentleman addressing a stranger will always, with old fashioned courtesy, substitute the equivalent for "Monsieur," regardless of harrowing repetitions, and where a title is demanded, even under the difficulties of rapid speech, it is never for a moment omitted. As such politeness, however, in the end becomes both monotonous and wearisome, they have a practical way of cutting the Gordian knot.

When a casual acquaintanceship has ripened into genial sympathy or mutual respect, your Swedish friend at once proposes "a brotherhood." This is a distinct social ordeal, the initiation to which demands a special rite. The man who has requested the honor of becoming your brother provides you with a glass of wine filled to the brim, he himself holding another; both rise, each linking the right arm of each; looking one another boldly in the eyes and pronouncing the words: "Skal bror!" the beakers are emptied. Hence you are expected to use the pronoun "thou," and you take your stand on the footing of relationship. Among the reminiscences of this visit to Vermland is an evening when I acquired no less than six new and stalwart brothers. On the subject of ancienne politesse, I should mention, by the way, that there is a well known Swedish gentleman who always gives precedence to his own son, because "he has one ancestor more than his father."—The Cornhill.

There are two ministers in the Fiftieth congress—Stewart, of Georgia, and McKinney, of New Hampshire.

SOLILOQUY OF A TURKEY.

Christmas, with all it happy thoughts,
Its greetings and goodly cheer,
Has passed away, and now today
We greet the glad New Year.
Yet still I'm sad, when I should be glad,
To think I am sitting here.

My brother and sister and wife have gone
To the land where turkeys go;
In every bone I feel alone,
And my feathers are drooping low.
For what is life without a wife
In this queer land below?

Alackaday! and oh, dear me!
I don't know what I'll do;
My family ties have been cut short,
And I'm feeling very blue.
I almost wish I had made a dish
At the family dinner, too.

I feel, alas! I am growing old,
And the thought of it makes me sigh;
I am doomed to sit, while the shadows flit
Across the evening sky,
Thro' many a night. Yet they say it's right
For I am too tough to die!
TOM MASSON.

By Parcel Post.

HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME.

NEW YEAR'S IN THE NORTHWEST.

Experience During Winter Holidays at Fort Totten, Dakota.

BY J. H. BEADLE.

It was my good fortune not many years ago to pass the winter holidays at Fort Totten—better known as Devil's lake, D. T. Every day was full of novelty, for this is one of the most interesting little communities in the cold northwest. Four different interests center there; the little population represents two great races, and two divisions of each, and the place has three names, according to the department of the one who names it. First, it is "Devil's lake," being at the south end of that peculiar inland sea; but as there is a railroad town of that name on the north side of the lake, this designation is becoming obsolete. Then it is "Fort Totten," as the military post is called—one of the best built, handsomest and best managed of Uncle Sam's frontier posts. It is also the "Sisseton and Wahpeton Reservation of Sioux Indians," and last and best it is known in the church record as the site of the mission school and home kept by the Gray Nuns of Montreal. And this was the part of it which made the holidays so interesting.

Christmas is a religious anniversary at the mission; but New Year's is a time of joyous cheer both there and at the military post. Early on the first day of the year the officers come over to give us the compliments of the season at the agency hotel, and a little later we return the visit. The mercury is only 10 degrees below zero; there is not a cloud in the sky, and the parade ground is a dazzling white as we go the rounds. The soldiers are all in their best, with their guns and bayonets at the brightest for the new year, and the morning parade is a rare novelty—white frosted mustaches, solid overcoats, bright weapons glittering in the morning sun attest a clean start for the year. After noon the officers' wives "receive," and they know how to make a more than "Knickerbocker New Year's;" then we have an evening of merriment, during which the mercury outside falls 10 degrees, and going home I freeze the tip of one ear. But it is a happy New Year's to all. The next night a dance at the fort closes the festivities for this time.

From Fort Totten to the mission buildings is little more than half a mile along a ridge over which the wind whistles merrily, having had all the broad plains thence to the Rocky mountains in which to gain momentum. Between fort and mission stand the cluster of buildings containing the agency store, United States signal service office, the residence and office of Maj. Cramsie, Indian agent, and others. To add to the interest, the snow is a foot deep and dry as flour almost, and during all the holiday week the thermometer does not even once rise to zero! "Thirty-four below" is the coldest, for, as the genial gentleman who runs the government weather assures us, "This is an uncommon mild winter; last year it was 48 degs. below, and never got up within hailing distance of zero." Still the hardy Sioux keep up their fishing on the lake, cutting great holes in the ice, and the weather beaten mail carrier never misses his tri-weekly trip across the frozen lake to Devil's Lake station. Thence also come a hilarious party of youths and maidens to the New Year dance given by the officers of the fort; and to one from a southern clime it is worth a long trip to see the sleighs "discharge freight" at the door of the dancing hall. There is no distinction of sex as they step out, for the ladies wear the universal buffalo overcoat—woolen goods will not turn such winds as they have here—the flap turns up over the head and the skirts brush the snow. They have ridden fifteen miles in an atmosphere 52 degs. below the freezing point; but when they get their wraps off and into the warm and brightly lighted hall, how clear skinned and rosy they do look! No malaria here. To-morrow they will ride back across the lake, though the mercury may have gone down 10 degs., laugh and chatter all the way, and think little of it. It's all in getting used to it; and people are quite as fond of social gayeties in the cold north as in the sunny south.

But my special business is to investigate the Indians. Maj. Cramsie gives me all the aid he can, and Sisters Page and Franklin, the principal teachers, put the classes of little Indians through their exercises for my benefit. The chapel connected with the mission school is a beautiful building; the assembly room will seat, I should judge, 600 worshipers; and it is a point of honor, so to speak, with the Catholics to have all the sacrosancta of the altar and pictures on the walls as elegant as in any parish church of the same rank. And how pleasant it is to see all this room filled with partially civilized Indians on a Christmas eve! In front are the pupils of the school, and it is evident at a glance that they "take to" Christmas quite as joyfully as their little white contemporaries. Christmas morning there is high mass, then the Christmas feast and the afternoon of general joyousness. Be it remembered that the United States draws the line on religious instruction, and while it pays too little for the school it pays nothing for the church; so the ten sisters who run this mission have to make their limited allowance as teachers go a good ways, helped out by whatever charitable people give. Yet they have done a wonderful work, and out of the 940 Indians on this reservation they have as large a proportion in school as the average white community. And for all this, all the agency work and all the employes' salaries the United States pays but $6,000 a year. "The Gray Nuns of Montreal" are an order of sisters, nominally Sisters of Charity, but devoted to teaching Indians; and devoted members of the order may be found through all this cold northwest from the Niobrara to the Athabasca basin. Maj. Cramsie is a warm advocate of the doctrine that the Sioux can be thoroughly civilized "if government will only give time enough and supply them with schools and good farming implements." Now that the military post is no longer needed here, he urges the government to make the fort buildings a great training school for the children of all the 20,000 Sioux in Dakota, and I heartily indorse his recommendation. And while I hold a farewell talk with him, Jonathan Roberts, the fat and genial mail carrier, announces that the sleighing is good, the mercury only 8 degs. below zero, and consequently this "lovely January day" is my best day to go with him across the frozen water to Devil's Lake City, on the St. Paul and Manitoba railroad.

EARLY CALENDARS.

The Clog Almanac—The First Written and Printed Almanacs.

Not every reader of these lines knows why the calendar is so called, nor the reason for naming one of the most indispensable of modern handbooks the almanac.

It was customary in old Rome to proclaim the first of each month, that the people might know the dates for the constantly recurring religious festivals. A notice of the beginning of each new month was also affixed in a public place, and the 1st of the month took the name Kalendae or Kalends, from the Greek verb meaning to call, while to the posted notice was applied the name Faste Calendares. Later a book of accounts referring to days was called Calendarium, a calendar, and from this we have derived our word, applied nowadays not only to a condensed almanac, or exposition of time divisions generally, but of late years to those dainty publications loved so well by young women wherein each day of the year is provided with a passage from some favorite author. An old stone calendar found at Pompeii is in the form of a square block, upon each of the four sides of which are registered three months, in perpendicular columns, the proper sign of the Zodiac heading each. Agricultural and religious information is given as well as astronomical.

The name almanac was derived from the Saxons, who, according to a quaint chronicler named Verstegen, "used to engrave upon certaine squared sticks, about a foot in length, or shorter, or longer, as they pleased, the courses of the moones of the whole yere, whereby they could alwaies certainly tell when the new moones, full moones and changes should happen, as also their festivall daies, and such a carved stick they called al-mon-aught, that is to say, al-mon-heed, to wit, the regard or observation of all the moones." The Clog almanac described by Dr. Robert Plot and found by him in the northern countries of Europe in 1686 was probably a modification of the al-mon-aught. It was a square stick of box or other hard wood, on which the days and months were designated by variously shaped notches. Properly, it was a perpetual almanac, designed to show the Sundays and other fixed holidays of the year only.

The earliest written almanacs were those of Solomon Jarchus, published in the Twelfth century. Pebrus de Dacia published an almanac in the year 1300 and thereafter they became more common with every year. Astrology was always exhaustively treated of in these early almanacs, and the following is an extract from an almanac for 1386:

EXPOSYCION OF THE SYNES.

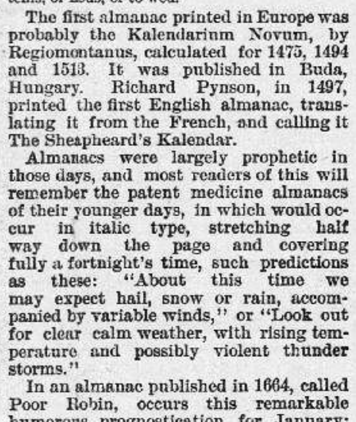
Aquarius es a syne in the whilk the son es in Jany, and in that moneth are 7 plyos dayes, the 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 15, 19, and if thoner is heard in that moneth it betokens grete wynde, mykel fruite, and batel. Aquarius is hote, moyste, sanguyne, and of that ayre it es gode to byg castellis, or hous, or to wed.

The first almanac printed in Europe was probably the Kalendarium Novum, by Regiomontanus, calculated for 1475, 1494 and 1513. It was published in Buda, Hungary. Richard Pynson, in 1497, printed the first English almanac, translating it from the French, and calling it The Sheapheard's Kalendar.

Almanacs were largely prophetic in those days, and most readers of this will remember the patent medicine almanacs of their younger days, in which would occur in italic type, stretching half way down the page and covering fully a fortnight's time, such predictions as these: "About this time we may expect hail, snow or rain, accompanied by variable winds," or "Look out for clear calm weather, with rising temperature and possibly violent thunder storms."

In an almanac published in 1664, called Poor Robin, occurs this remarkable humorous prognostication for January: "There will be much frost and cold weather in Greenland." Possibly Ben Franklin got a suggestion for the title of his famous "Poor Richard's Almanac" from Poor Robin.

True Philanthropy.



"How I pity the poor such a night as this," said Blande, as he sat in his comfortable apartment. "Then why," asked Bluff, "don't you put on your coat and go out and see if you cannot render assistance to some of them?" "Ah," replied Blande, "then I should not be so comfortable as I am now, and I might forget the poor and begin to pity myself. That would be selfish, you know."

A Little Diplomat.

A little girl about 7 comes to her father, who is reading. Pretty and merry face. Father bends in listening attitude.

"Papa, I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

"What do you think it will be best for you to give me New Year's?"

Long Bridges.

Of suspension bridges, the Brooklyn bridge is the largest, and that across the Ohio river at Cincinnati probably the second, while of arch bridges that across the Mississippi at St. Louis ranks first, and the bridge over the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace is one of the longest wooden bridges in the country.

NEW YEAR'S AMONG THE GREEKS.

Interesting Ceremonies We Are Not Generally Familiar With.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Christmas is a purely religious holiday among the Greeks, with none of that mirth and jollity observed among most Christians. There is no giving of presents and no toys or special pleasure for the children on that day. It is regarded with sentiments of solemn and holy awe, and is kept with fasting and church going, and there is no visiting or any other social meeting permitted, not only among the native born Greeks and those born in Constantinople, but also the Russians and Bulgarians, who are all Greek in religion.

Epiphany is also a solemn religious feast, or rather ceremony, which in that church represents the day of the baptism of Christ, and on this occasion [illegible] the holy water is blessed and each family takes a can or bottle full home for future need. The service keeps up until midnight, when a powerful light is reflected in the church to represent the descent of the Spirit. Then the worshipers light their tapers and put them into lanterns and hasten home, when they find their tables laden with dried fruits and nuts—nothing else. Before any one can eat a little holy water is put into each mouth and a lamp is lighted and placed before the picture or statuette of the Blessed Virgin, which is found in every orthodox Greek house, and this is kept burning seven days and nights.

The morning after Epiphany all the Greeks, Russians and Bulgarians who can get so far go to a part of the Bosphorus where the shores are the nearest together, at the entrance to the Black sea, to witness the blessing of the waters. The current here is very swift and strong, and is indeed called the Devil's current, and into the midst of this current full of floating ice the priest, after some ceremony, throws a silver crucifix. Instantly a dozen or more strong swimmers plunge after it, for it is a great honor to recover it, and besides the finder has a right to place it on a silver salver belonging to the church and go to every orthodox Greek and receive a present of money. No Russian or Greek captain will put to sea on any account between Christmas and Epiphany; but it is a beautiful sight to watch the sea of Marmora whiten with the sails of the departing craft the day after Epiphany.

But New Year's day among them is observed as we do Christmas; the children receive presents, toys, candies and fruit; the wives receive jewels from their husbands, and invariably a purse of money. The giving of money to his wife and each and every child and every servant in a house is obligatory upon the master, and he also is obliged to give to the postman and every other person who serves him in any capacity. Besides this, custom demands of him that he pay ceremonious visits to all his lady friends, and to none of these can he go empty handed. When he is ready to leave he finds the servants all drawn up in line and to each of them he must give money. The only consolation he can find is in the fact that his friends have to visit his wife also and bear her presents.

At this all day reception the lady or ladies of a house are dressed in their best, and they offer coffee and sweetmeats to every guest. There is no wine or strong drink used.

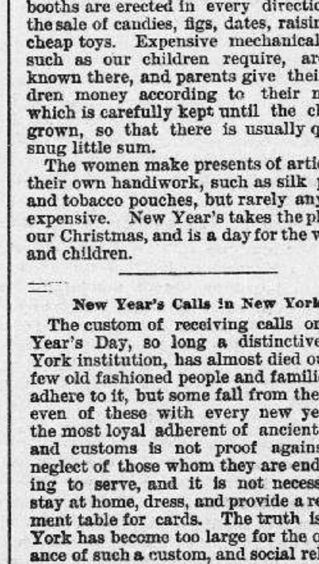
At night the ceremonious visiting ceases and families unite, and the young folks, and old ones, too, join in and play games and have a royal good time. Then a great cake, called Vasilopeta, is brought in and cut into as many pieces as there are guests. In this cake two pieces of money are baked, and the young man and girl who get them are king and queen of the year's feasts, and they receive artificial flower crowns.

The night before New Year's is kept as watch night, much after our fashion, and booths are erected in every direction for the sale of candies, figs, dates, raisins and cheap toys. Expensive mechanical toys, such as our children require, are unknown there, and parents give their children money according to their means, which is carefully kept until the child is grown, so that there is usually quite a snug little sum.

The women make presents of articles of their own handiwork, such as silk purses and tobacco pouches, but rarely anything expensive. New Year's takes the place of our Christmas, and is a day for the women and children.

New Year's Calls in New York.

The custom of receiving calls on New Year's Day, so long a distinctive New York institution, has almost died out. A few old fashioned people and families still adhere to it, but some fall from the ranks even of these with every new year, for the most loyal adherent of ancient forms and customs is not proof against the neglect of those whom they are endeavoring to serve, and it is not necessary to stay at home, dress, and provide a refreshment table for cards. The truth is, New York has become too large for the observance of such a custom, and social relations too complicated. The young people do not care about it, it savors too much of old Knickerbocker habits. They are more at leisure than their Dutch ancestors. They meet the day before New Year's and the day after. Why should they make a special thing of meeting on New Year's Day? The day is still kept, however, but in a different way. Dinners, entertainments, country parties and merry makings, rides, impromptu dances and the like have taken the place of making and receiving calls.



AN OLD FASHIONED NEW YEAR'S.

Dinner of Fish, Jan. 1, 1420.

Given by the Irish lords to the maire and his brethren aldermen of London. First course:

Brawne and mustarde, ded ellyes in burneur, frument, with balein (whale); pyke in erbage, lamprey, powdered; frought, codlyng, playes, fryed; marling, fryed; crabbys, leche lumbard, floryshed; tartys.

The second course was:

Gely, colered with columbine flowers; white potage, or creme of almandes; breme of the sea, coagour, solys, cheven, barbyll, with rache; freshe samon, haly-but, gurnarde, rochet, broyled; smelth, fryed; crevys or lobster; lamprey, fresh baken; flampeyne, flourished with a royal scochon.

The third course was:

Dates in compost, creme molte, carpe deore, turbut, fench, perche with goion, freshe sturgeon with welkes, porperous rosted, mennes fryed, crevis de eawe douce, pranys, elys roasted with lamprey. Aleche, called the whyte leche, flourished with blackthorn leves and red hawes, and a great marche pain (ginger cake), on which was wrought the names of all the guests.

The account tells how each diner was furnished with a patty to take home to his family, which contained a little of every dish served at the table, which it appears was the custom those days.

A Doubtful Holiday.

The following correspondence passed between a father at home upon his farm and his son at a military academy, and it was started at the instigation of a school comrade, who dictated the son's letter:

"DEAR FATHER—I write to you in great trouble, and as I know your kind heart I feel sure that you will not let your only son suffer for the want of a dollar which he has to pay or be locked up in the guard house, which will delay his promotion, all on the account of $5, which is the fine in case you lose the password, which I should not have done had not the horse run away with me and caused me to destroy $10 worth of chickens and ducks belonging to a farmer; and so, my dear father, if I do not have the $20 at once I shall not have a chance of promotion, and thus shall be deprived of the pleasure of passing New Year's day with you and my dear mother.

"Your obedient and dutiful son."

The answer was this:

"MY DEAR SON—I received your letter and hasten to inclose you the money which you need, and hope that it will secure your promotion. The $20 which you require to pay for the $10 worth of fowls would never stand in the way of my sending you $5 to pay for the lost password, and so I send you the dollar which is to keep you out of the guard house and on the road to promotion, after which you can come home New Year's.

"Your affectionate father."

RELIGIOUS GLEANINGS.

It is said that 14,000 members of societies of Christian Endeavor have become church members.

There are 110 Congregational church edifices in Canada, with 30,221 sittings, representing a total value of $679,100.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in his formal letter of resignation from the Baptist union, says it is useless to ask him to reconsider his decision.

The State Sunday School association reports that there are 962,045 scholars and 123,867 teachers in the Sunday schools of Pennsylvania.

The $50,000 needed to establish a theological seminary at the Arcot mission in India has been raised by the Reformed (Dutch) churches.

An organ is to be built, it is said, after designs by M. Camille Coll, a Frenchman, for St. Peter's, Rome, which shall be equal to the demands of the vast building.

The receipts of the American Bible society for September were $23,179.81. The issues from the Bible house during the month were 66,555 copies; issues since April 1, 503,987 copies.

The receipts of the British Foreign and American Bible societies from their origin to the present year are reported to be $160,578,463. The amount received by these societies for the last year amounted to $5,479,948.

An Ohio preacher tried to quote the verse in Matthew about "not one jot or tittle," and said, "Not one tot or jittle." Then he saw that he had erred and tried again. "Not one jilt or tottle," said he, and again stopped. But he would not give up, and began, "Not one tit or jottle," and then with a red face he gave it up and went on with his sermon, and there were not a half dozen of his hearers who could really tell just what the two words were.

The officers of the Evangelical alliance have arranged with nearly all the railroads of the United States for reduced rates of fare to and from Washington, D. C., on the occasion of the conference to be held on Dec. 7, 8 and 9. Certificates entitling the holders to tickets at the reduced rates will be sent to persons expecting to be present at the conference on application to Josiah Strong, D. D., secretary, No. 42 Bible House, New York, before Nov. 20.

White Horses and Warm Weather.

"Did you ever see a white or a gray horse overcome by the heat?" asked a well known livery stable keeper yesterday.

The gentleman to whom the question was directed put on his thinking cap. The rarity of such an occurence had never before suggested itself to him, and although he was among thousands of horses every day and had seen hundreds overcome, he could not recall a single instance in which a white or gray horse had been prostrated by the sun's rays.

"The cases of prostration among white or gray horses are very rare," continued the horseman. "We have forty or fifty of them among the 150 we employ, and I never knew of but one that gave out from the effects of the heat in my experience of twenty years in a stable. This, too, was hardly a fair case, as the horse was pulling a heavy coupe, which was overloaded, up one of Fairmount's steep hills. His illness was only momentary, and as soon as he received a little care he was all right again."

"Can I account for it?"

"Well, not exactly. But I suppose that white or gray does not attract the heat like darker colors. You have probably noticed this in your dress. A black, shiny surfaced coat seems to burn into your very flesh, while a garment of light colored cloth appears cool and breezy. This is probably why white or gray horses stand the heat better They are not so susceptible to the sun's rays.

"Keep a sharp lookout after this, and you will see that cases where white or gray horses succumb to the heat are as rare as the 'dead donkey' in England."

A veterinary surgeon, speaking on the same subject, said that the liveryman's theory that the light colors did not attract the heat so readily as the darker ones was correct.

"This is well known," said the surgeon, "in many of the countries where the climate is very warm, and for this reason alone horses of dark colors are rarely seen. In Cuba white, gray or sorrel horses bring high prices, while blacks and dark bays can be bought for a song. The people of the wealthier class will not buy them at all, and, as a consequence, no dark horses are brought into the country."—Philadelphia News.

Senator Sumner in Hot Weather.

It was seldom the case that the Senator left Washington when the session closed. He frequently remained to bring up the arrears of business and to prepare for the coming congress. Thus he was often caught in the city by the hot weather. When the temperature was in the nineties, he stripped to his work. His costume at his desk would be white trousers, shirt, and socks with slippers; and as he wore a black tie and no braces, and as his collar and cuffs were a part of his shirt, he did not appear inappropriately dressed. He felt the heat keenly; but as he perspired freely it did not affect his health. It was curious to note the gradual wilting of his clothes. His collar would soon seem to be hung over his cravat to dry. His back after a while would look as if it had been pelted with wet sponges, and his white ducks as if they had been spattered by a garden hose. So by noon he had to make a complete change of clothes, and before dinner he had, of course, to make another.—Arnold Burges Johnson in The Cosmopolitan.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

BUSINESS SUITS, FROCK COAT SUITS AND DRESS SUITS FOR MEN.

How Pet Dogs Wear Harness when Out for a Walk—A Pretty Indoor Costume Which Represents in Its Cut and Garniture New Styles.

The cut here given illustrates an indoor costume that represents in its fashion and its garniture, leading styles. The skirt of this this costume is of heavy brown cashmere, braided with the same color and trimmed with a flounce thirteen inches deep, laid in box pleats.

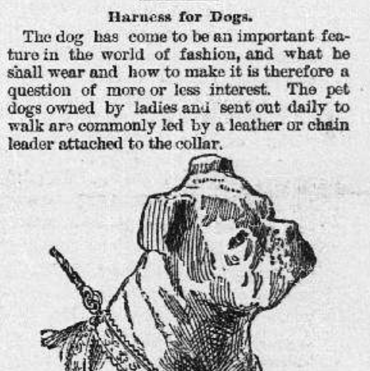
BRAIDED COSTUME.

For the front drapery arrangement, a breadth of material one yard and a quarter wide and one yard five inches long is pleated into the band at the upper edge and caught up on the left side. The back breadth, which is two yards ten inches wide and one yard six inches long, is pleated into the band, the material being arranged in a large box pleat in the middle and in smaller flat ones at the sides and then caught in the middle.

Waistcoat pieces complete the fronts of the bodice, which is further ornamented with revers two and three-quarter inches long. Large flat bronze buttons are also used in the ornamentation of the bodice. (See cut.) Such braided ornamentations as here described may easily be made by our readers, or braided sets may be purchased for the purpose.

Harness for Dogs.

The dog has come to be an important feature in the world of fashion, and what he shall wear and how to make it is therefore a question of more or less interest. The pet dogs owned by ladies and sent out daily to walk are commonly led by a leather or chain leader attached to the collar.



HARNESS OF LEATHER WORK FOR DOGS.

The harness here illustrated is not only intended for ornament, but also to prevent the collar from pressing into the neck of the dog when a leader is attached to it. The latter, in the arrangement shown, is put through a ring let in the middle of the belly band of the harness. The harness from which the illustration is taken consists of four straps, each three-quarters of an inch wide and long enough to reach around the body of the animal. Sometimes light colored leather is used, sometimes dark. Occasionally strips of red cloth, somewhat wider and pinked out at the edge, are stitched on under the leather. The strips are joined and ornamented with gilt, silver or nickel headed nails. These harnesses can be purchased ready made, though many ladies prefer having them made to order.

New York Fashions for Men.

The following New York styles in men's clothing were recently described in Harper's Bazar: Business suits are of dark mixed suitings and checks and stripes that are not conspicous—indeed, are almost invisible—producing dark gray shades, brown and red mixtures, black and brown checks, etc. These suits may have a cutaway coat, fastened by three or four buttons, as the size of the wearer dictates, or else a four buttoned sack coat; the waistcoat may have a "step" rolled (notched) collar or a standing "step" collar; the edges are double stitched. Trousers for these suits—and indeed for all suits—are cut medium wide and hang straight, but they are not of exaggerated width, nor do they have the folded crease down the front and back which belongs to ready made clothing. A dark silk or satin scarf tied in a large knot, a black Derby hat and tan or mahogany colored gloves with wide black stitching are worn with business suits.

Those dressy morning suits that are worn in the afternoon as well have a cutaway coat and vest of black or dark blue corkscrew cloth, or of diagonal that is not very wide, or else of the crape finished cloth.

The frock coat suit is accepted as the correct day dress suit for formal receptions in the afternoon and for day weddings, alike for the bridegroom, ushers and guests. Fine black diagonals, corkscrew cloth or cheviot—a cloth without facing—are used for the double breasted frock coat, which is of medium length, is fastened by four buttons, has corded silk facing, is bound with ribbon braid and lined with black satin. The vest of the same cloth is single breasted and medium high. The trousers are of dark stripes, though slightly lighter trousers are worn by a bridegroom and his attendants. White or very light ottoman silk scarfs, with a jeweled scarf pin, and pearl colored gloves stitched with pearl, are worn by the groom, best man and ushers. The guests also wear light scarfs with tan colored gloves. A high silk hat completes a frock coat suit.

Dress suits for evening are of the finest black diagonal or Angolas, especially those for young men; broadcloth is little used. The dress coat is cut with narrow swallow tail and low rolled shawl collar in long continuous roll, or it may be a notched collar if the wearer prefers.

New Year's Bells.

Hark! the merry bells are ringing,
Yet another year has passed.
What the baby year is bringing
Mortal cannot well forecast.
May its days be sweeter, brighter,
Than the year that now is past;
May its burdens all be lighter
And its blessings longer last.
Ring out, sweet bells!
The New Year comes;
Ring out, sweet bells,
To all our homes!
A coming year
Of joy reveal
As loud ye ring
Exultant peals! —Edward Oxenford.

The wave is breaking on the shore—
The echo fading from the chime—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial plate of time! —Whittier.