

Call them not so fondly back. All the dead, lost days that run Darkly thro' the Glass of Time, Toward the Setting of the Sun, Toward the Shadow of the Valley And the Summer that is done.



Call them not so fondly back. Since the stars shall never stand! Yet the Hour Glass of the years Still shall turn within His hand, And the Old Years that run darkly Be the New Year's brightest sand!

SURE CURE.

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

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try the cure herself. So each of the generous strip of the plaster, moistened and applied it and sat down, hands pressed tightly over mouth, waiting for the plaster to dry.

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

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

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

"Perhaps—some time," replied Mr. Hatch, manlike, without taking his eyes off his paper.

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

"I suppose so. Don't bother me. Send Myrtle after some if you like," replied the rather gouty tempered Mr. Hatch.

"No; I believe I will go myself and not let the girls know anything about it." And his good wife laid down her work and started for the drug store.

The druggist's surprise gave way to astonishment as Mrs. Hatch demanded of him a yard of Isinglass plaster. He concluded that somebody must be pretty badly cut up over at the Hatches'.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All was quiet and still by midnight, for Mrs. Hatch did not believe in young folks sitting up to watch out old years. Then Myrtle suddenly awoke with the terrifying thought that some one—a man, of course—was holding his hand over her mouth. Then, remembering

the events of the evening, she realized the cause of the peculiar sensation. But the shock to her nerves remained. The assertion that her snore was all imaginary, though repeated over and over to herself, failed to quiet them.

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

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

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

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

"Oh, here's father! He will explain," cried the amazed Edward as the third figure came groping silently down the middle of the hall stood the paternal Hatch, uttering not one word of welcome to his beloved son.

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

"Edward, they're all crazy! Let's go home, anywhere, but do not stay in this house!" cried Mrs. Hatch Junior, with strong signs of hysteria.

"Speak, somebody, can't you? For heaven's sake, wish us a happy New Year!" cried Edward, taking his frightened wife in his arms.

But not a word did any one speak. The silent group shuffled sheepishly about, making weird and inexplicable signs, which more and more convinced Edward that all the family of Hatch had suddenly departed with their several and individual senses.

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

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

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

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

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

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL RECEPTION TO ALL CALLERS.

ETIQUETTE OF DRESS—Display by the Army and Navy Officers—Foreigners in Their Dress of State—Hand-shaking Extraordinary.

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In point of brilliancy and formal display it oversteps all the social events at the national capital. On this day the chief executive of the nation receives in state the vice president, the members of his official household, the chief justice and the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States, the foreign legations, senators and representatives in congress, officers of the army and navy, officials of the District of Columbia and such of his fellow citizens as choose to pay their respects to the president on that occasion. To the president it is no holiday task, as he must go through the ordeal of shaking hands with 8,000 or 10,000 people.

Although the New Year's reception begins an hour before noon, custom demands the wearing of afternoon dress. As there is in this country no officially prescribed court dress, there is nothing in the apparel of the diplomatic and civil officials of the government to distinguish them from other well-groomed men on formal occasions. The officers of the army and navy, however, appear in full dress uniforms and present a brilliant ensemble.

One of the chief attractions of the day which the great throng gathered in the neighborhood of the capital has an opportunity of seeing is the display made by these officers on their march to the White House.

The most picturesque feature of the president's New Year's reception is the appearance of the foreign diplomatic corps in their gaudiest and best dress of state. They assemble in the red parlor of the White House, with the dean of the corps at their head. This distinction has for a number of years fallen to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, who will doubtless continue to hold the place as the oldest in point of continuous service of any of the foreign representatives. They form a brilliant procession as they proceed to the president's reception room, the ambassadors being the first in line, followed by the ministers in order of seniority, each attended by his suit, including secretaries, attaches and such ladies of the legations as desire to attend. The South American diplomats, in accordance with their own peculiar custom, appear in full evening dress. It is the gentlemen who give the picture its gayest coloring. The Chinese minister and his vast staff wear varcolored gowns of rich and costly fabrics, though the Japanese are not so showy in their state attire. The Turks appear in their red fezzes and the Koreans in their flowerpot hats and are even more gorgeous than the Chinese.

After the distinguished and brilliant assembly of officials—state, judicial, diplomatic and legislative—has passed through the reception room and received the president's New Year greeting an hour is exclusively devoted to citizens, and the chief executive receives and shakes hands in quite democratic fashion with as many of his fellow countrymen as can reach him during the time allotted to the reception.

SAMUEL HUBBARD.

TWO OFFICIAL CALLS.

The Gentlemanly Way in Which Rival Mayors Observed New Year's.

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ceptional cases, however, and there was no guide to go by. When Pete Mahoney was elected mayor of Dog Creek, it was on his pledge to make it still hotter for Juba Hill. That same fall Joe Drake was elected mayor of Juba Hill on his pledge that he would endeavor to wipe Dog Creek off the face of the earth. December was wearing itself away and both towns were whooping it up when Mayor Mahoney heard that Mayor Drake said he was no gentleman.

"No gentleman, eh?" he said to some of his closest friends. "Well, we'll see about that. New Year's day will soon be here, and do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to mount my mule and ride over to Juba Hill and call on Mayor Drake. I'll call as a gentleman should."

At about the same time Mayor Drake was told that Mayor Mahoney did not consider him a gentleman, and he sat down and thought it over and then said to his friends:

"I'll prove that Mayor Mahoney is a boss thief and a liar. On New Year's day I'll ride over there as a gentleman, call on him as a gentleman and let him see the difference between a scrub and a man."

It is needless to add that both towns encouraged their respective mayors in their plans. When New Year's day came, both mounted their mules at about the same hour and set out, and as a consequence they met half way between the towns. Each had a following of about a hundred. As the two mayors came to a halt Mayor Mahoney graciously observed:

"Will the gentleman from Juba Hill return to Dog Creek with the other gentleman?"

"The gentleman from Juba Hill was about to ask the other gentleman to accept of his hospitality," was the reply of Mayor Drake.

"As a gentleman and knowing what belongs to good manners"—

"As another gentleman and knowing all about etiquette"—

"I must say that Dog Creek has the biggest graveyard."

"But Juba Hill has the most saloons."

"And that you are a duffer and a liar!"

"And that you are a quitter and a sneak!"

Then the respective mayors pulled their respective guns with a whoop. The respective gentlemen on either side followed suit, and for half an hour the most cheerful industry prevailed. The gentlemen shooting continued until everybody had run short of cartridges or got tired of dodging bullets, and then Mayor Mahoney came out from behind a tree and said:

"The mayor of Dog Creek, who is still a gentleman and no hog, will now bid you a polite good day and retire."

Then Mayor Drake rose up from behind the stump which had sheltered him through the fray and replied:

"The mayor of Juba Hill, who is also a gentleman and knows when he's got enough, presents his compliments and best wishes and trusts that this auspicious beginning of the New Year may strengthen the bond of love between the two towns."

And then each side loaded up its victims and returned home in a gentlemanly way.

A. B. LEWIS.

QUAINT NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

Sometimes a Mingling of Superstitious Ceremonies and Heedless Jollity—Old Festivities in Scotland, China and Japan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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