

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1896.

NO. 48.



GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

and everyone needs it at all times of the year. Malaria is always about, and the only preventive and relief is to keep the liver active. You must keep the liver active, and the best helper is the Old Friend, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z.

Mr. C. Himrod, of Lancaster, Ohio, says: "SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR broke a case of Malarial Fever of three years' standing for me, and less than one bottle did the business. I shall use it when in need, and recommend it."

Be sure that you get it. Always look for the RED Z on the package. And don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, and there is only one, and every one who takes it is sure to be benefited. THE BENEFIT IS ALL IN THE REMEDY. Take it also for Biliousness and Sick Headache; both are caused by a sluggish liver.

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THE DYING YEAR.

My door stands open wide tonight,
and to draw on the scarlet woollen mittens,
which she herself had knitted during those long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other, for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins' boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret-eyed youngster, with an intensely freckled face and a furtive, sidelong glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of "J." Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to ask for her at the maternal house the very next day. "It will be of no use," she thought sadly. "Mother will say no. She does me to marry Squire Sedley, who is bald and deaf and twice my age, and who only wants me because his housekeeper has struck for higher wages and he thinks a wife would be better economy. But we can wait, Paul and I. We will wait."

And then they ran up alongside the tall, spectral cylinder of the lighthouse, for the tide was high and landing was comparatively easy, and Muriel sprang lightly out of the boat, looking up at the fiery eye in the lantern above.

"Give me the bag and the basket, Tommy," said she. "Steady with the boat now! I'll be back in one minute."

So the orange glow had turned down into a deep red radiance, and the dusk shadows of the New Year's eve were creeping over all the glassy surface of the sea.

Aunt Dora was at home. In fact, Aunt Dora never was anywhere else. Her own society, little as other people cared for it, was all sufficient for herself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Dora, as unconcerned as if she lived on dry land and was in the habit of seeing company every hour in the day. She was darning stockings by her own special little lamp, and the teapot already hummed on the hob for her tea. "Anything the matter? Because I couldn't leave the light if it was ever so!"

"No, nothing is the matter," said Muriel. "I have brought you a note from my mother. Something about the pattern of a bodysuit, I believe. And some chickens and apples and a bag of fresh turkey nuts."

Aunt Dora read the note once, twice, three times over. Then she regarded Muriel in a sinister fashion from under her thick, black brows, while the girl played unconsciously with the tea.

"Humph!" said she. "Yes, I'll go and get the pattern!"

She was gone some time—half an hour, at least, as it seemed to Muriel, and when she came back, the girl started up.

"It is nearly dark," she said. "I must make haste home."

"Well, you needn't be in such a hurry," said Aunt Dora, with a grim chuckle. "I've seen the pattern by Tommy Jenkins. He's half way to shore by this time."

Muriel uttered a little shriek.

"And how am I to get home?" she cried.

"You ain't to get home at all," said Aunt Dora. "You're to stay and spend the New Year with me. That's what your mother said in her note."

"But I shall not!" exclaimed Muriel, stamping her foot vehemently. "I must go home! I expect company tomorrow."

"Sit down and be easy—do!" said Aunt Dora. "Must be for the king. I'd like to know how on earth you're to get home, with only one boat at the steps, and that paddled light, with the key smug at the bottom of my pocket!"

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A NEW YEAR ROMANCE.

"You may talk as much as you please," said Muriel Vane, nodding her curly head, "but I'm going to receive company in the parlor on New Year's day. Why shouldn't I? Every other girl does."

"It's a sinful, wicked waste of time," said Mrs. Vane, "when the quilting is so behindhand and there's such a deal of sewing to be done."

"But life isn't all for work," pleaded Muriel. "And Mr. Clifton is coming all the way from the city in his sleigh to see me. Oh, mother, please let me have a loaf of homemade cake and some red apples and real cream for the coffee! Just for this once! It's only one day in the year. Do, mother!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, who was one of those aggravating women who make up their minds on the least possible grounds and then pride themselves on adhering to their word. "I've said no, and I mean no. When I was a young girl I wasn't setting my cap at every fellow that came along."

"Mother," cried Muriel, in an agony of wounded pride, "do you mean to say that I do such a thing?"

"You think a deal too much of the beaux anyway," said old Mrs. Vane, screwing up her thin lips. "And I'm going to break up that sort of thing. See if I don't!"

It was with difficulty that Muriel, Vane, naturally a high tempered girl, checked the indignation that rose to her lips. Surely, surely, it was not right that she, a girl of 18, who was entering her own living by teaching in the district school, should be treated like a child of 5; that her tyrannical old mother should place no confidence whatever in her sense of right and delicacy. Up to this time she had rendered the tribute of an unwilling obedience to Mrs. Vane's behests, and now she felt that the moment for just rebellion had come. She felt that she could not live any longer in this cramped, nigardly sort of way, with the very lumps of sugar for her tea added to her, one by one, and the purple apples for her lunch dealt sparingly forth, as if each one were molded in gold. Mrs. Vane took her lamp away at 9 o'clock every night. She dictated to poor Muriel as to the very color of her dresses and the number of yards which she might purchase for them; in fact, the girl scarcely dared to think for herself. Could she live thus always? she asked herself. Was it right that she should?

"At all events, mother," said Muriel, speaking in a low, determined tone, "I shall receive my friends on New Year's day! It is my privilege, and I claim it!"

"Humph!" was the contemptuous rejoinder, but there was a world of meaning in it.

So Muriel retraced her one black silk dress and bought a new ribbon sash and baked a great, golden New Year's cake filled with plums and studded all through with translucent bars of citron and herself bargained with the grocer for two pounds of real Java coffee with as little adulteration of Rio, Maracabo and chicory as he could bring himself to concoct.

"I can see the china that my grand-mother Vane left me in her will," thought Muriel. "That at least is mine, although mother would never allow me to unpack it!"

She was busy decorating the walls of the little parlor with laurel leaves and long, dark green trails of prince's pine on New Year's eve, when her mother came into the room.

"Muriel," said she, "I want to send some dressed chickens and a peck of those golden pippins to your Aunt Dora at the lighthouse. Jenkins' boy is ready with the boat, but he's such a limb that I don't, for the life of me, dare to trust him with the apples and the bag of honey nuts. I want you to go and ask Aunt Dora for the pattern of the new bodysuit that the 'Philadelphia pavement' you know."

"Very well, mother," said Muriel in the old submissive way. "But isn't it rather late?"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Vane. "Why, the sun is an hour high yet. You'll be back long before dark if Jenkins' boy is spry with the oar."

Aunt Dora, Mrs. Vane's only sister, was a worthy case of the family tree-tall, masculine and hard featured. She had always taken the entire charge of White Reefs lighthouse, even after the official appointment was conferred upon her husband, and when one day that public servant departed this life, things went on precisely the same. Muriel was not fond of her Aunt Dora, and her Aunt Dora regarded her as a "poor, chicken hearted creature—Vane all over." But Muriel did feel sorry for the lonely old woman, and she thought that even a pair of fowls and a few apples—this unenvied manifestation of sisterly feeling—were worth carrying to White Reefs. So she made haste to don her

GIAMISE NEW YEAR.

Evil spirits supposed to infest the departing year. A Night of Terror.

The Siamese "Choola-Sarant," or religious New Year, generally falls on the day after the first full moon in the month of March. The Brahmin astrologer, whose sole duty it is to point out the aspect of the sun, moon and stars, heralds the approaching full moon by setting in motion all the multitudinous gongs and temple bells in the city far and near. The people, who are always ready, waiting, for this signal, have generally finished their business for the year. Debts have been paid off, accounts closed, merchandise disposed of and all traffic of buying and selling suspended three days previous to the expected event.

The announcement made by the many tongued instruments is received by the vast population that inhabits the valley watered by the beautiful Menam river with fear and trembling, for they firmly believe that this is the witching hour when the very atmosphere of the world is alive with gods, demons, gnomes and hobgoblins, and forthwith the anxious, superstitious people hasten to frustrate their evil designs. They bind upon cotton thread, consecrated by the priest, round their doors and windows, as the sacred thread is supposed to prove an effectual barrier in keeping out the malicious spirits. This done they place by the doors of their houses and huts a platter containing a pig's head and a bottle of arrack, as a conciliatory repast for the wandering ghosts that may desire to regale themselves during the night, after which the whole city, like the small, draws in its horns and no consideration will tempt a mortal soul to venture out of it until sunrise the next morning.

At sunset every family offers to its own household gods an oblation of candied, perfumed tapers and roasted rice. As for the royal palace, 7,000 balls of unspun cotton, of seven fibers, consecrated by 27 priests, are reeled round and round the walls, and from sunset until dawn a terrific and continuous cauldroning is heard from all the forts of the city to rout the evil spirits that infest the departing year.

But once this dreadful night is passed, the terror sticks inhabitants, with a long drawn sigh of relief, prepare to welcome the new year. Dressed in many colored silks, they repair first to the temples to offer praise and thanksgiving for their deliverance and to make humbling gifts to the priests, and next until they have propitiated Buddha and Buddha's entirely representative do they think of their own merry-making.—Exchange.

NEW YEAR PORTENTS.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING THE WEATHER.

The Twelve Days Succeeding Christmas Supposed to be Indicators For the ensuing Year—Various Customs and Beliefs of Many Lands.

The 12 days from Dec. 26 to Jan. 6 have long been recognized as indices of the weather during the following year. The ancient texts referred to distinctly assert this, a Sanscrit proverb running thus, "The 12 nights are an image of the year." Another text from the same sources evidently refers to the same period, "The Ribhus (storm demons) sleep for 12 nights and days in the house of the sun god Savitar."

In northern Germany it is said that as the weather is during each of the 12 days, so it will be during the corresponding months of the year to come. A like belief exists in this in Lancashire and Northamptonshire. Eng-land, and a very old writer (1690) records the current notion in his day that the 12 days served as an index of the coming year's weather. It was said in one English port that if the wind blew hant on the fifth night (Dec. 30), ships at sea would be in great peril the coming year.

The inhabitants of the Vague mountains restrict their prophesying period to that of our holidays, from Christmas to New Year's, and are willing only to say that these six days indicate the character of the weather for the succeeding six months.

In one part of our own country it is said that "the first three days of January rule the coming three months," while in another place the 12 days are said to be the "keys of the year."

Of New Year's day itself we have the authority of a very old weather prophet—the author of the "Shepherd's Calendar"—for the generally common notions to be drawn from the weather on that day. "If New Year's day in the morning open with dusky red clouds, it denotes strife and debate among the great ones and many robberies that year." More recently it is said of this day, "If the morning of New Year's day is red, it portends foul weather and great need." While of the second day of the year it is said, "As the weather is this day, so it will be in September."

In the "Book of Providence" (predecessor, 1614, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 are set down as unlucky days. Another chronicle says: "January.—Of this first month, the opening day, and seventh, like a sword will slay."

The first day of the year is often regarded as the proper time to make certain divinations with reference to many events affecting the future. In Northamptonshire the master of the family then tempts fate by opening the Bible with his eyes shut and obtaining from the passage first touched with his finger some indication of the events of the coming year.

Among the Wends young maidens hasten to the lighthouse on New Year's eve, striking the perch right on the beam, while repeating to themselves the following ditty:

If cockle the hen,
You will have a man;
If cackles the hen,
You know what?

Certain observances are supposed to obtain luck for the year following. In one part of modern Greece all in the house go out early New Year's morning, then return to the dwelling bearing each a branch on which the leaves are well dried. These are cast on the open fire, each wishing at the same time leaves, the greater the flame and the better the augury.

In the north of England new clothes are put on for luck the first day of the year.

An odd ceremony is recorded of one locality in England. Bands of straw were put under the feet on New Year's New while at table. When the meal was finished, one person got under the table and another one sat on his back and drew out the bands of straw. These were taken to the orchard and bound round trees, which were thereby insured to bear a full crop of fruit the next year.

In parts of France it is regarded as unlucky to lend anything on New Year's day.

The fire must be watched with great care on the first day of the year. In Lancashire, England, it is said that if it do not burn through the night of New Year's eve, bad luck will visit the household that year; nor must any one be given a live coal, or even a lighted candle at this time, for the bad luck will then visit the recipient of the gift.

At Annapolis the shadow thrown on the wall by the candles on the Christmas tree, on New Year's evening will, if any one is to die soon, represent his shadow headless.

In Romania the New Year begins with a ceremony of blessing the waters, the priest performing a mass and sprinkling the streams with holy water while blessing them.—St. Louis Republic.

Queer Welsh Beliefs.

In many parts of Wales to see one's shadow in the moonlight upon New Year's eve is believed to be an infallible sign that the person seeing it will die before the expiration of the coming New Year, and there is also a popular superstition that if an unmarried woman should see her face reflected in water on New Year's eve it is an infallible sign that she is destined to live and die in a state of single blessedness.—New York World.

So Many Gifts.

Three kinds of candy—five each, open new, is a useful present for me and for you. Will I eat with kindness and sunshine, my honey. And I'll send these gifts better than play.

—Youth's Companion.

ARREST disease by the timely use of

Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures SICK HEADACHE, sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

TUTT'S LIVER PILLS

LAFAYETTE HOLT,

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MACHINE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, FOUNDRY, GEAR-CUTTING, Piping, fittings, valves, etc.

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East Bound	No. 28, Mixed Daily.
Greensboro	10:15 a.m.
Raleigh	12:30 p.m.
Wilmington	2:45 p.m.
Hillsboro	5:00 p.m.
University	7:15 p.m.
Durham	9:30 p.m.
Ar. Raleigh	11:45 p.m.

West Bound	
No. 27, Mixed Daily.	No. 29, Mixed Daily.
Ar. Greensboro	7:30 p.m.
Raleigh	5:15 p.m.
Wilmington	3:00 p.m.
Graham	12:45 p.m.
Hillsboro	10:30 a.m.
University	8:15 a.m.
Durham	6:00 a.m.
Ar. Raleigh	3:45 a.m.

Ar. Raleigh	
No. 26, Mixed Daily.	No. 28, Mixed Daily.
Ar. Raleigh	10:15 a.m.
Clinton	9:15 a.m.
Ar. Goldsboro	8:15 a.m.

Ar. Greensboro	
No. 25, Mixed Daily.	No. 27, Mixed Daily.
Ar. Greensboro	7:30 p.m.
Raleigh	5:15 p.m.
Wilmington	3:00 p.m.
Graham	12:45 p.m.
Hillsboro	10:30 a.m.
University	8:15 a.m.
Durham	6:00 a.m.
Ar. Raleigh	3:45 a.m.

No. 25 and 26 make close connection at University to and from Chapel Hill.

THROUGH SCHEDULE.

South	
No. 35, Daily.	No. 37, Daily.
Ar. Washington	11:15 a.m.
Charlottesville	2:25 p.m.
Richmond	4:00 p.m.
Roanoke	5:45 p.m.
Ar. Greensboro	7:30 p.m.
Wilmington	9:15 p.m.
Salisbury	11:00 p.m.
Ar. Asheville	12:30 p.m.
Ar. Knoxville	2:15 p.m.
Chattanooga	4:00 p.m.
Columbia	5:45 p.m.
Augusta	7:30 p.m.
Ar. Jacksonville	9:15 p.m.
St. Augustine	11:00 p.m.
Ar. Atlanta	12:45 p.m.
Memphis	3:30 p.m.
N. Orleans	5:15 p.m.

North	
No. 36, Daily.	No. 38, Daily.
Ar. Washington	8:45 a.m.
Charlottesville	11:00 a.m.
Richmond	1:15 p.m.
Roanoke	3:30 p.m.
Ar. Greensboro	5:45 p.m.
Wilmington	8:00 p.m.
Salisbury	10:15 p.m.
Ar. Asheville	12:30 p.m.
Ar. Knoxville	2:45 p.m.
Chattanooga	5:00 p.m.
Columbia	7:15 p.m.
Augusta	9:30 p.m.
Ar. Jacksonville	11:45 p.m.
St. Augustine	2:00 a.m.
Ar. Atlanta	4:15 a.m.
Memphis	6:30 a.m.
N. Orleans	8:45 a.m.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

No. 25 and 26, Washington and Southwestern Limited, comprise entirely of Pullman cars; minimum Pullman rate \$2.50, no extra fare. Through sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, New York and Memphis, New York and Tampa and Washington, Asheville and Hot Springs. Also electric first-class coach between Washington and Jacksonville, Dining car between Greensboro and Montgomery, No. 25 and 26, U. S. Post Mail, Pullman sleeping cars between New York and Jacksonville. Also sleeping car between Charlotte and Augusta.

No. 25 sleeping car Greensboro to Raleigh. No. 26 sleeping car Raleigh to Greensboro. Through tickets on sale at principal stations to any point of the company, or to any of the following: Asheville, Charlotte, Columbia, Greenville, Hot Springs, Knoxville, Memphis, New Orleans, Norfolk, Savannah, Tampa, Washington, and Wilmington.

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For the Evening Year.

May the new year, just opening to us, be signalled in public and in private life by the growth of noble ideas—of ideas that shall make men freer, truer, better; that shall more and more reflect the incomparable teachings of the Holy Child whose nativity we have just celebrated, and whose spirit, inspired and obeyed, can redeem the time and crown mankind with blessedness.—Christian Work.

Birth of the Year.

How like a woman lurch the waning hour—
Of the child year! The weak and querulous
gibe
Mid tears of rain doth lift a hundred wall,
Blankly the sun's eye starts; the air doth
lower
Dense as a bellows year, beneath a shower
Of snow fresh falls these branches white and
fear
As newborn limbs, he grows, with only power
To mend what aches and what aches never
The baby like that puts her hugging
To her more sweetly the year's love
Than every spring had long years for spring,
And the young blue eyes wear and glow
bright
While the red pretence, so the glowing light
Of baby's year, and the year's love.

Love and Charity.

If you can make love and charity in your heart chord with the last song of the choir sings New Year's day, you can make up your mind that you are a pretty good man after all.—Keomey Journal.

A Song of the Season.

Flora no more but a nut brown toad
And a real lady in the year;
A little loved child do me stand,
Neck laces I not drag me,
No frocks no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can I not see if I shall,
I am so wrapped and thrilly laid
Of jolly good old and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both feet and hand, go bare;
But little God said there good old laughs,
Back to be now or old.

With silver cherubs from the granular eye
Her softening hands—breast in baby and
precious
And, thankful that she's scared to see this day
Bested, give more, breathe low a sacred
prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

And here I am, my sweetheart! Will you come with me?
"Of course I will," said Muriel, springing lightly into his arms. "But wine?"
"To be married," said Mr. Paul Clifton, "is high wine that this system of matrimony was broken up. My little Muriel must be ruined and mine alone henceforward. Do you not agree with me?"
And Muriel answered:
"Yes."
Aunt Dora got to the window just in time to shriek an ineffectual exclamation to the pair in the fast receding boat.
"It's no use," said Aunt Dora, drawing a long breath. "When a girl is in love, she is neither to hold nor to bind. I've done the best I could. Mirthful can't blame me!"
Two hours later Muriel walked into the old brown roofed house on the shore, leaving on Paul Clifton's arm.
"Mother," said she to the amazed Mrs. Vane, who fully believed that she was "deceitful and wicked" in the solitary lighthouse tower, "I am married! And this is my husband. Will you forgive me, please? For I am so very, very happy today that I do not want a living soul to be at variance with me!"
And so Muriel signed her declaration of independence, and became Paul Clifton's wife upon this glorious sunny New Year's day. And Mrs. Vane and Aunt Dora were compelled to confess themselves outwitted and to accept their defeat with as good grace as possible.
"Fate is fate," said Aunt Dora grimly.
"And I wash my hands of the whole concern," said Mrs. Vane.
But Paul and Muriel were serenely happy. And what mattered aught else?—New York Ledger.

Begging Bread and Cheese.

Scotch children of the poorer class in small towns still beg on New Year's eve from door to door at the houses of wealthier families for a dole of oat leeks, calling out "Mogannany" or some of the local rhymes which are given in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," such as:

Hogmanay,
Trowlady,
Give us your white bread
And none of your gray!

They also beg for cheese, which they call "bog-money," and Braud's "Popular Antiquities" gives this begging rhyme used by Scotch children:

Get up, gude wife, and bime weel;
Deal care and cheese while ye are here,
For the time will come when ye'll be dead
And neither need your cheese nor bread.

As the children on these forays are swathed in great sheets formed into a deep bag or pouch to carry the oatleeks they form quite a numbing and fantastic appearance on the by streets and lanes.—Independent.

New Year's In 1790.

New Year's day, 1790, was one of special interest to those who delight in tracing facts concerning this method of celebration. President Washington, then in the first year of his first term, lived at the Franklin House, in Cherry street, New York.

The city was then a little Dutch town of cobblestones and gardens, containing about 1,400 houses and 20,000 people, most of whom were tradesmen and mechanics of very limited means.

The president had lived among them several months, but most of them had held aloof through the awe inspired by his great character and his high office. But on this New Year's day a great number of them put on their best cocked hats, their Sunday wigs and all their best clothes and called upon the president.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Good and Bad Omens.

To meet a red haired person on first getting up indicates a dull day in business, and if such a one crosses your door on New Year's day you will have an unlucky year. While making a trade, if a cross-eyed person looks at you, it indicates that the bargain will be unprofitable. To hear a cricket chirp is good luck, and it is always a welcome sound under the banth-sign of the farmer's house.—Exchange.

A New Epoch.

As the sun completes his annual revolution through the heavens by touching the southern solstice, and then commences his return to northern latitudes, man is compelled to recognize a new epoch in his own career and is reminded to pause a moment for earnest reflection in order to gather wisdom from vanished months and to forecast the signs of the future.—Christian Work.

Japan's Common Birth-day.

The first of the year is really a sort of double festival in Japan, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, reckon their age from that date. A child born 24 hours before New Year's day is called a year old on that day, so that it is the birthday of all the Japanese people.—New York Advertiser.

Love and Charity.

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Neck laces I not drag me,
No frocks no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can I not see if I shall,
I am so wrapped and thrilly laid
Of jolly good old and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both feet and hand, go bare;
But little God said there good old laughs,
Back to be now or old.

With silver cherubs from the granular eye
Her softening hands—breast in baby and
precious
And, thankful that she's scared to see this day
Bested, give more, breathe low a sacred
prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.

NEW YEAR PORTENTS.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING THE WEATHER.

The Twelve Days Succeeding Christmas Supposed to be Indicators For the ensuing Year—Various Customs and Beliefs of Many Lands.

The 12 days from Dec. 26 to Jan. 6 have long been recognized as indices of the weather during the following year. The ancient texts referred to distinctly assert this, a Sanscrit proverb running thus, "The 12 nights are an image of the year." Another text from the same sources evidently refers to the same period, "The Ribhus (storm demons) sleep for 12 nights and days in the house of the sun god Savitar."

In northern Germany it is said that as the weather is during each of the 12 days, so it will be during the corresponding months of the year to come. A like belief exists in this in Lancashire and Northamptonshire. Eng-land, and a very old writer (1690) records the current notion in his day that the 12 days served as an index of the coming year's weather. It was said in one English port that if the wind blew hant on the fifth night (Dec. 30), ships at sea would be in great peril the coming year.

The inhabitants of the Vague mountains restrict their prophesying period to that of our holidays, from Christmas to New Year's, and are willing only to say that these six days indicate the character of the weather for the succeeding six months.

In one part of our own country it is said that "the first three days of January rule the coming three months," while in another place the 12 days are said to be the "keys of the year."

Of New Year's day itself we have the authority of a very old weather prophet—the author of the "Shepherd's Calendar"—for the generally common notions to be drawn from the weather on that day. "If New Year's day in the morning open with dusky red clouds, it denotes strife and debate among the great ones and many robberies that year." More recently it is said of this day, "If the morning of New Year's day is red, it portends foul weather and great need." While of the second day of the year it is said, "As the weather is this day, so it will be in September."

In the "Book of Providence" (predecessor, 1614, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 are set down as unlucky days. Another chronicle says: "January.—Of this first month, the opening day, and seventh, like a sword will slay."

The first day of the year is often regarded as the proper time to make certain divinations with reference to many events affecting the future. In Northamptonshire the master of the family then tempts fate by opening the Bible with his eyes shut and obtaining from the passage first touched with his finger some indication of the events of the coming year.

Among the Wends young maidens hasten to the lighthouse on New Year's eve, striking the perch right on the beam, while repeating to themselves the following ditty:

If cockle the hen,
You will have a man;
If cackles the hen,
You know what?

Certain observances are supposed to obtain luck for the year following. In one part of modern Greece all in the house go out early New Year's morning, then return to the dwelling bearing each a branch on which the leaves are well dried. These are cast on the open fire, each wishing at the same time leaves, the greater the flame and the better the augury.

In the north of England new clothes are put on for luck the first day of the year.

An odd ceremony is recorded of one locality in England. Bands of straw were put under the feet on New Year's New while at table. When the meal was finished, one person got under the table and another one sat on his back and drew out the bands of straw. These were taken to the orchard and bound round trees, which were thereby insured to bear a full crop of fruit the next year.

In parts of France it is regarded as unlucky to lend anything on New Year's day.

The fire must be watched with great care on the first day of the year. In Lancashire, England, it is said that if it do not burn through the night of New Year's eve, bad luck will visit the household that year; nor must any one be given a live coal, or even a lighted candle at this time, for the bad luck will then visit the recipient of the gift.

At Annapolis the shadow thrown on the wall by the candles on the Christmas tree, on New Year's evening will, if any one is to die soon, represent his shadow headless.

In Romania the New Year begins with