A NEW 'Love Will Find a YEAR'S Way " BASKET By ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE Caller P

12

ROM the time I was a boy in kilts, calling on the Start ROM the time I was a boy manis-calling on the Steeles formed part and parcel of my New Year's day. They lived in a great stone house across the way. Their windows were larger, their front

nouse across the way. Inch windows were larger, their front door broader, and the iron pineapples on their gateposts bigger than any others in the neighborhood. I am sure about the pineapples, for Mary Steele and I meas-ured them one day after a wordy battle. We used the hem of her pinafore as far as it would go, and finished the inches upon my pocket handkerchief. She was right. Their pineapples were twice the size of ours, and I admired her pretty, exultant face, as it pressed closely to see that I "played fair." She was so near that her breath blew her loose hair across my check. Suddenly, I snatched her close and kissed her again and again. She struggled and freed herself. Indignant tears were in her eyes. "You are a very mean by," she said, "and I'll never speak to you again."

boy, she aad, and rin hete speak you again." It was a mean trick, and my cheeks flush yet when I think of it; but I was "only a boy," as Grandma Steele said, when she patched up the row; "and boys have im-pulses, as well as girls." After that error I felt it my duty to become more winning and agreeable. I tried with my boy's might to keep myself neat, and corrected a dozen small faults, of which mother despaired, in order to stand well and corrected a dozen small faults, of which mother despaired, in order to stand well with Mary. Strive as I would, there was a lost something that could not be re-stored, and Mary's distrust of me made my self-love ache. It was only on New Year's day that she treated me with the interest I craved. Dear old New Year's days! Hove the memory of them

he memory of them. Though the Steele house was stately out-Inough the Steele noise was stately out-side, once within those hospitable doors formality was forgotten, until one met Grandma Steele. Her handsome face and fine manner suggested high-breeding, and unconsciously one put forth one's best speech and conduct when in her presence.



#### "I SNATCHED HER CLOSE."

I thought it a breach of courtesy to cough or sneeze before her, and many a heroic struggle have I had with self to avoid these Mary's mother was altogether different

Mary's mother was altogether different. She was a small, fair woman, with merry little ways, a continual laugh, and the manners of a child. The sort of a person that one must pet, and indulge, and ex-cuse. My mother was also a very small

cuse. My mother was also a very small woman, but her manner to Mrs. Steele was that of a tall woman bending to a midget. Year after year passed in pleasant, even fashion, until I reached the age of 12. Mother wakened me as usual one New Year's morning, but, contrary to her cus-tom, seated herself on my bedside, and, facing me, clasped my hand in hers. "My son," said she, "you are old enough now to bear responsibility, and learn manly ways and ideas. Your father was a gentle-man. He was kind, loving and tender; ever

He was kind, loving and tender; ever man. He was kind, loving and tender, ever ready to defend a girl, a woman, and the right. He never drank to intoxication, and hoped his son might also be exempt from this temptation. If not, he prayed that strength might be given him to leave it entirely alone."

necktie added warmth to the atmosphere;

necktie added warmth to the atmosphere; and made me accept Grandma Steele's for-mal kiss and Mrs. Steele's laughing greet-ing: "My! O! My! Jack, but you are a swell," as my rightful due. Mary was especially nice and glad to see me. She had two or three little tricks of speech lately that I liked, and her laugh was getting so sweet and low. Through the long parlors, under both the big prismatic chandeliers, was spread "the table." that wonderful feature of New Year's hospitality in olden New York. It was laden with substantials and delicacies, all beautifully arranged; and on a side table steaming coffee and chocolate, and rich punch were dispensed by Pompey, who made a capital bronze cup-bearer, in color

ade a capital bronze cup-bearer, in color and figure, always ready to "serve de gem-Mary and I were getting on very well.

Grandma Steele had taken us to the pretty



## HE LAY PROGTRATE.

table. We feasted, girl and boy fashion; I had proposed a philopena, and was about asking for one of those pink ribbons,

about asking for one of those pink ribbons, when a party of gentlemen came in, and suddenly the air changed. In a moment it became evident they had imbibed too freely, and were too hilarious for the so-ciety of ladies. Grandma Steele drew herself up very tall, proudly so. She smiled and talked, but her smile was like the frost on a window-pane, and her words were like bits of ice strik-ing the sides of a thin goblet. In a quick undertone she gave Pompey to understand the punch-bowl needed replenishing. It the punch-bowl needed replenishing. disappeared as swiftly as if he had been a prestidigitator; and the black conjuror for-got to bring it back. Clever Pompey! Mrs. Steele smiled and jested gayly, ex-

Mrs. Steele smiled and jested gayly, ex-changing badinage in her light-hearted way, and looking very fair and pretty. She rippled out a merry laugh, as one young man fell to his knees while making a gal-lant speech over her extended hand. Across Grandma Steele's face came a flash of color.

Grandma Steele's face came a flash of color. She stepped quickly toward her daughter-in-law, exclaiming: "Mary! Be careful;" but she was too late. The daring young man was on his feet, and made a rush for the now fright-ened lady. He caught her tightly in his drunken embrace, and started to run off with her. The other men were laughing helplessly. treating the matter as a luge

wishes may d wishes may d he did not send the basket?" ("Well," said I, "What Silly fashion; t to be power and ease of some avenger. Mrs. Steele, thus freed, airly flew up the stairs, her face filled and panting; gazing down in disgust at the proter back and deep, that were intended for me, back and eae, that were intended for me, back und deep, that were intended for me, back und the three gentlemen: "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage, pompey is waiting at the door. I will make your excuses to Mrs. Steele." "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselves out in a maudin" "Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. They bowed themselv -NEW YEAR BELLS

fashion; and it was the proud st moment of my life when Grandma Steele laid her hand THE WATCH NIGHT. my yellow head and said, quietly: "My boy! My little protector! I thank

Mr. Steele came in shortly after that

Mr. Steele came in shortly after that. Grandma Steele met him at the door, and his order to Pompey, as I went home, was: "We are not at home to-night, Pompey." That same month I went to boarding-school, carrying my lady's color with me, in the shape of a pink hair ribbon Maryhad worn on New Year's day. Surely, there never was a prouder knight than I. Year by year the good old custom dwin-

Year by year the good old custom dwin-dled; killed by just such sights as had dis gusted my young soul. The gorgeous toi-lettes moderated to modest gowns. Luxurious tables shrank to trays of cakes and wine, or cakes and coffee. Men walked, or rode in street cars, to pay their calls. Fam-ily reunions began to be popular. Still I made my annual call on Mary and her nother, and grew no nearer

The stately Grandma had passed away, and Mary sometimes wore her pearl-set miniature. Then my home was desolated. My mother's death left me sad indeed. Mr. My mother's death left me sad indeed. Mr. Steele was a kind friend in my trouble, and when the worst was past Mrs. Steele showed herself still merry, childlike, and young. Mary, alone, I could not fathom. I had been in Paris two years, and had

corresponded with Mary in fraternal fash-ion for more than a twelvemonth; when I suddenly wrote an impassioned letter, tell-ing her of my life's love, and imploring her

ing her of my messive, and importing her to be my wife. She responded briefly, and in the tone used through all her letters: "I thank you for the high compliment," she wrote, "but why not keep on in our old friendly way?"

This was too much. I was hurt deeply, never answered her letter, and resolved to keep aloof, now and forever. Toward the end of December I became uneasy, and re-solved to go home, or, at least, to old New York. We landed on New Year's eve, and how York are merine as the hold and on New Year's morning, as the bells of St. Margaret's were chiming for serv-ice, I found myself opposite Mary's house, looking over at the old place, with the same old boyish interest.

What a change from the old days! Every what a charge risk into our days. Every shade of every house on the block entirely covered its window, and on each bell-pull was a tiny basket fastened with a bunch of was a tiny basket fastened with a bunch of gay ribbons. I was indignant. "A nice way that," I argued, mentally, "to treat visitors on New Year's day." A closed house, in-deed! It should open to me! And that basket! Probably it was the gift of some fond lover, like the Mayday baskets of the olden time. Tied with Mary's favorite color, too! Very well! I would take it down and offer how my comparable time, when the add how my congratulations, when I handed her basket! the

I mounted the steps and gave the So I mounted the steps and gave the bell knab a vigorous pull. Old Pompey opened the door. He knew me at once, and smiled broadly, as he said: "Miss Mary, she'll be delighted. Disvisit's "Miss Mary, she'll be delighted. Disvisit's

When Mary came, she seemed a little tremulous and confused. I remembered the basket. It had fallen to the floor. I pounced upon it viciously. In it lay a "Mr. Stewart Kingsley."

"Mr. Stewart Kingsley." "Mary," I gasped; "surely you are never going to marry the man who insulted your mother 12 years ago;" and I held up the card before her astonished eyes. "You silly boy," said she, and with that years vanished; we were young again. "This," shaking the basket, "is the way people receive to-day. We put out our basket, and anyone who wishes may drop his card in it."

Twas like an old-time lovefeast-that Watch night, for it seemed Watch night, for it seemed That heaven was just so near to us its light around us streamed; Jerusalem, the golden, flung all its portals

wide, And we felt the shining presence of the crowned and crucified. We saw, as 'twere beneath a bright and

we saw, as 'twere beneath a bright and all-revealing sky.
That far-off land, o'er Jordan's strand, where our possessions lle;
And heard, while all our songs of joy were thrilled and waited o'er.
A softer, sweeter music from the bright, celestial shore.

The dear old songs of Zion-the old and

ever new-From praying lips and hearts that night we're answered from the blue; We listened for the answer, with perfect faith, and then When one cried "Hallelujah!" soft echoes said: "Amen!"

"Amen!" each face uplifted seemed all a-shine with light— The radiance of the realms that know no sorrow-neither night;

Where never any blessing to His children He denies

When the Lord Himself shall wipe away the teardrops from their eyes. 'Twas like an old-time Lovefeast; old

We had the old-time Lovelcast; old scenes were brought to view-We had the old-time singing, and the "old religion." too!
We told how He had walked with us through valleys of Despair,
Until at last, the dangers past, His love had led us there!

And all sang "Hallelujah!" in sight of

And an same Hallengal. In sight of heavenly lands;
"Twas a glad shaking up of hearts, as well as shaking hands!
And the Old Year died in music, and the New Year dawned in light,
And we passed to God's good morning from the glory of His Night!
-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

tion.

# HOW JIMMIE KEPT HIS RESOLUTIONS

On the first day of January Jimmie Wilson's mother said: "Well, my son, what are your New Year's resolutions this year?"

It was evening, and Jimmie was working on a problem in interest at the time, for, say as much as they might about his not being neat in his dress or his unpleasant habit of nodding his head when he meant and shaking it when he meant "no, no one could say that he was not the leading pupil in arithmetic in Leestown academy. Another thing that everybody had to admit was that Jimmie was in love with his mother, but to-night he scowled and worked on. He heard Eva's subdued laugh, and without raising his eyes he saw Tom kick Ned.

He did not see his mother's face but he knew without looking that pained surprise was written there, for he had never been the boy to treat his mother with disrespect. He might trip Tom or strike Ned, he might even tease Elsie or grumble when his fa-ther asked him to leave his problems to post a letter for him or to mow the grass on the lawn, but his mother always found him ready to go on an errand or do the chores.

By and by the figures began to act queerly. He found himself saying "nine times eight equals fifty-six," and once he discovered that he had multiplied the interest by the principal to get the rate. Determined not to give up, he tried to get his mind back to his work by adding a set of figures. three columns at a time, but he failed, and dropped to two columns; it was stil too much for him, and when he had gone to one column and had said "five and eight are-I won't talk to her before the others-eight and five are -they'd laugh if I did-are twelve; no. are—like as not Ned would ask me the time; pshaw! Five and eight—or else Tom would tell me to catch cold and get a crick in my neck—" he gave up and slammed book and tablet upon the table with such a bang that his mother dropped her work and Eva gave a frightened little screech that set the other boys into a roar of laugh-

ter. Taking advantage of the confusion, Jimmie whispered to his mother: "Come up to my room," and made his Jimmie escape. He waited in the hall until his mother came out, and then he took He waited in the hall until her arm and together they went in silence up to his room. Pushing her into his own cushioned rocker, he went to a table and took from one of the drawers a little red book. Then he came and sat on the arm of her chair. Still he had not spoken, but his mother was accustomed to his silent ways. Some people thought it queer that he should be so quiet, but when they mentioned it to his mother, she only smiled and called it "Jimmie's way."

that I neglect my grammar.' What happened? Why, I nodded my head worse than ever and my year's average in grammar was one less than it was the year before." "Still, I believe that you made a de

termined effort and you helped me to see how strongly your mind was turned toward mathematics. I think we have both been happier since," said his mother. From his elevated position on her chair arm Jimmie patted his moth-

er's head approvingly. "Now it comes to this year, and I know just what you want me to resolve to do. You want me first to say this: 'I am determined that the third time is the charm, and that not once during this entire year will I nod my head for yes or shake it for no.' Don't you?'

"I should like it," she answered with a smile. "I should not like to have you give up what once you have undertaken to do."

"Then you'd like me to add that I will be neat in my personal appear-ance. Now I want to ask you a ques-tion. Does being neat mean wearing a stiff collar and a white shirt and keeping my shoes blacked?" "I should think so."

"Well, I can't do it." "You can do it. You may not want

to very much." "Suppose I fail?"

"Try again." "Suppose Tom tells me to take a stiff

neck so I can't nod?" "Don't hear him." "Yes, I will, and pound him, too." "Well?"

"Why, of course, when you look at me like that I'll try if I die in the at-tempt," and, taking a pencil from his

pocket, he recorded his two vows. On the following day Jimmie went down town and bought a half-dozen

white shirts and as many collars. "I don't want any half-high collars, either," he said to the clerk. "I want either," he said to the clerk. "I want regular chokers. Death can't come

any too soon to a fellow that has to wear such things. I want good points to them, too." When he appeared at dinner, his head

held high and his chin scraping the points at every movement of his head, the entire family looked the amaze-ment that it did not dare to speak. ment Something in Jimmie's expression forbade it.

With unfailing regularity, his answers fell: "Yes, mother," No, father, and if at times his head moved suspiciously, as if the nod or the shake were coming, he always caught himself and the words came in time to save him. Eva declared to her mother an hour later that her head and neck ached for Jimmie, and on each succeeding day through the week she wished for Saturday. Surely Jimmie would put on his old

cotton shirt for Saturday," she told her mother in another outburst of sufthe spreading earth. The memory of the friends of his youth came to him; fering. "And if he does, I'll just hug him. I like our slouchy old Jimmie a they were now honored teachers in the world, and the glad fathers of hundred times better than I do this high-collared 'Yes-Eva-ed' boy we have children. Again he wailed out: "Alas! like you, I, too, on this New now Vear's night, could have slumbered with tearless eyes, if I had only chosen aright! Alas! my fond par-

But Saturday brought, no change in Jimmie's attire, and still no one dared speak to him about it. Jimmie went to his room earlier in the evening now than he used to do, and during the summer he spent many an hour alone in his room with his door locked. The year wore on and finally the 31st of December, 1899, had come and was almost gone. A party of young people gathered at the house of the Wilsons o watch the old year out, but just before the clock struck 12 Jimmie touched his mother's arm, and togeth-er they slipped off to his room.

Going to the table drawer he took out the little book, and, opening it the page on which he had written his resolutions, he spread it on the table and waited for the clock to strike. When the last sound had died away he took his pencil and wrote across the page "Victory." Then he slowly removed his high collar and threw in into his mother's lap. Standing di-rectly in front of her, he said: "Mother, ask me if I am glad that 1900 has arrived."

She repeated the question, and Jim-

mie deliberately nodded his head three if you stand in the path of sin. Be times warned by this dream, for the time "Now, ask me if I am going to make may arrive when you, too, may cry:

any more New Year's resolutions. She asked this question, and

ONE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

#### A Dream That Warned This Young Man to Turn from the Patha of Sin.

On a certain New Year's night, on old man stood by the window, and gazed with a long look of despair out on the immovable, forever-sparkling heavens, then down upon the white, sinless earth, whereon at that mo-ment no one was so cheerless, so sleepless as he. His own grave stood near him; it was not decked with the verdure of youth, but it was covered with the snows of ages. And this old man had brought nothing with him from the rich, teeming life of the world, save errors, sins, and disease; nothing but a worn body, a rayless, desolate soul, a bosom brimming with remorse, and a frosted old age filled with regrets, writes William Mason Turner, in New York Weekly.

The glad mornings of his youth hovered around him on this cold winter night like flitting apparitions; they carried him far back to that early, rosy dawn, when his father stood with him at the cross-roads of life-the right leading over sunny pathways into a quiet, distant land resplendent with golden harvests and white-winged angels; but the left road led down to the slums of vice, far away to a black cavern of dripping poisons and twisting adders.

Alas! the vipers hung around his Anas: the opera hung were upon breast! the poison-drops were upon his tongue! He knew where he was. His brain reeling, and while unutterable terror filled his bosom, he cried unto Heaven:

"Give me, oh! give me youth again! Oh! father, place me again at the cross-roads of life that I may choose another path!"

But his father, like his own youth, was of the Long Ago. He saw over the black morass a

will-o'-wisp glittering hither and thither; then it disappeared in a

damp churchyard. "How like! how like my days of fol-

He saw a star shoot from the heav-

ens, and, shimmering in its fall, van-ish in the darkness of earth. "Like myself!" he groaned from a torn heart. And the serpent's tooth

of remorse dug down deeper. His

fiery fancy pointed to him the creep-

ing night-wanderers on the roof; and

the spectral wind-mill raised its men-acing arms. Then one shape remain-

repentance and remorse, gradually

In the midst of his anguish, sudden-

ly the music of the New Year's night floated upon the air; and it was the

silver chiming of belfry bells. His soul was stirred within him; he gazed

around the murky horizon, and over

ents, I, too, could be happy had I but

heeded your warnings and wishes of the New Year's Eve!"

Then before his feverish memory

the heydey of his youth arose-even

as in the bleak charnel-house the specter had taken his own image. \* \* \* He could look no longer; he

veiled his eyes and agonized by his

sorrow a thousand hot tears streamed

down his furrowed face. Comfortless

and in abject misery he could only

"Oh! youth, come again! Come again!"

a horrible vision of sleep which had passed before him on this cold New Year's Night. He was still in the hey-dey of his youth, and he thanked

Heaven that, still young and treading the frail paths of vice, he had time

to turn away to the sun-lit avenue which led to the land of harvests and

Young reader, turn you with him,

And it came again; for it was but

ing in the ghastly charnel-house

grew into his own image.

ly!" he cried.

entirely alone." I wondered why mother was saying this

I wondered why mother was saying this to me, when tears came in her beloved eyes, and she continued: "I am telling you this, dear lad, because you always visit the Steeles on New Year's day, and there are many young men whom you may see there—young men whom too much, say too much, and whose man-ners are not always the manners of gen-tlemen."

Then I understood, and putting my arms about her neck, pledged myself in the name of my dead father to be temperate, faith-ful and true. The bells of St. Margaret's broke into a merry chime just then, and

The data into the provided of the second sec steps. Few little boys were among the guests, and my jealous heart absorbed a grain of comfort from this knowledge. I hurried from my outlook, and into my hat and raglan, when mother called: "Come, Jack! It's four o'clock! Aren't you going over to the Steeles?" When Pompey opened the door, he showed all his double molars in astonish-ment at my magniference.

Ps;

ment at my magnificence. I was dad in broadeloth from shoulders to ankles, in-stead of the velvet, short trousers and braid-ed jacket that had fretted my masculine i jacket that had fretted my masculine dignity for two years. Some one has said that "a sense of being well-dressed gives one a self-possession that religion cannot be-staw." stow

. I felt this as I entered the parlor, and caught a glimpse of Mary. The fact, too, that Mary's pink sash exactly matched my

THEAR the bells of midnight ringing ever sweet and clear. PIEAR the bells of midnight ringing ever sweet and clear, Neath the starry fields of arure while the earth is white with snow, They open to the nations all the portals of the year, And tell anew the story of the ages long ago; The wild winds bear their music over hills and valleys far, And echo 'mong the dells that ite and the snow impearl'd; It seems to float aloft and find a lodgment in a star That sheds its soft and radiant tight upon a sleeping world.

THROW the casement wide to hear the anthem of the bells That ring at midnight's solemn hour to let the New Year in: They breathe of happiness and peace and each glad one foretells

The dawning of a cycle new above the Old Year's din Methinks I hear the footsteps of the New Year young and strong,

As radiant, like a little child, he treads the paths of night His scepter in his eager hands, his heart a living song. He comes to millions waiting by the morning's gates of light.

CHE Old Year, filting by us, leaves his foot-tracks in the snow, I give the parting guest a smile to cheer him on his way; Methinks he stops a moment where the winter winds are low To catch the music of the chimes that usher in the day; He hears the bellaat midnight and listens with a sigh, The monarch old has left his throne and all his robes of state, And onward comes the youthful king beneath the bending sky, Earth-welcomed by the gleesome bells, with childish heart elate.

O GOLDEN bells of midnight ! the gladsome year ye bring O GOLDEN bells of midnight! the gladsome year ye bring Is welcomed by a happy world, is crowned in every zone: In every heart the chorus of the chimes is echoing, And fills with gy the humblest cot and surecles the throne: The pilot on the vasty deep at midnight gazes far And halls the mystic music of the unseen bilastil bells, And sters his good bark homeward by the New Year's shining star. The while upon the distant shore the sacred pean swells.

D BELLS that usher in the year! O chimes of love and peacel O tuneful bells that ring of change above the fleecy snow! Hearts gladsome grow and 'neath your sway a thousand sorrows cease, As backward from some misty past come scenes of long ago: Ring loud, O bells of midnight, that usher in the year, The portals of the morning fair, envresthed, are standing wide; The Old Year drops upon the snow an unregreted tear. As the nations hail the New Year in his glory and his prida.

T. C. HARBAUGH

Opening his book well toward the back, he said: "You know I keep my school records in here and my monthly accounts and anything else that I want to have convenient to refer to. I've had it two years."

He paused a moment, but his mother knew that he was warming to his sub-ject, and at such a time he was sure to find the words that he needed.

"Back here I have written my New Year's resolutions, and you know how I have broken every one of them. 'Jan-uary 1, 1897.--I hereby resolve to quit nodding my head and to say "yes" in stead. If I stick to it, mother will give me a new watch.' What happened?" His mother laughed, but he repeated almost fiercely: "What happened?"

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"Why, on the second day of January I took you to the jeweler's and showed you the kind of watch I would get you if you kept your resolution, and then I asked: 'Isn't it worth the effort?'

'And like a dunce, I nodded my head!"

'So you did, and you have tried ever since to earn that watch, but it has proved too hard a battle. Neverthe-less I will say: 'Try again.'' "Well, here's January 1, 1898. 'Once more I firmly resolve to quit nodding

my head; moreover, I resolve not to

shook his head three times, from right to left. Then he broke into a hearty laugh.

"I just wanted to see if I knew how to do it." he said. "I used to come off up here and take off my collar and rest remember to say yes and no, but I've bought a box of new collars, and they are not high ones, either."

He produced a box filled with the comfortable turn-over kind, and, selecting one, put it on. Then he said: "We had better go downstairs. They have missed us. But don't say a word about this."

"Tell me one thing more," said his mother as they started down. "How did you manage to remember not to nod your head?" Jimmie laughed agair

"Oh, my collars always managed that for me," he said .- Chicago Daily Rec ord.

#### Ceremony of Hand Kissing.

On New Year's day at the Russian capital the princes of the imperial fam-ily, personages of the court, functionaries and servants of the palace, come in regular order to present their homage and good wishes to the emperor, who kisses all the members of his family, and all the high officials three times, according to the Russian fash-ion. People meeting in the street in

Russia on New Year's kiss each other whether acquainted or not. The favored ones who have been kissed by the czar are permitted to kiss the hand

of the empress. The ceremony of hand kissing was suppressed for a time, but reestablished a few years ago under give so much attention to arithmetic the reign of Alexander III.

ie. oh! come youth!"

And it will not come.

happiness.

### A Day for Candy-Makers.

There is a street in Paris to which New Year's day is a whole year's fortune. This is the Rue des Lommy head and neck, but never once did bards, where the wholesale confec-I nod my head. Now, I think I can tioners reside. For days preceding January 1 this street is blocked with wagons loaded with sweetmeats ready for shipment. There are all forms and descriptions made of sugar and hollow to hold bonbons. It is said that for sweetmeats alone \$100,000 is spent annually on this day in Paris. Jewelry is also sold in great quantities, for no Frenchman calls empty handed. The day filled with exchange of visits a and bonbons, and the occasion is one of enjoyment and rejoicings.

## A Saxon New Year's Custom.

Many curious customs and associa-tions cluster around New Year's day. The Saxons in "ye olden tyme" used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's eve, singing a song, to insure a good crop, and bells were rung to announce the death of the old year and usher in the birth of the new. In other parts of England at midnight the house door facing the west was opened to let out the old year, while the door facing the east was opened to welcome the blithe new year.

#### Celebrate with Bonfires.

Bonfires of mammoth proportions re kindled on New Year's eve in Persia-New Year's is March 21--and peo-ple dance about them. This holiday is the most important of the year and feasting lasts for ten days; every one appears in new clothes.