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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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PIN MONEY.

All ladies know what pin money is, but it may be interesting to them to learn the origin of the expression, and also to know that it is directly connected with New Year's day. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only pins used by the poorer classes were made of wood. In fact, they were no pins at all, but skewers, which for the use of the wealthy, were of boxwood, bone and silver. At the period above named the metal pins now in use were invented, and people of fashion were eager to possess them. They at once became the most popular and acceptable New Year's gift for ladies, but it soon grew customary to give, instead of the pins themselves, the money with which to purchase them, and this was called "pin money," a term which gradually came to be applied to all money given to ladies for dress and personal adornment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

While the ability of the German people to bear the increased taxation consequent on the adoption of the new naval proposals is a matter which concerns them alone, the reasons which prompt those proposals have a direct interest for all other nations. The existing naval programme was framed in accordance with the Emperor's will, and was supposed at the time to have met his wishes as to strength, but the legislation now asked for provides for doubling the fighting fleet within the shortest possible period, at a cost to the treasury of about $200,000,000. For such a great and rapid increase of strength there should be some pressing reasons, and the recent speech of Count von Bulow, the German foreign minister, in the Reichstag, setting forth these reasons in detail, has therefore aroused the keenest interest on the part of maritime powers. The striking feature of the speech was the absence of any pretense that the expansion of the fleet was asked for as a measure of national defence, its purpose, on the contrary, being to make Germany so formidable that she would not have to stand aside, or be pushed aside, in any part of the world, but might go her own way without fear of impeding menaces. Modern wars, it was explained, came suddenly, no one could predict what their results would be, and Germany must be so strong that in the event of a new partition, she cannot be deprived of her share on the plea that the division has already been completed. All the great nations are adding to their fleets, and unless Germany becomes a strong naval as well as military power, there is grave reason to fear that she will be left out of the competition for empire. The time was, said the Count, when Germany was regarded much as "haughty cavaliers look upon family tutors," but those days have passed away, and "we are not going to be the menials of mankind."

If there is no pretense here that the proposed naval increases is a defensive measure, there is still less in the reasons set forth in the semi-official press, among which are the common attitude of the United States government and Great Britain with respect to Samoa, and the Spanish and Boer wars. It is intimated that in these wars the United States and Great Britain have misused their power toward weaker nations, and definitely asserted that in the former Europe was debarred from interfering by the superior naval strength of Britain, the implication being that were the German fleet doubled, no such injustice would be permitted. Whether such frank avowals that the real motive for the expansion of the German navy is to found a world dominion will appeal with sufficient force to the elements in the Reichstag opposed to further naval appropriations, and particularly to the Centrists, to carry the proposals, has yet to be known. But German national pride has been deeply stirred by the speech of Count von Bulow, and as the money is to be raised by loan, which as meaning to the popular mind, only the payment of interest, will diminish objection to the expense, it is not improbable that it may be adopted.

CARRIES HIS ASHES.

Inconsolable widows sometimes adopt curious ways of keeping the memory of their departed spouses green.

But the palm for originality in this respect must be awarded to a Boston actress, who, waking and sleeping, always carried the ashes of her cremated husband in a chamois leather bag close to her heart.

The bag is suspended by a gold chain from her neck; and she has declared that if she could not feel its gentle pressure it would be impossible for her to sing, act, or dance.

This gifted if eccentric, lady is the widow of a well known actor, who died some six months ago, leaving directions for the cremation of his remains. It was originally the widow's intention to deposit the ashes in a church in an elaborate silver urn, which she had purchased for the purpose. But when she had to leave New York, where her husband had died, to go on tour with her company, she could not bear the thought of leaving his ashes behind.

She thought of various schemes, and consulted with her friends. Finally she had a pretty little chamois leather bag made, and therein she placed the dust of her cremated husband.

Sometime afterwards the sorrowing widow made the acquaintance of the leading lady of another theatrical company during a short stay at Philadelphia, and to this bright particular star became greatly attached.

In the course of a midnight tete-a-tete, after they had returned from their respective performances, the widow produced the precious bag and showed the peculiar contents to her friend. Then, after caressing it fondly, she gravely opened the bag, and taking a pinch of the greyish ashes in her fingers remarked, with much solemnity:

"I'll give you some of the dust. It will bring you luck, and I know that if poor Ted had lived he would have wished you luck."

Then she sprinkled some of the ashes about the lady's bed, with the result that the "star," who is as superstitious as theatrical people usually are, was almost frightened into hysterical fits.

The eccentric action of the bereaved widow filled her with dire forebodings, and ever since she has insisted on her maid sleeping in the same room with her, as a protection against the evil influences she ascribes to the dead man's ashes.

NO WHITE FLOWERS.

An absolutely white color does not seem to exist in any flower. The fact may be shown by placing some flowers supposed to be of the purest white, like the lily, the white campanula, or the wood anemone, on a leaf of clear white paper. It will be found that the white is really washed with yellow, blue or orange, according to what flower is taken.

A Slight Surprise

It was Mrs. Sherwin Blake's afternoon "At home," and that fascinating lady was endeavoring in heroic fashion to adminster tea, to remember who took sugar and who did not, and to chatter affably to some half-dozen lady friends clustered around her, making occasional bolts towards the door to receive new visitors. Of course, her daughter, Miss Nettie Blake, ought to have helped her mother with these social duties; but that young lady was sitting in a far corner, engaged in earnest conversation with a certain Mrs. Rapley, who professed to know a great deal about spiritualism.

"But tell me," Nettie was saying in an awe-stricken voice, "can this woman you were talking about really see what is going to happen to people, and do her prophecies always come true?"

"As to that" replied her friend, "I have certainly known her foretell the future wonderfully; but she succeeds best in discovering people's characters and lives from merely holding in her hand something belonging to them. For instance, if you give her a letter she will, without even looking at it, tell you all about the writer, though both you and the writer are quite unknown to her."

Now, besides the number of lady visitors at Mrs. Blake's that afternoon there had been one man—Captain Le Streme Tassling, of the Life Guards. He had left a little while before, but Nettie's thoughts were full of him; in fact, though she had known him but a brief time, this foolish girl fresh from the school-room, had lost her romantic little heart to the handsome soldier, and had accepted him as the ideal man. Of his feelings towards her she knew nothing, but she pleased herself with imagining that his charming manners were even more charming with her than with others, and that his dark eyes had a particularly tender look in them when in her company. Such thoughts were buried deep in her inmost heart, and were never breathed to anybody, except, of course, her especial girl friend, who didn't count; but she pined to know whether her conviction was right, or whether his calls and attentions were for her mother alone. The talk with Mrs. Rapley at once suggested to her mind a way of satisfying herself on this point.

A day or two afterwards, when a dinner-party was under discussion, Nettie was strongly in favor of inviting Captain Tassling; and, though she had to bear some banter about this eagerness, she gained her point, and also a promise that the gallant Captain should take her in to dinner. The invitation was sent, and next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Blake laughingly tossed a note across to Nettie, saying:

"There, my dear, I hope that will satisfy you."

It merely contained the usual formal words, "Captain Tassling has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Sherwin Blake's kind invitation to dinner on the 10th inst." Yet Nettie preserved the note carefully, and, like the little goose that she was, read it over and over again when she was alone, taking in every letter of the beloved handwriting, and even—but no; it were unkind to mention every little girlish folly that she committed, and, besides, Nettie is not the only silly girl in the world.

The time had come to put her plan into execution, however, and in considerable trepidation she crept out of the house, armed with the precious scrap of paper, by means of which so much was to be revealed to her. She got into a cab and after a long drive arrived at her destination, which proved to be a grocer's shop. The grocer showed her upstairs, and shouted for his wife. The latter was an exceeding quiet, mild-looking little woman, not at all resembling the wild witch Nettie had pictured.

"Please," began the girl, timidly, feeling somewhat fooish, "I am in a great hurry, but I should like you to tell me what you can about the person who wrote this," and she handed her the note.

"I'll try, miss," replied the woman, "but to tell the truth, I am not at my best just now. You see, folks begin coming to see me early in the morning, and to-day I've had a great many, one after the other, till I'm tired out."

Nettie looked blank; this was too bad, after she had come such a long way.

"But can't you tell me anything?" she enquired beseechingly.

The woman smiled at her eagerness. "I daresay I can tell you something," she said; "but I never invent as some clairvoyants do. It's rather a peculiar thing about me that, no matter how tired I am, I can nearly always see and describe places, though I can't hit off people or characters at all unless I'm feeling absolutely fresh."

"Well,' the places will be better than nothing," said the girl with a sigh; "and, please, be quick as you can."

Nettie watched the woman curiously as she stood with the note—that had been taken out of its envelope, though it was still folded up—in one hand. Presently she began:

"Overlooking a great park I see a large red brick building, with a clock tower in the center, surmounted by a weathercock. Part of the building is low and long; there are iron railings in front; and some sentry-boxes with tall soldiers in red uniform on guard."

The girl listened in amazement; the woman had described the barracks wherein Captain Tassling was quartered, and she awaited feverishly the answer to her question.

There was a short pause; then the woman started afresh; "I see in one wing of the building a beautifully furnished room; there are a great many photographs standing about, nearly all of different young ladies, and some are in theatrical costume—" Here Nettie interrupted once more, saying with a remarkable amount of heat for a girl usually so sweet-tempered, that she did not care about the photographs.

The clairvoyante protested that such interruptions would spoil everything, but at last she managed to come to the point. "In this room I see a tall, fair man, with dark eyes, he looks strong and soldierlike, and he sits polishing the hilt of a sword, as he whistles a tune."

Nettie's heart beat faster. "O!" she exclaimed,. "can't you tell me what he is thinking about, and whether he is——" she was about to say, 'i'n love," but she stopped, and merely added, "tell me something about him."

"Just now," continued the woman, "he appears to be in some perplexity; I can't be quite sure what about, but it seems that he is deeply attached to some one, and does not know whether his love is returned or not. But I think he is fairly hopeful that it is." At this point the exertion appeared to be too much for her, and, breaking off suddenly, she put her hand to her forehead, exclaiming, "I can't go on any more!"

The girl scarce heard; she repeated the words "Deeply attached to some one," over and over again to herself, and her eyes sparkled as she exclaimed, "Please, please take a little rest ,and try and see something about the girl he is attached to—or wait a minute—perhaps you could describe where she lives? That will do quite as well!"

"Yes, I will do that if I can," answered the woman, "but, indeed, Miss, you mustn't ask me any more." She seemed to make a tremendous effort to collect herself, and then resumed: "The house connected in some way with the man's thoughts is a good-sized one, painted a dark red, with creepers round the lower windows, and climbing up the balcony. It is in a square, near one end, and at the other there is a grey church with a tall spire."

"That's it!" cried Nettie wild with excitement, "that's St. Gregory's, Macclesfield Square! That's enough. Oh, I can't tell you how grateful I am,' and to prove it she gave the woman some money and hurried away.

On the day of the dinner-party she was more exuberant than ever; and she was dressed and waiting in the drawing-room half an hour before anybody else, listening eagerly for the front door bell, and blushing every time she heard footsteps on the stairs. When Captain Tassling arrived, everybody was electrified to see the quiet, demure Nettie rush forward, all smiles and present him with a beautiful carnation, accompanied by a tender look, meant to speak volumes, that puzzled the good Captain not a little. Her behavior towards him throughout the evening was altogether extraordinary, and any who did not know her would have classed her as a hardened flirt. This was Captain Tassling's conclusion, after a time, and, though it did not agree with his first impressions, he could give no other interpretation to her forward demeanor towards himself. Just for the fun of the thing he talked a vast amount of nonsense, and flirted more desperately than she, and when it was time to go the two had a tender parting, secretly agreeing to meet in the Row next morning at ten.

"Well," thought the Captain, as he drove back to barracks, "I never made a greater mistake than in thinking the little Blake girl a quiet, bread-and-butter sort of creature. By Jove, what eyes she can make, and how she did go on! And what would my Lily have said, I wonder, if she had seen us!"

Meanwhile Nettie was having her hair brushed out, feeling jubilant. Indeed, despite the severe lecture her mother had given her. Somehow, the happiness in her face seemed to be reflected in her maid's, for Barker was positively beaming with satisfaction, and at the same time her thoughts seemed far away, for she repeatedly, in a fit of abstraction, brushed her young mistress's face, which was most painful.

"Baker, what are you thinking of!" remonstrated Nettie, after the third face-brushing. For answer, Barker threw down the brush, and announced with tears of joy in her eyes and a happy giggle in her voice:

"O, Miss Nettie, I'm that excited I hardly know what I'm doing! I'm going to be married! And his name's Tommy Green, and he is so good-looking, miss—but stop, I'll show you his photo." She pulled an envelope out of her apron pocket, and took from it a photograph, of a handsome man in uniform, which she laid triumphantly before her mistress on the dressing-table.

But Nettie did not look at the photograph; her eyes were fixed on the address of the envelope, which was in the handwriting she had so tenderly studied as that of Captain Tassling.

"Tell me, Barker," she ejaculated, "who is this man you're going to marry?" And she snatched up the portrait hastily.

"Lor' miss," answered Barker, "he's the servant of that Captain Tassling who was here this evening, and the Captain thinks no end of him, and—"

"O, I see," said Nettie, greatly relieved, "he directs his letters for him. Can't your soldier write then?"

"Can my soldier write!" exclaimed Barker indignantly, "Why he's most highly educated, miss, far above the common run of servants; and as to writing, he does it so well that sometimes when the Captain's busy he gets Tommy to answer letters for him, like a private secretary. Not important letters, of course, miss; but I mean, for instance, he'll sometimes toss him an invitation and say, 'Just accept this for me, 'Green,' or perhaps he is to refuse it, as the case may be, miss; and then, you see——"

"Yes, yes, Barker; good-night. I'm very tired," said Nettie, somewhat abruptly, "and I wish you every happiness."

"Thank you, Miss Nettie; I was just going to tell you it was Tommy as answered Mrs. Blake's last note inviting the Captain——"

"Good-night, Barker," repeated Nettie, with a sharpness that sent the maid away in a great hurry, wondering what was wrong.

Nettie did not meet Captain Tassling in the Row next morning, nor did she ever mention him when she could possibly avoid it. When an invitation to his wedding with Miss Lilian Bankford came, Nettie did not go; but the rest of the family did, and said it was a very pretty wedding indeed, and that Nettie had missed a great deal by staying away.

HYMN OF THE NEW YEAR.

Father, we lift our thoughts to Thee!
Morning is breaking o'er the sea;
And o'er the earth the new-born year,
Wafteth its tidings of woe or cheer.

Over our souls the shafts of light
Fall as on sun-kissed mountain height:
The mists uplift to the tender sky,
Higher than swift-winged swallows fly.

Father, we know not what of ill
May many coming hours fill;
But well we know who holds the rod,
We know 'tis Thee, and Thou art God.

Oh, Thou art kind, as well as just!
May we, Thy children of the dust
Arise on wings of God-like grace,
To a celestial dwelling place.

May soar above earth's level flight,
To table-lands of life and light;
And cleave our way through starry zones,
To heaven's constellated thrones.

CHANGEABLE ROSES.

The horticultural world is exercised by the mysterious transformation in color which the Japanese are able to effect in roses. By some unknown but natural process the flower changes from red in the sunlight to white in the shade or in darkness.

Imagination Plays a Part

Like many other gifts, imagination is a good servant and a bad master. A person with little or no imagination has little understanding and no sympathy. On the other hand, a person whose imagination has passed beyond control leads a miserable existence. Facts and probabilities give way to fancies and remote possibilities. Hopes are indulged which have no foundation, and terrors are given way to which have no real cause. Imagination may be of immense assistance in adding to the beauty and unselfishness of life, but when unrestrained it may serve to distract these very qualities.

Probably insufficient attention is paid to this subject, especially with children, in whom imagination is rapidly developed, and in whose life it plays a large part.

A moment's thought will convince us of the early age at which we began "to imagine," or, if we have forgotten, a brief study of any youngster will quickly recall it. By far the greater number of people have by the aid of imagination clothed certain abstract ideas in definite, concrete forms, and have done this when so young that it is impossible for them to remember the time when these things first took shape.

The most vivid imaginings are as a rule those which a child produces absolutely and apart from the suggestion of others. Under this head come the imaginary child-friend of whose existence the grown-up people are unaware until the real child is overheard talking to it and calling it by name, and the marvelous religious conceptions which children not infrequently create for themselves. A very little girl was missing one summer evening, and a search had to be instituted through the garden and grounds before she was discovered some way from the house, entirely alone and evidently extremely happy. On being asked what she had been doing, there was no trace of alarm, at having strayed away or for fear of being scolded for her escapade; she simply looked up and said: "Oh, mamma, I have had such a bootiful walk wiv God!" Very isely her mother said nothing, but just gathered her up in her arms and kissed her as she carried her homeward. Now, what has that child imagined? Who can say? It is almost sacred ground, and one fears to tread. The thought occurs that we older folk have doubtless set up a screen between ourselves and the unseen world—a thick covering of earthly thoughts and interests and desires—such as does not exist with those little ones whose angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven.

Next in importance to the unsuggested imaginings are those to which a sensitive child gives way on the slightest hint. Here one comes to more practical matters, where those who have to do with children have much to answer for. It is impossible to gauge the limits of imagination once started. It is equally impossible to determine at how early an age a suggestion of any kind may bear fruit.

A lady once said that her childhood was one long misery owing to a vivid imagination of the terrors that awaited her for having committed some fault when a mere baby in the nursery. It was not, she said, that much had been said at the time, but there was some suggestion of it an awful unknown punishment, which her childish brain worked upon and developed until she dared not be left alone, and became a thoroughly morbid and wretched little being. No one knows how much of the whole tendency of a human life may depend on a chance word which sets a child's imagination working, and too great care cannot possibly be exercised by those with whom children have to do.

Not infrequently an apparent falsehood can be traced to an over-vivid imagination, and in this case, should the child be punished for lying, great injury may be done to that sense of justice which it is all important to preserve.

Above all things it must be remembered that a sensitive and imaginative child is easily scared. Instances will occur to the mind of most people where a severe and hasty accusation has brought about an untrue confession. A child is partly afraid to contradict, and partly, perhaps, has its imagination so stirred by the convincing tone of the accuser, that for the moment it is really uncertain whether it committed the fault or not. But this is very sure, that the memory of the false accusation will abide for life and embitter many a solitary time and wakeful hour.

Happiness is an essential atmosphere for the upbringing of a child, just as sunshine for the rearing of a plant, and happiness is to a large extent dependent in childhood upon imagination. It is true that the most vivid fancies seem to spring up unbidden, but it is also true that it is possible in a large degree to influence the kind of imagination. A child whose parents are occupied entirely with themselves and their own affairs and have no sympathy with childish fancies will shrink up into itself and have a stunted moral and physical growth; the terrified child will grow up amid horrible imaginings; it is only the child to whom gentleness and sympathy are as the very air it breathes who will imagine happy and beautiful things, and live to enjoy the fulfillment of them here and hereafter.

AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.

A minister recently died in Australia, who had officiated at 11,000 weddings. Think of it! Think of 11,000 organ voluntaries, and 11,000 mislaid rings, and 11,000 trembling bridegrooms! Think of 11,000 wedding notices in which the bride's dress may have been credited to the maid of honor, and all the wedding presents been horribly mixed. Think of 11,000 funny attempts to mar the happiness of 22,000 innocent people by idiotic horse play! Think of 11,000 showers of rice, and 11,000 flights of slippers! And, last of all, just think of 11,000 fees for the parson!

LONG STANDING ERROR CORRECTED.

Uncle, said one of the children, what is the difference between a cat and an elephant?

I know what is in your mind, child, replied the professor, yet the old answer, to the effect that the elephant can't climb a tree, is not altogether correct. An elephant may not be able to climb to the the branches, but he can get as high as the trunk.

The professor, it may be observed in passing, is loaded for all kinds of game.

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