

A MALAY NEW YEAR.

Y Malay syce came close up to the veranda and touched his brown forehead with the back of his open hand.

"Tuan" (Lord), he said, "have got oil for harness, two one-half cents; black oil for cud-dah's (horse) feet, three cents; oil seven cents for cretah (carriage). Fourteen cents, tuan."

I put my hand into the pockets of my white duck jacket and drew out a roll of big Borneo coppers.

The syce counted out the desired amount, and handed back what was left through the bamboo chicks or curtains that reduced the blinding glare of the sky to a soft, translucent gray. I closed my eyes and stretched back in my long chair, wondering vaguely at the occasion that called for such an outlay in oils, when I heard once more the insistent "Tuan!" I opened my eyes.

"No got red, white blue ribbon for ship."

"Sudah cukup!" (Stop talking!) I commanded angrily. The syce shrugged his bare shoulders and gave a hitch to his cotton sarong.

"Tuan, mem (lady) drive to Esplanade. Governor, general, all white tuans and some there. Tuan consul's cretah tuda (carriage not nice). Shall syce buy ribbons?"

"Yes," I answered, teasing him the rest of the coppers, "and get a new one for your arm."

I had forgotten for the moment that it was the 31st of December. The syce touched his hand to his forehead and blushed.

Through the spaces of the protecting chicks I caught glimpses of my Malay kebum, or gardener, squatting on his bare feet, with his bare knees drawn up under his armpits, hacking with a heavy knife at the short grass. The dotted crotons, the yellow allamanda and pink hibiscus bushes, the clump of chartist lilies, the great trailing masses of orchids that hung among the flowers of the stately flamboyant tree by the green hedge joined to make me forget the midwinter date on the calendar. The time seemed in my half-dream July in New York or August in Washington.

Ah Minga, the "boy," in flowing pantaloons and stiff starched blouse, came silently along the wide veranda, with a cup of tea and a plate of opened man-gos. I roused myself, and the dreams of sleighbells and ice on the window panes, that had been flitting through my mind at the first mention of New Year's day by the syce, vanished.

Ah Minga, too, mentioned as he placed the cool, pellucid globes before me, "Mellow New Year day, tuan!"

On Christmas day Ah Minga had presented the mistress with the gilded counterfeit presentment of a joss. The servants, one and all, from Jim, the cook, to the wretched Kling Dhoib (wash man), had brought some little remembrance of their Christian master's great holiday.

In respecting our customs, they had taken occasion to establish one of their own. They had adopted New Year's as the day when their masters should return their presents and good will in kind cash.

At midnight we were awakened by a regular Fourth of July pandemonium. Whistles from the factories, salutes from the Canning, bells from the churches,



FOURTEEN CENTS, MAN.

Tom-toms, Malay horns rent the air from that hour until dawn with the discords of the Orient and a few European. By daylight the thousands of natives from all quarters of the island and neighboring islands had lined along the broad ocean esplanade in front of the Cricket club house, also part in or watch the native by land and sea.

The inevitable Chinaman was there, the Madrasman, the Sikh, the

Arab, the Jew, the Chitty or Indian money lender—they were all there, many times multiplied, unconsciously furnishing a background of extraordinary variety and picturesqueness.

At 10 o'clock we, the favored representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race, took our place on the great veranda of the Cricket club, and gave the signal that we would condescend to be amused for ten hours. Then the show commenced. There were not over 200 of us white people to represent law and civilization amid the teeming native population.

In the center of the beautiful esplanade or play ground rose the heroic statue of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, the English governor who made Singapore possible. To my right, on the veranda, stood a modest, gray-haired little man who cleared the seas of piracy and insured Singapore's commercial ascendancy—Sir Charles Brooke, rajah of Sarawak. A little further on, surrounded by a brilliant suite of Malay princes, was the sultan of Johore, whose father sold the island of Singapore to the British.

The first of the sports was a series of foot races between Malay and Kling boys, almost invariably won by the Malays, who are the North American Indians of Malaysia—the old-time kings of the soil. They are never like the Chinese, mere beasts of burden or great merchants, nor do they descend to petty trade, like the Indians and Bengalees. If they must work, they become horsemen.

Next came a jockey race, in which a



DUCKING FOR HALF DOLLARS.

dozen long-limbed Malays took each a 5-year-old child astride his shoulders, and raced for seventy-five yards. There were sack races and greased pole climbing and pig catching.

Now came a singular contest—an eating match. Two dozen little Malay, Kling, Tamil and Chinese boys were seated at regular intervals about an open circle by one of the governor's aids. Not one could touch the others in any way. Each had a dry, hard ship biscuit before him.

At the firing of a pistol two dozen pairs of little brown fists went pti-pat on two dozen hard biscuits, and in an instant the circular crackers were broken into a mass of powdered pieces.

Then commenced the difficult task of forcing the powdered pulp down the little throats. Both hands were called one for crowding in and the other for grinding the residue and patting the stomach and throat. Each little competitor would slyly rub into the warm earth, or hide away in the folds of his many-colored sarong, as much as possible, or when a rival was looking the other way, would snap a good sized piece across the lawn to a spot within his reach.

The little brown fellow who won the 50-cent piece by finishing his biscuit first simply put into his mouth a certain quantity of the crumbed biscuit, and with little or no mastication pushed the whole mass down his throat by sheer force.

The minute the contest was decided all the participants, and many other boys, rushed to a pile of molasses

to duck for half dollars. One after another their heads would disappear into the sticky, blinding mass, as they fished with their teeth for the shining prizes at the bottom.

Successful or otherwise, after their powers were exhausted, they would suddenly pull out their heads, reeking with the molasses, and make for the ocean, unmindful of the crowds of natives in holiday attire who blocked their way. Smearing everyone they touched, the boys ran on amid shrieks of laughter from their victims.

Then came a Jirikisha race, with Chinese coolies pulling Malay passengers around a half mile course. Letting go the handles of their wagons as they crossed the line, the coolies threw their unfortunate passengers over backward into space.

Tugs of war, wrestling matches, and boxing bouts on the turf finished the land sports, and we all ad-



DIVING FOR PENNIES.

Journeyed to the yachts to witness those of the sea. There were races between men-of-war cutters, European yachts, rowing shells, Chinese sampans and Malay coles with great, dart-like sails, so wide-spreading that ropes were attached to the top of the masts, and a dozen naked natives hung far out over the side of the slender boat to keep it from blowing over. In making the circle of the harbor they would spring from side to side of the boat, sometimes lost to our view in the spray, often missing their foothold, and dragging through the tepid water at a furious rate.

Between times while watching the races, we amused ourselves throwing coppers to a fleet of native boys in small dug-outs beneath our bows. Every time a penny dropped into the water a dozen little bronze forms would flash in the sunlight, and nine times out of ten the coin would be rescued before it reached the bottom.

Last of all came the trooping of the English colors on the magnificent esplanade, within the shadow of the cathedral: the march past of the sturdy British artillery and engineers, with their native allies, the Sikhs and Sepoys; then the feu-de-joie, and New Year's was officially recognized by the guns of the fort.

That night we danced at Government house—we exiles of the temperate zone—keeping up to the last the fiction that New Year's day under a tropical sky and within sound of the tiger's wall was really January 1st. But every remembrance and association was, in our homesick thoughts, grouped about an open arch fire with the sharp, crisp creak of sleigh runners outside, in a frozen land fourteen thousand miles away. —Rounselvie Wildman, in Youth's Companion.

DORA'S RESOLUTIONS.

"WISH YOU A HAPPY New Year!" called Dora, from her pillow, to her sister Agnes, who stood before the dressing-table, brushing her curls. "What makes you get up so early? It isn't breakfast time yet. It is so warm and cozy here in bed, I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions for the new year. Then I can write them out after breakfast. Why don't you make some resolutions, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it," replied the little girl. "I have been hurrying to get dressed, for I was afraid mamma would want me. Freddie has been crying all night."

Dora. "Well, perhaps I'd better get up, seeing you are all ready to go down. Tell mamma I am coming right away," and she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining-room just as her mamma and sister set the breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed happy as they gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

Dora and Agnes cleared the table when the meal was finished, for there was no servant in the house, and the two sisters helped much with the work, that mamma might get more time to sew.

"Shall I wash or wipe the dishes?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I'll wash them, and you can wipe them," said Agnes, "for you'd rather, and I don't care."

"Well, then I'm going up-stairs to write out my New Year's resolutions; I'll be down by the time you have the dishes ready to rinse," and Dora ran up to her room.

Dora spoiled several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally, she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

New Year's Resolutions of Dora Buckingham Prescott.



"I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast. I will go to bed at night without making a fuss about it. I will dress Freddie every morning. I will take my turn at washing the dishes, even though I like better to wipe them."

"I will dust the parlor every day, and not leave it for Agnes. I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week. I will take care of my bird every morning."

"I will amuse Freddie, and not be cross to him once this year. I will sew on my buttons without being told. I will not let Agnes do my share of the work, just because she is obliging. I will always be pleasant to everybody."

"Dora, mamma wants you—"

"Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!"

"Mamma wants you to see to Freddie."

"Oh, dear! Why can't you?"

"I've got to go down to the post-office."

"Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes?"

"All done," said Agnes, with a little smile that had not a mite of superiority in it.

"But I meant to come and wipe them," said Dora, with a frown.

"Never mind," said Agnes, "I know you were busy."

Dora followed her sister down-stairs, thinking she would put the rooms in order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But to her surprise, the parlor and sitting-room were dusted. Dick was eating fresh seed with great relish, and it was 10 o'clock. How long a time she had spent over those resolutions!

After making Baby Fred happy with a big block house, Dora slipped upstairs and brought down her paper of "New Year's Resolutions" and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

"I'll keep my eyes and ears open, as Aggie does, and do everything I see that needs to be done, and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions!"

New Year Song.

NEW YEAR, TRUE year, What now are you bringing? May day skies and butterflies, And merry birds a-singing? Frolic, play all the day, Not an hour of school?"

But the merry echo, The laughing New Year echo, Only answered, "School!"

"New Year, true year, What now are you bringing? Summer roses springing gay, Summer vines a-swinging? Jest and sport, the merriest sort, Never a thought of work?"

But the merry echo, The laughing New Year echo, Only answered, "Work!"

"New Year, true year, What now are you bringing? Autumn fruits all fire-rips, Autumn heras a-ringing? Keen delight o' moonlight nights, When dull folks are a-bed?"

But the merry echo, The laughing New Year echo, Only answered, "Bed!"

—Laura E. Richards.

THE VANISHING OF...

Fathetic Story of Who Was Who "As One Through Recital."



In this line of work she took her first for the love of art, and as a means of living, sure she loved it, yet she had to work at it were weary and her was at the close of the had a hard month's workmas and New Year's eve came enjoying themselves in va sat alone in her little room, too weary to light her lamp, prepare her evening meal. She at a picture just finished, a scene of childhood and young woman haunts. Her thoughts went back those happy days when not a thought of care cast a shadow on her young She thought of herself when, in the uberance of youth, she pictured her ture in brightest colors. She had hoped in those days to reach the fame of Raphael or Michael Angelo.

Friends, she had scores; lovers, she had not a few; but she answered to their supplications:

"No, I am wedded to my art. It fills my heart, my life, my being. I have room for naught else."

But there came a day when she met one whose love she reciprocated and she was happier than ever before. She asked herself: "How can I give him up; and, how can I give up my long-cherished hopes to devote my life to this work?" And she pondered over it until she became pale and thin and ambition finally conquered.

It was to this part of her life in particular that her mind reverted. "Beneath the spreading branches of this stately elm," she murmured, as she gazed dreamily and tearfully through the growing dusk at the painting before her, "he told me of his love. The sorrowful expression upon his face, as I told him I could never be his wife, haunts me still. Oh, was I right? I have not succeeded as I desired. My fame has not reached foreign countries. I have spent many lonely hours here; no husband to encourage me in my work, to cheer me with his love. No loving little arms to encircle my neck; no lips to press my own. No one to sympathize with me, when I am weary and discouraged. Oh, have I made a mistake? And where is George? His life has been wasted? Has he true to me as he said he would? Ah, I have not only missed in my own life but have brought a wreck of his. O, Father, forgive me if I have been ungrateful."

The little artist clasped her hands in her lap and closed her eyes in slumber. The fire in the

So would I joy, side— So would I laugh with me— But left alone, in Day Mocked by a Day on thee; From this too merry My New Year dawns I see. —Louise Chandler

THIS JUMPING JACK IS A DANDY.

Susie was saying, "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own dolly!" And she sung it over and over, cuddling her dolly close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth dolly, and yours is wax with real hair. I love to look at it, but I'm afraid to touch it for fear it would break. I suppose a dolly that won't break is best for me. Mamma says I'm pretty hard on a dolly."

Roy was looking at Johnny, playing with his jumping jack. Johnny said: "I did want a rocking horse, and I was most sure Santa Claus would bring me one. I thought he'd know I wanted one so much. But this jumping jack is a dandy, though," and he pulled the string hard.

The little figure turned two or three somersaults, and ended by standing on its head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sober, said: "Your Johnny jumper is awful nice, and I like to see you make him go. I didn't get anything this year, but I hope times will be a lot better for our house next Christmas, and then I'll get enough to make it all up. But," said he, smiling now, "I've got all my marbles that I had last year, and my top is most as good as new, and I'll tell you she's a hummer! Come, Johnny, let's have a game of marbles."

What Will He Offer?

"SHE DREAMED THAT HER LOVER WAS WITH HER."

burned lower and lower; but the moon's rays shed a hale of light about her head. She dreamed that she was once more a maiden fair and her lover was with her, but when he commenced to whisper to her the story of love he was suddenly called away. Thrice did he attempt it, and the last time her heart thrilled with his burning words—but she bade him go. Then she heard a voice saying:

"Woman, knowest thou what thou hast done? Thou hast outraged not only thine own heart, but that of the man. For this sin shalt thou suffer."

She dreamed again and she thought she was at Heaven's gate. "Enter," said a voice, but it was not that of her first dream. It was low and sweet and said, "Sister, thou hast fulfilled thy tasks on earth. Thou couldst have made a happy home for thyself; but it was rejected, and instead thou hast done many deeds of kindness to weary and dependent ones, which loving acts have, like the ripples of the sea, gone on and on, only the Master knoweth whither. Thou hast comforted the sick, helped the poor, made happy the little children; but still thy life is not complete; there awaits for thee a great joy."

The voice ceased, but she heard the sound of sweet music and far-off bells.

And

And

And

And

And

And

And

And

And