



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 one cent one-half for bits, 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 quiet, insistent "Tuan!" I opened my eyes.

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

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

"Tuan, to-morrow New Year day, Tuan, mem (lady) drive to Esplanade. Governor, general, all white tuans and mens there. Tuan consul's cretah beda blak (carriage not nice). Shall syce buy ribbons?"

"Yes," I answered, tossing 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 salaamed.

Through the spaces of the protecting chicks I caught glimpses of my Malay kebun, 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 mottled crotons, the yellow allamanda and pink hibiscus bushes, the clump of Eucharist lilies, the great trailing masses of orchids that hung among the red 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 pants and stiffly starched blouse, came silently along the wide veranda, with a cup of tea and a plate of opened mangoes. 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, pellicled globes before me, "To-morrow 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 cookee, to the wretched Kling Dholee (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 solid cash.

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

Chinese tom-toms, Malay horns rent the air from that hour until dawn with all the discords of the Orient and a few from Europe. By daylight the thousands of natives from all quarters of the peninsula and neighboring islands had gathered along the broad ocean esplanade in front of the Cricket club house, to take part in or watch the native sports by land and sea.

The inevitable Chinaman was there, the Kling, 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 Bengalese. If they must work, they become horsemen.

Next came a jockey race, in which a 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 pit-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. No 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 crushed 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 great tub 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 adjourned to the beach.

Journeled 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, dark-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 wail 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.—Rounsevelle Wildman, in Youth's Companion.

"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 the morning—

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 flush.

"Never mind," said Agnes, "I knew 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 akes 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-ripe,
Autumn horns 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.

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 the morning—

"Fred is such a cry-baby!" returned

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Novel Corn Crib.
A novel portable corn crib is that introduced by W. J. Adam, of Joliet, Illinois. It would seem to commend itself to the corn grower. The main points claimed for it are extreme simplicity and cheapness. It is made simply from slats wired together at top, bottom and center. It is shipped in rolls, is set up round, and the points of meeting hooked together, and there you are, all ready to shovel in the corn. The purchaser can regulate the size of the crib by the length of the original roll, and its height by the length of the slats. It is easily transported to any part of the field and can be rolled up and packed away under shelter when not in use.

A Whole Family Rescued.
North Huron, N. Y.—(Special.) O. H. Sum of this city had nearly become a physical wreck through excessive use of tobacco, and his brother-in-law, son-in-law and father-in-law were also in ill health from the same cause. The four men all began taking No-To-Bac at the same time, and though representing great differences of age and infirmity, they have not only been entirely cured of the tobacco habit, but are now in the best possible physical condition. The quartette are proud of the result and recommend No-To-Bac with the greatest enthusiasm. Hundreds of tobacco users are following the example of the Sum family.

Canned Eggs.
Eggs are now imported from Russia into England in sealed tin cans. Eggs in this country are used by pastry cooks, and the advantages claimed for the system are freedom from damage in transport and long keeping qualities. Each can contains the contents of one thousand to one thousand five hundred shells. Great care is necessary in selecting the eggs to be preserved, as one bad one will spoil the whole can.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.
Mr. EDITOR—Tell others of my success. Fifteen years farming and hunting discouraged me. My cousin made \$3,000 last year planting tobacco, jewelry, etc. I ordered an outfit from Gray & Co., Plating Works Dept., 18, Columbus, O. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions. They teach agents free. Goods easy placed, nice as new, guaranteed ten years. Made \$25 first week, \$47 second, \$233 first month, get all work I can do; brother made \$70 selling outfits. Write firm for sample.
B. F. SHAW.

Great Britain manufactures every year \$50,000,000 of iron and \$24,000,000 of steel.

The man who sits down and waits for a golden opportunity to knock at his door will need a thick cushion on his chair.

Cox's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. 75¢.

The department of Lot, in France, produces a tobacco with nearly 5 per cent of nicotine.

The leading grain crop in Queensland is maize; the leading mineral product is coal.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 E. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinge of **SCIATICA** IS THE WARNING TO ST. JACOBS OIL. DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Great Prize Contest.

1st Prize, **KNABE PIANO**, style "P" \$800
2d Prize, **Cash**, - - - - - 100
3d Prize, **Cash**, - - - - - 50
10 Cash Prizes, each \$20, - - - - 200
15 Cash Prizes, each \$10, - - - - 150
28 Prizes, - - - - - \$1300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will go in regular order to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

CONDITIONS.

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1896, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 116 letters in length will receive Willie Collins' works in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take any part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the **WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD**, of which the distinguished ex-congressman,

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, is Editor, and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The **WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD** is issued in semi-weekly sections, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. It is the western champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska. Address,

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