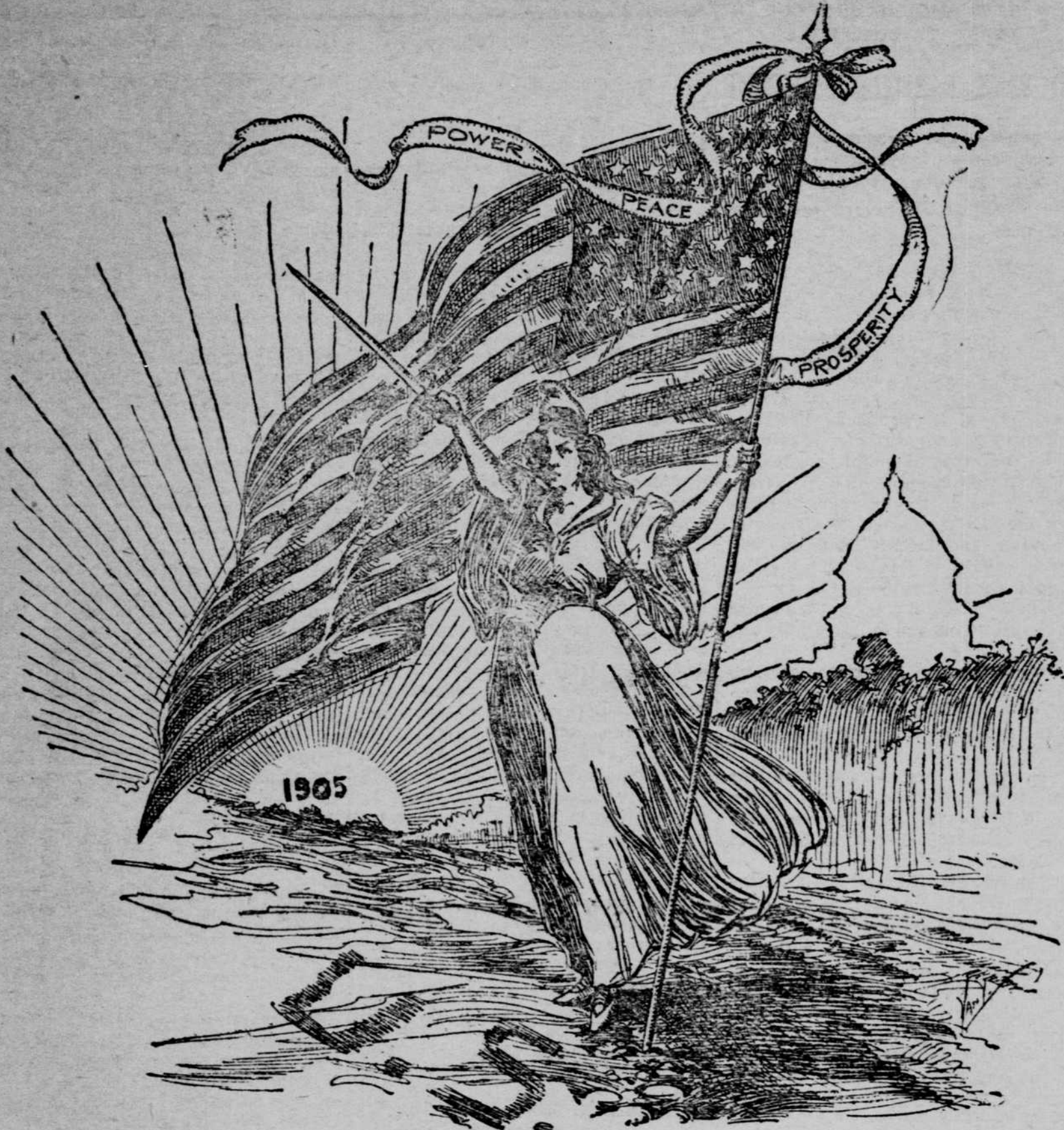


THE DAWNING YEAR.



GLOBE TROTTERS' NEW YEAR'S

A grizzled, sun-tanned, hard-featured man, whose face bore the stamp of hardship and adventure, was sitting in the smoking room of a New York hotel. He happened to glance at a calendar and saw that the day was Dec. 31.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "So tomorrow is New Year's day. Unless something happens before then, it will be the quietest New Year I've spent in twenty-three years."

"In all that time I have never been so near my old home in Scotland as I am now. Often I've tried to get home, but somehow or other New Year has always found me in a tight corner in some out-of-the-way part of the world."

This man's experience is typical of that of many of the globe-trotters in this age, when people are so fond of "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," like a job in the Book of Job.

New Year's day, 1897, found one Englishman facing death from hunger and thirst on board a life raft 300 miles southeast of Madagascar.

His ship foundered seven days before in a hurricane. The boats were smashed by the fury of the waves and some of the crew washed overboard. The rest made a raft out of planks and spars, but during the night high seas swept over the frail structure and carried away most of the water and food.

"All we had left," said the man who went through this terrible experience, "were a few tins of potted meat, a small barrel of biscuit and the smallest of the water casks. That was all we had to keep life in twenty-five hungry men."

"We made it last as long as we could, but in four days everything was gone. Some of the men fell into despair and talked about throwing themselves overboard. Perhaps they would have done so, but during the night of the fourth day half a dozen big sharks swam around the raft in circles. The sea was phosphorescent and we could see them plainly in the waves of livid fire which they stirred up as they swam around. Even the half-crazed men who had talked about drowning themselves shrank from death in a shark's maw and stayed upon the raft."

"Next morning I saw by a pocket diary which I carried that the day was Dec. 31. To keep up the men's spirits I told them I had dreamed we were going to be rescued on New Year's day. That appealed to the superstition inherent more or less in all sailors, so I kept on telling them a ship would come along and pick us up on that day sure, until I began to believe it myself. We even discussed gravely whether the sail would heave in sight in the morning or the afternoon, and one man who said he guessed it would be toward evening became quite unpopular."

"New Year's morning broke with a dead calm on the oily, blistering sea and a blazing sky that aggravated our thirst tenfold. There was not a ship in sight all morning—nothing except

that glassy sheet of water and that cruel, cloudless sky above us. It was the same in the afternoon, and our hopes fell as the sun sank slowly toward the western horizon.

"Just as we were beginning to despair one of the men screamed hysterically and pointed to a thin trail of smoke on the sky line. It was a New Zealand liner headed straight for our raft. In a couple of hours her doctor was giving us a hearty dinner and slops and weak brandy and water."

This same man spent another New Year's day off Cape Horn. He sailed from Valparaiso in a British "wind-jammer," expecting to reach his Scottish home in time to spend his first Christmas there for many years. But calms delayed her for weeks in the South Pacific ocean, and when she got off Cape Horn she ran into a tearing gale, which brought her mizzen tumbled down on deck and tipped out all her sails. For days she drifted helplessly, exposed to the full fury of the western gale.

The crew labored industriously at rigging up spare and bending new sails. It was a task of tremendous difficulty, for giant combers rolled over the forecastle head continually, filling the vessel amidships with green seas.

Suddenly in the midst of this toil an apprentice piped out:

"I say, fellers, this is New Year's day. Have you all forgotten it?"

"Belay your tongue," retorted the gruff old mate. "There won't be any New Year dinner to-day, except your usual whack of lobsouse."

The skipper was superintending the work from the poop rail and heard the conversation.

"Cook!" he bawled out. "Lay aft here!"

The cook came out of his galley and the captain asked what he could give them for a fancy dinner.

"Nethin' but split peas, sir, an' salt horse and marmalade. There ain't no turkeys in my store-room, sir," he said.

"Let's catch one o' them birds," suggested an old tar, pointing to several abattores which were circling about the wake of the ship. "We'll stretch a point this day and be forgiven for it, I guess."

After several attempts an albatross was captured with a big fishhook baited with salt pork and dragged aboard triumphantly. Served up nice and brown and swimming in gravy, it looked so much like a real turkey that it warmed up the men's hearts and made them think of the holidays they had spent at home. But when they tasted it the resemblance ceased. It was fishy and tough. The meat was like knotted rope yarn and the gravy suggested tar. However, it was a New Year dinner all the same, and it was enjoyed as keenly as the finest feast ashore that day.

An American traveler, who is well known commercially in the West in

was mixed up in one of the perennial revolutions of Hayti in his hot and foolish youth. Unhappily, he allied himself with the weaker side, and one New Year's eve found himself one of a small band of desperadoes despairing over the stockaded town of Miragoane against a government army, which outnumbered them 100 to 1.

During the night the government soldiers forced their way into the town. Only about thirty of the defenders were left alive.

"Stand them up in a line and shoot them," commanded Gen. Manigat. But they were too weak to stand. All of them were wounded, half-starved and fever-stricken. So the government troops propped them up in chairs and shot them as they lolled there. Only the white man was spared, in order that his case might be inquired into.

When he protested to Gen. Manigat against the cruelty of shooting helpless captives that triumphant warrior merely blew a cloud of cigarette smoke and remarked calmly: "C'est la guerre."

"Late on New Year's eve," said the American, "they tried me by court-martial. When I woke up on New Year's morning I was in the calaboose, sentenced to be shot at sundown. It wasn't very pleasant waiting. I was quite glad when a gold-laced officer entered the cell toward evening, with a paper informing me that 'his excellency, the citizen president' had been pleased to pardon me, in consideration of the request of the American minister and of the fact that it was New Year's day."

"I believe they had never intended to shoot me, but only to frighten me, for they hardly dared to touch a white man whose country owned a navy that might bombard their ports. Anyhow, I got out of jail in time to eat my dinner with some American and English friends on a coffee plantation near Miragoane."

New Year's Superstitions. The following superstitions in connection with New Year's are still believed in various parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales: On New Year's morning go to a well or fountain and leave an apple and nosegay, and the water will keep fresh and be more wholesome all the year. If a dark complexioned man crosses your threshold first on New Year's day you will be prosperous; if a blonde, unlucky, and if a red-headed man dire disaster will surely follow. Before locking the door for the night on New Year's eve place a gold coin near it and let it remain there until the church bells ring next morning, and you will have plenty of money all that year. So strong is the belief in the adage of the dark complexioned man in some places that he is paid a small gratuity to call early and walk through the first floor of the house, entering by the back door and leaving by the front.

Explanation. A captain in the regular army made a gallant reputation during the late war, but at home he resigns command. He was at home for a few weeks awaiting orders, and his linen was consigned to his wife's bureau, usually occupied by her own things solely, but at this time jointly. The captain is not a patient man, and when he wanted a clean shirt and went to the bureau for it he formed a plan of pulling the drawers out, tipping them over on the floor till he got what he was searching for. Of course, his wife remonstrated, and then there were some "scenes."

One warm, clear day when they were all sitting on the piazza, the wife read the heading in a newspaper: "Trouble in the President's Bureau."

"Well," said she, "I wonder what that means?"

"Oh, replied the captain, 'I suppose the president wants a clean shirt.'"

At Half-Past Nine P. M. At half-past nine P. M. when Jack breathes low a last good night, I wish my heart but had the knack To hide its silly plight. But, ah! it flutters so, my will is powerless to stem Its tide of love, its joyous thrill.

At half-past Nine P. M. The evening through, I'm frank to state My heart betrays no sign. Rebellious, calm it is at eight, Eight-thirty, yet, and nine, A woman's will walks to and fro— A decorum's guard pro tem. Until Jack takes his hat to go.

At half-past Nine P. M. I bless the fate that keeps me cold And prim the evening through. But when a heart rebel so bold, Pray, what's a girl to do? 'Gainst saying "Yes" I'm firmly set. And kissing, I condemn— But who knows what may happen yet.

At half-past Nine P. M. At half-past nine P. M. Roy Farrell Greene in New York Press.

British Arms. Sir Charles Dilke, in a paper read to the Young Liberals' league recently, said that while all other countries had rearmed their forces, there was not, with the exception of fifteen imperfect batteries hurriedly purchased in Germany during the Boer war, a single quick-firing gun in the possession of the British regular field artillery.

HARDY'S IDEA FOR "TESS."

Tragic Incident Lingered Long in Author's Memory.

A rather striking story of the origin of Hardy's "Tess" has just been told by Neil Munro, author of "John Splendid," who is one of Mr. Hardy's intimate friends. It seems that when Hardy was a boy he used to go into Dorchester to school, and he made the acquaintance of a woman there, who, with her husband, kept an inn. She was beautiful, good and kind, but married to a dissipated scoundrel who was unfaithful to her. One day she discovered her husband under circumstances which so roused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted and condemned to execution. Young Hardy, with another boy, witnessed the execution from a tree that overlooked the yard in which the gallows was placed. He never forgot the rustle of the thin black gown the woman was wearing as she was led forth by the warders. A penetrating rain was falling; the white cap was no sooner over the woman's head than it clung to her features, and the noose was put round the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was brought to his complete senses when the drop fell with a thud and his companion on a lower branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. The tragedy haunted Hardy, and at last provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

NO LONGER HER DOG.

Blonde Woman Had Forever Lost Claim on "Goldie."

A big blonde woman descended viciously upon a less pretentious but determined woman she met walking in Park avenue, holding a handsome setter dog by a leather leash.

"What are you doing with my dog?" she shouted. "Come here, Goldie."

Goldie established ownership by appearing overjoyed at the meeting. "It may have been your dog once," retorted the little woman, "but it has been mine for four weeks."

From a wrist-bag she took a document signed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledging the receipt of \$3 and giving her ownership of the dog. Cards were exchanged, and the case was subsequently investigated by an attorney representing the blonde woman. But she had to give up her dog.

It appeared the woman who was leading the dog found him wandering on the street. He was not regularly licensed and had no collar. She advertised once for the owner and then took the dog to the Animal Shelter. She was told that all lost dogs were killed there if not claimed within forty-eight hours. She asked to be notified by telephone if the dog was claimed within that time. If not, she would pay the usual fee and take him away. No owner appeared and she got the dog. Goldie was lost to the blonde woman forever.—New York Press.

Mint Refuse Worth \$30,000. "The United States government assayed the old mint at Denver recently," said R. W. Burchard of that city, "and got \$30,000 in the clean up. That sounds like a peculiar statement, but it is the truth."

"The new coinage mint, which had been in course of construction there for about seven years, was completed recently, and the government moved from the old mint, which had been occupied for about thirty years."

"When they got ready to clean out the old place every particle of dust and dirt was carefully saved. This was run through the assaying furnace and it was found that the tiny particles of gold which had accumulated about the building in all those years had amounted to the snug sum I have mentioned."

"The particles had been carried through the air during the refining processes, and were so minute that they had not affected the weight of the metal assayed to any appreciable extent. It was all velvet for Uncle Sam and more than paid the expenses of moving to the new mint."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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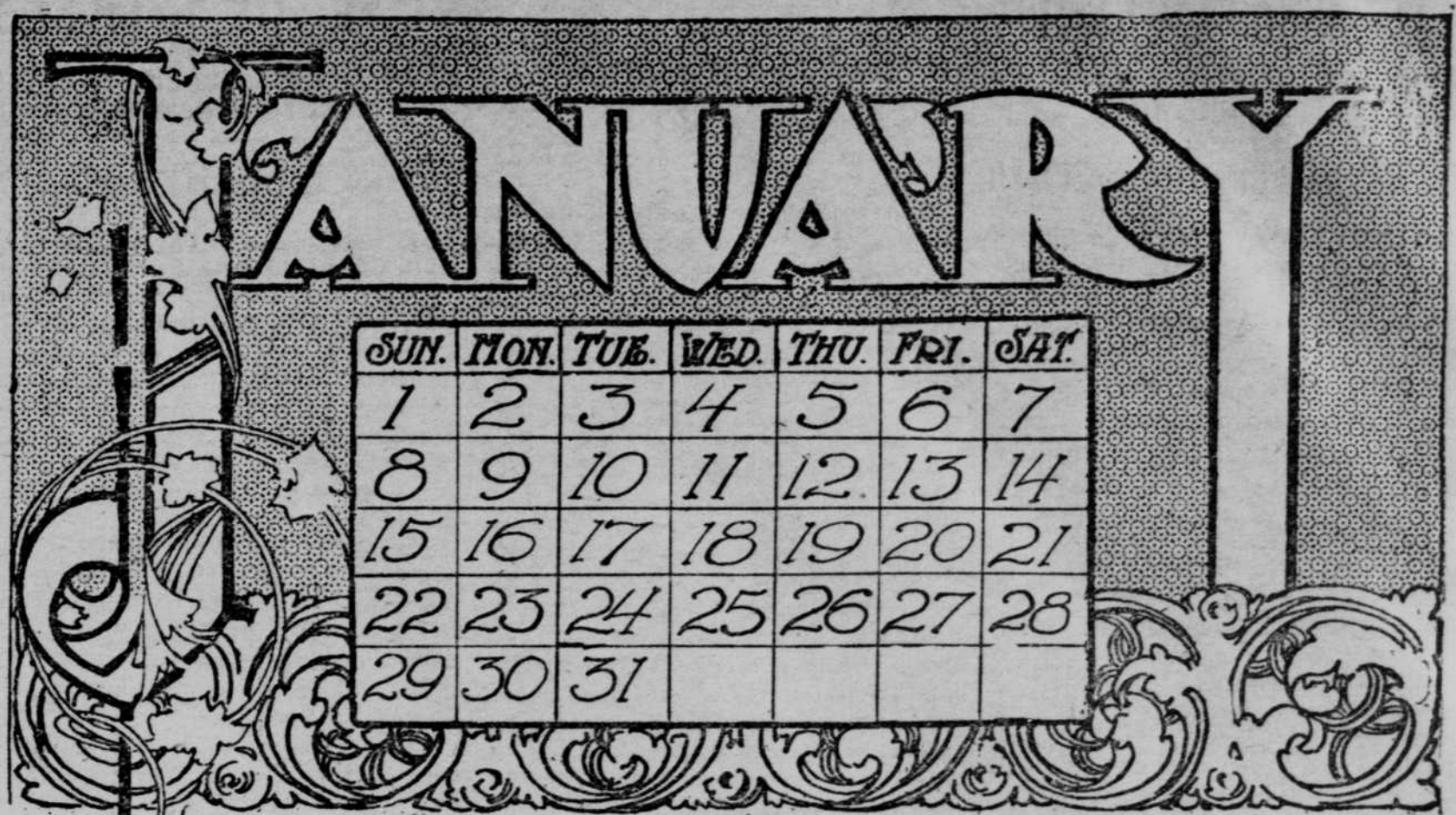
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NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

New Year's Day has been a day of ceremony and rejoicing for a great many centuries in the world's history. Its origin is traced back to the Roman festival of Janus, after the establishment of the empire. The old Romans divided the year into ten months only. Numa Pompilius added January and February, and dedicated the former to Janus, 713 B. C.

"Tis he! The two-faced Janus comes in view; Wild hyacinths his robe adorn. And sundrops, rivals of the morn. He spurns the goat aside. But smiles upon the new-emerging year with pride. And now unlocks, with agate key, The ruby gates of orient day."

On this day the Roman consuls, followed by the court, went to the capital, all gorgeously appareled, where they sacrificed two white bulls, never yoked, to Jupiter Capitolinus.

The Romans had two New Years, the sacred one, which was the 1st of March, and the civil one of which we have just spoken, the 1st of January.

The Jews had a sacred and a civil year; the former began in March or April, the latter in September or October, varying with the lunar period. The early Greeks had no settled year; when one was finally adopted, they commenced it at the vernal equinox.

door to door with loud singing and merriment. The word is derived from was hallo, the Saxon for "Here's to you!" an expression still in use by men in pledging each other at suppers. The present loving cup takes the place of the ancient wassail bowl.

In some of the country districts of England old customs are still observed. On New Year's eve, at midnight, the last of the Christmas carols is sung, outside of the house, by the young people, then there is a rush for the nearest spring, and the first one who fills his or her glass gets what they call the "cream of the well," and will be the most fortunate during the coming year.

In the early hours of the morning, a funeral is held, at some public houses, over "old Tom" (as the old year is called), when the boys parade the streets, asking for presents, and singing:

"I wish you a happy New Year, A pocket full of money, And a collar full of beer, And a great fat pig, To serve you all the year. Ladies and gentlemen, Sitting by the fire, Pity we poor boys Out in the mire."

The French make a great deal of New Year. In 1554 Charles IX. of

and mulled cider; every house was a temple of the merry god, and many a provident vagabond was intoxicated out of pure economy, drinking liquor enough to serve him the remainder of the year."

Irving dwells especially upon the great ball given at the Governor's, old Peter Stuyvesant, New Year's night "when the good Peter was devoutly observant of the pious rite of kissing all the womenkind for a Happy New Year."

On this day the governor also distributed fiddles to the old negroes, who fiddled all night while the young people danced. Under Peter was instituted "gutting bees," "husking bees," and other rural assemblages, where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddles, toil was enlivened by gaiety and followed by a dance.

The governor did not approve of the short skirts worn by the ladies and ordered a ruffe put at the bottom of them. He likewise disapproved of some of their steps in dancing, and ordered that no other step should be taken but the "shuffle and turn," and the "double trouble."

The custom of New Year's calling

The Joyous New Year



Who comes dancing over the snow, His soft little feet all bare and rosy? Open the door, though the wild winds blow,

Take the child in and make him cozy, Take him in and hold him dear, He is the wonderful New Year.

The early Christians also considered the vernal equinox the proper time to commence the New Year. The Chinese and most Indian nations commence the New Year with the first new moon in March, the Persians in June and the Egyptians early in the autumn, or the first day coinciding with the rising of the Dog Star.

Among the Saxons the New Year was ushered in by friendly gifts. Later, this custom of making gifts was carried to a ruinous excess. Henry III. of England extorted costly gifts from his court. Queen Bess carried it to such an extreme, says Dr. Drake, that her costly wardrobe and jewelry was supplied in this way.

When Henry VIII. was receiving costly presents from his courtiers, we read that honest old Latimer handed him a Bible, with some pertinent chapters marked, much to the burly king's disgust.

Dr. Drake tells us that, in the sixteenth century, prince and peasant alike celebrated the New Year with regularly and parade.

Much was made of the wassail bowl at this season. It was carried from

France decreed that in accordance with the Roman calendar, the year should begin on the first day of January.

Christmas with them is a religious festival, but the New Year is a domestic festival and holiday. The day commences at an early hour, with an exchange of bonbons and visits among friends and relatives. I somewhere saw an estimate that one hundred thousand dollars was spent upon bonbons alone every New Year's in Paris.

The French revolution brought New Year's day to this great prominence. With the first empire it was one of the most brilliant festivals of the court, as it was also of the second empire.

New Year's day was a great day in New York with the early Dutch settlers. It was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. Washington Irving, in his humorous "Knickerbocker's History of New York," gives a delightfully amusing account of the observance of New Year among these Netherlanders. "The whole community," he tells us, "was deluged with cherry brandy, pure Holland

was very prevalent in most of the large cities of the United States for a long while, many gentlemen making as many as forty and fifty calls of that day. This custom has been generally discontinued except in Washington city. Here the president and wife, assisted by the wives of the cabinet members, hold a reception at the White House, all the morning. It is a most brilliant spectacle, as at the Diplomatic Corps and the army and navy are in full uniform. Both houses of Congress also pay their respects to the chief of the nation, and then the general public are admitted.

Charles Lamb, one of the tenderest of English essayists, says: "Of all sounds, of all bells, the most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. They take a personal color. Not childhood alone, but the young man, till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal." He tells us that "every man hath two birth days, two days in every year which set him upon revolving the lapse of time as it affects his mortal duration; his own birthday and the birthday of the New Year."

PASSING ANOTHER MILE POST.



The New Year—"When I turned into the road I hit something."