Patriot, Havana soon became too hot to hold me. Suspected of corresponding with the insurgents, I was hauled before the tyrant Weyler at the palace. This was one morning early. At noon I was aboard a train for Batabano and at night on a steam-

tlement for political convicts. It might have been worse, of course, for the tribunal might have sent me to Ceuta, on the Airlean coast, where chains and a cell would surely have been my portion. Instead, however, I was confined within the borders of a beautiful island which a bountiful Providence had provided with every gift of nature-and deprived only of my friends and my habitual environment.

er for the Isle of Pines, the penal set-

Soon after my deportation, having been landed at one of the two ports here and finding the wretched town life not to my taste, I wandered away to the eminence known as the Crystal hill, from the summit of which I could look out over the desolate sea and the forest intervening between it and the plantations. These and the town lay on the plain eastward of the hill. Some distance down its western slope I found the yawning mouth of a cave open in the direction of the sea, its farther end somewhere within the bowels of the earth. It was large and dry, with immense natural pillars supporting a roof hung- with stalactites, while a stream of clear water issued from its unexplored interior. In its outer chamber I hung a hammock, a fire of gum wood dispensed warmth and perfume when the nights were chilly, and I thought I should be content here for a month at least, or until

I could venture back to Hayana. I had money and firearms, and provisions were daily supplied me by a faithful islander whom I had befriended in former times. In the surrounding forest were many plants and animals which could afford me sustenance if my supply from town were to be cut off, and I lacked only companionship to make me perfectly contented.

If only Olivia were here-Olivia, my flancee! If I had but married her be fore this unfortunate affair! But, no: this was no place for a tenderly nurtured woman like the daughter of the alcalde of San Cristobal. I sat in the cave's mouth one day at

The heat of the plains was mos



oppressive, but a breeze from the ocean stirred the leaves of the pines. But for their sighing there was no sound to disturb the deathlike c. Im till an unfamiliar clashing of branches caused me to start and reach out in my rifle, leaning against a rock.

Distracted as I was, I expected no ing less than a visit from the Spar volunteers who guarded the Island but, looking up, I saw before me the figure of a girl. She was comely, and her face shone with intelligence, yet I knew that she belonged to the serving class. It was, indeed, Carmela, the devoted maid of my flancee! She smiled and held out a folded paper. At first my bewildered senses could hardly accept this token of her existence. My vision was blurred, the scene before me swam in a mist; but, murmuring vaguely my thanks, I took the letter,

My father has driven me from his house. Do you love me? Will you welcome me? I am near. OLIVIA;

I turned to the maid. "Wherewhere is she?" I demanded, leaping from my hammock. The girl shrugged her shoulders and pointed to the pines on the brow of the hill, but vouchsafed me no other reply.

I scrambled up the rocks, and there, steadying herself against the trunk of a pine, was my sweetheart! She looked at me timidly, in her eyes a mute inquiry, as if doubtful of the reception I would offer. Not long, however, was she hesitant. Then, shaking a finger at me with playful gesture, she said: "Oh, Felipe, you did not think I would come! Now, did you? And now that I have come, do you not think me overbold, or are you glad to see me, to have me bide awhile with you? Now, as to the hereafter - well, we must allow events to shape our course. Now lead me to your cavern. I am tired-faint." While the maid set the cave in order and my beloved reclined in my hammock I prepared a simple repast, with cool water from a spring that gushed from the hiliside near, and soon set it

After she had partaken and had been refreshed by a siesta she joined me at the cave's mouth, where we sat hand in hand until the plain below was all in shadow, only the white trunks of the palms standing out pallid as ghosts in the gathering gloom,

During the week that followed Olivia and her maid occupied the inner chamber of the cave, which was sacred to their privacy, while I guarded the cave's mouth and the outer room. We cave's mouth and the outer room. We both knew well car lives were in the hands of the authorities when her father. Don Amadeo, should overcome his pride and command the inevitable search for his daughter. It could not be long deferred, and so we lived in daily apprehension of capture and separation and separation and separation are lived in the search of the search lived in the searc aration, yet were happy.

The knowledge of impending sorrow at joys a keener zest, sable to escape from only gate prese ely guarded as it was. y preparations. Far was the solitary shore ed bay, beyond which de cays, and still farin. Neither sea nor visited, save now and er or filibuster.

when finished, I launched and anchor-ed in the placid bay behind the coral reefs. Day by day thereafter during the whole of Christmas week I carried down clothing, provisions, arms and ammunition until at last our frail craft was laden with everything necessary for a voyage.

Four days passed after we were ready before we saw a sail upon the ocean. It was late in the afternoon of the last day of December, when, sitting in the shade of the cave, Olivia pointed out a speck upon the waves. She looked long and earnestly, then

"Dearest, it is a ship, and it is coming toward our Island." "Will you venture" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered, smiling into my eyes. "But first let us be indeed sure it is approaching."

It drew nearer, neares, rising higher, higher, until, as the sun sank behind the hill crest, the white sails were illumined by its rays. Then, no longer doubtful, we went at once to the shore. But as we embarked the maid refused to risk the voyage and chose to return to brave the wrath of Don Amadeo. So she and her mistress bade each other a tearful farewell, and we set sail without her. We had a fair wind, and I laid a course for the bark, which, as it was sailing slowly, I hoped to overhaul within an hour or two.

Half the distance had been traversed, and, though darkness now overspread the ocean, we could still make out the ship's position by her lights. The sea became rougher and more turbulent, and suddenly I sensed a new danger. While I was watching the foam crested billows sweeping toward us in order to a cid them I saw in their dark hollows rapidly moving streaks of phosphor-

flaming fins were cleaving the water three-fourths of the United States. The black waves were all about us. alive with them. But the bark was looming stendily

before us. In another half hour we should be within hat even if she did not sooner see us and lower a boat. Perhaps I was made too confident by this assurance; but, without warning, a flerce wave assalled us, and the raft was overturned. The same wave carried my sweetheart away into the darkness, but I swam swiftly to her side and thrust out an arm to draw her to my shoulder for support.

But that instant, as her eyes looked lovingly into mine, a cry burst from her lips, and she sank beneath the waves. I clutched at her dress and strove to raise her, but my strength was unavailing as against that of the nonster that had selzed her.

Down, down, below the turmoll of waves and roaring billows we sank together. I wrenched my knife from its sheath, and in my fury plunged it into the man cater's body, gray and ghastly, alongside of me. The grim jaws reaxed their hold, and, dragging the apparently lifeless form to the surface, I pore it to the raft and cast myself down beside her. There, while the waves swept over us, while the fins of the sharks hissed and gleamed in the foaming waters, I called to her, bent over her, pressed my lips to hers.

Theo, overcome by fatigue and despair, I swooned by her side.

From a dreamless sleep, from hovering on the borders of oblivion, I was awakened by strange voices. I was on the deck of a ship. I saw forms of men pass vaguely before me, and by my s'de-yes, there alive-sat one whom had thought no longer living.

Her shining eyes looked into mine again, and then she told me of our rescue from the waves. The night had passed, and now the dawn had come, and with its coming the fluttering of sails and the rattling of anchor chain nformed us that a port was reached. It was that of Grand Cayman, to the southeast of Isle of Pines, a neutral

port, and we were safe. We were married that day at noon, nd thus was achieved the consumms tion of our happiness. And the captain of the bark, who himself had taken Olivia from the raft, said solemnly as ne placed her hand in mine:

"Her life belongs to me, for I saved it, but it is also yours because she gave It to you. That was yesterday, and hence last year; this is today, and hence the new year. That which perished in the old year the new year sees restored to life. God bless you both and enneti fy this New Year's gift." - Buffalo liver.

TEMPERANCE PUNCH BU.

To Be Kept Rospitably Parl on .

If we are to follow one of the join old customs bequeathed us by our Eng lish forbears, we must keep the panel bowl hospitably full through the hoday week. But even if this is not prepared for the week's celebration it must not be neglected for New Year's

For those who are glad to emphasize the good cheer which this custom typifles, but who for conscience's sake prefer a temperance beverage, the following concoction is recommended: Take the juice of three lemons and three oranges, one pincapple shredded from the core with a silver fork, one quart can of strawberries, one tablespoonful of Ceylon tea, one quart of boiling wa ter; pour the water on the tea and let it stand fifteen minutes. Add to the fruit one or two cups of sugar, according to acidity, and let it stand half an hour. When the tea is cold, add to the fruit and sugar one quart of apollinaris water and a block of ice; leave the pulp of the orange, as well as the shredded pineapple and berries, in the punch. In serving this slices of lemon are placed in each glass. If canned pinapple is

used, lessen the quantity of sugar. This forms a delicious concoction, and by keeping the various ingredients prepared in quantity they are quickly mixed as desired, and there need be no lack of this particular "good cheer," no matter how many callers may "drop in" for the New Year's greetings.

By far the most charming of the German New Year's customs is one observed from time immemorial in Frankfurt-am-Main. There at the same moment the whole city salutes itself—wishes itself a happy new year. On the night of Dec. 31 all the city keeps the festival, watching the old year out and the new year in. Family parties or gatherings of friends are to be found in every house. Games, sto-ries, music and kindred diversions, with an honorable attention to eating

and drinking, serve to speed on the last hours of the dying year. Suddenly at the exact moment when from the great dome of the cathedral the first stroke of midnight sounds its rning every house throws wide open pindows. Forth from the case-nts lean all the dwellers in the beyond which and still farither sea nor save now and libuster.

Olivia and her yound down to provide the control of the cont

Old Time Tup ting New Year's Gone By. The Dutch Customs M And Their

OIN' to sit up tonight?" "I reckon—yes, I reck-I will. Nothin' in it, y' know, but lots o' fun

and fresh cider." Such a conversation might have been heard in any rural region of the central west some forty years ago on any New Year's eve, And the "setting up" was the one and only point in which New Year's observances differed from those of Christmas. The Knickerbockers have so far impressed themselves upon American life that most of the present generation think "calls and congratulations" have always been the great feature of New Year's,

Know then, innocent youth, that as late as fifty years ago "New Year's



We were beset by sharks! Their calls" were an unknown institution in But in the border states, especially the southern sections of the states just north of the Ohio, the practice of "watching the old year out and the new year in" was the one thing pe culiar to New Year's. Wonderful things were to be seen at that how Cows fell upon their knees, fowls want through a sort of reverential perform ance, the wild animals lost their fear of man, and certain plants of a mysterious nature sprang up in the door

> "I have had the children pull and lay on my lap shoots as long as my hand," the testimony of one good old lady, and, for aught any hearer could ever discover, she honestly believed it. A little later, when the old superstition died out, "watch night" became a religious proceeding. The ordinary evening meeting was followed by a "song and praise" session. A few minutes before midnight the members of the church gathered around the "altar" (it was merely the space in front of the pulpit, but the old name remained) and sometimes joined hands in a circle.

> As the minute hand of the clock neared the XII mark the most profound stlence was observed-every Christian was supposed to be in silent prayer for pardon for the sins of the closing year. When the new hour and new year began, all broke into a glad song, often mingled with "shouts" in Methodist or United Brethren churches, and after the song closed the members pledged each other to renewed devotion and "greater faithfulness to duty" for the coming year. The negroes, always quick to adapt their old African cus toms to their new religion, took special delight in this one, adding many fanciful features, and it still survives in the far south as "walking Egypt."

> But what of the original "watch night?" Well, all we can say is that some of our ancestors brought it from Scotland with them, and, as they of the wonderful things that had happened in Scotland, so their children in Kentucky and Indiana told the same things as having happened in Maryland, and by and by their children in Illinois and Missouri told of them as occurrences in Maryland or Kentucky, and so the superstition lived on in many neighborhoods even to the outbreak of the civil war.

> Strange to say, the custom of calling on New Year's day grew most nearly universal among the Chinese and Americans. The former celebrate the new year through three days, during which they call on their friends, ex-



HOW THE DUTCH MADE NEW YEAR'S CALLS IN NEW AMSTERDAM. change greetings in the streets, beat

gongs, offer paper prayers and make a Fourth of July of it in fireworks. In the days when a little group of frame houses with gable ends of Dutch brick clustered about the fort adjoining the point called the Battery in New Yo.k, Mynheer and Vrouw, together with their children, the youths and maidens of New Amsterdam, would go about making visits to each other, celebrating the day as only a primitive people could celebrate it, the elders smoking their pipes and the young-

Hair Falls

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making merry and all enjoying emselves heartily. But the burghers of New Amsterdam new generations came on waxed rich. Broadway passed the old rope-

walk near the present site of the Astor House, shot over Union square, and where the Fifth Avenue hotel now stands met Fifth avenue, which, climbing Murray Hill, now runs through the aristocratic dwelling portions of the city. New Year's day became a social gala day. The young bloods went, half a dozen together, in carriages, and parties vied with each other as to how many calls they could make. In the palmy days of New Year's calling the most fashionable people wore evening dress, the blinds of the parlors were closed and the gas lighted. The scene within was often like that of an evening reception of the present day.

But as the Dutch New York burghers of old were overrun by the English so the New York swells of today have suffered the came fate. A dis ease called anglomania appeared in the land and seized upon swelldom. The English aristocrat spends the Christmas season at his country seat, and when the New York parvent became wealthy enough to have a country seat he must needs imitate his English model and go to it for Christmas and

New Year's. When the New Yorker began to spend the holidays as his English cousin spends them, New Year's calls began to fall off. So for several years New Year's calling in cities has been dropped. Fortunately there are still left people who do not have chateaus in the midst of great parks who cling to the old custom. On New Year's day they visit their friends with something of the simplicity of former days and enjoy it as it was enjoyed then. But the great rush of New Year's day as it existed ten years ago is passed and it is no great loss.

NEW YEAR'S SUPERSTITIONS

Provincial England. "Don't take a light out of the house before one has been brought in," is the solemn injunction on New Year's night of the peasantry of Lincolnshire, Eng-land. Death is certain to result if this

advice is not followed. To permit a woman to enter the house first on New Year's day is said to be a sure forerunner of evil. The same results are said to follow the throwing out of dirty water, ashes or any kind of refuse.

In sweeping the house the dust must be swept from the door to the hearth or death will be the consequence. A custom largely observed at present is after making the fire in the morning to spread the ashes over the threshold If in the morning there is an impres sion of a foot leading from the house a death in that family is so firmly be lieved in that preparations are made for it, but if the footmark leads toward the house a birth during the year is sure, and preparations are made ac cordingly.-New Orleans Picayune.

on New Year's Eve.

It was with much pleasant anticipation we awaited the approach of "Sylvester Abend," as they call New Year's eve in Germany, says a writer in The Woman's Home Companion, About 10 clock, supper being ended, we all adjourned to the parlor, where they danced until almost midnight. Then re freshments were served. These consisted of queer little cakes made especially for the holiday season, apples. nuts and Berliner pfankuchen, which are perfectly delicious. The latter look like large brown doughnuts covered with sugar. On opening them they are found to be filled with Jam. Christmas tree was relighted, baving been furnished with new candles.

The ringing of the bells announced the beginning of the new year. Guns were fired, and from the church lofts bugles were sounded. Later all the windows were flung wide open, and, standing within them, the people held up their glasses and called out, "Prosit Neujahr!" to every one who passed by, People on the street called in to us. Even the droschky coachmen, as they crove by, called out, "Prosit Neujahr!" Of all the pretty customs in Germany, I thought this the prettiest. Not only to your friends do you wish a happy new year, but to all.



Castleton-Jim, is this, indeed, you? You have kept, then, to the promise made when we parted ten years ago that we would meet on the corner Jan.

1, 1902. Shake, old man! Now that we have met, what shall we do? Jim-I've got a great scheme. If you'll lend me five dollars, I'll bor-

Read good books and keep up with the best writers and thinkers of the

Ally yourself with some church and ase your influence to spread the truths of Christianity.

Be womanly in your every act-remember that the home is usually what the wife and mother make it. Do not marry a man for his money or his social prestige. Love founded upon true respect is the only road to bappiness.

Don't be extravagant; live within your means, and if you are married help your husband to save something from his salary every month. Honest poverty is no disgrace.—Mrs. Russell Sage in New York Journal.

New Year's Day In Paris. There is one street in Paris to which New Year's day is a whole year's fortune. This is the Rue des Lombards, where the wholesale confectioners re-side. For days preceding Jan. 1 this street is blocked with wagons loaded with sweetments ready for shipment. There are all forms and descriptions made of sugar and hollow to hold bonbons. It is said that for sweetments alone \$109,000 is spent annually on this day in Paris. Jewelry is also sold in great quantities, for no Frenchman calls empty handed. The day is filled with exchange of visits and bonbons, and the occasion is one of enjoyment and rejoicing.

Looking Backward. 'Tis midnight, and the passing year Creeps noiselessly away; No stern regret nor bitter tear, No pleadings in its dull, cold ear, Can bid it stay.

"Tis gone, and I am left alone
To ponder o'er the lost,
To weep o'er wasted moments flown,
To reap the harvest I have sown
And count the cost.

The flowers lift their heads in praise In their appointed time; 'Tis man alone finds idle ways, Neglectful of the passing days, While in his prime,

The fruitage ripens on the trees When summer's sun is bright, While man enjoys the soothing breeze And slumbers on nor heeds nor sees The coming night. The birds from instinct know just when To leave the downy nest,
While oft the recreant sons of men
Repent and weep and turn again
To mother's breast.

The sun and moon and stars roll on Nor slacken in their pace; They cheer the night and gild the dawn, Just as in ages long agone

And I sit here alone and sigh, And I sit nere wrong Another year begun, And, looking back with tearful eye And, looking back with tearful eye hrough misty days, cannot descry
What I have done.

-E. L. Aultman in Cin-innati Enquirer. An Odd New Year's Proverb.

In Lincolnshire, where every tongue tipped with a proverb, the saying for New Year's runs:

Take out, then take in, Bad luck will begin. Take in, then take out, Good luck comes about From this no doubt is derived a be llef, common among negroes in many parts of the south, that it is an ill omen for the coming year to take anything even a trifle, from a house on Jan. 1 un

til something has been brought in.

When you see a young man sitting in a parlor with the ugliest 4-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in a mirror clambering over his knees, jerkhis shins, feeling in all his pockets for coppers, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a either bank to await an opportunity to comic paper, you may safely say that he fun of playing with her brother .-London Tit-Bits.

Wilhe had swallowed a penny and The terrified boy looked up implor-

"The minister!" exclaimed the

nother. er can get money out of anybody."-Pittsburg Bulletin.

ooth legs cut off in an accident near Emporia, Kan., last September, has expense, and is to have employment for life. He is also to be provided dry, donned her clothes and vanished with a pair of cork legs.

Tell me, my little golden head, If Santa Claus should come tonight What shall he bring my baby brig What treasure for my boy?" I said.

Then he named his little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spake his quiet, rustful joy. And as he lisped his evening prayer

He as ted the boon with childish grace;

Then toddling to the chimney place, He hung his little stocking there. That night, while lengthening shadows

crept,
I saw the white winged angel come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept, They must have heard his little prayer,

For in the morn with rapturous face, He toddled to the chimney place And found his little treasure there. They came again one Christmas tide—
That angel host, so fair and white—
And singing all that glorious night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, The Christmas music on the air, watching for my baby boy. But if again that angel train And golden head come back to me, To bear me to eternity, My watching will not be in vain.

EUGENE FIELD.

HOW A PHILIPPINE WOMAN CROSS ED A RIVER.—Just beyond San Pedro we came to the Sibalom river, the bed of which is a mile wide, covered with little and big bowlders, with here and there a swift running stream. The main river is probably two hundred yards wide and is easily forded, except after a heavy rain, when it rises rapiding his necktie out of place, ruflling his ly and becomes a raging torrent. shirt front, pulling his hair, kicking usually subsides in a few hours after the rain has ceased to fall. When the river is up many people gather on

cross. the howling boy has a sister who is in a room not 20 feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for for the river to subside, and had been there, wet, hungry and tired, for hours praying to get across. The river was boiling and toaming and no one dared his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her an old woman came along, took a look sister in the next room, "send for a at the river, gave a contemptuous doctor, Willie has swallowed a penny." glance on the manly sex there gatherglance on the manly sex there gathered and then walked up the bank about "No, mamma," he interposed; "send off her clothing. She made a careful bundle of all her belongings, raised them above her head and entered the stream. The water was over her head, "Yes, because papa says our minis- but she made no attempt to swim. She would sink beneath the water unti her toes touched a bowlder and would John Huggins, a brakeman, who had then give a lump. The current would give her a lift and send her diagonally down the stream a few yards. nade a rather curious settlement with kept repeating the operation until at the railroad company. He is to be last she had reached the other bank taught telegraphy at the company's far below where she had started. She waded out with her bundle perfectly through the thicket-Mobile Register.

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The little toy my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little sock of faded hue, little lock of golden hair. Long years ago this holy time
My little one, my all to me —
Sat robed in white upon my knee,
And heard the merry Christmas chime

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