

NEW YEAR'S CHIME.



OLL: Toll! Toll!
For the old year, slow-
ly dying;
Ours, gaunt, stern;
On the breast of
Time, now lying,
Hearts with care are
beating,
Ho! ye warders of
the bells,
Toll! Toll! Toll!
For Earth's enticing
fashion,
Toll for Strife's un-
holy passion,
Toll for Friendship
unrequited,
Toll for Hope's en-
chanted dreams
blighted.

Toll for Love's fond pledges broken,
Toll for Want and Woe unspoken,
Toll for Mourners sadly weeping,
Toll for Sin's vast harvest reaping.
Toll! Toll! Toll!
That while the world shall stand,
Sin and Woe shall fill the land.
Toll! Toll! Toll!



Ring for birth of Spring and Flowers,
Ring for Summer's fruitful treasure,
Ring for Autumn's boundless measure,
Ring for hands of men giving,
Ring for vows of nobler living,
Ring for truth of tongue or pen,
Ring "Peace on earth, good will toward
men."
Ring! Ring! Ring!
That this glad year may see
Earth's recompensed blessing,
Ring! Ring! Ring!

1890.

In 1890 we shall see
Events as follows come to be:
Sea serpents, as in years gone by,
Will come around about July.
The ice man and the plumber will,
As usual, present their bill.

The price of summer board will rise
In August to the very skies.
The gay mosquito, as of yore,
Into humanity will bore.

Likewise the festive fly, so fleet,
Will agitate his nervous feet.

Each fisherman will fish and lie
As he has done in years gone by.

When comes along the verdant spring,
The poet will be heard to sing.

And from the garbage pile of time
Will pick the ashes of a rhyme.

The funny man his jokes will crack
(The same old jokes, see Almanac.)

On winter nights will lovers sit
For hours and watch the freight lit.

And, when the summer comes, they still
Upon the beach will coo and bill.

"The oldest man," as in years past,
At intervals will breathe his last.

In all trades merchants who are wise,
As usual, will advertise.

In fact, these things and many more,
In 1890 are in store.

And yet with sorrow is it fraught;
Unhappy year! It ends with woe—
1890.

It's a Poor Rule, Etc.



Mr. Finicky (savagely)—This New Year's
business has got to stop. I'll be hanged if
I'm going to allow these fellows to be tramp-
ing through my parlors all day, getting mud
over everything and eating us out of house
and home. Why (fumbling in his pocket) I
Great Scott! where can that be? Well,
well—

Mrs. Finicky—What have you lost, dear?
Mr. Finicky—Lost! Why, hang it all, my
New Year's visiting list. How in thunder
can I make my calls without it?

Time's Softening Influence.



(Chorus of Voices (at the boarding house)—
A day, this is the same turkey we had Christ-
mas.)
Mrs. Slimdick (the landlady)—Yes, it is.
You all complained then of its being so tough.
Now that it's New Year's, perhaps you'll find
it more tender.
Wow, wow!

Happy New Year



LA SERENA.

A SOUTH AMERICAN NEW YEAR'S STORY, BY
HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

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approaches, grow luminous and assume
shapes that are startling in their fidelity.
From the diary of a good woman's life, I
have torn two pages. One was written in a
mist of Doubt; the other beneath the glorious
radiant arch of Delight. After years of un-
certainty, happiness has become to her a per-
ennial law of promise.
What these two pages record of truth, only
guzzled at before, intensifies a memory that
will abide with me until the grave's impen-
etrable shadows are lifted and dispelled.
The scenes of this narrative are "on for-
eign station."
Almost simultaneously I had reached my
thirtieth birthday and the thirty-fifth por-
tals of south latitude. The turtle-back, pe-
ninsular city of Montevideo very comfort-
ably housed me among its one hundred thou-
sand inhabitants. There were, probably,
that many of us at that time, although I
never had a whole opportunity to verify the
local census. One afternoon, as I stood at
the portal of the hospitable English club, I
somewhat idiotically tried to count the peo-
ple going back and forth, crossing and re-
crossing the Plaza Constitucion; but I soon
grew weary of the monotonous tramp and
never swinging, bowing and ogling, his car-
riage sweep and street car ruck. So, resign-
edly, I faced about, went deliberately up-
stairs, and gossiped with some genial brother
cosmopolites who had been born before that
quarter of the world was quite ready for
them.

I could not speak the every day language
of my temporary fellow citizens, but I was
pleased, and I was fair, the society charm-
ing, and December's pulse beat warmly at
eighty degrees or thereabouts.
The previous month, and, in fact, the last
week in it, found me loitering at the Brazil-
ian capital. There I had awaited the arrival
of a steamer. Her comradely, his carriage
engagements detained him at Pernambuco and
Bahia. Thus he escaped a genuine howling,
splitting pampers, which had given me a
toss and tumble due of what a hard blow
off shore usually is in the vicinity of Cabo
Frio.

When we were again together, I quickly
detected a change in George Hamilton. He
seemed preoccupied—his mind far removed
from either business or pleasure. I had
marked out a grand plan for sight seeing in
his company, but he took little or no appar-
ent interest in the detailed programme. Ti-
juca, the magnificent, failed to lure him, and
Pao Assuar and lofty Cotacavado shared
with the renowned Jardin Botánico and its
avenue of palms a neglect that was surpris-
ing. On the voyage out from New York he
had talked so constantly of these freaks and
wonders of tropical nature that I was now
completely nonplussed by his indifference.
During his youth he had spent several years
in the Atlantic provinces of Brazil. His
father had been one of the first and most
successful railway contractors in that opul-
ent empire. Besides having a thorough ac-
quaintance with the coast cities of South
America, no native spoke Portuguese or
Spanish more fluently than George Hamil-
ton. As I had depended upon his oft re-
peated voluntary promise to be my guide in
and around Rio, the disappointment was not
at all from him.

Aboard ship our likings had been mutual.
Hour after hour we gazed from the steamer's
deck at the marvelous luxuriance of eternal
summer lands. Threading its way between
the superb clusters of islands, known to all
West Indian sailors as the Caribs, our vessel
had, in succession, passed the immense deltas
of Orinoco and Amazon. From Braganza
shoals to the celebrated Magellan straits,
every bay and headland was an open book to
George Hamilton; and none of them were
blank books.

Incidentally, he had told me that he was
married, but made no further reference to
family affairs. He claimed to represent a
New England manufacturing company,
whose main offices were in Boston. I natu-
rally supposed that his wife was living at or
near that city. His almost studied reticence
about domestic associations prevented me
from making even ordinary inquiries. I was



to learn more, however, and soon; but not
all from him.

To describe George Hamilton in his moods,
or at his worst or best, would result the same.
An attractive man, he easily gained and held
esteem. Men and women alike were fasci-
nated by his physical beauty and intellectual
strength. I had been proud of his individual
preference.

On the third evening, after he had rejoined
me, he came hurriedly into my room at the
Hotel los Estrangeros. His agitation was ill
concealed. Throwing himself, full length,
upon a bamboo lounge, he rested his head in
one hand and looked fixedly at me. This was
a new phase of his recent singular be-
havior.

After a few moments, he sprang to his
feet, and began pacing the room. Then, sud-
denly halting in his walk, he excitedly said:
"I am miserable! Pardon me, senor; I owe
you apology and explanation."

"Neither," was my curt reply.

Without seeming to notice or care for the
manner of my interjection, he continued:

"Oh, yes, I do; for outwardly I am no longer
the man to whom you freely extended an
honorable, sympathetic friendship. Meeting
usually, as all tourists' travelers do, the pass-
ing acquaintance has, with me, ripened into
sincere regard. You may not wholly ap-
preciate the bitterness of a necessity now
forced upon me or the heartache that comes
with it; but here we part. When you return
to the States hunt me up. It will be pleasant
to meet old times."

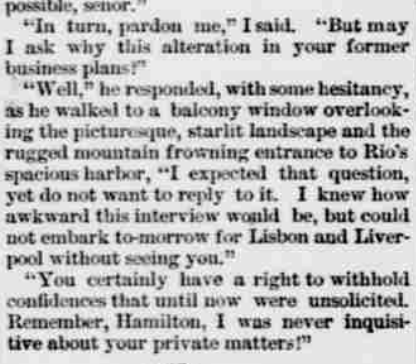
"What?" I exclaimed; "do you not intend
joining me on my further southern voyage?"

"To the River Plate cities? No! It is im-
possible, senor."

"In turn, pardon me," I said. "But may
I ask why this alteration in your former
plans?"

"Well," he responded, with some hesita-
ncy, "as he walked to a balcony window over-
looking the picturesque, starlit landscape and
the rugged mountain frowning entrance to Rio's
spacious harbor, 'I expected that question,
yet do not want to reply to it. I knew how
awkward this interview would be, but could
not embark to-morrow for Lisbon and Liver-
pool without seeing you.'"

"You certainly have a right to withhold
confidences that until now were unsolicited.
Remember, Hamilton, I was never inquisi-
tious about your private matters!"



A CHANGE IN GEORGE HAMILTON.

This was spoken coldly and with formal
directness. A curious light shone in his eyes,
which were deep-set and lustrous. The gleam
of a brilliant half moon rising above their
clouds left its silvery trail in the water, and
dancing on the waves, threw Hamilton's ex-
pressive face into strong profile. He abruptly
turned from the window, and now came
and stood by the table where I sat, as it were,
in judgment of actions which betrayed an
upheaval of emotions no longer possible for
him to control.

When he spoke again it was with forced
gayety.

"No, I shall not tell! From strangers, per-
haps, you may learn my really strange story.
It is a veritable drama, now being acted.
The leading character is, I have accidentally

heard, in Montevideo. She and I must not
face each other there. Should you be favored
with the smiles of La Serena," he said, with
a mocking laugh, "we can in the future com-
pare notes. But a truth to this! I'm ashamed
of my weakness. You go among the Orientals
and Argentines without me. I shake your
hand to-morrow and quit this port for the
distant Mersey, whence a swift North Atlantic
liner whisks me westward to home and the
ceaseless buzz of trade."

"At what hour do you sail, Hamilton?"

"Eleven o'clock, forenoon, on the Neva,
of the Royal mail. There she lies, just inside
Fort Villegagnon. You will be on board?"

"Yes."

"Thanks," he said, as he placed his hat
with the dignity of a cavalier. Then, stand-
ing for a moment at the door of my room, he
courteously relit the hat, extending his
other hand, and resting it, carelessly, on my
shoulder.



"Buenas noches, caro amigo."



LA SERENA.

"Good night, Hamilton," I exclaimed, im-
pulsively. "To-morrow my parting word
will be, 'Good voyage and good luck.' As
you are speeded away, I shall often repeat
them."

He stepped lightly across the corridor,
opened the wicket and passed to the quiet
street beyond.

Next morning breakfast was dispatched
with some nervousness. Fully an hour and
a half before the advertised time for sailing
I stepped on board the Neva. Passenger fol-
lowed passenger nimbly up the gangway;
but no Hamilton appeared. I went in and
out of the saloon and the minor cabins, and
searched for him until the gong sounded to
clear ship. On questioning the first officer as
to whether my friend had actually taken
passage on that steamer, he referred me to
the purser, who said that no such man or
name was booked. His second officer, on the
other hand, informed me that he had seen
him at the steamer, and that he had been
seen by him until the gong sounded to
clear ship. On questioning the first officer as
to whether my friend had actually taken
passage on that steamer, he referred me to
the purser, who said that no such man or
name was booked. His second officer, on the
other hand, informed me that he had seen
him at the steamer, and that he had been
seen by him until the gong sounded to
clear ship.

That night, at the hotel, when I kicked
off my shoes before retiring, my left foot struck
a small object on the floor by the lounge.
Stooping down, I picked up a velvet and
clasp locket. Touching its spring, I saw the
face of a woman of exquisite loveliness. She
was in Spanish costume. Her tender, be-
seeming eyes fairly glistened in the minia-
ture, which was an admirable painting on
ivory. The locket had, without doubt, been
dropped by Hamilton when he threw himself
on the lounge the evening before. I carefully
placed it in my trunk, with similar mementos.

"Was this La Serena? What was her
story? Why should he avoid so peerless a
woman? Was she his wife? Would I ever
meet her?" These self interrogations brought
no solution that was satisfactory, although
asked over and over again. At length I fell
asleep, mumbling them in unintelligible
chorus.

Twelve days afterward I was, as has al-
ready been written, one of Montevideo's one
hundred thousand.

The vast, barnlike auditorium of Teatro
Solis blazed with beauty, gallantry, enthu-
siasm and light. Italian residents, proud of
their country, crowded natives of the
Banda Oriental and with many strangers,
then within its gates, to cheer Tomaso Salvini
to the echo. Never had I seen or heard such
tumultuous approbation. The masterly por-
trayal of Shakespeare's "Othello" was re-
ceived with outbursts of deafening applause.

One of the greatest of modern tragic actors
had a new triumph.

Toward the close of the play there was a
momentary commotion in one of the boxes.
A lady had fainted, the heat inside the the-
atre being extreme. As she was assisted by
her friends to a carriage I caught a glimpse
of her features. Though the eyes were veiled
in unconsciousness I recognized La Serena.
There could be only one such face. As Hamil-
ton had said, the original of the locket pic-
ture was in Montevideo; but where was he?
And what was the unhappiness, the secret,
known alone to these two?

On Christmas eve of that year, a very nu-
merous throng of English and Americans
were assembled at the quinta of Senor M—,
on the Paso del Molina. I had been in Buenos
Ayres, but came down the river to partici-
pate in this holiday festivity. Our popular
host and hostess entertained a distinguished
company at their elegant suburban home.
Evergreens and the rarest tropical flowers,
bedecked sala and corridor. Ornaments and
emblems, appropriate to the season which
we celebrated, were draped with Uruguay's
stripes of blue and white, intertwined with
the national standards of Great Britain and
the United States. Many of the guests were
neighbors and old friends of Senor M—,
made doubly welcome by him because they
had not waited for etiquette's special invita-
tion. There was music indoors and out, and

open air dancing beneath nature's spangled
canopy. From tree to tree, in the grounds,
and along the broad gravelled promenades,
ropes were stretched laden with Chinese
lanterns.

Again I saw La Serena. How radiantly
beautiful she was among charming women!
Her escort on this occasion was Lieut. S—,
a brave officer attached to an English war
vessel then at anchor in Montevideo roads.
He was a high spirited Briton, yet the very
personification of amiability. Knowing him
well, I, of course, sought an introduction to
his lovely companion, which the most gra-
ciously received. Later in the evening Sen-
ora M— placed us vis-a-vis at a card ta-
ble. Then, after supper, came the desired op-
portunity for conversation. I hastened to
improve the chance, for my curiosity was
now at the highest pitch. So I quietly said:
"Your husband is a good friend of mine,
Mrs. Hamilton."

"You know my husband? Impossible!" she
murmured.

"Perhaps I misunderstood Lieut. S—.
Are you not Mrs. George Hamilton?"

"Yes."

"Of Boston, Massachusetts?"

"No."

"Yet I cannot be mistaken in your iden-
tity."

"I never lived in your country, sir, I as-
sure you! An American, who has business
interests in the city which you have named,
is, however, my husband. We are separated
by a Gulf which is terrible to contemplate. I
am schooling myself to forget him. He is
not now in South America, nor will he ever
return to this section of it. His name I bear,
for it was honorably given to me in mar-
riage. You say that he is a friend of yours.
Forgive me, sir, but that man is the friend
of no human being other than himself. He
is utterly, brutally selfish!"

"I said, senora, that we were acquainted.
There is sometimes a distinction between that
and solid friendship. We have recently
parted company in Rio."

At this announcement she clinched her
hands, as if in agony. Her frame visibly
shook, and her passionate eagerness was so
great that I feared other guests might see it.
But merriment ran riot; and each couple or
coterie was absorbed in its own enjoyment.
Quickly recovering her composure, Mrs.
Hamilton asked:

"Are you sure that your acquaintance was
my husband?"

"He called you La Serena."

"Only in derision."

"No, I cannot think it. His tone when
speaking that name (only heard by me once
from his lips) was one of affection seemingly
choked by some bitter disappointment."

Then I briefly told her all that I knew of
him whom I had so greatly liked. How, as
fellow voyagers, we had first met on a steam-
er's deck in New York harbor; of our pleas-
urable social intercourse; his last evening
with me; the broken appointment on the
Neva, and my suspicions as to the reason for
his strange action; of my subsequently find-
ing the locket, and how its portrait enabled
me to recognize her at the Teatro Solis.

"You say," she replied, "that George Hamil-
ton must have preceded or followed you to
Montevideo?"

"Such is my opinion, senora."

"Why should he do that? Not for your
sake, surely; nor yet for his own. With me
(so cruelly deceived he cannot hope to be
reconciled. Besides, he is outwaded in Brazil
and the River Plate republics for heavy de-
falcations."

A light broke upon me. The mystery was
being solved, and by an accidental friend of
the family. There were two George Hamil-
tons, and La Serena imagined that she had
married the wrong one. It had been my
friend's father's name, I knew. He had one
day told me that about the time of his father's
death, in Massachusetts, the name had been
adroitly used by a swindler in South Amer-
ica, who obtained large sums of money.

"You became George Hamilton's wife here,
in Montevideo, senora?" was now my leading
question.

"No," she said, "at Paris. Though I was
born in Uruguay, my education was com-
pleted abroad. I never knew George Hamil-
ton in this country. Just as we were pre-
paring for our home coming here, the Euro-
pean newspapers began to print the accounts
of my husband's crimes. The knowledge that,
by holy bonds, I was allied to such a man
overwhelmed me. He was in Liverpool ar-
ranging for our passage. I had not yet left
London. When I did quit the English met-

ropolis it was to return to the protection of
my good friends in France. There has been
no word of my husband, except what you
bring me, since I discarded him. At the hotel
in London I left a letter for him, telling him
that he must never dare seek me."

"Might he not have been innocent, se-
nora?"

"Impossible! The evidence was direct and
convincing. He was described as the base
son of an American contractor, who, years
before, had been much esteemed in Brazil.
His family history was given, and even his
person described."

"There have been cases of false person-
ation," said I.

"Prove to me that this is one!" she ex-
claimed. "Prove to me that I've wronged
my husband; prove that he is true and hon-
orable as was that man, now dead, whose
name he bears; prove this, and all of this,
and my woman's prayers are for you forever!"

"I may be able, senora, to do more than
this."

"Oh, sir, do not mock me! There come,
at times, taunting specters in my dreams;
but I awake to hopelessness. You have
strangely interested me in yourself. Lieut.
S— will soon bring you to visit me. Then
you can return the locket. Alas, it was my
wedding gift to him you still call friend!"

The gay assemblage was now breaking up.
On every side were heard shouts of "Good
night!" and "Merry Christmas!" Mrs. Hamil-
ton's carriage had been ordered, and, as I
handed her into it, she said:

"I am glad, senor, that we have met.
Something tells me joy will come from it!"
Then, with "good night," sweetly spoken, she
sank back on the cushions.

Following her into the coach, Lieut. S—
closed its door. His extended hand was hap-
pily grasped and released. As the vehicle
rolled away, they cried in unison, "Merry
Christmas!" I responded with a hearty
"adieu!"

Overhead glittered the constellation of the
Southern Cross. Its exceeding brightness
was hailed by me as a good omen.

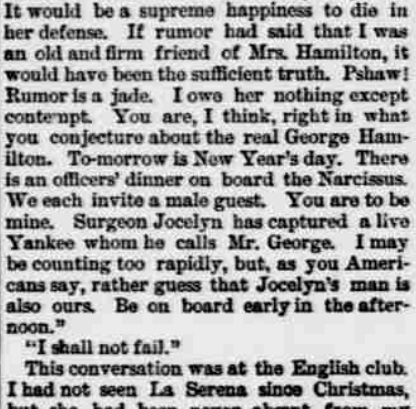
Modesty and bravery are sterling qualities.
Lieut. S— possessed them both. Whatever
he did while on active service for Her Brit-
annic Majesty and the glory of his country
was in line of duty. Talking about it was
not. Such men can be implicitly trusted.

So I told him La Serena's story, and my own
confidence. He listened, without comment,
until I had finished. Then he said:

"Rumor has it that I love Mrs. Hamilton,
and would marry her if she were free. In
this judgment rumor wrongs me and scan-
dalizes a most estimable woman. I shall
never have other wife than England. She
is mistress of the seas and of my very soul.
To-morrow is New Year's day. There is
an officers' dinner on board the Narcissus.
We each invite a male guest. You are to be
mine. Surgeon Jocelyn has captured a live
Yankee whom he calls Mr. George. I may
be counting too rapidly, but, as you Ameri-
cans say, rather guess that Jocelyn's man is
also ours. Be on board early in the after-
noon."

"I shall not fail."

This conversation was at the English club.
I had not seen La Serena since Christmas,
but she had been never absent from my



BEARS HER STURDILY UP.

thoughts. I felt now as if her sun was burst-
ing through a huge, dense bank of clouds.
I had become almost childish in my impa-
tience. The London mail had come in. A
copy of The Daily Telegraph, nearly five
weeks' old, had been torn from its wrapper.
I picked it up, and glanced here and there
through its news columns. This paragraph
burnt into my brain:

George Hamilton, alias Hamilton, who, several
years ago, committed a series of astounding for-
geries on a number of South American bankers,
has been arrested in Birmingham. His identity
has been fully established.

Joyously was the birth of another year
proclaimed by the chimes of Matrix. Peal
after peal rose and swelled and died away in
the echoes of a bustling town. Big and little,
rich and poor, Montevideo's one hundred
thousand were in holiday attire. The broad
harbor was a sea of color. Flags and stream-
ers fluttered everywhere. At 3 o'clock I
joined a party at the "mole," and was rowed
out to the Narcissus. Lieut. S— cordially
welcomed me at the gangway. Scarcely had
I stepped on board when he said:

"Jocelyn and his friend are in the ward-
room. Let us look at Mr. George at once!"

"Agreed," said I, as I followed him across
the deck.

Before we had gone ten paces there was a
cry from the water. A pleasure boat had
been capsized by a sudden flaw of wind.
Help was close at hand, but there was too
much of it. Three persons were seen cling-
ing to the boat. Then the waves parted, and
a woman's head and arm became visible. She
clutched wildly at the air and sank again.
At that moment I missed Lieut. S—, who
had been watching the scene with keenest in-
terest. He had swung himself down the side
of the Narcissus and was swimming toward
the unfortunate. But another and more
powerful stroke was in advance of the in-
terprising Englishman. How my heart beat!
Again the woman's head showed above the
water's surface. I turned away my face. It
was La Serena, drowning, within reach of
many arms of steel.

Ha! a cheer! Another, and yet another!
The foremost swimmer, they say, has caught
her, and bears her sturdily up. I cannot see
distinctly, for tears have welled to my eyes.
Now the mist is gone. Surely I know that
proud head, that smile so winning. Yes, it
is George Hamilton, and La Serena recov-
ers back her life from him she gave it to in those
first happy days in Paris.

There wasn't a very successful New Year's
banquet in the ward room of the Narcissus,
but everybody seemed satisfied. No lives had
been lost. There was a daring deed to be
talked about by gallant men. Lieut. S—
had a fresh laurel. The surgeon was delighted
with the unabridged history of "Mr. George,"
and voted him the noblest Yankee he had
ever met saying to me decorously:

"It's the old blood, you know, and you fel-
lows have improved it!"

I would like to tell you about the high fe-
stival a week later at La Serena's house, but
that scene you can picture to suit your most
frivolous fancy.

Great Britain surrendered the bogus George
Hamilton. I gave up the locket. Rumor
stopped meddling with Lieut. S—, and he
is still the true son and devoted epousé of
England.

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