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HEATHENS ON A SPREE.

Gallons of Red Paint Ornament the Chinese New Year.

"KWONG HEE FATT CHOY" TO ALL.

Pappy Dogs, Opium Fiends and Other Kindred Delicacies Help to Swell the Soothing Tide of Pagan Pigtail Bliss.

KWONG Hee Fatt Choy! Kwong Hee Fatt Choy!"

All day long you heard it—all day long, and away into the night time. In accents that were weak and screeny that were strong you listened to it. In tones that were sober it came, and likewise in tones that were mellow.

Dove-tailed between the monotonous "Ah la's!" of heathen greetings, sandwiched among the clinking splashes of divers friendly chin-chins, "Kwong Hee Fatt Choy" was on the lips of every transplanted Chinaman. "Kwong Hee Fatt Choy!" or, in common or garden every-day American, "A Happy New Year!"

Its fluttering notes rippled through Chinatown like the quackings of a female duck, when, as everybody is aware, are the most musical utterances of body than those of her male consort.

They mingled with the perfumed incense around the joss houses and gilded the clicks of laughter wherewith the colony were filled. They echoed in every nook and corner, nor in vacation in the room. In fine, "Kwong Hee Fatt Choy" was the text of the popular of the wild hilarity of the day.

You see it was the Tuin Yih, or Sin Yih, as some of them call it, of the Chinaman—the festival of the New Year, the day of all others for revelry, and the heathen least was given.

Every a heathen heal will be big this morning, many a heathen pigtail unbraided, less the the strained scalp should expide. But such circumstances are neither here nor there, as to speak, and are alien to the chronicle of revelry, the soul, refreshing day of the wonkish the forenoon, never chilms the memories of yesterday's festies will gladden the hearts of the Celestial for many a moon to come.

Yesterday, too, was only a preliminary canter—a mere preparatory gallop—a mere ex-Mormon and bachlash canvrance and all that sort of business throughout the rest of the year. When he gets a holiday he spends it out and gloats over it. The pent-up energy of fifty-two weeks cannot vent itself in one short turn of the sun. He has to wait for the next one, and, if he is good and good until Monday next, all serene, life in Chinatown will be one big, protracted jamboree.

HATTENING THE RED PAINT.

Away of in his own happy idiodom or the other side of the sea the Chinaman would extend his New Year's carnival over the period of a month or night, but, unfortunately for the poor fellow, he is here. The spirit of this barbarian country is too much in contravention to such a Bacchanalian orgy to endorse his apes into a week and weaker as much red paint in that short time as possible. But then, per contra, he is a heathen, and a awfully religious over here as he would per-

"Kwong Hee Fatt Choy."

fore have to pretend to be sorry be celebrating the festival in his own conservative dominions. He has not got to go in for all the painful ceremonials of the strictly unavoidable conventionalities in China.

For instance, in San Francisco he is not obliged to wriggle around on his stomach in front of all his senior relatives—law relations included. Neither is he thereafter compelled to stand up and watch all his junior relatives wriggle around on their own pins on their stomachs before him.

This pastime of wriggling around on the stomach for the benefit of cousins and aunts and mothers-in-law, of at some zone, is one of the mainstays of Celestial heathen society which custom and ethics render absolutely imperative on New Year's Day in China.

Here in America such an observance is entirely superfluous. Instead of wriggling on his stomach, the heathen in exile just paints the town red. It is one of the glorious privileges of a free republic, you see. Instead of wriggling on his stomach, then, the heathen, nothing but firecrackers, opium and free lunch from one end of the week to the other.

The bigoze year has been a bad one for the American heathen. It has been a year of unusual misfortune. This is partly due to the fact that he has been preparing for it, in divers ways—some honorable, some otherwise.

Custom and the Confucian law render it necessary for him to collect all his outstanding accounts square up with his own conscience before the new year begins, and that consideration gives rise to no end of troubles and difficulty.

You see the advent of the Tuin Yet shilcrates all obligations, moral and otherwise. If a low-down heathen that eats with his

Elated his landlord, even to attitude to it,

his board bills, keeps out of his landlord's way during the days preceding the Tuin Yit, he can swear him on that happy morning, and say to him at him, and say "Kwong Hee Fatt Choy!" and feel like a new man. The landlord, upon any other day, would swear out a warrant against the delinquent of that specified account. It would be bad form for him to do so on the Tuin Yit of 1892.

That is the reason why some of those guilty that the Chinatown visitors observed in Chinatown yesterday were so stunned and stupid. Some of the unfortunates who were the victims of pipiness were partially demonstrative and free. The stunned souls belonged to defaulting creditors, the chilithoses to— But what is the good of explaining?

There was when the peripatetic newsman visited the Chinese quarter yesterday afternoon from the cautious nosey corner of Waverly place. Time was when he quaked in his slippers when the leader lid or pigtail varicated and and something to the effect of "Ma-kee-shee-mee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee" came pouring from some long-pigtailed, yellow-visaged, but one wild-eyed, free lunch, free-hearted and joy-

THEY LEFT THEM LOOSE.

The saddest pastime commenced on Saturday evening. When the spotted dragon, with the blue tail, came to carry of the old year in his tabacca the fun and rumpus began. Yesterday afternoon the reception committee of "ancient" has their old bagge ready. In half a jiffy the or-ganizing silent and somber products of Chinatown were transformed into an hirsute hell.

A hall a dozen laborers, a score or so of nothingnessers, an ordinary throwg of pigtailed Celestials, and, lo! the pandemonium commenced. The anti-well, the anti—for fun, for-fun—hung!

So it came about that the fire-crackers echoed the whole night long, and made the night hellish and hideous. So it was that Ah Tong's dogges were loosed to glory in the glorious liberty of the day. So it was that the officers of the Chinatown squad felt cheap and enfrabled from enforcing the law which prohibits the sale and off of the works of all sorts and species between certain hours of the night.

Thereafter, the grand inauguration of the New Year has been duly and properly accomplished—the heathen well fed and forgot for awhile the joyfulness of the occasion in the long sleep necessary to brace them for the revelries of the morrow.

EVERY LAUGHABLE SIGHT.

The morrow arose cool but fair, and the heathen they blinked their squinty eyes through their narrow slits and felt happy, and they grinned as they shook hands with themselves and chin-chin-ed with their fellows, and they chirped, "Kwong hee fat choy."

They each and every one of them put on their very best Sunday clothes, and they strolled

"Ah Shee Blabo!"

"Ah Shee Blabo!" who had none such or their own state or beyond the property of their nearest friends or neighbors. No sad! remarking Chinaman will wear old garments on the advent of the Tuin Yit, and therefore it was that so many of them considered leaving yesterday.

Ah Shee Blabo, a young daly dressed, each man, armed himself with yellow calling-cards which resemble in no wise the little bobtail affairs of our Occidental nation, but are long, narrow strips of crimson paper emblazoned with the name of the owner and maybe a few hieroglyphics descriptive of the business of the chop, or work in that of but thrown in.

Then, emitting to take anything what over in the shape of breakfast, he stood out for his round of New Year's visits with enchanting smiles on his face and delicious anticipations of tea and drinks swoon never floating like fairy phantoms before his distorted eyes.

For every reputable house and every reputable individual had a giant free lunch spread, you see. So had every disreputable house and every disreputable individual, and was the order of the day—festival, high jinks and hospitality.

The joss-sticks left in the cold, perhaps, but what mattered the fate of the joss? They have a pirsic the white year round, and the priests must go on a mild spree occasionally themselves.

They stayed their spree yesterday. They locked up their joss and left them in the chin-chin all by their lonelinesses, and scurried out on quiet, sanctimonious raidses to the joss houses, and went among their hosts whose girths were great and whose dinners were good, and wielded their chopsticks with a vigorous and hearty gusto. They circulated among houses where the platters were flowed with chow-chop-suey, and the ex-

Knowing His Grace.

hilarating un-ma-thaloo was of a vintage that gladdened the heart of Ah Ling.

They glutted themselves into the coma and gouged their souls with the other, and then, growing merry, smiled upon all people. They even whooped it up among the low and vulgar commonalty of Chinatown, where observant might have noticed a wan and wistful look in the eyes of the surreptitious manner under which any hat coonie while the afternoon was yet verdant or young.

CUPID IN A CHINESE ALLEY.

One of these surreptitious symphony in pale blue and yellow, was a study to gaze upon as he courted a Celestial damsel in a court whose doorways were narrow. Away up above, in a Chinese tenement, where rumor credited with being a heathen Chinese gambling house, a pigtail was seen to smile through the window, down below, among the primitive drunks of the Thin-Yit, the lineament was variegated with tiles to his love, and, holding up a white narcissus, plucked in Chinese gardens, it was a pleasant spectacle and winning withal. Cupid was there in the form of a Celestial Romeo and scarcely-clad gardens in far Cathay, blue willows and circular bridges, landscapes whereby perspective go to war known not—but you know how these things are built in China.

At one door, come, from the entrance of one priest, judge the rest, and the door was a

A Celestial Romeo,

free lunch, in every house, and free lunch was hospitality. All day long the hospitable Celestial stood at the long tables of free lunch hospitality. There were too many policemen around to let the ayes or bays of the high-binders have free play, and therefore shooting and stabbing affairs were painfully few and infrequent. They all just came and helped themselves and helped their friends. They stuffed themselves full of puppies and rats and other kindred delicacies. They reeled from house to house and from door to door, and they ate and drank and drank. Then the shades of even came down upon them, and they sought the shelter of lacks whereon lies dreams and other pastimes were popular, or basked in the artificial sunshine of opium dreams. Yesterday they were fresh again and painted yesterday, and they were stunned and stupid yesterday.

Exactly what were the words they gurgled in was all too hard to say. But, when low, in the early hours of the morning, there was an effervescent echo in Chinatown that sounded somewhat this way:

"Ah-la-ah-la-ah-la-ah-la-ah-la-Chay! Kwong-hee-Fatt-Ah-Chay!

Or, as we say in America, "A happy New Year to you! A happy New Year!"

THE SIGNAL-SERVICE REPORT.

Fair Weather, With Northerly Winds for This Day—The Sun's Position.

Probably the most important weather report, issued in the Pacific Coast Weather Bureau, is the following, which is sent out every morning from the office of the Signal Service Bureau for the guidance of the public. Red Bluff, Sacramento, San Francisco, 28 north, Sacramento, San Francisco, 28 north, Sacramento, San Francisco, 28 north