

HOW WON.

Without Speech—Within Such Bounds do Mexican Lovers Sigh and Sigh again.

Counting, from all accounts, is a pretty tough job, in Mexico. The young man is first supposed to meet the young lady on the plaza. They never speak, but they always gaze at each other as they pass. When the lady does not make her appearance on the plaza the young man will repair to the street fronting the house, and walk up and down in front of it for several hours. He will always gaze earnestly at the window as he passes. The young lady and her female friends are inside, and she will return his glance. After 10 o'clock the young man will go home. This performance is continued for a couple of months, and at last the young man will knock boldly at the door and ask for the lady of the house. He will tell her he is in despair. That her daughter is an angel from the Paradise valley of Heaven; that she is beautiful beyond compare; that she is better than she is beautiful; that he is wildly in love with her, and that she has no possible interest for him unless he can win her. He will then tell of his prospects in life, what he possesses of and hope to be possessed of. If this latter part is satisfactory to the mamma, she will communicate with him, tell him that she has noticed his attentions to her daughter, and finally concluded by inviting him to the inner circle and introducing him to the young lady in the presence of the assembled family. The grandma (if there is a grandma in the family) will sit between the young people and witness their wooing. All the rest of the family remain in the room also, unless they are otherwise engaged, but under no circumstances must the young people be left alone a second. This, you will admit, is pretty tough, but that is not half what the young man must suffer before the padre closes the bargain and gives him a proprietary interest in his lady love. If, perchance, the young lady has a pair of big brothers—and such is generally the case—the unfortunate swain is expected to treat them to cigars every time they meet. If a circus or a theatre company visit the town it is the prerogative of the young lady to ask all her female relatives to accompany her to the show, and the young man of course is expected and required to foot the bill. But the worst part of the business for the love-sick young man remains to be told. He can not walk by the side of his affianced on the way or from the theatre. She will start off ahead in company with some female friend, while the young man will bring up the rear on the arm of his grandmamma, or some equally venerable dame. This is the recognized and inviolable custom of the country, and while it exists the American young man will not be a social success in Mexico. He can not stand the racket. If the young couple are very spoony they can be married in six months, though well regulated society demands a twelve months' courtship.

AND THEN THE WEDDING.

The wedding is a simple affair enough, but usually consists of two ceremonies. There must be a civil marriage under the law, and the ladies invariably insist on a religious ceremony afterward. The marriage ceremony is conducted cheaply, though I have been informed of a few instances where the grooms were Americans, and were, consequently, bled to the tune of \$200. When the young couple are married they can enjoy the first real privacy of their acquaintanceship. Not even an hour before they are married will they be allowed a few moments of interrupted converse. All the tender nothings and sweet-billing and cooing habitual to lovers in the United States are denied them, unless they choose to indulge in such luxuries before witnesses. This rule of etiquette is carried to such an extent that a young lady's reputation suffers if she is seen for a moment alone in the company of a young man. As an illustration of this I will give a little personal experience. There resides here a very respectable and somewhat wealthy family, who lived for several years in California. There is a young girl in the family about 20 years old. She was educated in San Francisco, as were her mother and father, and as a consequence they are somewhat more progressive in certain matters than their neighbors. I formed the acquaintance of the family, and was invited to make a visit. I called at the house at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The mother was busy, and left the young lady to entertain me in the parlor. Soon a neighboring woman arrived unannounced. A look of terror seized my fair *vis a vis*, and with a flutter she pointed to an adjacent door, and begged me to retire hastily. I did so, the door was closed immediately, and I found myself in a bed-room. There was no window, the only ventilation being the door opening to the sitting-room. This being closed, you may imagine my condition, with the thermometer 105 degrees in the shade. There, however, I had to remain for full forty minutes, when the visiting lady took her departure. When the door was opened I was in a very amiable and a very warm condition. Apologies, however, were profuse. Both the mother and daughter spoke at the same time. They said that they formerly lived in the United States, and consequently were not so strict in enforcing parlor rules when Americans were the visitors. But

the sudden appearance of the neighboring women struck terror in the young lady, and in pitying tones she informed me that if she was seen alone with me in the parlor her reputation would be torn to pieces in twenty-four hours. Such is the rigidity of etiquette in this country. —[Monterey (Mexico) Correspondence Galveston News.

HOW HOTEL MEN ARE SWINDLED BY DEAD BEATS.

"Why don't you give it to those fellows?" confidently remarked a hotel man to the reporter the other day, at the same time jerking his thumb in the direction of two or three seedy individuals ensconced in the easy chairs of the office, dreamily and vacantly gazing at the persons and objects in the street or carelessly reading the newspapers. Not a wave of the agitated and busy world outside seemed to trouble their peaceful breasts, and from the easy confidence with which they held the chairs down one would suppose that they either owned the hotel or deposited their little V's every day at the cashier's window. "They bother the life out of us," continued the hotel man, "and it is almost impossible to get rid of them. They are our chair boarders, and they come in such numbers sometimes that our regular guests can't find a chair to sit on. Every day, as regularly as the sun rises, the familiar faces appear and the constitutionally tired forms drop into their accustomed places. When one of the guests gets up to step out for a few minutes and happens to leave a newspaper in his seat, there is a regular scramble between the fellows and the porter for the coveted article. I often wonder how they live, for they never seem to do a lick of honest work from morning till night."

"Who are they and what are they?" inquired the newspaper man. "Well, there you have me. Some of them are regular tramps; some of them whom drink or laziness has mastered until they are worthless, and some of them are men with just enough income from property or money to keep them in half-worn clothes and food; some of them have hard-working wives at home keeping boarders or toiling in some way to support the children and maintain them in their lazy habits. I have even seen respectable well-to-do people fall into the habit of frequenting hotel corridors to talk and loaf until it becomes second nature to them, and they are counted among the grand army of chair boarders."

Another hotel man, in response to a query as to whether they had many, said: "No, we are not troubled with them now, because our office is small and they can't play their game very well right under our noses, but while I was connected with another hotel in the city I saw enough of them. They not only sat in the chairs all day, but they got their meals regularly. There was no system of tickets for meals and they would walk in to dinner as promptly as any guest in the house. Of course they would watch for opportunities when the clerk was not looking. Some of them would even sleep in the hotel, and frequently I have known guests to raise the deuce with the clerk because an old worn-out hat would be exchanged for a good one. We generally laid these exchanges to the free boarders. We caught a fellow once, who ate and slept for months in the hotel. The way he worked his sleeping game was to go into one of the rooms where there were three or four beds and occupy one. The guests who were put there did not object to room-mates, and as it was none of the chambermaid's business to inquire about guests, he had a nice time of it. He admitted that he had done it, and laughed at us. Some of these fellows are thieves and crooks, but many of them are harmless but worthless men. A few are supported by hard-working families, and leave home regularly every day pretending that they are at work, while they are haunting the hotels." —[Post-Dispatch.

JA SHETLANDER'S PRAYER.—Wrecking was less laborious than fishing, and in past years quite as profitable. Sanday was specially favored by Providence before the light-house was built upon it. Mr. Tudor quotes the very pertinent reply of a Sanday man to Mr. Stevenson, the builder of the light-house, who remarked on the bad state of the sails of his boat: "If it had been His will that you had a built sea many light-houses hereabout, I would have had new sails last winter," and caps it with a story of a Sanday minister who publicly prayed thus: "Nevertheless, if it please Thee to cause helpless ships to be cast on the shore, oh! dinna forget the poor island of Sanday." Sometimes the foreign products thus cast up at their doors were a new revelation to the islanders, as when a cargo of oranges was washed ashore on the coast of Delting the natives boiled them as a new kind of potatoes. When any kind of liquor is the cargo, however, they seem to know the use of that by instinct, and one instance is on record when so many vessels were "saved" from a Dutch vessel that all the people on the island were drunk for twenty days. —[The Saturday Review.

When Shootwell died, the boys clubbed together to buy him a tombstone. They couldn't agree upon the inscription. Fogg suggested this: "His gun never missed fire. Let us hope he may be like his gun." But this was considered somewhat personal, and was rejected without a division.

The Wall street sandwich—Bull on one side, bear on the other, and a lamb in the middle.

NICELY DONE.

But for a Lawyer—How a Dishonest Bank Cashier was Saved from the Penitentiary.

A certain cashier, having large responsibilities at the head of a great city bank, was tempted, no matter how, to indulge in private speculations with the bank's funds. Before he realized it he had misappropriated and lost \$50,000. In desperation and to retrieve his fortunes he went still deeper, with the result that instead of extracting himself he shortly found the amount of his loss increased to \$100,000. The time of the annual examination of his affairs and the affairs of the bank being close at hand, he was unable to contrive a method of concealing his stealings, and the day before the official examination he went to his lawyer, a wealthy man, and made a clean breast. The lawyer, after some reflection, asked: "Do the directors still retain their confidence in you?" "They do not even suspect," was the answer. "Will you promise to be governed by my advice?" "I will." "Sit down and write a complete confession of your guilt." The cashier wrote and signed the required confession.

"Now," said the lawyer, "go to the bank before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning and take negotiable securities from the safe, to the amount of \$100,000. Bring them to me as early as possible."

The cashier did as he was directed, and brought government and State bonds to the required amount and gave them to his lawyer. "Now I will go with you," said the lawyer, and plead your case with the bank directors at the regular meeting." They went together. The cashier read his confession in a voice convulsed with sobs. He told how the theft had been committed, avowed his remorse, and in the same breath confessed his inability to make good the amount. "What is the amount?" asked the president. "It is \$200,000," answered the cashier. There was a decided sensation in the board and exclamations of astonishment at the extent of the loss went from mouth to mouth, in the midst of which the lawyer rose and addressed them. He begged them to consider the confidence, which was in itself a temptation, they had reposed in their cashier, his long service, and other things calculated to mitigate their feelings toward his client. He then showed them that the publication of this deficit at that time would cripple the bank and probably compel it to close its doors, and ended by saying that he himself had such confidence in the future of his client, in his remorse and repentance, that he would engage to collect among his other friends and from various sources \$100,000, and bring it to them before 3 o'clock on that day, provided they would give his client a written guarantee against a criminal prosecution. "If not," he added, "his client would surrender himself into their hands and meet the penalty of his misdeeds, but the bank would lose the whole amount." Well, the directors deliberated, but they accepted the lawyer's terms, gave the cashier the release on the condition named, and took his resignation at the same time. The lawyer easily made a loan upon the securities and kept his word. "and," said my informant, "that very cashier is a broker in the New York Stock Exchange to-day. He has paid up his liabilities to the bank, and is highly respected by all who do not know him as well as I do." —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE OVERWORKED OYSTER.

"My gracious, old fellow," said the Slice of Lemon Peel to the Oyster; "You look mighty pale." "Pale!" exclaimed the other, "and why wouldn't I! Here I've been up, night after night, attending church socials, church choir oyster suppers, and so on, and I'm about played out. All the work comes on my shoulders, and I ask myself, as I wander about the stew looking for a chum: 'Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms?' I tell you, old Slice, it was mighty lonesome swimming around in that great tureen."

"Must have been," the other agreed, "but you'll get rest now, eh?" "Rest! not much," answered the Oyster, sitting down exhausted. "I've got to play a lone hand at a teachers' oyster supper to-night. They borrowed me for the occasion."

"It's stew bad," said the Lemon, sympathizingly; "but you're no worse off than I am. I, all alone, furnished lemonade for 565 scholars at the Sunday school picnic two weeks ago, and, since that, I've done duty in two saloons, and I reckon I've made fully 150 lemonades."

"My goodness, old man, you're as badly off as I am," said the Oyster, its a lonesome business, ain't it?" "You bet," replied the Slice; "but I must be off and snore up for another gallon of lemonade; tra-la."

"By-by." —[Toronto Grip.

A crank prophet put out the prediction some time ago that "the President of the United States will be in personal danger the latter part of the month." It is true all ready, for the President, in the Yellowstone country, is riding with the driver behind a pair of Missouri mules.

"I can't imagine," said young Spoonvase, "what makes my hair grow so rapidly." "Grows in such soft, airy soil, maybe."

SACRED EGGS.

Mrs. Whitnal, the estimable wife of a harnessmaker of Erieville Co., N. Y., heard her favorite hen cackling in the barn in a strange and unprecedented manner. Upon reaching the nest she found an egg of ordinary size, but emblazoned with raised characters, which nearly caused her to faint. Staggering from the barn into the house, she displayed the hen's miraculous product, to her sons and daughters, some of whom rushed out and spread the alarm among the populace. All further work on that day was suspended. Men working in the fields put up their horses and tools in the barns, after which they gazed anxiously at the Whitnal residence. The excitement was intensified when the report was confirmed that Samuel Curtis, an honored shoemaker and a brother of Mrs. Whitnal, had become so unnerved at the sight of the egg that he had taken to his bed in alarm and refused to be comforted.

The most skeptical were convinced of the sacred egg's genuineness when it was taken to the hotel and exhibited by two of Mr. Whitnal's sons. The characters were simply raised upon the shell, as if they had been made upon the inside and puffed out by some interior agency." On one side stood out boldly the figures "1884." On another side was a cross, and on a third side was a strange symbol, which some thought was a letter "C," while others held that it was a half moon. The latter theory was more generally accepted, since, when the egg was held to the light, something which resembled a face was discernible in the concavity of the character. This was inferred to represent the man in the moon.

On that night the morals and manners of the Village of Erieville were excellent beyond parallel. New resolutions were formed and bad habits sworn off. Husbands and wives no longer exchanged doubtful compliments and flat-irons, but tenderly embraced each other and agreed to await the coming of the Lord in a commendable manner. Mrs. Whitnal's household was too excited to sleep. Her daughter Sarah was quite ill, and it was feared that the sacred egg would tend greatly to shorten her life. Alarmed at this, Frank Richardson, a clerk in the postoffice, acknowledged that the miracle had been performed through his instrumentality. He explained that to get even with one of Mr. Whitnal's sons he traced the characters on the egg with tallow and then placed it in vinegar. After the acid had sufficiently eaten the shell as to allow the parts traced with tallow to become prominent, he visited the Whitnal barn, deposited the egg in a nest, scared an innocent hen and decamped. Mr. Richardson's expose has had the unfortunate effect of dispelling the moral influence exerted by the egg. The villagers have returned to their former ways. —[Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

SUCH MUSIC AS INDIANS MAKE.

At the camp after the parade at Santa Fe, N. M., the Apaches sat aside much of their finery and gathered in groups for games and songs. Their singing always attracts a crowd to the tents. The fashion is to sit in a circle, the leaders in a row, provided with tom-toms or other sounding instruments and the rest of the party with twigs, if procurable, or sticks or anything with which they may beat time on the palm of one hand. Two Comanches, renegades from their own tribes and known as Comanche John and Domingo, handsome fellows with hawk eyes and perfect teeth, are the best singers of the band. John has provided himself with a large dish pan. His knees are spread far apart to hold it. A half dozen others have tins of various sizes, the smallest being a dipper. Buckskin has been stretched into drum covers for joints of stovepipe and for kettles. Bows tightly strung rest upright between the legs of three or four others, and one genius has fashioned a rude instrument with two strings resembling a banjo. Every performer has a stick about double the length and thickness of a leadpencil. John or Domingo sets the movement, and when all the little tins and tom-toms have caught the rhythm, which is a fast, regular beating, and the bow strings are thrumming and the palm switches falling in time with it, whoever may be in the lead starts a song. A compass of five notes is rarely exceeded except to strike an occasional octave, and there is invariably a minor refrain. The entire band keep at this for hours, with only occasional momentary resting spells. As the song goes on members of the circle rise, three or four at a time, and bob up and down with deacon-like faces. The bobbing is said to call muscles into play that would quickly exhaust persons not used to it, but it looks like a tame and lazy performance. The signal for the end of it is given by an old fellow with a striped reed, on which he pipes a succession of nerve trying notes. —[Correspondence Buffalo Courier.

"You William!" exclaimed the parent, "are you going to do as I bid you?" "No!" roared William, emphatically.

"Smart boy," said William's uncle. "Yes," assented the parent, with a sigh, "it is a wise child that no's his father."

Young B. carried a piece to Gondinet and asked him to note with a cross the scenes that appeared to him to be defective. Some days afterwards Gondinet returned the manuscript. "Not a single cross, dear master!" "No, your comedy would look like a cemetery."

'TIS SAD.

A Strange Story—The Unfinished Manuscript—The Story of Fate an Arkansas Man Told.

Some time ago the writer visited Prof. Gailnet, of Little Rock, Ark., and while sitting in the library, engaged in conversation with the entertaining gentleman, observed a roll of manuscript tied with a strip of black cloth. We asked him if it were something designed for publication.

"It will never be published," he said, and began to unroll it. "See how it ends," and glancing at the bottom of the last page we read the following: "While he sat alone, deeply musing, a horse passed the house, and—" here the sentence broke off. Requesting, almost imploring, the Professor to tell us the history of the curious manuscript, he finally consented.

"I came to Arkansas when I was a young man. One night I sat in my library writing a story for a magazine. I was in good health and had cause to feel elated over the success I had just attained by the publication of a small volume of sketches, but still I felt the heavy weight of melancholy depression. I arose and walked out, but soon returned, not experiencing any change. I bent myself to the work of writing a dreary story and worked with surprising rapidity until I wrote, 'A horse passed the house and—' Here I stopped. A strange presentiment told me that I would never finish the sentence. Next day I took up my pen to finish it, but I had not touched the paper with the pen when a piercing shriek caused me to spring to my feet and rush from the room just in time to see a horse, attached to a buggy, dashing wildly toward my gate. A frightened woman was in the buggy and I rescued her. I put the manuscript away and devoted myself to my new acquaintance; our friendship grew into love and finally we married. Then followed ten years of happiness. I did not tell my wife of the unfinished manuscript, but one day she found it and begged me to finish it. I did not like to confess my foolish fears, and finally I told her that I would. The next night, after my wife had gone to bed, I took down the story and read it over. I would finish it for her sake. I took up the pen and was just in the act of touching the paper when my wife called me. I ran to her and found her in a dying condition, having been attacked by rheumatism of the heart.

"Have you ever attempted since to finish it?" "Yes. After my wife had been dead for several years I determined one night to finish the story. I went to the desk, but had no sooner dipped my pen in the ink when a noise in an adjoining room attracted my attention. Hurrying into the room I found my son lying on the floor dead. He had always been in wretched health and had committed suicide."

"Do you ever expect to finish the story?"

"I expect to try again. It is impossible for me to remain superstitious, even though I may have a powerful cause for doing so. Of course, all this would have happened even if I had not begun the story. I think that next Tuesday night, if I feel like it, I shall devote myself to the completion of the work, for I desire to see it in print. Come up and see me start off."

We were busy when Tuesday night came, and—cowardly confession—were not sorry that something kept us away. Early Wednesday morning we hurried to the house where for years the professor had lived. The horrible thought seized us that he had taken up his pen to finish the story and had fallen dead. Some time elapsed before we had the courage to knock at the door. At last we rapped.

No answer.
Another rap.
No answer.

With blood almost at freezing point, and with hair standing erect, we shoved open the door. The old man sat leaning back in his chair, eating pie.

"Come in," he said cheerfully. "You see I have just finished that story, and it gave me an appetite for pie. Pie's a good thing to eat after you finish up a story, but you want to wait until you are through writing."

"Did you hear any strange noises?" we asked, "when you began to write." "Well, yes. A calf over in the adjoining yard bawled for a while. Oh, yes, you are thinking about that story I told you some time ago. Why, my dear fellow, you should not have been so foolish as to have believed me. I never was married, you know. Have some pie." —[Arkansas Traveler.

PROUD OF HIS WIFE.—At a small station near Kalamazoo a strapping youth boarded the train, leading by the hand a blushing rustic maid. Taking his stand in full view of everybody he orated: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is my wife, Mrs. Henfler. Ain't she a daisy?" He proudly exhibited his prize to the amused observers through a fifty-mile ride with an exemption of the enticements he had used to win her. Arrived at Buchanan, the happy pair alighted in the presence of a large crowd assembled to greet them. Again the groom announced: "Ladies and gents, my wife. Ain't she a darling?" As the train moved out the passengers waved their handkerchiefs and applauded, and the happy and not ashamed-for-everybody-to-know-it pair were left to their rare and singular felicity.

CHARLECOTE.

At Charlecote, the church—the interior is well worth visiting, for the carved oak stalls, and the monuments in the Lucy Chapel, especially the figure of the historical Sir Thomas—though in the immediate neighborhood of the Hall, is beyond the grounds, and across the river. But when you are face to face with the lodge and the high iron gates on the Stratford Road, you see that there is no need to ring or beg for admission. Hard by, in the oaken palings, is a little "wicket-gate," whence a path leads across the park along a gentle slope, slightly diverging from the leafy carriage approach, and skirting what in the north would be called the home policies. Charlecote is a genuine low-country park, and of no very great extent. But it is fortunate in gentle undulations of the ground, and it has the charms of wood and water in perfection. When we visited it last the superb trees, with their spreading branches throwing vast circular shadows over the sunny grass, were in every shade of the freshest vernal green. There was the soft green of the limes, the deeper green of the elms, and the bright yellow-tinted green of the bursting oaks, a week or two at least behind the others. Inconsistent as it may sound to say so, there was an enchanting confusion of absolute repose and the most intense vitality. The air was drowsy and warm; there was scarcely breeze enough stirring to shake an aspen leaf; the herds of deer were languidly ruminating under the trees or listlessly brushing away the flies that began to bother them. By the way, it was not from this park of Charlecote that Shakespeare stole the deer, but from the Lucy seat of Fullbrook, which has long since been demolished and disappeared. And in friendly fellowship with the fallow deer the colonies of rabbits—black, white and gray—had stolen silently out to their burrows in the banks, beneath the gnarled roots of the mighty stems. They heard the footfall of the wayfarer with entire indifference, scarcely troubling themselves to go to ground, even when we passed within pistol-shot. But, on the other hand, there were small glancing shadows in all directions in swiftest motion. The jackdaws that swarmed in the holes in the hollow trunks of patriarchal elms seemed to have found out the secret of perpetual motion; the starlings, if less noisy, were at least as restless; while swallows were circling everywhere overhead, skimming through the blades of the grass, and sweeping round again toward the Avon. The river flowing close past the house bounds the park to the westward. For the builders of old English castles and manor houses always ran like rats to the water; and we know many of them which have probably been established to all eternity on the least eligible site of their beautiful domains. —[Blackwood's Magazine.

SPECULATION CONCERNING THE AUTHORSHIP OF A NOVEL.

A curious story comes from Cleveland in regard to the anonymous novel, "The Bread-Winners," began in the August Century. The MS. of the story is said to have been found in the desk of the late Leonard Case, of that city, the bachelor, millionaire and munificent founder of the Case School of Applied Science. He was a man of amiable character, of fine culture, and of remarkable natural abilities, but his life was so clouded by constant ill-health, and by a singular constitutional shyness, that his talents were unknown even to his own townspeople, and hardly appreciated by his few intimate friends. He wrote poems, sketches and tales for his own amusement, rarely publishing anything but an occasional mathematical paper in the Smithsonian Institution. The MS. of "The Bread-Winners" was found shortly after his death, several years ago, in a mass of other documents, and only recently examined by his friends and executors. It was put into the hands of a competent editor and prepared for the press, and then submitted to Mr. Gilder, of the Century, who at once accepted it for publication in his magazine, declaring one of the strangest stories which have ever come into his hands. The personages are rather thinly veiled portraits of Mr. Case's friends—the hero being generally recognized as Col. William H. Harris, a retired army officer, whose house and grounds are accurately described in the first chapter of the novel.

PROPERLY LABELED.—A Somerville book agent, who has been wearing a small circular bit of court-plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since and replaced it when his toilet was completed. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court-plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock purchased the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription: "Warranted solid brass." —[Boston Globe.

That handsome but very eccentric woman, says the London Truth, Princess Pignatelli, is about to become a public singer, to the great disgust of her relations, whom she delights in tormenting. She is the sister of the beautiful Countess Potocka of Vienna, with whom she is at daggers drawn.