

Courting in Mexico.

Courting, from all accounts, is a pretty tough job in this country. 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 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 life has no possible interest for him unless he can win her. He will then tell of his prospects in life; what he is possessed of and hopes to be possessed of. If this latter part is satisfactory to the mamma she will condescend with him, tell him that she has noticed his attention to her daughter, and finally conclude 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 cooing. 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 for 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 mesal and cigarettes 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 lovesick young man remains to be told. He cannot walk by the side of his affianced on the way to or from the theatre. She will start off ahead in company with some female friends, 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 cannot stand the racket. If the young couple are very spoony they can be married in six months, though well-regulated society demands a twelve-month courtship.

The True Holiday.

Why it is Wise to Diversify One's Usual Work Rather than be Idle.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that nothing of the nature of work should be allowed to haunt the mind on a holiday. The only result of that is that holiday-making itself is very apt to become a laborious piece of pleasure-seeking. It is quite true, of course, that you should not, if you can help it, take task work on a holiday. But it is quite as true that if there is anything requiring some effort and method and care, in which, nevertheless, the mind finds a fresh spring of buoyancy—such as many men, for instance, who are not musicians by profession, find in music, and many more find in art—the holiday will be twice as enjoyable if some distinct and recognizable progress can be made in that province. It is not pains, effort and care which fatigue the mind, but pains effort and care expended on the same class of subjects on which they are day by day regularly expended. Devote a moderate portion of pains, effort and care to other than the regular subjects—to subjects with which no sense of worry, routine and fog is associated—and you will find that the pains, effort and care so directed increase the sense of elasticity and buoyancy in your holiday, instead of diminishing it. Pleasure-seeking unadulterated is, after all, a very wearisome occupation.

The man of business who has a turn for literature or art should be a literary man or an artist in his holiday, while the literary man or artist should turn his attention to natural science or antiquarian research, or, at least, to some outlying province of his own pursuit, the prosecution of which may be compatible with the ardor of a generally repressed and restrained interest. No doubt such a course would involve some change of plan in relation to holidays, some considerable breaks in the constant rush of travel, some contrivance for interlarding at least frequent mornings of quiet with the whirl of exhausting excitement. But that is precisely

what gives a keener flavor to the air of change itself; for otherwise, even the change becomes wearisome and monotonous, and loses all the air of vividness and sharp distinction. Travel continued and prolonged, without intervals of close attention concentrated on coherent subjects, becomes a mere moving kaleidoscope of scenes, in which, though the variation of order is infinite, the elements seem too much the same to command your interest. But when travel is diversified by some steady pursuit in which you exert your trained powers, though with a sense of freedom and enjoyment belonging to a new line of direction, you renew enough of the tension of purpose belonging to daily life to renovate constantly the delight in leisure, without renewing any of the anxiety and responsibility of professional undertakings.

Culinary Concoits.

AMBER SOUP.—Take two pounds of soup bone, a chicken, a small slice of ham, an onion, a sprig of parsley, half a small carrot, half a small parsnip, half a stick of celery, three cloves, pepper, salt, a gallon of cold water. Let the beef, chicken and ham boil slowly for five hours; add the vegetables and cloves to cook the last hour, having fried the onion in a little hot fat, and then in it stick the cloves. Strain the soup into an earthen bowl, and let it remain over night. Next day remove the cake of fat on the top; take out the jelly, avoiding the settings, and mix into it the beaten whites of two eggs with the shells. Boil quick for half a minute, then, placing the kettle on the hearth, skim off carefully all the skum and white of the eggs from the top, not stirring the soup itself. Pass this through the jelly bag, when it should be quite clear. The soup may then be put aside, and reheated just before serving. Add then a large spoonful of caramel, as it gives it a richer color and also a slight flavoring.

CARAMEL.—To make caramel, put into a porcelain saucepan say half a pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of water. Stir it constantly over the fire until it has a bright, dark brown color, being careful not to let it burn or blacken. Then add a teacupful of water and a little salt; let it boil a few moments longer, cool and strain it. Put it away in a close-corked bottle, and it is always ready for coloring soups.

SCOTCH SCONES.—Mix thoroughly a pound and a half of flour, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, and the same of cream tartar. Mix to a light paste with a pint of sour milk, knead the dough a little, roll it out till about a third of an inch thick and cut it into three-cornered pieces, each side being about four inches long. Put the scones on a floured tin and bake in a quick oven.

APPLE DUMPLINGS, either baked or boiled, are nicest and healthiest if the crust is made of cream. Pare and core an apple, cover it with crust put several such dumplings in a baking dish (earthen is much better than tin), add sugar between them, and a little water. Eat with the same sauce given for bread pudding, if preferred, use sugar and butter beaten together.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Take cold (or hot), boiled sweet potatoes and mash as fine as possible; add one teacup of sirup, one cup sugar, one egg, (or more if plenty,) one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful ground spice, one tablespoonful butter, four tablespoonful of flour. Bake seal brown on top and bottom, and turn on a dish. Slice, when cold, and serve.

FEATHER CAKE.—Half cup of butter, three of flour, two of sugar, one of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

CROW'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare some nice mellow apples, and slice them in a deep buttered tin. Then for the batter, take one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a good batter. This is eaten with cream and sugar.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Three pints of milk, four to six eggs, sugar to taste, two thick slices of bread, crumbed very fine. Any kind of fruit.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING is made with apples pared and cored; put these in a pudding dish, and having filled the hollow in each with sugar, pour a custard over all, and bake slowly until done.

An Observation of Life.

How much more graceful, elegant and superior does the man on the bicycle look than the man with the wheelbarrow! But wait until they come into collision and see which procession turns up in the most handsome condition.

The signal station on Pike's Peak, 14,156 feet high, is the highest building in the world inhabited the year round.

CONTENTMENT.

I'd rather dwell in my humble cot,
With peace of mind to bless me,
Than own the lordliest hall e'er wrought,
With cares to oft distress me.

It's not in riches peace is had,
It's not in rank or station;
The heart of him may oft beat sad,
Tho' ruler of a nation.

The miser counts with pleased grin
His hoarded treasures nightly;
But think not that he's blest within,
His riches sit not lightly.

The rabble's shout may satisfy
Political ambition;
Could you the statesman's thoughts but spy,
You'd pity his condition.

I have my limbs and perfect health,
I know not money's bother;
And these with peace, make up my wealth,
I wish, my friend, none other.

BY A. ASHMUN KELLY.

Facts and Fancies.

—Is a baby-carriage a cry-cycle?
—Philadelphia has a negro letter carrier.

—The cranberry crop this year will be small.

—Mackerel will be scarce and high this season.

—The potatoes this year have stolen a march on the potato-bug.

—Hot water is becoming popular as a remedy for dyspepsia.

—There are 213,500 farms in Pennsylvania averaging 134 acres each.

—Can any one tell why eggs are so high? The occupation of the old hen has become eminently respectable.

—Never leave your horse untied after he is hitched up. He may stand ninety-nine times, but the hundredth, smashes things.

—A dry autumn is the precursor of a cold winter. Some of our meteorological friends will furnish you the electrical philosophy for this.

—The inventor of barbed wire fences should be expatiated, those who use them should be compelled to take them down, or sit moonlight nights on the top rail—wire we mean.

—The Post Office Department has selected as the color for the new four-cent or double rate stamp a shade of green, somewhat darker than that in which the present three-cent stamp is printed.

Common Words Mispronounced.

Harass—här-äas, not hä-räss.

Haunt—hänt, not hänt.

Hearth—härt, not hërt.

Heinous—hä-nus, not hë-nus, nor hën-yus, nor hän-yus.

Herbaceous—her-bä-äshus, not er-bä-äshus.

Herbage—er-bë-ëj, or herb-ëj, not hërb-ëj.

Heroine—hër-ö-in, not hë-ro-ine, nor hë-ro-in.

Homage—höm-äje, not om-äje.

Homeopathy—hö-më-öp-ä-thy, not hö-më-o-path-y.

Homeopathist—hö-më-öp-ä-thist, not hö-më-o-path-ist.

Horizon—hö-rë-zon, not hör-ë-zon.

Horse-radish—hörs-räd-ish, not hörs-räd-ish.

Hough—hök, not huff.

Hour—höw-ry, not our-y.

Hovel—höv-el, not hüv-el.

Hypodermis—hi-dröp-ä-thy, not hi-dröp-ä-thy.

Hygiene—hi-jë-ne, not hi-green, nor hi-green.

Emperor Sellm II.

His Excess in Eating and Drinking and His Disorderly Life.

In person he was said to have resembled in early life his Russian mother, the famous Roxalana, whose imperious temper he had inherited without her vigorous understanding. His disorderly life had, however, long ago effaced all traces of her transmitted beauty. Excess both in eating and drinking (for he was said to remain sometimes for whole days and nights at table, and to drink a bottle of spirits every morning by way of aiding his digestion), had bloated his cheek and dulled his eye. He was, however, not a little proud of his crimson complexion, and dyed his hands and face to a blood color.

To the Western stranger, who was led through the wide courts of the Seraglio, between long ranks of janissaries, terrible and silent as death, to the barbaric pomp of his presence chamber, or who beheld him riding at noon to mosque, glittering with gems, among his gilded and jeweled cavaliers, the little, fire-faced infidel, with his beard dyed jet, his blackened eyelids, and his huge turban must have appeared the very personification of the fierce and wicked heathen tyrant of chivalrous romance.

If his brief reign belong to the splendid period of Turkish history; if it produced some of the chief monuments of Mohammedan legislation and added several Arabian provinces and the royal Isle of Cyprus to the dominions of the Crown; if the Sallmye Mosque, whose airy domes and delicate spires so nobly crown the city of Adrian, equals, or perhaps excels, the temples left to Con-

stantinople by Solyman and Justinian, the glory of these achievements is due, not to the indolent monarch who soiled the throne with the foulest vices, but to the unexhausted impulse of a better time, and to that able band of rene-gades and soldiers of fortune trained in the school of Solyman—quick-witted Greeks and Italians, bold Albanians, patient Bosnians and Croats—who bartered their genius and valor for the gold of the slothful Turk.

Chili's Prosperity.

Some Reason Why That South American Republic Excels the Others.

The commercial prosperity of Chili, as compared with the other South American republics, finds an explanation not merely in the character of her people and the natural resources of the country, but in the stability of her government. Sixty years of independence have converted an almost unknown colony of Spain into a flourishing republic of brave, hard-working, law-abiding citizens. While her neighbors have wasted their life blood in domestic feuds, Chili, imitative as she is, has never ceased to show the political and social spirit of foreign influence in her government, laws and institutions. The existence of an aristocracy of wealth, while it may have hindered the material advancement of the masses, has, at all events, secured a powerfully centralized and harmoniously working government. The semi-feudal system of land tenure subjects almost two-thirds of the people to the will of the hacendados, or landed proprietors. The foreigner has supplied what the Chilian lacks in commercial enterprise.

Valparaiso is almost a European city. Foreign ships and shipping, for foreign mechanics and engineers, and English French and German mercantile houses control the business activity of the place. So it is at the North and in the South. Wherever skill, enterprise and intelligence is demanded, there you will find the foreigner. In his dealings the native has to meet with a counteracting spirit of conservatism, and a slowness to receive or act upon an idea, but there is a security, however, in what he does accomplish, from the very oneness of the people with whom he has to deal. They are not made up of conflicting elements, as in other republics. There is but the white race of pure Spanish blood, or mixed with other European; and the creoles, with a nine-tenths mixed of Araucanian blood. Our general opinion of the Chilian character is quite misplaced. There are no people more peaceful, more patriotic, more averse to anything that disturbs their political or social union. The rapid development of the country is largely due to these national characteristics.

Poker in Thompson Street.

It was a poker party in Thompson street, and a big jack-pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out, and bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer yo' risedat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams. "Nebber yo' mind—yo' call, ef yo' isn't afraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus, sullenly. "I won't call I rise yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebrae was ascending. "I rise yo' ag'in," retorted Gus. And so they went at each other until chips, money and collateral were gone; then Williams concluded to call. "What yo' got, niggah, dat yo' do all dat risin' on? What yo' got, nobow? Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to seize up the pot. "No, dat's not good!" said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his bootleg. "What yo' got, den?" inquired Gus. Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly. "Ise jes' got two jacks an' a razzar." "Dat's good," said Gus.

The Hired Boy.

Keep a warm place in your heart and a kind word for the hired boy. He may not be the kind of a boy you like; he may be rough, even rude, about the house, an eye-sore at the table; but for all that, be kind. It is true he is an insignificant person, as his unkempt hair and ill-fitting clothes testify. But under the tangled mat can be hid a bright intellect, and under the tattered jacket can beat a warm heart. The hired boy of to-day may be the farmer of the future, when perhaps your happy children are friendless menials. I am speaking to farmers' wives now and from experience. It matters little to the hired boy what the rough farmer may say, or what tasks he may impose, if the wife be kind. As a hired boy I have parted in tears with big-hearted wives who, like mothers, have overlooked my faults and whose kindness had made me docile, and as a hired boy I have parted in anger with heartless women who never gave a kind word nor a square meal. One has the blessings of a friendless stranger, the other, his curses, but the reluctant forgiveness of a mature man.

High Speed in Railways.

While there can be no doubt that as regards cheapness and rapidity of construction, general excellence of bridges, locomotives and cars the railways of this country are ahead of the rest of the world, the signaling arrangements here, with few exceptions, are rudimentary and inefficient, and render fast traveling a matter of considerable difficulty, if not danger. It is impossible to run a really fast express train if the signals are ambiguous and if every level crossing is made a compulsory stopping-place. The saving in time by fast trains can only be fully felt in a great country where very long journeys are not only possible but are frequently undertaken; but hitherto this fact has been little appreciated, and people have been content to travel at a slow speed and put up with frequent stoppages, because the railways are new, the rails roughly laid and many bridges unsafe at a high speed. But of late years these conditions have been materially changed. The widespread use of steel rails, the greater care bestowed on the road-bed and the introduction of iron bridges of first-class workmanship have made high speed perfectly safe and easy on most parts of good roads in the Eastern and Middle States; but it is rendered unsafe where switches are so arranged that they may be left open to an approaching train without any signal warning the engineer, or the signals so formed that the difference to the eye between a clear or allright signal, and a danger or stop signal is slight in snowy weather or under atmospheric conditions which render the difference between colors imperceptible, though a difference in form may be perceived.

The real gain of time to a business man obtained by a difference of a few miles an hour in the speed of a long-journey train is illustrated by an actual case. A man in New York wishes to do a day's work in Chicago. He takes one of the fastest and best appointed trains he can find—the Chicago limited. It leaves New York at 9 A. M., and lands him at Chicago at 11 the next morning, having accomplished 914 miles in 26 hours 55 minutes, allowing for the difference in time between the two cities. This makes an average speed of 1.38 miles per hour, including all stoppages. But assume, what is surely not extravagant, that as high a speed can be attained on the Pennsylvania or any other first-class American roads as on an English main line, and what shape does the problem assume? On one English road, the Great Northern, the distance between Leeds and London (186½ miles) is done in 3 hours 45 minutes, including five stoppages; on another, the Great Western, the 129½ miles between Birmingham and London is run in 2 hours and 45 minutes, including two stoppages; and as neither of these routes is particularly level or straight and as both pass through numerous junctions with a perfect maze of switches and frogs, they give a fair idea of what is possible in speed on the railroads of this country. These figures give, respectively, speed of 49.8 and 47.2 miles per hour. Taking as a fair average 48 miles an hour, including stoppages, the journey from New York to Chicago should be done in 18 hours 59 minutes, or say 19 hours, a saving of 7 hours 55 minutes on the present time; so that, if the train were arranged to leave at 4.55 in the afternoon instead of 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the whole of this time would be saved in the busy part of the day, effectually adding a day to our imaginary traveler's business and dollar making life.

It may be thought that such a deduction is unfair, as the English style of car is so much lighter than the American; but, as a matter of fact, the average English express car is considerably heavier than the Chicago limited, and conveys about three times the number of passenger; and, as trucks and oil-lubricated axle-boxes are not yet universal there, the tractive resistance per ton is probably higher. It certainly therefore seems not only possible but feasible to attain these high speed in this country, where owing to the long distance to be traveled, they are more valuable than in England; and the great step toward attaining that end is the adoption of proper and efficient signaling arrangements. All the other steps are achieved; the American passenger locomotive of the present day is perfectly competent to drag a heavy train at a speed of over sixty miles an hour; the cars, as now constructed can travel safely and smoothly at that speed; and the steel rail and the well-ballasted tie and perfect workmanship of the modern iron bridge can well support the thundering concussion of an express train at full speed. But this speed can only be maintained for a few miles at a time if the engineer who guides this train be doubtful whether the dimly seen signals imply safety or danger, if the law of the State bring him to a full stand where his road is crossed by a small corporation with a high-sounding title, which owns one locomotive with a

split tube sheet and two cars down a ditch.

To run a fast train, a clear uninterrupted road is absolutely necessary, and the reason is not far to seek. To move a body from a state of rest to a velocity of sixty miles per hour, or eighty-eight feet per second, an amount of work must be performed equivalent to lifting that body 121 feet. Now, it is apparent to the simplest capacity that it requires a pretty powerful engine to overcome the resistance of the air and the friction of bearings on journals and of flanges against rails going on all the time. As a matter of fact, showing what severe work this is on an engine, the Zulu express on the Great Western Railway of England, which is the fastest train in the world, has been repeatedly carefully timed, and it is found, though running over an almost absolutely level and straight road, it takes a distance of twenty-six to twenty-eight miles to attain its full speed, about fifty-eight miles and a half an hour.—*Science.*

Madame's Ill Conduct.

He came home with a serious face. She, who was all love and smiles, saw in an instant that something was the matter. He turned his face away when she attempted to plant the warm kiss of greeting on his lips. Her soul sank within her. "George," she said eagerly, "tell me what it is. Has your love grown cold? Treat me frankly. It is better to know the truth than to be kept in suspense." He kept his head averted a minute. His lip trembled. Then he said: "Oh, heavens! Florence, how can you wear that mask of deceit when I know all?" "All!" she repeated, as her face grew white. "All what?" "Spare me the sad recital," he continued. "There are some things that are better left unsaid." "I will not spare you. I insist upon knowing what it is you mean. Tell me, and at once. Some prejured villain has abused your mind." "Alas, no!" he said. "I was an eye-witness of it all. Do not add deceit to your other crimes. I was there and saw it." "Saw what?" she cried. "What have you seen? Are you mad?" "Calm yourself, madame. I saw you—you, the wife of my bosom—when you did not think my eye was on you. You were on Broadway, mingling with the giddy throng. He was hurrying on. You beckoned to him. You made telegraphic signs until you attracted his attention." "Merciful powers!" she gasped. "You see I know all," he continued. "You did this on the public street. At first he would have gone on and disregarded you, but you were importunate. You caught his eye, you beckoned. He smiled, and you went down the thoroughfare together." "This false, as false as—" "Madame, it is too true; I tell you I saw it. Let us have no nonsense about it." Then she sank upon the sofa. Again he turned his manly head to hide his emotion. The diamond tears began to come through her fingers. Helplessness, indignation and shame were struggling together in her soul. Suddenly she looked up. "Perhaps, sir, you will tell me who he is." "Certainly," replied the brute. "He was the driver of a Madison avenue omnibus." Then he went suddenly out of the door as if fearful that one of the statues would fly after him. And she dried her tears and said somebody was a fool. She was right, only she got the person wrong.

Giant's Graveyard.

Two miles from Mandan, on the bluffs near the junction of the Hart and Missouri rivers, is an old cemetery of fully 100 acres in extent, filled with bones of a giant race. This vast city of the dead lies just east of the Fort Lincoln road. The ground has the appearance of having been filled with trenches piled full of dead bodies, both man and beast, and covered with several feet of earth. In many places mounds from eight to ten feet high, and some of them 100 feet or more in length, have been filled with bones and broken pottery, vases of various bright-colored flints and agates. The pottery is of a dark material, beautifully decorated, delicate in finish and as light as wood, showing the work of a people skilled in the arts and possessed of a high state of civilization. This has evidently been a grand battlefield, where thousands of men and horses have fallen. Nothing like a systematic or intelligent exploration has been made, as only little holes two or three feet in depth have been dug in some of the mounds, but many of the bones of man and beast and beautiful specimens of broken pottery and other curiosities have been found in these feeble efforts at excavation. We asked an aged Indian what his people knew of these ancient graveyards. He answered: "Me know nothing about them. They were here before the red man."

Albert, Henry and Rudolph Fink draw railroad salaries greater than those of any family in the United States.