

PERVERTS.

Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still;
We would have health, and yet
Still use our bodies ill;
Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to
Life's last scenes.

THE ROCK SCORPIONS.

The screw steamer Jenny Jones was
lying alongside a coal hulk at Gibraltar
one October afternoon.

The Scorpion said, "Ah, no, no,
Capetain! No been throw nothing at
myself. Beesiness!-I've been com' for
beesness. Big thing, Capetain!"

"The last phrase was spoken with such
a profound wink that Hindhaugh held
his hand, and, addressing the man as
one would an ill-conditioned dog, said:

"Like many of his tribe, this interest-
ing native spoke a kind of English
which is not heard anywhere else on the
Mediterranean shore.

"What is it? Tobacco?"
"Is that been it?"
"Where for?"

"I'm not going out of Portuguese
waters at any price."

"What's the figure? What's the
money?"

"You com' shore and see agent with
myself."

"I'm not going out of Portuguese
waters at any price."

"That's very well, Capetain. But
look here, if there's anything on, I'm
in it. You understand-I'm in it."

"You understand that, do you. Well,
then, I'll tell you to keep your mouth
shut just now, or never another ton of
coal will you put aboard of us as long
as I run here."

"All right, Capetain. No need to
be nasty. You'll do the square thing, I
bet."

"You've been look where I point my-
self. Felucos! You've follow them in
and drop anchor."

"You're talking to a fool? Come you
below, and let me have the other
money sharp."

"Ah, Capetain. Wait till agent's
man come with felucos. I've been have
no money myself."

"Hindhaugh was not a person to be
trifled with. He quietly took out his
revolver. 'Now, do you see that pretty
thing? First shot for you. Look at
that black forrad, and see how much
chance you'll have if I fire at you.' The
pop of the revolver sounded, and then
Hindhaugh went forward, pulling the
Scorpion with him. 'Do you see that
hole, you image? How would you like
it if that was your gizzard? Now, no
games, my joker.'

"The Scorpion begged for time, and
Hindhaugh was so sure of his man that
he made no further objection. He had
another conference with Jack, and, to
that worthy's great delight, he expressed
certain forebodings.

"We're going to have a fight over
this job," said the skipper. "I'm dead
sure of it. Go down and load the two
muskets, and give them to the safest
men. When the lighters do come, bor-
row the firemen's iron rods. I've lent
the steward my bowie that I got at
Charleston, and you can try and hold
that old bull-dog straight. We mustn't
show the least sign of flinching."

"Then Hindhaugh and his brother
called for tea and fed solidly.

a fool he must have been to venture
under that arch.
On getting aboard the captain sent
for his brother, who sailed mate with
him. He said: "Now, Jack, I'm going
to run some risk. You take this pistol
and get her cored and put right. When
you see three felucos coming alongside
get all the chaps on deck-the Dora's
crew as well as ours." (Hindhaugh was
taking home a shipwrecked crew, and
he was grateful just then for the access-
ion of force.) "Whack on everything
you know and get the bales up sharp.
Tell the engineer to stand by for driv-
ing her, and leave the rest to me. If
we're nailed we'll be detained, and I
don't know what may happen, so you'll
have to look slippy."

Jack replied, "All right, sir!" Quar-
terdeck manners were punctiliously ob-
served by each of the brothers.

The shadows fell low, and the crown
of the rock grew dim. The creeping
wind stole over the Pearl Rock, and set
the sinister ripples dancing. The
bugles sang mysteriously through the
loom, and the mystery of the night
was in the air. The Jenny Jones stole
quietly toward the broad sheet of water
where the vessels of the fleet heaved
up their shadowy bulk above the lapping
flood. All the English sailors were
stripped to the shirt, and a loud hum
of excited talk came from amidships.

Suddenly the raking yard of a
felucca started out from amid the haze;
then came another and another. A
sailor slipped a cork fender over the
side, and there was a muffled bump and
a slight scrape. Jack, the mate, whis-
pered, "Now, you cripples!" and a brief
scene of wild hurry and violent labor
ensued. Bales after bales was whisked
on board; the Englishmen worked as
only English sailors can, and the Scorp-
ions excelled themselves under the in-
fluence of fear and black wine. When
the last bale was up Hindhaugh said to
the man who had first boarded them,

"Who's got the money?"

"Me, Capetain. All right. Honest
man myself. You've been have every
dollar."

"Well, then, it's neck or nothing.
We have half an hour to clear out
into the Gut. Come below and shell
out."

The Scorpion counted out one hun-
dred pounds in gold, and then asked:

"That be enough? Other money be
all right other end?"

"Dence a bit. Down with the other
ten or I'll sliver you."

The Scorpion did not know what
sliver meant, but the gleam of the
skipper's cold eye was enough for him.
He paid up and went on deck.

Hindhaugh had just said to the en-
gineer, "Now, rive the suit out of her,"
when a panting sound was heard, and a
white shape appeared gliding over the
water. The captain had let the felucos
go, and the Jenny Jones was moving.

He waved for the mate. "It's all up.
Here's a mess. You must go home over-
land-suppose you swim ashore. Steady
the men down."

Jack performed one or two steps of a
dance, and placed his finger against his
nose. He rather enjoyed a scrape, did
this frivolous chief officer. The white
shape came nearer, and a sharp whistle
sounded. Hindhaugh had known well
enough that was a steam-launch that
made the panting noise, and he got
ready for the worst. The launch drew
right across the bows of the steamer,

and then the throbbing of the little en-
gines ceased. Again the whistlesound-
ed; the launch gave a bound forward;
then she struck away in the darkness,
and Hindhaugh drew a long breath.

In an instant every possible ounce of
steam was put on, and the Jenny Jones
went away at eleven knots toward the
Gut. All night long the firemen were
kept hard at it, and before morning the
Rock was far astern of the driving
steamboat.

Three of the Scorpions had staid
aboard, and Captain Hindhaugh noticed
that they carried knives. He noticed,
too, that the cringing manner which the
felucos had shown before the Rock was
cleared had given place to a sort of
subdued swagger.

About noon the engines were slowed
down almost to nothing, and the Jenny
Jones crept on slowly toward the shore.
By 4 o'clock the vessel was well into
Portuguese waters, and Hindhaugh was
prepared to defy any quantity of Span-
ish coast guards. When the sun had
dipped low the Scorpion-in-chief came
and pointed mysteriously to the north-
east.

"You've been look where I point my-
self. Felucos! You've follow them in
and drop anchor."

Hindhaugh smiled. "Do you think
you're talking to a fool? Come you
below, and let me have the other
money sharp."

"Ah, Capetain. Wait till agent's
man come with felucos. I've been have
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"Hindhaugh was not a person to be
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usual scraping bump, and then he heard
a sudden thunder of many feet. The
second mate swung out, "Here's half a
hundred of these devils, sir. They're
all armed to the teeth." And sure
enough, a set of ferocious-looking rap-
scallions had boarded the steamer.
They looked like low-class Irishmen,
browned with walnut-juice. Each man
had a heavy array of pistols in his sash,
and all of them carried ugly knives.
The Scorpion waved to the gang, and
they arranged themselves around the
pile of bales that stuck out through the
after-hatch. Hindhaugh had fully dis-
counted all the chances, and had made
up his mind to one thing-he wouldn't
be "done."

The Scorpion imperiously observed:
"Come below, Capetain," and Hind-
haugh went. Then the defiant native
of the Rock put his back against the
cabin door, and said to his chest in a
manly way, "I'm here."

"Now, Capetain, you no have more
money. You spank, much and I've been
get your throat out myself."

"You've got no money?"

"No; not a damn dollar."

"You won't keep your bargain?"

"No. You come shore for your money
if you want him."

Hindhaugh made up his mind in a
flash. In spite of his habit of wearing
a frock-coat and tall hat, he was more
than half a pirate, and he would have
ruffled it like his red-bearded ancestors
had fighting been still the usual employ-
ment of the Norsemen. He marked
his man's throat and saw that the in-
solent hands could not get at a knife
quickly. Then he sprang at the Scorp-
ion, gripping him by the windpipe,
and swung him down. The fellow
gurgled, but he couldn't cry out. Hind-
haugh called the steward, and that
functionary came out of his den with
the long bowie. "Sit on him," said the
captain. "If he stirs out his throat.
Now, you, if you move a finger you're
done." The steward straddled across
the Scorpion and held the knife up in
a sarcastic way.

Hindhaugh went swiftly on deck and
stopped right among the jabbering
Spaniards. He smiled as though
nothing had happened; but when he
saw one man lay hold of a bale he
pulled him. "Tell them I'll shoot the
first man that tries to lift a bale till I'm
ready."

This message brought on a torrent of
talk, which gave the captain time. He
whispered to Jack, "Sneak you around
through the engine room. That lighter's
made fast forrad; the second one's fast
here. Get a hatchet from the carpenter
and set him alongside of the second
rope. When I whistle twice both of
you nick the ropes, and we'll jink these
swindling swine." The engineer also
received orders to go full speed ahead
on the instant that the whistle sounded.

Hindhaugh kept up his good humor,
although the full sense of the risk he
ran was in his mind. His threats of
shooting had made the Spaniards sus-
picious, although they were used to big
talk of that kind. One peep into the
cabin would have brought on a collision,
and although the Englishmen might
have fought, there was nothing to gain
by a fight. Everything depended on
swiftness of action, and Hindhaugh de-
termined grimly that if rapidity could
do anything he would teach the "fur-
riners" a lesson for trying to swindle
him.

He said, very politely: "We're all
ready now. You get your men aboard
the lighters and we'll soon rush your
cargo over the side." This was trans-
mitted to the smugglers, and immedi-
ately they swarmed aboard their own
boats. They had rather expected a
quarrel, and this pacific solution pleased
them. As Jack afterward said, "They
blethered like a lot o' wild geese."

All these foreigners were gone but
three. Hindhaugh stepped quietly up to
the interpreter and said very low:

"I'm covering you with my revolver
from inside my pocket. Don't you
stir. Is that other money going to be
paid?"

The interpreter had been innocent of
all knowledge of the wild work in the
cabin. He stammered, "I thought by
your way that it was all right. Where's
our man?"

"I've got him safe enough. Ask
those fellows in the lighters if any of
them can pay the freight for the job. If
you tell them to fire they may miss me,
and I can't miss you."

No one, not even the consignee's man,
had any money; the smugglers had
meant to trick the revenue and the
English captain as well. Hindhaugh
whistled and then roared out, "Lie
down, all of you; ram her ahead."
The hatches went crack, crack; the
steamer shuddered and plunged for-
ward, and the lighters bumped swiftly
astern.

"Over the side, you animals, or I'll
take you out to sea and drown you."

The three Spaniards rushed to the
side and took flying leaps into the
lighters; Hindhaugh stooped low and
ran to the companion. "Let that bag-
ger up!" he shouted. The Scorpion
scuttled on deck. "Now, Mister, I'll
see if you'll take me in. Over you go.
Over the stern with you, and mind the
propeller doesn't carve you." Two
shots were fired, but they went wild.
The Scorpion saw the whole situation;
he poised for a second on the rail and
then jumped for it, and Hindhaugh
laughed loudly as his enemy came up
blowing. Jack performed a triumphant
war dance on the steamer's bridge, and
the Jenny Jones was soon out of pistol
range.

All that night Captain Hindhaugh did
not sleep a wink. He was quite per-
suaded that he had acted the part of an
exemplary Briton. What is the use of
belonging to the ruling race if a mere
foreigner is to do as he likes with you?
But the adventurous skipper had landed
himself in a pretty mess, and the full
extent of his entanglement grew on him
every minute. At 12 o'clock, when the
water was relieved, Jack came aft in a
state of exultation that words cannot
describe. He chuckled out, "Well, sir,
we've made our fortunes this time."

Hindhaugh damped his spirits by saying
slowly, "Not too fast, that baccy's got
to go overboard, my boy." Jack's
mental processes became confused. He
had been measuring the cubed content

of the smuggled goods, and the thought
of wasting such a gift of the gods fairly
stunned him. Had it been cotton, his
imagination would not have been
touched. But baccy! and overboard!
It was too much, and he groaned. He
was ready with expedients at once.

"Why not run it to Holland?"

"Can't be done; where's our bill of
lading."

"Make one up yourself; you have
plenty of forms."

"And suppose the luck goes the
wrong way. What's to happen to me-
and to you, too, for that matter?"

"Run to a tobacco port and ware-
house the stuff in your own name."

"We're not bound for a tobacco port.
What's to be done about the cargo of
ore that we're carrying? No, John, the
whole five thousand pounds must go
over the side."

Next morning broke joyously. The
sea looked merry with miles of brisk
foam, and the little Portuguese schooners
flew like butterflies hither and thither.
Every cloud of spray plucked from the
dancing crests flashed like white fire
under the clear sun; it was one of
the mornings when one cannot
speak for gladness. But Hindhaugh's
thoughts were fixed on material things.

The rich bales lay there and their pres-
ence affected him like a sarcasm. The
men were called aft, and the shovels
used for trimming grain were brought
up. Then the captain said: "Now each
of you take a pound or two of this to-
bacco and then break the bales and
shovel the rest overboard." The pre-
cious packages were burst and the sight
of the beautiful leaf, the richness of
the tender aroma, affected the sailors
with remorse. It was like offering up
a sacrifice. But the captain's orders
were definite, so until near noon the
shovels were plied smartly, and one
hundred weight after another of ad-
mirable tobacco drifted away on the
careless sea.

Hindhaugh watched grimly until at
last his emotions overcame him. He
growled: "Confound it! I can't do it.
Belay these men. I'll have another
think over this job." And I think he
did with business-like solemnity all day
long. He saw that he might make a
small fortune by raking his liberty, and
the curious morality of the British
sailor prevented him from seeing shades
of right or wrong where contraband
business was concerned. Had you told
him the tobacco was stolen he would
have pitched you overboard; he felt his
morality to be unimpeachable; it was
only the question of expediency that
troubled him. For three days it was
almost unuse to go near him, so in-
tently did he ponder and plan. On the
fifth day he had worked his way through
his perplexities, and was ready with a
plan. A pilot cutter came in sight, and
Hindhaugh signalled her. The pilot's
boat was rowed alongside, and the
bronzed and dignified chief swaggered
up to the captain with much cordiality.

No one is so cordial as a pilot who has
secured a good ship. The two men ex-
changed news and gradually slid into
desultory talk. Suddenly Hindhaugh
said:

"Are you game for a bit of work? Do
you ever do anything?"

The pilot was virtuously agitated. He
drew himself up and, taking care
that the mate should hear, answered,

"Me! Not for the wurr-rid, Cap'n. I've
got a wife and children, sir."

"All right, pilot, never mind; come
down and have some tea."

Then Hindhaugh gradually drew his
man out, until the pilot was absolutely
confidential. The captain knew by the
very excess of purity expressed in the
pilot's first answer that he was not deal-
ing with a simpleton, but he carefully
kept away from the main subject which
was in his (and the pilot's) mind. At
last the man leaned over and made a
Masonic sign. "What was that job you
was speaking about, Cap'n? We're near
home now, you know. Better not get
too near."

Hindhaugh played a large card. He
said, carefully: "Fact is, I've just
boarded the fellows to shy the stuff over-
board; I shall risk no more."

"Mercy me, Cap'n. You're mad.
How did I know who you were? I see
all about it now, but I did not know
what game you might have on with me.
I'm in it, you know, if the dimes are
right?"

"How?"

"Why, if the job's big enough, you
stand off for a day. Go down to the
Sieve, and hang around, and I'll find
you a customer."

"If you do, I'll pay you three hun-
dred pounds as soon as his money's
down."

"Done, then. My boat's not gone
far. Whistle her, and I'll go slap for
Bristol. Never you mind for a day or
two. How's your coal?"

"They're all right. You scoot now
and fetch your man over this way. I'll
go half-speed to the south-west for twelve
hours, another twelve hours' half-speed
back." "You'll find us."

In thirty-six hours the pilot-cut-
ter came back, and a Hebrew gentleman
boarded the Jenny Jones from her. Af-
ter a long inspection the visitor said:
"Now look here, I must have a hundred
per cent margin out of this. What's
your figures?"

"Two thousand five hundred."

"Won't do. Say two thousand, and
you pay the jackal out of that?"

"Done. And how do you manage?"

"I'll split the lot up among three
trawlers. You wait off and give the
jackal an extra fifty for bringing the
boats down, I risk the rest."

Another night passed, and the dawn
was breaking coldly when the dirty
sails of the trawlers came in sight.
Ship after ship had hailed Hindhaugh,
and offered to tow him if anything had
happened to his engines. He knew he
would be reported as laying off, appar-
ently disabled, and he was in a feverish
state of excitement. The Hebrew spec-
ulator watched the last bale down the
side, and then handed over the money.

He had a glass of brandy with the pilot,
and departed-whither, Hindhaugh
never knew nor cared. The Jenny
Jones ran for her port. She had just
slowed down, and the great waves of
smoke from the town were pouring over
her when two large boats, heavily
laden with men, came off to her. The

men swarmed up the side, and the offi-
cer in command shouted, "Bring up the
pikes, and go to work!" The
barges were pulled off before the
steamer had taken up her anchorings,
at the men went violently to work
along the ore. Hindhaugh looked in-
tense, and inquired, "What is all this
ait, officer?"

"Fact is, Captain, we've got a tele-
gram from Gibraltar saying that you
be contraband aboard. You may
as trouble if you make a clean
bust."

"Contraband! Who told you that?"

"Oh, we should have known without
thrive. That gentleman on the quay
came overland, and he put us up
to you."

Hindhaugh looked ashore, and saw a
dial face that he knew well. He
waited and smiled. Then he said to
the officer:

"You may just as well stop those poor
beasts from blistering their hands.
You won't find anything here except
with the men have in the forecastle.
You done this journey fairly. Come
awdawn and liquor, and I'll tell you
all out it."

In Hindhaugh gave an artistic ac-
count of the whole transaction, and put
the latter in such a light that the cus-
tom-house officer cordially congratulated
him on having escaped without a slit
throat."

Jenny Jones went back to Gib-
ralta and Captain Hindhaugh was
very reticent never to go ashore without
a companion. One day he was passing
a child's shop when a sunken glitter
of dark eyes met him. His old ac-
quaintance, the chief Scorpion, was
looking stilettes and poison at him.
But Hindhaugh went by in his big,
burly way, and contented himself with
sitting on three watchmen every night
driving his stay. To this day he is
pleased with himself for having given
the foreigners a lesson in the elements
of morality, and he does not fear their
knife-won't whit.

A Brave Naval Officer.

Thereof the United States steamer
Powhatan was being exercised on the
21st of last month when she was lying
off Pt. au Prince, and during the exer-
cises a petty officer fell from the
yards. His body struck one of the
guns at shot through the port hole into
the sea. The Quartermaster, who was
on deck at the time, immediately sprang
overboard and brought the body along-
side. It was handed up, but the poor
petty officer was found to be dead, the
shock of the fall on the deck having
evidently killed him before the body fell
into the water.

The captain of a vessel which arrived
from Brit au Prince at New York, in
describing what he had heard concern-
ing this sad accident, says that the
Quartermaster was sent for by the Com-
mander of the Powhatan after the body
of the petty officer had been taken out
of the water, and that a colloquy sub-
stantially as follows took place:

"Do you know the risk you ran in
jumping overboard?" the Commander
asked.

"But little risk, sir, I think; I'm a
good swimmer."

"But did you know that the vessel
has been all day surrounded by
sharks?"

"I did, sir."

"Any yet you went overboard?"

"I thought I might save a life, sir."

The report of the Commander of the
Powhatan will no doubt have an honor-
able mention of the brave Quartermas-
ter. The merchant captain who reports
the incidents narrated above adds that
the man who was killed was buried with
military honors, the remains being es-
corted to the cemetery by a guard of
marines and the Catholic bishop and
his assistants being in attendance in
their robes of office. The name of the
dead man was not ascertained by the
merchant captain.

Four Boys Did It.

It was nothing-noting but the body
of a laboring man suspended to a limb
of a tree on Seventh street, moving like
a pendulum as the night wind swayed
it. A woman who was returning from
the grocery caught sight of the ghastly
spectacle and dropped two bars of soap
and a pound of candles on the walk and
ran screaming away. Two boys came
along and took a skip through the mud
and raised a yell, and the driver of a
milk wagon stopped his horses and
rang his bell in a way to bring a dozen
householders out doors. A half circle
was formed about the tree, a policeman
sent for, and a sudden hush fell upon
the crowd.

"Probably out of work and driven to
it," whispered one.

"No doubt he had trouble with his
wife," signed a second.

Cuban Senoritas.

A visitor to Cuba says: Now I wish
I could tell you something about the
fair senorita which would picture her
correctly in your eye-something that
would tell you how attractive and allur-
ing she is in some things and how un-
inviting in others. As a rule she moves
along with a languishing ease that I was
almost going to say reminded me of a
duckling on its way to the nearest water.
She wears the most ridiculous small
shoes, with pretigious heels that are
in about the centre of the foot. No
wonder the dear creature cannot walk.
The daughter of Cuba is not stylish in
her bearing, she inclines too much to
dumpling shape, but whatever she is,
she is never what the Americans call
"scrawny." It is at the opera-at the
Theater Tacon-that you see her in all
her elegance. It is there she blooms in
all colors-scarlet, crimson, white and
blue. She wears no bonnet or hat. She ex-
pects and wishes to be gazed at and
never seems conscious of it. Her fan is
before her and she is going through
those thousand and one graceful man-
ners with it that only a Spanish woman
knows the secret of. It opens and
shuts, is waved, fluttered, flipped and
flapped about till your head swims and
you are only conscious of seeing a dizzy
array of bright colors through which a
pair of soft black eyes may be looking
at you and through you as innocently as
possible. I have not seen the Havana
maiden within the sacred precincts of
her home, but I have been told I have
seen her at her best, under the floating
gas lights of the plaza and at the opera,
but I have heard a little gossip about
them that I cannot refrain from giving
you in this idle hour. They do say
they are passionately fond of dress and
sacrifice everything for personal adorn-
ment. They will purchase costly jewels
which sometimes they cannot afford and
even forget to pay for. They are pas-
sionately fond of perfumes and are con-
tinually sprinkling themselves with eau
de cologne, spirit of lavender, etc., and
when the lady of the house wishes to
show particular attention to her visitors
she offers them perfumed waters, drop-
ping it in the bosoms of the ladies and
on the handkerchiefs of the gentlemen.
They are usually good musicians and
most of them play the piano and guitar
and sing when they are not eating fool-
ish little sweets and bon-bons. During
the sultry hours of mid-day, as they
languidly swing, swing, in their ham-
mocks, I have heard that they indulge
in their pure Havanas, rolling from out
their ruby lips pretty little rings of
smoke that quietly float away and dis-
solve in thin air. It is when the dark-
eyed Cuban maiden falls in love with
some gay Lothario that her heart goes
out in pity for her. She must always
have some elderly dame with her-the
inevitable duenna must be in constant
attendance upon the streets. When a
Cuban lady becomes a wife she is do-
mestic, faithful and patient, devoted in
every word and thought to her lord and
master, to an extent unknown among
northern women. You never heard of
a woman's rights convention or a Dorcas
society in all the fair island of Cuba.

In the streets you meet all manner of
strange-looking people. Spaniards,
negroes, Cubans and Chinamen mix
hilariously together. It is hard to tell
whether the white, the black, the black
and white or the genuine and unadulter-
ated yellow are in the majority. The
whites of Cuba are Spaniards of old
Spain, or Cubans, sons of the soil, very
much differing from each other in per-
son and political belief, yet alike in the
general characteristics which come of
blood and race. The Cuban of Havana
is a born dandy. He pinches his feet
in agonizing shoes that run out to a
point and turned up like a butten-hook
His shirt collars are prodigious and his
whole head is sunk down and hidden
within them, while the little display of
bosom is plastered over with jewelry of
the gaudiest nature. On his hands are
rings set with high-colored gems, while
the nails of his fingers grow long like
those of a Chinese nobleman. When
you shake hands with him you feel as if
you had grasped some damp, wet penny-
a-grab cigars, with clay mouth-pieces to
them. His coat, which seems to have
been made for a taller man, always has
the appearance of trying to creep over
the back of his neck, but his pants are
his crowning glory. Commencing small
at the top, they continue to enlarge as
they run downwards, much after the
style of a cornucopia. Each leg looks
like a couple of long bells. Altogether,
he is a tropical dnde. I have spoken
of his general appearance as farcical,
and so you will find the largest number
of them in Havana, for there is no city
in the world that has so many youths
engaged exclusively in smoking paper
cigars and fondling canes, and to whom
personal adornment is the sole ambition
of their lives. Yet with all his vanity
he is courteously and elegant in manner,
for he comes of a race among whom
courtesy and deference and amiable
demeanor are cardinal virtues. When
he enters the dining-room of a hotel
he salutes all, even those who are
strangers to him, with an air of defer-
ence and courtesy. He converses with
a lady on the street and his hat is always
held in his hand. He is never obtru-
sive or noisy, but moves about in the
calm manner of one to the manner
born.

A BISSSEL AVENUE child tried to say
yesterday, "A little of that is enough,"
but said, "Too much of that is enough."
Then, somewhat disconcerted at the
laugh this raised, she corrected herself,
and said, "Enough of that is too much."

Mrs. FINAFORE has read of a man
"holding his seat in Congress for thirty
years," and she can't understand why
a Congressman should hold his seat so
long, unless he is afraid an opposition
member will steal it if he takes his
hands off it.

A STORY is current in Indianapolis
that a boy has had his arm torn off by
carelessly fooling near the works of a
railroad brakeman's watch.

A HEALTHY JOURNAL says that you
ought to take three-quarters of an
hour for your dinner. It is well also to
add a few vegetables and a piece of
meat.