

A MEXICAN "FIESTA."

A SEASON OF RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AND INDULGENCE.

Brutality of the Bull Fight—The Native Mexican an Inevitable Gambler—Various Games of Chance—An Ordealy Crowd.

Every Mexican town has a patron saint whose duty it is supposed to be to watch and guard over the interests of the town and its inhabitants.

The patron saint of the old town across the r. r. Paso del Norte, is Our Lady of Guadalupe. The natives begin their celebration on the 8th and keep it up till the 24th, when they have to quit so as to be ready to begin the Christmas festivities on the 25th.

The celebration of "fiesta," as it is called, consists of: 1. Religious ceremonies conducted daily in the celebrated old church known to be over 345 years old. 2. Attending three or four bull fights a week. 3. Gambling, and lastly, drinking plenty of pulque, mescal and tequila and having a good time generally.

Then the bull fights nothing could be more brutal or disgusting. Take a dog fight, a cock fight or a fight between two men, and you know that they are but following out the instincts of nature, and if either contestant gets enough he can show the white feather and generally get away. The bull fight is different; the poor brute is goaded and scored before he is turned into the ring; there he is again goaded and speared and finally killed. He stands no more show than a mouse in a box with a cat.

AN INVETERATE GAMBLER.

Sunday I went over to see life on the plaza. The native Mexican is an inveterate gambler. He will risk almost anything on the turn of a die. The plaza, a square in the center of the village, was turned into an extensive gambling establishment, and the games were numerous, and those run by Mexicans depended entirely on chance. The American faked was, however, on hand, and would sell you a \$3 bill rolled in a piece of paper for \$2, and a few other snags of that description, but the main games were Mexican. First in importance was the national game of monte. It consists primarily in dealing two cards from the bottom of the pack and then betting as to which of the two will be turned up first. There are many modifications of the game which would require an experienced person to describe. I have not been here long enough to acquire that experience.

Another game very popular, especially with the ladies, is a kind of an odd or even affair. There is a funnel-shaped contrivance with the bottom sloping to the center; in the center are several stops, one a single marble can drop in from a general receptacle to hold them all. A handful of marbles is thrown and the gambler bets whether an odd or even number will drop in the general receptacle.

The game most numerous, however, and which seemed to draw the largest crowds, especially of the American population, among whom was a large delegation from the California excursion in town over the Illinois Central, was played with dice. The layout consisted of a table, six cards numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, a dice box, three dice, a few silver coins and any amount of tloacs (pronounced "tloacs"), a Mexican coin nominally worth 3/4 cent, being a quarter of a real, which is one-eighth of a dollar, but in hard American money 5 cents will buy four of them.

DEALER AND DICE.

The dealer shakes the box and throws the dice on the table still covered by the box. The excruciated puts his money, say on the card marked three. The box is lifted; if there is a three up the dealer pays even; if there is a pair of threes up he pays two for one. If there are three threes up he pays three for one. It is apparently a square game, and the onlooker who is interested may spend a handful of "tloacs" before he discovers there are several per cent, if not more, in favor of the dealer.

There are several other games of less importance, among which I noted a modification of the wheel of fortune. In this, however, every turn drew a prize. A "clicker" purchased the right to turn the wheel, and wherever the arrow stopped it would point to an article of some value, ranging from two hairpins to a cheap cotton handkerchief. What the young cowboy whom I saw gather in about a dozen hairpins will do with them is still a mystery to me.

Social Freedom in Mexico.

No place affords such perfect social freedom as a Mexican tertulia. Anybody presented by any other body as known to the head of the family is sure to be politely received and "admitted to the house," as the Mexican phrase is. The Mexicans are a polite and social race in all cases where there is nothing to arouse their antagonism or jealousy. Any one who is affable and well dressed is made welcome in a Mexican household so long as he presents no likelihood of competition or rivalry with the master of it in his business or political career. There is no place in the world where the coat and not the man who wears it takes more marked precedence than here.

Love of dress is a ruling passion in the breast of every Mexican—male and female. In nothing does their Aztec Indian blood show itself more plainly. From the poor verdleria (vegetable hawk) of the market place, who ornaments her ears, neck, wrists and fingers with the cheap imitation corals which may be purchased for a few centavos, to the first ladies of society, whose persons glitter with diamonds wherever it is possible to place them, this desire for adornment is universally manifested. Rich apparel and a graceful address are better passports to the most aristocratic tertulias than the most sterling mental or moral worth.

It is this readiness to open wide the social doors which makes Mexican society so sadly mixed in character. But the adventures who thus gain an entrance often prove very useful. If there is a fiddle they are planets of the first magnitude, being usually of an active race with elastic limbs and unembarrassed by superfluous flesh. They dance from the first footings of the orchestra to its last quivering notes. They give piano and salutory exercise to large numbers of machachos (young ladies) who would otherwise ornament the wall throughout the evening. This excites the gratitude of many mammae, affords these sons of fortune new avenues to establishment in life, and causes them to be unanimously voted by the whole tertulia "the nicest kind of young men."—Mexico Cor. Kansas City Times.

A New Name for a Skeptic.

"Young men believe in nothing now-a-days," says Mrs. Ramsbottom, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an acroftic."—Exchange.

A SADLY DUPED EMPEROR.

A Curious Story Concerning Napoleon III and a Contract.

I was lately told by a southern gentleman in a very curious story, going to prove how thoroughly duped and deceived was Napoleon III at the close of his reign, and how gigantic were the frauds and peculations then being carried on by the imperial officials. This gentleman's father had been on intimate terms with Louis Napoleon when he resided in the United States, and the future emperor had often been his guest on his plantation in Louisiana. My friend was traveling in Europe in the year 1859, and on arriving in Paris, and wishing to be presented to the emperor, whom he well remembered as having, when a boy, seen at his father's house, he wrote to one of the imperial chamberlains, setting forth his desire, and also the facts of the case. The emperor, whose kindly feelings for the friends of his adversity was well known, at once granted him a private interview.

The French sovereign and the American citizen conversed long and pleasantly, and when the latter arose to take his leave Napoleon asked him as to his next point of destination. "I am on my way to England, sir," was the reply. "Then," said the emperor, "I wish you would go to the establishment of Messrs. M—, the great gunmakers, and ask them how the order sent them from our war office for 250,000 guns is progressing. They ought to be nearly completed by this time. The American undertook the commission, and called as requested at the office of the firm. The clerk to whom he first addressed his question simply laughed in his face. "You must be out of your senses," he said. "Such an order has never been given and the guns do not exist." My countryman became indignant, and insisted upon seeing one of the members of the firm. Mr. M—, the senior partner, was summoned, but could only confirm the statement of the clerk. "I assure you, sir," he said, courteously, "that we have never received an order of any kind from the French government for so much as a single gun." Yet these guns had been paid for, though unnumbered and non-existent. A striking proof of this incident of the vast peculations that took place during the latter years of the empire. My friend forwarded a statement of the facts to Napoleon III, but doubtless all precautions had been taken to prevent any such information from reaching the deposed sovereign, whose bright days were then fast drawing to their close.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Need of a Written Code.

If a written code were enacted we should be able to set an example to foreign aristocrats, who base precedence on real rank and defend it as a part of a system, a necessary adjunct of nobility. We could show that it may be founded on the most short lived grandeur or unsubstantial consequence; that it requires neither distinction, nor character, nor attainment, nor age, which in certain spheres are supposed to be reasons for social preference—but only rotation in office. Like Iago's purse, 'twas mine, 'twas yours, and may be slave to thousands."

But above all we could definitely extend precedence to wives. The English, whom I mention because they are so generally acknowledged as models for our social study—the English rank the idea of a prime minister's wife having rank because of the official position of her husband. Mrs. Gladstone followed every process in the land when Mr. Gladstone was at the head of the government; and even the wife of the archbishop of Canterbury goes behind the wife of an inferior bishop who happens to be noble by birth. But we would give the wife of a judge precedence forever over the wife of a senator, and entitle the wife of a cabinet member to the first visit from every American woman not in the government. Then there would be no more New Year's dispatches to the White House. No one could ask: "Who gave these ladies the place they demand?" or "To what office were they elected or appointed?" As it is, these questions are embarrassing, and the ladies should be relieved. The rank of the widows would be of course be determined, and the place of the sons of senators and the sons' wives. There is a mighty task before the legislators, and I fear, a still mightier before the political orators.—Adam Badeau in New York World.

Boston Girl on a Toboggan.

The Boston girl is herself on a toboggan, as everywhere else. In the first place she modifies and subdues the costume to suit her own personality. The wild eccentricities of the St. Paul or the Montreal maiden are tamed by her to a charm as delicate and delightful as her self.

The Boston girl does not take up tobogganing because it is a craze, nor because of its possibilities of picturesqueness and effectiveness, as the New York girl does. She accepts it as one of the developments of the progress of this last quarter of the century, and goes into it with concentration and the certain charming seriousness which is a part of her way of looking at everything. She is conscious first and last and always that all pleasures are elusive and fleeting, but she sees the philosophical beauty of change, and accepts tobogganing as she will presently accept whatever other good the gods send her in this way of fun.

The Boston girl makes her own suit and gets up a gay little costume at a cost of \$5 or \$10, which would cost at least half as much again in the stores. Then she goes forth to Cambridge or Corry Hill or some other enchanting suburban side and enjoys the moonlight and the fun, and if she catches cold from overexercise or from getting tipped over into the snow she goes home and endures the cold away and comes forth the next day brighter and more self-confident than ever, with a new flash of pink arbutus for her delicate face.—Boston Record.

A Prize for an Answer.

The Berlin Weekly Echo offers a prize of twenty marks for the briefest and wittiest answer to the following conundrum: A young spendthrift who is able to borrow money only because his affianced has promised to pay his debts after the wedding, falls into a river together with her before the wedding has taken place, and both are on the point of being drowned. A miserly creditor of the young man happens to pass, jumps into the water and saves—who and why?

A New Marriage Ritual.

The Marquis of Queensberry, who is being sued for divorce, once proposed to substitute in the marriage ritual of the English church for the words: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" the words "Whom the government or nature may put asunder let no man attempt to keep together."—Chicago Tribune.

Lengthened His Days.

"Stop smoking," said a Boston doctor to an ailing patient the other day, "and it will lengthen your days." The patient stopped. The doctor's prediction was verified. The first day the patient declared as long as his whole previous life.—Boston Transcript.

The Demand for Frogs is so Great in the vicinity of the larger eastern cities that frog farms are springing up everywhere.

ESCAPE FROM LIBBY.

A FEDERAL MAJOR'S SCHEME WHICH PROVED SUCCESSFUL.

Buying a Confederate Uniform by Disguise—Digging the Famous Tunnel—To Disguise—Simulating Sickness—A Free but Very Nervous Man.

I doubt if there was among us a captive without some pet theory by which liberty might be regained, and like the rest I nursed, though silently, a firm determination to escape, well knowing that slavery must be main dependence since a reward would be offered during the second year of service rendered me too lame to hope for any luck on foot or in the open. I knew that a complete disguise would be indispensable to my purpose, and that all my haste must be made slowly. Persistent dicker and trading here and there when and wherever I could safely do it gradually put me in possession of the different parts of a gray uniform, and I was meanwhile doing what I could to make the wounded leg serviceable to bear me toward freedom. Patient and oftentimes painful toil it took to achieve this end, but, like the rest, I was desperate and counted no effort too great. I paced the room in which I was confined and learned how many times about it made a mile. Then day after day I increased my walk, improving my ability as a pedestrian and earning among my comrades the reputation of a crank. My health was giving way. To remain much longer meant that some morning I should go forth in one of the rude boxes we daily saw hauled away, we know not where, in the prison cart. I had also another motive—to a man of 23 probably the chief motive. I have nearly double! my years since then, but I can look across my table and see the eyes which drew me out of Libby and smiling back the love which has never grown cold.

WATCHING TO ESCAPE.

Waiting and watching my chance, I left my bed unshorn for months, determined to look as little as possible in the eyes of the sentry. To remain much longer meant that some morning I should go forth in one of the rude boxes we daily saw hauled away, we know not where, in the prison cart. I had also another motive—to a man of 23 probably the chief motive. I have nearly double! my years since then, but I can look across my table and see the eyes which drew me out of Libby and smiling back the love which has never grown cold.

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The original intention was by tunneling to reach the sewer, which discharged into the canal at the rear of the prison, and following it, to escape along the edge of the water.

But having accomplished the first portion of this plan the sewer was found to be impracticable from being entirely full, and this immense labor had to be repeated in another direction. Another tunnel was therefore run to and beyond a board fence (a distance of sixty feet) which separated the Libby from the next building. Once beyond the fence one was outside the guard and must take his chance of getting clear of the city. Through this tunnel one month later 159 prisoners made their escape, fifty-eight of the poor souls being recaptured. Many have claimed the credit of this affair, but undoubtedly the real engineer of the famous Libby tunnel was Col. William A. Rose, who when within sight of our lines at Williamsburg, Va., was overtaken and returned to Richmond.

HASTENING MY SCHEME.

The knowledge of what was in process hastened my own plans, for I foresaw that the inevitable discovery would cause such vigilance and suspicion as would render any further attempts futile. Early on the morning of Jan. 25 I shaved my face entirely clean and for want of a better medium darkened my eyebrows and hair with a mixture of soot and water and yellowed my skin with a decoction of walnut shells, which fairly hid the Saxon cut I was born to. My gray suit was put on over a pair of blue pants, the gray ones being rolled up to the knees so that my blue army overcoat might cover all except the lower part of my clothing and so assist the disguise. The call for the sick at 9 a. m. gave me an opportunity to go with a score of others to the guard house for advice and medicine. Simulating weakness I passed the examination and lolled near the doorway, hoping to seize a lucky moment for slipping out, but too many were about, and, baffled, I returned to my quarters to watch and wait. Up to a short time previous to this we as officers had had free access to all the rooms, but latterly the communicating doors had been nailed up, and this move, while it curtailed our freedom, also compelled the guard to go completely out of one building before entering another.

Among many foolish pranks a merciful Providence granted us one flower of wisdom. In some moment of inspiration we had saved one of the crows doors at the middle, and by placing a shelf on each side over the crack had procured an innocent appearance of convenience, where was really a means of quick communication. I am thus particularly, because in the end this trick proved to be my salvation. At 8 o'clock occurred the daily roll call, and just previous to it myself and a brother officer, who was rendering me such help as he could, slipped quietly through the half door, exchanging places with two others who were in my secret and prepared for this move. In this middle room free access was permitted by a staircase to the ground floor, where we promptly went, being counted there instead of where we belonged.

All went well. The tally proved correct and the guard formed into platoon and left the room. Simultaneously I rolled down my gray pants, clapped on a gray cap and throwing back my arms was peeped by my comrades with theatrical rapidity of the overcoat which concealed my gray clothing. Ere the door could be closed I had followed the guard and marched out upon the sidewalk a free but very nervous man.—Maj. John F. Porter in Philadelphia Times.

Newspapers as an Educator.

"I never read a book any more," said an exceptionally intelligent merchant of this city, "and I think I am about as well informed as the majority of business men."

"What do you read?" asked the reporter. "The newspapers and occasionally a magazine. Well conducted newspapers now have careful reviews of the best books, obviating the necessity of reading those books. They carry descriptions of every new invention and are a complete history of each day's events. In addition they publish enough reminiscences to keep a man tolerably well posted in history so that reading books is an act of supererogation. The newspapers give me everything I want."—Philadelphia Times-Star.

Speaking of pork and plays, although they are commonly supposed to be no connection between the two, would a small boy's hind leg be a Hamlet?—Indianapolis Post-Tribune.

PROVERBS ABOUT SNOW.

A Selection of Sayings Which Seem to Have a Foundation in Fact.

There are many proverbs about snow. Some have relation to signs by which the number of storms during the season are to be calculated and others to the number of storms in the following winter, while still others claim a connection between the snow and the snow. Fearing by these, it may be interesting at the beginning of the snow season to have a selection of the proverbs which seem to have a foundation in fact.

Snow is generally preceded by a general animation of man and beast, which continues until after the snowfall ceases. When the first snow remains on the ground some time in places not exposed to the sun expect a hard winter.

It takes three cloudy days to bring a heavy snow.

If the snow flakes increase in size a thaw will follow.

If there is no snow before January there will be the more snow in March and April. The more snow the more healthy the season.

Heavy snow in winter favors the crops of the following summer.

A snow year, a rich year.

Snow is a poor man's fertilizer, and good crops will follow a winter of heavy snowfall.

If much snow be spread on the mountain in winter the season of planting will be made blue with verdure.

A heavy fall of snow indicates a good year for crops, and a light fall the reverse.

Much sleet in winter will be followed by a good fruit year.—Boston Journal.

Honour to Boston Beauty.

The occasion was that of a fashionable wedding in a fashionable church. The bride was the patrician daughter of a house that dates its proud name back possibly to Charlemagne or farther, and the bridegroom no whit less distinguished in ancestry. The solemn knot had been tied amid a throng of the haute noblesse of the city, all friends, relatives and acquaintances of the happy pair, who were admitted by card, and the procession took up the line of march to their carriages. As is usual on such occasions, the striped awning drew an eager crowd to catch a passing glimpse of the bride and her attendants, and such a goodly crowd had collected on this day that the municipal police had a hard time in keeping the curious ones at a respectful distance from the hidden wedding guests. Among those unbidden on-lookers was one of those irrepressible New England riders of Irish parentage who are ever ready with their eager eyes and quick perception to take in every situation without losing any of the attendant details. As the last carriage drove up in front of the awning for its owner, the irrepressible, who was on one side of the openings in the awning, called across to a friend of the same age on the opposite side, "That is the last of 'em."

"Have you seen 'em all, Mary Ann?" asked the friend.

"Yes, I have; I seen 'em all, and my ain't they homely? Come, let's go home," replied the irrepressible, without a ray of envy in her quick black eyes as she skipped merrily away. Blue blood; where is thy boast?—Boston Post.

A Carriage Maker's Experience.

Wall street men are looked upon by the sellers of good things and luxuries as the best customers in the city. A member of a leading carriage manufacturing firm, speaking of the bulls and bears the other day, said: "It is not the extremely wealthy man or the one who gets his fortune by slow accumulation who is our best patron. The Wall street man whose fortune hangs on the fluctuations of the market is the one, he is liberal and open handed, and when he strikes it rich he spends the money freely. When he is on the right side of the market, and he makes a haul he wants a Delmonico dinner, a carriage, the theatre and all the good things going. He acts regardless of expense. When he is down, he is clear down; when he is up, he is away up on top. And when he gets a carriage he wants a good one; no fixing over of an old one for him, no refurbishing, no new linings; but he must have a brand new article right up in style."

By contrast, there is a customer of ours who is reported to be worth \$50,000,000 whom we have been trying to induce to purchase a new carriage; he needs it, and says so; but he has not been as fortunate in speculations as he expected, and he feels poor! I suppose he will have the old carriage fixed up and make it do until he makes a ten strike. Another, a \$3,000,000 patron, is running on the same line, and his wife can't lead him to see his way clear to the purchase of a new vehicle. Your Wall street man who lives on his margins and who is up to-day and down to-morrow is the best customer of them all. He lives while he lives and then waits for the next year."—New York Tribune.

A Triumph of French Cookery.

Many wonderful stories have been told about the perfection to which the culinary art has attained among our neighbors across the channel, but the following, which we have every reason to believe has never before appeared in print, is worthy a place in the collection. It was related to the writer by a gentleman who had it from the lips of one of the chief actors in the story.

During the Crimean war an English officer high in rank dined one quiet afternoon to the French lines and accepted an invitation to dine with some officers of the allied army. The repast consisted of several courses, each one in the opinion of the English officer being more tempting and delicious than the last. On having been asked as a favor if he might be informed of what dishes he had partaken, and particularly the two last ones.

The cook was sent for and was much embarrassed when told of the Englishman's request. On being pressed he replied with some hesitation that the last two dishes were compounded of fragments of meat and poultry which had been discarded as offal by the English cooks, and which were collected day by day at the rear of the English officers' tents.—Chicago Tribune.

The Distance of the Horizon.

What is the distance of the horizon from the sea shore? Owing to the curvature of the earth's surface the distance between a spectator on the sea shore and the dip of the horizon becomes greater according to the height of the spectator above the level of the sea. The rule for measuring this distance is as follows: To the height of the eye in feet add half the height and extract the square root of the sum, the result being the distance in statute miles. Hence if the spectator's eye were six feet above the level of the sea the distance would be three miles; if his eye were ten feet above the level of the sea the distance would be nearly four miles, and so on for any height above the sea level.—Chicago Tribune.

She Caught the Idea.

No teacher who does not try it can know how easy it is for children to use words they do not understand. We were in a school the other day where a pupil spelled "heroine." "Write in a sentence," said the superintendent, with whom we were going the rounds. "I went heroine and caught many," wrote the child, who knows more of heroines than of the heroine.—Journal of Education.

SNOWFLAKES.

Where do they go, The melting flakes of the bright, white snow? They go to nourish the April showers; They go to foster the Maytime flowers; Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow, There do they go.

How do they go? Drop after drop, in a silent flow, When the warm sun falls, and the winds are loud, And the swallow flies in the rift of the cloud, Through the frozen veins of the earth below, They softly go.

Why do they go? Because Dame Nature will have it so! More than this, truly, I cannot tell; I am neither a seer nor an oracle! When all is answered, I only know, That they come and go.

—Kate Putnam Ogden.

THE CEMETERY OF PARIS.

A Pleasure Trip Under the Streets of the Gay Metropolis.

Excursions under Paris form one of the features in the movement for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent floods in France, and the pious sewers are literally patronized by the fashionable world. A reporter of The Gil Blas gives this description:

"We started from the Place Cloutier at 3 o'clock and descended a little winding staircase, the steps and walls of which were covered with a green cloth fringed by a red border. There is not the slightest danger of soiling your clothes or of encountering the slightest disagreeable odor. On arriving at the foot of the stairs a fine display of fruits and vegetables was the first thing to greet our eyes. These products were from Gennevilliers, and were grown in gardens that are watered by the sewers. We got into a wagon, in which were seats for twenty persons. Off we went, shoved along by solid looking fellows, all neatly dressed. Above us was a mass of tubes and pipes. They are the water pipes, the two largest containing our drinking water from the Vaugne and the water of the Ourcq, which is used for washing the streets and sidewalks. Then there are the pneumatic tubes, in which we can hear the rattle of the dispatch boxes as they shoot along.

"Suddenly we heard the passengers in the wagon ahead of us uttering cries of admiration. We were under the Rue de Rivoli, but soon we reached the crossing of the Rue du Pont Neuf. This tunnel is lighted from end to end with parlans of colored lamps. The effect is fairly like the same effect reproduced under the Rue de Louvre, the Rue de Richelieu and the Place des Vendomes, where precisely under the statue of Joan of Arc appear in luminous form the arms of the city of Paris. We passed along, still following the Rue de Rivoli, where each house has its number in the sewer, just as in the street, until we reached the Place de la Concorde. There the electric lights, crossing their fires with the reflections of the Venetian lamps, turn the square into a sort of ball room. Nothing is wanting, not even the music. We all got out of the wagons to embark in large boats furnished with cushioned seats. The music was in the first boat, which was decorated with flags and lamps. The boats were started. We followed the entire route of the Rue Royale by the light of fifty dazzling electric lights.

"After a quarter of an hour in this boat we landed at the foot of a staircase, which we mounted, and in three minutes we were above ground at La Madeleine. It is much colder in the streets than it was in the sewers, where the temperature, summer and winter, is always uniformly pleasant."—New York Sun.

Organized Charity in Chicago.

The Provident wood yard is an institution for the confusion and discomfort of tramps. It is in charge of a stony hearted young fellow named McAniff. It is under the direction of the Charity Organization society, and is self-supporting. When a tramp asks a charity organizer for help the charity organizer refers him to the central office and the central office sends him to the Provident wood yard. When he gets there Mr. McAniff helps him to a buck saw and a few large bundles of wood and shows him how to saw for a living. The tramp says may be half an hour, and then goes on a strike, curing charity organizations and monopolies in general, and the man who invented a buck saw in particular. But if he sticks to work for two hours or so, until he has sawed a cord of wood saved into kindling, he earns a ticket which is good for a 10 cent meal or a 10 cent lodging. Then, when he has walked two miles or so to the eating house and gorged himself on what his ticket calls for, he has received a good practical lesson in the virtue and reward of honest toil.—Chicago Tribune.

Queer Funeral of an Epicurean.

A funeral of an extraordinary character took place in Yorkshire, when Mr. J. S. Broderick, a well known follower of Epicurus, of Hawes, in North Yorkshire, was buried. The interment took place in the deceased gentleman's own land at Spring End, on the top of a hill. Mr. Broderick, who believed in the transmigration of souls, had directed that no minister of religion should attend his burial, and that no religious ceremony of any kind should be performed over his remains. The funeral, therefore, was almost of a unique description. The procession had to pass over Stagfield, one of the spurs of the Pennine range, and as the road was blocked in places over twelve feet deep with snow drifts the mourners had a most difficult task. The immediate place of sepulchre was very rocky. It had been chosen by the deceased gentleman, and blasting operations had to be carried on during the whole of two days to complete the grave, which is nearly twenty feet below the surface.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dinners in Large Cities.

Dinners in New York, in London, in Washington, in Philadelphia, in perhaps all large cities, are conducted on debt paying principles, and therefore they grow very dull. Not that people desire indecorous pleasure, but they get bored to death by gilded and overburdened splendor. Almost all hard working men in America are dyspeptic and only look at their hands during the three or four last courses. Two people are brought together, perhaps, who have never met before. They have positively no subject in common. To relieve this awkward moment, to raise the dull, depressing cloud which settles over the jaded senses, what better than an ingenious dinner card, with a quotation from Shakespeare or a few lines of original poetry? Here at least is an opening wedge, a text, a beginning, a subject of common interest. It is worth a world to an anxious hostess. To see her guests thus amused, introduced, and put at their ease at once is worth much money.—Mrs. John Sherwood in New York World.

The Ears of Criminals.

The president of the Berlin police calls attention to the advantages accruing to police authorities everywhere by taking profile photographs of criminals which will distinctly show the left ear. He says that while the features of the face change in the course of time, the ear retains its shape forever, and furthermore, there are no two persons whose ears are identically formed.—Boston Transcript.

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