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THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive's need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times and plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things,
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light;—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop for less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise;
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

—McClure's Magazine.

A NEAT JOB.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

The barred and padlocked van came out of the courtyard of the bank into St. Swithin's Lane and was driven slowly and with great circumstance down to Cannon-st. station. Mr. Large, in his long frieze overcoat, sat on the box near the driver, for Mr. Large was one of the bank couriers, red-faced and whiskered and sufficiently rotund of figure, with a seafaring manner that not even a large silk hat could hide. Mr. Large told the driver that, this being the last day of the old year, he was making his final trip on behalf of the bank; on his return the bank proposed to superannuate him, with a handsome allowance, and he did not know that he should not take a nice little hotel down at Hythe, on which he had had his eye for some considerable time. "This," added Mr. Large to the driver, with his usual caution, "this is confidence, mind." The driver answered that it should not go any further, and that he knew when to keep his mouth shut and when to open it.

"In our business," agreed Mr. Large, "you have to."

At the station the padlocks were taken off the back of the van, and three large wooden cases, red taped and sealed with scarlet wax, were taken out by the railway porters carefully and placed in a first-class compartment. It was all done with a fine air of mystery, because to mention the name of Large's bank was to fill railway men, and even custom officials, with awe and reverence. Especially at about the end of the year.

"Might those cases contain bonds, inspector?" asked an inquisitive passenger.

"Well," said the inspector, shifting his lamp from one hand to the other, "they might contain anything."

"But what do they contain?"

"Ah!" replied the inspector, evasively. "Now you're asking me something."

There were not many passengers by the night mail from Cannon-st., but among them there was a party of three, two well dressed, matronly women and a muffled-up man; the two women, when they had seen the muffled-up man into a first-class compartment and had warned him to keep his scarf over his chin, came back and watched the proceedings with studied carelessness.

"Wish your poor husband was alive, Catherine," said one in an undertone. "This would have been a job after his own heart."

"He was always planning something of the kind," said Catherine, feelingly; "but he was never spared to carry it out. Seemed as though he wasn't to be. Poor George!" The lady shook her head sadly. "I don't believe, Margaret, there was ever anybody like him."

"Fortunately," said Margaret, there is somebody like this man Large."

"Hush!" remarked the other reprovingly.

"And it's some consolation to think that your poor 'usband is looking down now and seeing us three helping the foreign gentleman to manage a scheme that"—

"Certainly," conceded Catherine, with emotion, "it is a mark of respect. And there's no doubt it was Providence sent me here this morning and let me listen to them making the arrangements. You sent the telegram to Delafon all right?"

"If Edward can only leave off—yes, dear, I sent the telegram—leave off being a silly fool for a little while it ought to pan out all right."

"He's the only man for the job, and there's been a rare job to get the likeness right."

The other lady was not optimistic.

"I haven't been his lawful married wife," she said, "these two and twenty years without finding out that Edward has his faults. How'd it be to take our seats before the train starts?"

At Dover the usual commotion of passengers slighting at the low, narrow platform and, draped with rugs and decorated with portmanteaus, descending the wooden steps to the Calais steamer was stayed for a few moments while Mr. Large, with the imperial air that a Viceroy tries to catch but cannot, strode down, keeping a severe eye on the porters who were carrying the three elaborately sealed cases. The crowd of passengers had to wait while this took place, and the cold wind, determined to have some fun before the old year went out, blew their hats off and fluttered ladies' cloaks impudently. Then the ordinary passengers came down, and Mr. Large, who had changed his silk hat for a tweed traveling cap that had flaps to cover his ears, and was tied securely under the chin, nodded to the captain (who seemed pleased to see him), and demanded a prophecy in regard to the journey across. The captain said that it might perhaps be the least bit boisterous, and Mr. Large answered he knew what that meant. Let the cases be placed in the strong room, where they would be secure from injury by sea water and he would take a private cabin.

"Right you are, Mr. Large," said the captain. "Not too early, I hope, to wish you a happy New Year. How's the firm?"

"We're sending you a basket of game this year," remarked Mr. Large casually. "Struck me your missis would like that better than cigars."

"It all comes in useful," replied the captain, "where you've got a family. See you again presently."

The captain went up on the bridge. The last trunk slid down the wooden gangway and was caught by the sailors on deck; a bell rang; the steamer whistled a mournful, regretful note to indicate its regret at leaving, if only for a few hours, the land of its birth; the engines grunted and the steamer, making a prodigious amount of white foam, went out into the dark, blustering night. The lights of Dover town fringing the shore winked; a railway engine, anxious to show off, gave an imitation of a cock crowing at early dawn. Snow began to fall as the end of the pier was passed, and the steamer showed premonitory signs of playing at pitch and toss.

"Why, I declare!" exclaimed the matronly woman called Catherine, with great astonishment—passengers were moving about mistily on board, and many were going downstairs—"I declare, if it isn't Mr. Large."

"Well," said Mr. Large with reserve, "what of it?"

"Why, don't you remember me? I was lady's maid at the place in Pembridge Square years and years ago, when you used to come there courting."

"That's a long time ago," said Mr. Large, uneasily. "Let bygones be bygones."

"But isn't it marvellous we should run across each other like this after all these years?"

"I don't know about being marvellous," replied Mr. Large curtly. "'Tisn't the first time I've been across the Channel, although it may be the last."

"For pleasure, I presume."

"Then," said Mr. Large, "you'd presume wrong."

"I shall never forget what a smart, good-looking, well-built young fellow you were when you used to call at Pembridge Square years ago."

"I s'pose," remarked Mr. Large, with less frigidity of manner, "I s'pose I could hold me own with the best of 'em in those days."

"How that girl used to rave about you, Mr. Large! I believe she worshipped the very ground you walked on."

"Was a bit gone on me, wasn't she?" said Mr. Large, chuckling. "Lord! the hearts I've broken one way and the other. What was your husband when he married?"

"He was—er—a commission agent," said the lady; "used to dabble in nearly everything. There's a sister of mine on board."

"Well," said Mr. Large, rising, "I shall be getting down to my cabin; there's a little too much movement on the part of this steamer to suit me."

"We're in the saloon, Mr. Large. My sister would like to see you, I expect; her husband's with her."

"What's he?"

"Well, he"——the lady coughed and pulled her long cloak around her, "he's a commission agent, too."

"Give 'em my kind regards," said Mr. Large. "I'd see 'em, only that I've got important business in hand this journey. May meet again, perhaps."

"Likely as not," said the lady.

Midway in the channel the sea was less boisterous, and the steamer went more sanely. Mr. Large, muffled up in his thick frieze overcoat, had fallen nearly asleep on the couch of his cabin when he heard a tap at the door. He did not answer, and the door opened very gently. Assuming it to be one of the sailors, he roared an imperative order to bring refreshments; the door opened wider and the two matronly ladies presented themselves.

"It is the right cabin," said Catherine. "Come on, Edward; come in and shut the door."

Mr. Large sat upon the couch and stared at the three with undisguised astonishment. The muffled-up man kept his head down and examined the floor of the cabin with an assumption of great interest.

"Well," said Mr. Large, satirically, "I hope you're making yourselves thoroughly at home."

"Margaret and her husband would insist on seeing you, and the only plan was for us all to come in here together."

"Pity there wasn't some other plan."

"Edward, where's that bottle of special you said you'd got?"

The silent Edward produced from the side pocket of his overcoat a large flat bottle, and uncorking it, passed it across to Mr. Large.

"Ladies first," said Mr. Large.

"I could no more touch spirits," said Catherine, making a wry face, "than I could fly. I did have a sip when I lost my poor husband, and the mere smell of it brings him all back to me."

"I was always a strict Band of Hoper as a child," remarked Margaret primly, "and I don't want to begin at my time of life."

There was nothing for Mr. Large to do but to wipe his lips with the back of his hand, nod to each of his visitors, say that here was a happy New Year to them all, and to take a long drink from the flat bottle. Having done which, he replaced the flat bottle on the table unsteadily and looked around for a few moments at the three with half-closed eyes.

Then Mr. Large slipped from the couch to the floor.

"Now, Edward," said Catherine, with a prompt, decisive manner, "off with your scarf and try to play your part."

Edward obeyed silently, in the manner of one accustomed to do as he is told without argument. This done, it could be seen that he bore an amazing resemblance to the stupefied man; his whiskers had been carefully trimmed in a like manner; he had the same burly appearance and the same fresh-colored type of face. When he had taken Mr. Large's frieze coat and tied the traveling cap under his chin he looked rather more like Mr. Large than Mr. Large himself; when with a pair of scissors he cut off Mr. Large's whiskers few could have correctly given the identity of the two men.

"So far so good," said Catherine.

Mr. Large was placed in a restful position on the couch of the cabin with his face to the wall. He was breathing sterterously.

"Now do listen, Edward, like a good man, and attend to what we say. Tell him, Margaret, once more, what he's to do. Everything depends on him."

"You go up on deck," said Edward's wife, in a dictatorial way, "and you—are you listening?"

Edward replied briefly that his ears were not made of cloth.

"You go upstairs and you say a word or two to the captain in a casual kind of way. You speak about the three cases of bonds that we saw them put in the strong-room. Very well, then. You give half a crown to several of the men, and you keep close to them while they carry them on shore. Don't forget your name's Large, and don't forget to be very friendly with the customs officers if they say anything to you. You'll clear them through the customs here, mind, so that there shall be no bother at the other end."

Edward said that it was in this same clearance through the customs that he foresaw a chance of ructions.

"Nonsense!" cried Catherine, sharply. "Don't be so stupid."

"Then," went on Margaret, enforcing her points by tapping her forefinger on the table, "then you have them taken into the train; they'll reserve a first-class compartment for you, and you'll find Monsoor Delafon on the platform. You remember Monsoor Delafon?"

M. Delafon remained in Edward's memory, it seemed, by reason of the length of M. Delafon's nose. Edward said he could pick him out of a thousand.

"You won't have to pick him out at all. He'll come up to the carriage window, and you'll get one of the porters to unlock the door and let him come in with you and the three cases. Then on the way to Boulogne he'll know what to do with the contents of the cases, and he'll know how to get them out of the carriage. He will leave at Boulogne and meet his friends."

Edward said gloomily that it was all very well, but he wished the job over and done with.

"On the way to Paris you change your appearance in every possible way, and the moment the train arrives you nip out and make yourself as scarce as you can. Now, repeat it all over to me."

Edward, like a reluctant schoolboy, repeated the instructions sulkily, rather as though he were anxious to avoid a caning, and Catherine, who had been writing, impaled the sheet of note-paper on the table with a pin. On it she had written:

"Do not wake me. Am returning to Dover."

Then more injections were given to Edward by the two anxious women; the fact was once more impressed upon him that he had only to get the three cases in the train and all his trouble would be over, and a moderate competence assured to him for life.

"You'll be able to say good-by to work, Edward," said Catherine, cheerfully.

Edward answered that he didn't know that he'd ever said how d'ye do to it as yet, but be that as it might, he should not be sorry when he found himself on the boulevards. A job like this, said Edward, complainingly, told on a man's brain.

"If you don't do your best," said his wife, severely, "I'll never forgive you."

The two women went into the saloon, and Edward ascended the gangway to the upper deck. The lights of Calais were in sight, and the captain, meeting him at the top of the steps, said cheerily that he had made a good journey. How had Mr. Large managed? Fairly well? That was right. Edward endeavored to evade the captain, but the captain, before going up on the bridge to superintend the entrance into Calais harbor, seemed anxious to be genial to the representative of so important a bank, and offered polite inquiries concerning the health of other couriers of the firm, inquiries to which Edward in a low voice returned diplomatic answers.

"I tell you what's wrong with you," said the captain, suddenly. Edward started. "You've caught a cold. I can tell it by your voice."

Edward asked what else could be expected on a night like this. Enough to give any one a cold. When would the three cases be taken out of the strong room?

"Won't have them out till the last moment," said the captain. "How many years have you been over on New Year's Eve with a little consignment like this? Pretty good number, I know. They'd be disappointed in Paris, I expect, if they didn't turn up as usual. Quite looking forward to it, I expect."

Edward, agreeing, said that nothing had ever gone wrong all the time he had been connected with the bank, and he hoped, please goodness, that nothing amiss would happen to-night.

"Often wondered, Mr. Large," said the captain, "that you people don't send the things over by the Grande Vitesse service, just as ordinary people do. It would save all your expenses. But there, your people don't mind spending a little money so long as the thing is done well and safely. Suppose I'd better be getting up now. If I don't see you again, Mr. Large, allow me to wish you a very happy period of retirement. You've earned it, and you ought to enjoy it. Good night!"

The passengers came up from below, and on deck a few unrolled themselves from rugs and tarpaulins. Some who had been ill were corking up their bottles containing infallible preventives from seasickness and wondering how they looked and whether their faces were very white. Edward dispensed his half-crowns as one accustomed to that generous occupation, and the three cases were carried up to the pier, on which stood a line of men belonging to the customs and to the Chemin de fer du Nord; Edward followed close, and the women, with an approving nod, remained on deck to come up with the bulk of the passengers. A man with a long nose standing under a lamppost coughed. A customs official spoke.

"Ah, Mister Larch! How do you do? We await you always previous to the day of the year." The customs official smiled, and did it rather awkwardly, being a man who did not use himself to such weaknesses in a general way. "By there, if you please, Mr. Larch, follow me. How is"—— here the customs official lowered his voice reverently, "how is the baron?"

Edward said that the baron was among the middlings. He supposed it would not be necessary to open the cases.

"But yes! How else would it be possible to charge the droits de douane—the duty?"

Edward, in a state of great perturbation and dismay, protested. He always understood that there was no duty in France on bonds.

"Farceur!" laughed the custom officer. "You are a horrible man for your little joke. The bank does not send bonds for New Year's presents to its friends in Paris. See?" The officer had pried open the top of one of the cases. "As ordinary! Boxes of cigars, cases of bon bons, packages of—ah! the generous baron and his fortunate friends."

The amazed and perplexed Edward begged to be excused for half a moment while he went out to speak to a couple of lady friends. With these he held anxious consultation, and presently the three hurried away from the Gare Maritime to the town of Calais.

"This," said the lady friends breathlessly, and with much bitterness to Edward, as they hastened in the dark across the uneven ground, "this now, is what comes of trusting to a man."—Black and White.

A Funny Finn.

Young Mrs. McBride had had so much trouble with impudent servants that she was on the verge of nervous prostration, and she would certainly have gone over the verge had the McBride income been large enough. She finally became desperate.

"John," she said, one day, "I have hired a new servant. She isn't particularly competent, but of one thing I am certain—she will not be impudent."

"She won't!" cried her astonished husband. "How do you know she won't?"

"I'm sure she won't," replied Mrs. McBride; "and even if she is, I shall not know it. She's a Finn, just over, and she doesn't speak but four words of English."

All the next day Mrs. McBride struggled with the Finn. She talked herself hoarse. She would fairly shout her directions, but shouts and whispers were alike to the Finn. She simply could not understand. When Mr. McBride came home at night his wife was again on the verge.

"Why do you shout so when you talk to her?" he asked, laughing heartily.

"Why? Why, I simply can't make her hear!" cried his wife. "I am so hoarse I can hardly speak aloud, and I am completely worn out. What shall I do, dear?"

"Let me discharge her, of course."

"Discharge her!" echoed his wife. "That's just about as sensible as the average man's suggestion. Discharge her! Discharge that Finn, who knows four words of English!" she sobbed. "What good would that do? Why, John, I have discharged her 17 times already, and she thinks I've been telling her to get dinner!"—Harper's Bazar.

Becoming Mourning.

The girl whose slim and willowy proportions are emphasized by wearing a boa around her throat is not obliged to give it up even in deepest mourning. English crepe is pleated into a ruching thick enough to form a boa, and this boa is provided with long scarf ends. Great pains are now taken with the wardrobe of those "in mourning." It is no longer thought necessary to look like a frump, by way of showing respect to the memory of the departed. Now the box of dresses sent to the bereaved ones are models of style and costly simplicity. It is also a fact that the woman who finds difficulty in purchasing a bonnet or hat ready made, which shall be becoming, often finds something in the "second mourning" case which can be adapted to her wants with the introduction of a little color or a bunch of flowers. The ruching of soft moussella on the edge of the brim is apt to render these chapeaux becoming to the face which is not in its youth.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

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Everyday Life in the Isle of Tomorrow.

From the Philadelphia Record.

One who is visiting Cuba in these days of her reconstructing can bring no better financial prop than American greenbacks; they are so much easier to carry than gold, and the premium on them is the same. If he brings the usual letter of credit or draws on home through one of the island banks, he will find that the cashier's charges for the accommodation are quite in keeping with the Cuban idea that everything American is lawful prey, to be made the most of. The hotel-keepers still require their pay on the basis of Spanish gold, but will readily allow 6 per cent. on American bills. The local merchants are glad to get our greenbacks at the same rate in exchange for their goods or the coin of the country, because most of their business is done in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore on the credit system, and the notes are convenient for transportation without the expense of getting them changed into another form. But the cabmen, porters, servants and others of their class, accustomed to being cheated at every turn by their late rulers, will have nothing to do with any money they do not understand, and insist on the familiar 20 cent pieces of the island, American dimes and nickels, and coppers for small change, or the dirty, beggar-handled, disease-infested shinplasters. If you offer them an American half-dollar, fresh and shining from the mint, they will eye it doubtfully, try its edges in their teeth and ring it on the sidewalk, if they do not refuse it outright.

THE TRAIL OF FORMER SHARPERS.

Some sharper of other days seems to have flooded Cuba with American silver in five and ten cent pieces, after having punched a fraction out of each for his own profit. You may pick up a hatful of these small coins in the course of a day's transactions in any Cuban city and never find a whole one among them. Not only do the mutilated pieces pass at their face value without question, but the islanders appear to place most confidence in the coin that has the greatest number of holes in it, as a proof that it is genuine—else why did somebody take the trouble to punch it? A great deal of paper scrip, similar to that used in the United States before the resumption of specie payment, circulates in Cuba, but with this important difference: when ours became soiled or torn we could exchange it for new, while in Cuba there are no such facilities, and the filthy bits of paper, handled by lepers and carried about in the rags of the lowest classes, become so loathsome that one would rather forego his "change" than touch it.

A PUZZLING CURRENCY.

One dollar of our silver will purchase at least $2 45 of this scrip, often more, according to the rate of exchange at the moment. Though based upon nothing, having been issued indiscriminately by a bankrupt government, it answers all the local necessities of trade, and is always used for carfare and small transactions. It was ground out of the paper mill—nobody knows to exactly what amount—in 5, 10, 20 and 50 cent "plasters." One thing is well known, that every authorized issue of a given sum was enormously exceeded. Seven years ago an issue of bank bills of this small currency was entrusted to an establishment in the United States, and $14,000,000 was printed in addition to the authorized amount! All was duly receipted for and signed by the corrupt Spanish officials, who—so the quidnuncs say—divided the extra millions among themselves. It is asserted that the Captain-General under whose administration this financial stroke was accomplished came to Cuba a poor man, and two years later returned to Spain with 3,000,000 pesos to his credit. So thrifty were the proud hidalgos who threw down a dollar when half of it was due (somebody else's dollar), and stalked haughtily away, sneering at the "Yankee pigs" who waited for their change!

The other day I went into the Cafe La Luz to treat some of my newly arrived countrymen. There were four of us, and each ordered a different beverage. I threw down a five-dollar American goldpiece in payment. The 'smile-dispenser' studied long with knitted brow over the knotty problem of change, and then handed me back a Spanish five-dollar goldpiece and 40 cents in silver. This pleased the group so well that I treated again, giving back to the saloon-keeper the Spanish five-dollar goldpiece. This was easier for him to reckon, and my change for the second deal was five silver dollars and four cents. Though the price of drinks is high in Cuba, it would seem that there is money to be made in taking them ad libitum, and the more liquor one buys the more money he gets! To study the thing out it was this way: There was 20 per cent premium on American gold over Spanish gold, and 20 per cent on Spanish gold as compared with silver. Thus, out of the original American five-dollar goldpiece I bought eight expensive drinks and still had $5 80 in silver—and discovered afterward that the barkeeper had swindled me out of 15 cents change.

HOLY DAYS GALORE.

In the Cuban calendar there are no fewer than 250 "holy days," Sundays included, in which nobody can be legally compelled to labor—neither the man servant, nor the maid servant, nor the ox, nor the ass, nor, perforce, the stranger within the gates. With such extraordinary deferences to the saints and angels this ought to be the most religious country under the sun; but, unfortunately, after hasty prayers in the early morning the natives employ the remainder of their feast days in bull-baiting, cock-fighting, the lottery, the ball, the theatre, instead of attendance on heavenly personages. Sunday is the great gala day of the week, distinguished by the added brilliancy of every street scene in the best clothes of the populace, boisterous masquerade processions, ten-fold activity in shops saloons and theatres, and noisy persistency of lottery venders. Bull-fighting is as dear to the native heart as ever, though owing to hard times the expensive amusement is now confined to a few of the larger cities and certain seasons of the year. But the Cuban village must be poor indeed which has not its several cockpits in full blast at least one day in seven, wherein crowds of men bet their last real on favorite birds and go wild with excitement over the edifying spectacle of two miserable roosters clawing each other to death.

The inveterate gambling propensity of the people also finds vent in dominoes, chess, baccarat and a thousand other games of chance and skill, in which women may also indulge in the privacy of home—and seldom without stakes. The Cuban female goes into gambling with the same innocent zest which distinguishes her sister women of Northern villages, who find their highest ambition realized in the "lonehand" prize of progressive euchre. In this part of the world every table in hotels, barrooms, clubhouses and cafes is in requisition all day long and far into the night on Sundays for gaming purposes. In these January days it looks odd enough to eyes fresh from the snowy north to see the marble floors of all the finest cafes sprinkled with dampened sawdust, with a view to coolness, like Bowery beer halls in the thirsty days of August. I have excellent American authority for the statement that the Cuban barkeepers out-Herod Herod in the matter of manufacturing cocktails with energy and dispatch. The native compounder seizes two glasses—one very large and heavy, the other small and thin. With frantic haste he fills the former with lumps of ice, the latter with the liquors, bitters, sweets and whatever else may be required in the compounding of a cocktail. Then, with a swinging movement which can be acquired only by long practice, he dashes the ice and fluids from glass to glass, as if his life depended on it, clicking the crystal like a pair of castanets, until all is thoroughly amalgamated in the big glass. Then, without losing a second of time, he flings the mixture through a strainer into the little glass, which must be exactly even full; and then the recipient is expected to dash it down his throat with the same furious energy, to smack his lips and say it beats New-York "all hollow" and call for more.

HOW A CUBAN DRINKS WATER.

The funniest thing in the line of drinking is to see the Cubans imbibe water from a "monkey-jug" or perone. The vessel, by the way, which is found in every house and hotel bedroom, is a delight to the foreigner, not only by reason of its artistic beauty, but because it keeps the water cool in a comparatively feeless country. There are jugs and jugs, of varying shapes and sizes—all of gray clay, moulded in quaint design. The commonest are round and slender, with two holes in each near the handle, which is on top. One hole is perhaps an inch in diameter, through which to pour the water into the jug, and the other, in a knob which marks the place, is not larger than the hollow of a goose quill. It is the old story of the bung and spigot. Filled with water, the jug is hung on a peg or any convenient projection, in a spot that is draughty. The currents of air cause the thick, porous clay to perspire, like a patient recovering from "Santiago fever," and the result is that the water is rendered cool and wholesome. The Cuban fashion of drinking is not to touch the vessel with the lips, but to open the mouth wide, and, holding the jug up, to tilt it until a tiny stream trickles down the the throat, describing a six-inch curve and striking square on the root of the tongue.

COURTING IN CUBA.

Apparently the highest social institution of Cienfuegos is the Sunday evening promenade in the plaza, and without it I really do not know how the young people of the aristocracy would manage to mate and marry. During all the week senoritas of the upper class are kept under rigid restriction, never permitted to walk abroad alone and constantly watched by parents and duennas, as if expected to rush to the bad if allowed the smallest opportunity. This system of eternal vigilance would doubtless become as irksome to the guardians as to the opening buds were it not so soon over. At the age of thirteen a Cuban girl is considered quite old enough to marry, and her parents hunt up a son-in-law without delay—unless, as is more commonly the case, some sub-rosa lover announces himself, or a match, satisfactory to paterfamilias, was arranged for her with the son of a friend while the pair were yet in their cradles. The beauty and charm of the fair Cubans are as evanescent as irresistible while they last. Like the lovely wild flowers of their island, they mature very early, but fade as rapidly. The prettiest girl will be plain before she is thirty, and a handsome middle aged woman is not to be found in Cuba—if anywhere outside the temperate zone.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hammick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed.

A printed notice of the Pioneer Club, the famous women's club of London, reads curiously to American club women. It is: "Gentlemen are not allowed in the smoking-room."

Current Topics.

A Japanese paper says that a soldier of gigantic stature and enormous strength recently had the honor of being presented to the Emperor. He is private Yamashita, of the Third Regiment of Nagoya field artillery. He enlisted in December last, and is now twenty-two years of age. His muscular strength is so great that he can carry a field-piece on his shoulders and climb up a mountain where horses are not available. Yamshita regularly receives two men's rations, and his uniforms are made to order.

A movement has been inaugurated to have the first annual reunion of the Rough Riders of the late war held at El Paso, Texas, because that city furnished a great number of the Riders. Governor Roosevelt has notified ex-Governor Prince, of New Mexico, that he will visit that territory this year, and while down in the great Southwest the effort will be made to hold the reunion.

If Keely had had a good thing in the form of an invention he would probably have starved or sold it for a trifle, observes the Boston Traveler. It is deplorable but true that gold bricks find a readier market than genuine goods.

The English shipbuilding firm of Short Bros. has lately made a report on the results of a seven years' experience of the eight-hour day. Formerly the men began work at 6 o'clock in the morning, took half an hour for breakfast at 8 o'clock, half