

TOURISTS IN MEXICO.

A Paper of That Country Reveals Chicago Advice to American Travelers.

An American author advises tourists intending to "do" Mexico (lucky if they don't get "done" here) to learn a little colloquial Spanish...

The average personally conducted pilgrim has mentally resolved before leaving home to spend here just \$5.67 more than the sum paid the excursion managers...

But to our mutton—not lamb, but the real old article. For example, the stale witticisms about Mexican hospitality...

"When the stranger enters a house, he is assured by his host, it is yours, senior, accept it—and his it remains, in the assurance of the free-handed Don...

Shades of the spreading chestnut tree! For 20 years these ancient jokes have been going duty in books of Mexican travel...

Our advice to tourists is to come here with a sunny temper to match a sunny land, with politeness to equal the courtesy of Mexicans...

Regularity in the Order of Injuries. A queer fact, well known by medical men connected with hospitals, is that the doctors can tell with almost absolute certainty which classes of fatalities and accidents fit in with given days and even hours...

The Silent Watches. The silent watches of the night should be replaced by an alarm clock

OLD IRON FROM CUBA.

Vast Quantities of the Debris of War Collected and Shipped to This Country.

Mr. A. O. Saylor, a recent passenger from Havana, has been engaged for the past year and a half in a curious and interesting business. Briefly told, it was a traffic in the debris of war.

"But the great old iron mine was the ruined sugar plant. During the war over 65 large sugar houses were destroyed by the insurgents and Spanish armies, and a vast quantity of machinery was left in a state of indescribable wreckage.

"As a matter of fact, every Cuban estate was littered with old iron even before the war. Here the sugar belt is continually traversed by junk dealers, who pick up all the old metal as fast as it accumulates...

"Next to the plantations," Mr. Saylor went on, "the three trochias which had been built across the island by Gen. Weyler were our most prolific field. They are now being dismantled and yielded up an enormous quantity of railroad iron...

AT LONG RANGE.

It Is Said More Horses Than Men Are Killed on the Field of Battle.

In the Franco-German war, 1870, at Gravelotte, the German cavalry lost 200 horses and 160 men, while their artillery lost 1,300 horses and 950 men.

At Vinville, a terribly fierce battle, the German cavalry lost 1,600 horses and 1,400 men, while their artillery lost 1,000 horses and 730 men.

In a well-contested hand-to-hand fight of cavalry the loss of horses is about equal to the loss of men. When the British troops were engaged in the Peninsular war they lost in each of the 15 battles an average of 15 horses to 19 men, showing fierce and close fighting.

On the other hand, the loss of horses is very great when the cavalry have to go a long distance over open ground before delivering the charge, as they are exposed to the enemy's fire.

Docking Horses. Docking horses took its rise in the dark days when bull and bear baiting were honored by a place in the catalogue of sport, rightly now relegated by law to the catalogue of outrage.

Names of Denmark's Kings. Denmark's kings for 384 years have all been named Christian or Frederick. This is not the result of accident. It is the law of Denmark that Christian must be succeeded by Frederick and Frederick by Christian.

PITH AND POINT.

Success that is overrated is soon evaporated.—Chicago Dispatch.

He—Miss Wellon's complexion is so fresh. She—Yes; fresh as paint.—Moonshine.

One plum pudding on the table is worth two in the stomach.—Chicago Daily News.

"Did you know that he now passes the plate in church?" "No. But I've often seen it pass him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did you hear," asked Mr. Northside, "of the big fee that Spiffins gave the minister that married him?" "I didn't," replied Mr. Stoadyside. "How much was it?" "He handed the minister a dollar bill and told him to keep the change."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Cash No. 13 (to floorwalker)—"Say, will yer please give me a pass to go home? Me suster is going to trow her self away this aft, and I want ter be in at her finish." Floorwalker—"Why, what do you mean, child?" Cash 13—"Ah, she's going ter git married. See?"—Boston Traveler.

Wireless Telegraphy.—"Suffering cats!" exclaimed the war editor of the yellow journal. "I can't make head or tail of this dispatch from our special correspondent in South Africa. 'James,' called the editor to the office boy, 'ask the South African correspondent to step in here a moment.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"My wife is a wonderful woman." "Ever write a book?" "No." "Play, perhaps?" "No." "President of a woman's club?" "Wrong again." "Has political aspirations?" "Not one." "Then for goodness' sake write that wonderful about her?" "We live in a flat, and she succeeded in having our janitor discharged."—Philadelphia Record.

BEEF KILLING IN MANILA.

Novel and Striking Scenes in the Public Slaughter House of the Philippine Capital.

A visitor from foreign parts in the city of Manila, whose sensibilities are not too acute, will find it worth his while to "drop in" at the public slaughterhouse, in the place known as Arroceros.

The proper time to visit the slaughterhouse is about midnight, for this is when the principal business of the place is done. Owing to the tropical heat, in which fresh meat becomes putrid in an incredibly brief period, it is necessary that the killing of animals should be done at night and the meat distributed at once for immediate use.

When operations are at their height the scene is picturesque in the extreme. The great majority of the animals slaughtered are the large native cattle, most of whom are brought here, to tell the truth, not because of their being in a specially fat and juicy condition, but because they have outlived their usefulness elsewhere and are here to be converted into beef as a last resort.

The killing is done entirely by natives trained in the business until they have become experts. The cattle are led in from the pens at the side of the building and are held by stout ropes over long troughs that run up and down all through the structure, and into which the blood flows when the animals are first struck. The fatal blow is given with a large, sharp knife in the spinal cord, just back of the horns.

A specially novel feature of the proceedings is the rush made by the native women and children, who are all present in great numbers, to collect the blood as it flows from the freshly killed animals.

This product of the slaughterhouse is greatly prized by the natives, and is served up in various simple forms at their meals. It costs them nothing except the struggle to catch it as it drips and flows in the slaughterhouse, and this price many of the poorer class are willing enough to pay.

The camel yields them milk—frequently the only food of the natives—gives them meat and hides, facilitates transport from one place to another, and forms the means of exchange, which at any moment it is possible to barter for other articles, thus taking the place of money.

Men Who Pay Their Bills. The credit man of one of the large department stores in New York was asked what class of customers was most trustworthy. "Army and navy people can have all the credit they wish, and no questions asked," was his reply.

"DID HE HAD IT?"

The Funny Phrase That Ever Afterward Tormented Its Regretful Originator.

There is no end to the instances of things one would rather have expressed differently. Take for one of them the words of the German delegate who went with a party of some 30 brothers from eastern cities to the national convention of a benevolent order held in the west.

The party got off the train to stretch themselves at Buffalo. There was a great crowd at the station, and one of the men who carried his wealth in a wallet in the pocket originally designed for a revolver lost the wallet and all it contained.

The oldity of the phrase and the fact that the German delegate was singular in expressing such a suspicion made it a catchword on the trip. This was uncomfortable, because when they arrived at the convention city the German delegate left his wallet on his bureau in the hotel.

This clinched the matter, and none of the party ever mentioned it without making use of the expression. It so happened, too, that at the very next annual convention he lost his railroad ticket, a circumstance which would have reminded the crowd of the adventure of the year before, even if they had been likely to forget it.

GREATEST OF ALL.

English Boy Hero Whose Exploits Have Never Been Outdone by One So Young.

While Gen. Lawson's 12-year-old son has been made a captain for bravery, and a boy bugler of England's Fifth Lancers has been rewarded for his pluck at the battle of Elandsbaagte, there is one boy whose grit in England's Crimean war more than a name that has lasted even to this day.

The boy, whose name was Thomas Keep, went with the English army to the heights of Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanor throughout the battle. Shot and shell fell about him like hail, but notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers or the horrid sight, the boy's heart beat with tenderness toward the wounded.

Instead of going into a tent to take care of him after a battle, he was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades, stepping carefully over one body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the sufferers, and saved the life of a sergeant and several of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted from want.

A Small Transaction. "And he only gave you a dime for finding his big pocketbook?" "That's all. He said he would have given me more but the money in the pocketbook wasn't his. He was only holding it in trust for a client. So he gave me a plugged dime."

Men Who Pay Their Bills. The credit man of one of the large department stores in New York was asked what class of customers was most trustworthy. "Army and navy people can have all the credit they wish, and no questions asked," was his reply.

Not for Third Parties. When two souls have but a single thought the thought seldom interests outsiders.—Chicago Daily News.

TRUE IRISH BLOOD.

Judging from the Color There Could Be No Mistake About That.

"The most ludicrous mishap I ever witnessed on the stage," said an actor at a little supper party the other evening, "occurred one night years ago in a small town in northern Iowa. I was new to the business then, and had joined a weird barnstorming company headed by an old actor of the name of Fitzmorris. We had a blood-and-thunder repertory a yard long, but our chief attraction was an Irish melodrama called 'Lion-Hearted Larry; or the Cotter's Oath.' It had the usual plot of canned Irish melodramas—the honest, but financially embarrassed peasant, his beautiful daughter, the poor, but gallant lover, otherwise Lion-Hearted Larry, and the villainous landlord, who insists on the daughter's hand or immediate eviction for the whole family.

"The business of the blood was managed very simply," continued the story teller. "A small rubber bulb was filled with a solution of cochineal and fastened under Larry's arm. At the right moment he gave it a squeeze and a crimson torrent poured over the shirt, which had a piece of water-proof cloth at the back, the front being renewed for each performance. We were playing a week's stand at the little Iowa town. I have already mentioned, and the day before 'Lion-Hearted Larry' was put on Fitzmorris gave the property man careful instruction in regard to preparing the material for the blood effect. Whether the 'prop' man had conceived some grudge against 'Fitz' we never ascertained. He was crabbled like the tone of the play—anyhow, he went into the scene with a lot of colors were kept mixed, and first of the rubber bulb with bright green liquid poured. That night several hitches occurred, and everybody got nervous and excited. When the time came for the rescue scene Fitzmorris got into his costume as quick as he could, felt the bulb to see that it was in the proper place, and a moment later was on the stage. There things went all right up to the climax. The castle was entered, the orchestra played a few bars of tremolo music, Larry emerged with the beautiful cocoon on his arm, and up jumped the ambuscaded soldiers. Darg! went the guns, and 'You are wounded!' shrieked the heroine. 'Yes,' shouted Larry, pressing the bulb, but 'his true Irish blood!' He never got any further. His ample shirt front had suddenly turned emerald green, and the howl of laughter that went up from the audience nearly peddled the paper off the walls. Fitzmorris himself was so amazed by the phenomenon that he was unable to move, and stood there transfixed, his arms outspread and his mouth wide open. On that occasion the curtain fell. Then he came to himself, grabbed a club and began a frantic search for the 'prop' man, but that individual had disappeared, and we saw him no more during our stay. The episode broke up the performance, and ruined our business for the balance of the engagement. I'm told that Fitzmorris was afterward known as 'Green Blood Fitz' on the north Iowa and Wisconsin barnstorming circuit."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

OCEAN PEDDLERS.

Trading Vessels That Go to Many Out-of-the-Way Corners of the World.

The man with a pack on his back, trudging from village to village and offering for sale at cottage and farmhouse a miscellaneous collection of wares, has his counterpart in the ocean peddler, ranging in size from a schooner trading among the islands of the Pacific, to a steamer of 1,000 or 2,000 tons burden.

The ocean peddler starts out from Hamburg or San Francisco, the chief home ports of the trade, with a definite object in view. Sailing from the former city the course is generally laid either to the coast of Africa or South America, having in the hold a varied assortment of goods likely to be marketable in the regions visited—cotton fabrics, trinkets, arms, ammunition, liquors and all spare room filled up with coal.

As the largest profits are often derived from the sale of contraband goods, such as munitions of war to insurgent bodies, and as detection by regular authorities would lead to confiscation, several thousand rounds of cartridges are probably come up in innocent-looking cases, stamped "Germol Boel," and a few stands of disarmed German army rifles in packages labeled "Glass, with Care."

The captain of such a vessel must possess not only ability as a navigator, but an expert knowledge of the requirements of his trade in addition to a plausible tongue wherever with barter and win over the good will of an ill-disposed official. If he does not own an interest in the ship it is generally required that he shall in her cargo.

LANGUAGES IN LUZON.

Spanish the Only Official Tongue—Difficulties in the Way of Trade.

Here is a curious and difficult thing about the American occupation of Luzon. The official language of the courts, the only medium, indeed, of communication, is the Spanish language. The American and Tagalog to transact business must use a tongue foreign to both. A few interpreters of English and Tagalog are to be found, but until the people of the country learn English there is to be much misunderstanding and misinterpretation. Just now there are mutual stragglings to get forward. The schools are beginning instruction in English, but some years will be necessary before this knowledge is practically available.

Your soldier man, however, doesn't worry much about the difficulty of the language question. He leans easily and familiarly on the counter of the little booth or shop, and attempts bargains in a jargon of English, American slang, Tagalog and Spanish. There results a "jargon" of questionable type. The vendors say: "You care egg cook. Pretty good—five cents." And the soldier man retorts: "Aw, g'long. May heep. No. Sabbe? Ten cents—three. Sabbe, three?" But the lady sitting tailorwise or her counter answers: "No, no entiendo. Egg cook. Pretty good! five cents. Quiere?" Still they make a trade. Unfortunately, next week may see him in Ilocos or Pampanga, perhaps another province, and if he knew Tagalog perfectly it would not avail him one iota. The many dialects will make it a matter of years before there can be certainty of any understanding. It is surely a great problem that is to be solved.—N. Y. Tribune.

Called a Favor. "Say," called the victim from beneath the bed coverings. "Well!" asked one of the burglars, gruffly.

"Would you fellows mind carrying off that ornamental watch dog of mine in the front yard along with the rest of your swag?"—Philadelphia North American.