



### MANUELA'S TRANSFORMATION.

THE poet to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are occasions when "it might have been" are joyful words. Most men, upon meeting again in after years their first loves, realize this, and offer up prayers of thanksgiving.

It was so with Hurlburt.

In the early days of the Pacific coast, Hurlburt was stationed at San Diego. It was a picturesque little town. Its streets were not much more than cow-paths, and its houses were mostly of the good old pattern—adobe, one story high, and built around a patio. In such a house as this lived Manuela Lopez, and in one of the cow-path streets Hurlburt first met her. It was upon a Sunday. Hurlburt had just come from inspection, and was on his way to dinner with friends in town. He still wore his regimentals, and was a very gorgeous sight indeed. He was also tall, and yellow-haired, and blue-eyed—quite the figure to strike the fancy of a pretty little Mexican girl who was coming home from mass.

She had read no books that could have told her that it was the accepted thing to do; she had probably never given such subjects a moment's thought; but when the mind of a child becomes the mind of a woman, it is at one bound, not by slow degrees. Inspiration struck full upon Manuela's brain, and she dropped her rosary. From which it may be inferred that the love of the fathers and the wisdom of ages has taught woman nothing new in affairs of the heart. The impulse of the intrigante and of the child of nature are the same.

Hurlburt, of course, was close to Manuela when the rosary dropped. He returned it to her. If she had not been with a servant, he might have spoken.

You can count upon any one but the typical Anglo-Saxon. You expect men of Latin and Slav races to make fools of themselves. But the Anglo-Saxon is such a thoroughly logical, reasonable, clear-headed person that the bottom of your universe drops out when he deviates from the path of common sense. And when he does, it is never a mere digression. He goes, a flaming comet, whirling through space, and carrying all your stellar system of plans and beliefs before him. The last thing any one would have expected of a big, quiet, rational youth, such as was Hurlburt, was that he should wax romantic over a street meeting with an immature ruse to attract his attention. Nevertheless, that same day, after luncheon, he said to his host, as they sat smoking under the ramada, "Who lives in the house on the next street, where the two mocking-bird cages hang on the wall?"

"You must be more explicit," his host said; "there are a number of houses on the next street, and one and all have mocking-birds."

"Yes," said Hurlburt; "but there is a hedge of red and white geranium in front of it."

"I saw you meet her," the civilian told him; "her name is Lopez—Manuela, I think."

Hurlburt became very red. When your phlegmatic man grows embarrassed he is badly embarrassed. It was some time before he regained speech and came floundering out of the sea of silence. When he did, he changed the subject.

Not that he abandoned the cause. Far from it. It took him two weeks, but he got himself introduced to Senor Lopez, and had then taken to call upon him. The senor was a well-educated man, and the most hospitable of his hospitable race. He made Hurlburt free of the house at once, and showed him everything it contained, save only Manuela.

"You must come again, often," he said, as they parted. Hurlburt replied that he would, and went again in three days. Neither did he see his lady of the rosary upon this occasion. He addressed himself to Senora Lopez, who was handsome and well preserved.

"You have a daughter, have you not, senora?"

Senora Lopez understood only just so much English as she chose. She did not choose to understand this. She turned her soft eyes upon her husband, and he answered for her.

"We have a daughter," he said, "but she is very young."

Hurlburt understood that he had offended a semi-oriental prejudice.

It having thus been made obvious to him that Manuela would not be produced by her parents, he went to an early mass at the church, met her, and introduced himself. It chanced that she was alone.

"May I walk home with you, senorita?" he said. "I have the pleasure of knowing your father."

"Yes, sir," said Manuela.

It was but a few hundred yards to her home, but he made the most of his time. Manuela answered him in monosyllables and raised her eyes but twice. Hurlburt's infatuation was complete. Senor Lopez was angry. He was very civil to the officer, but he sent the girl to her room at once.

"I met the senorita at mass," Hurlburt explained.

"Are you, then, a Catholic?" inquired the Mexican.

"No," said Hurlburt—and determined to pursue the policy that sages who

he became resentful; then he obtained a divorce; then he was ordered East, and it was ten years before he returned to the coast. He had with him his wife—a woman of his own people, very charming, very well suited to him in every way. She knew the story of his first marriage, and she knew that, whatever he might say to the contrary, he still regretted deep down in his heart the sweet, soft Mexican wife of his youth, of his season of dear beliefs and illusions. The knowledge was the one grief of her life. It threw a shadow of sadness over her eyes. But she kept it to herself, and for this unfeminine virtue the gods, in due time, rewarded her.

They went one day, by ambulance from Wilmington, where Hurlburt was stationed, to Los Angeles. One of their mules got lame, and they had to spend the night at a roadside ranch. A crowd of dirty Mexican children played around the adobe; several yet dirtier men lounged about the door; a fat, be-shawled woman waddled across the yard; a yet more untidy one welcomed them.

Her greasy face was still rather pretty and young, but she was thick, and heavy, and stupid. When she looked full at Hurlburt, she gave a little cry that was more of a grunt.

"Come in; I will tell my husband," she said, and shuffled away with her bare feet.

Hurlburt turned to his wife gravely. "I am sorry to have brought you here," he said, "but it is all we can do, unless you prefer to sleep in the ambulance to-night. That—woman was my wife."

"So I suppose," she said. She laid her delicate hand on his arm. "Don't let it trouble you, dear. I do not mind." She smiled into his eyes, and the shadow was forever gone from her own.—San Francisco Argonaut.

#### INVENTOR OF LEAD PIPE.

##### The Interesting Life of Robert Seydell of Milton.

There was born in Milton, Pa., in 1809 a man of wonderful genius, it is said. His name was Robert Seydell, and he died in 1847. Mr. Seydell was a coppersmith and was almost continuously working out some device connected with the machinery in his factory. To him, it is related by some of the oldest citizens of this place, belongs the discovery of the process of making lead pipe, and like many other inventors, the idea of making the same was stolen from him and further developed to its present form of manufacture.

It was in the latter part of the thirties that the idea suggested itself to him, and the following is the way he wrought it out: He first took a slug, or casting of lead, placing it on a mandrel, or rod of steel, about sixteen feet long and one inch in diameter; the mandrel was finely polished and upon this he drew or rolled out the lead to the full strength of the rod, thus giving him an inch bore, and the material was rolled, it is said, to a one-fourth inch, making a total diameter of one and one-half inches for the pipe. After completing several sections of the length of the mandrel, he soldered them together, making the pipe of whatever length he desired.

He put it to practical use by fastening it to pump heads and also running it from springs to connect watering troughs and spring houses in the country round about here. Being greatly pleased with his discovery, and receiving the most flattering comments from his friends and neighbors in this section, he concluded to make his invention more widely known, and hence made a visit to Philadelphia, taking his device with him.

At the Franklin Institute in that city he gave his first exhibition to quite a number of inventors, artisans and mechanics. As it is now related, all who witnessed it were more than delighted, and so expressed themselves in his immediate presence.

It was not long that he was allowed to remain in a condition of supreme happiness over his invention, for a short time after he made a disclosure of his discovery, and while yet in Philadelphia, he found out that by the very persons to whom he had given an exhibition of the process of making lead pipe his idea had been used and improved upon.—Philadelphia Press.

#### A FUNNY OLD TOWN.

##### Some of the Many Amusing Features of Key West.

Key West is one of the oldest and funniest towns in the United States. It is made up of innumerable little wooden houses without chimneys, but crowded in irregular groups. Many of the houses have wooden shutters in place of glass windows. On most of the streets there are no sidewalks, but people stumble over the jagged edges of coral rock. The natives who wear shoes ride in carriages. There are a great number of public vehicles, and one can be hailed at any corner and engaged for 10 cents. Some of these carriages are quite respectable in appearance. They are generally double-seated affairs which have been discarded in the North. The horses are wrecks and they show by their appearance that fodder is dear and that they are not half fed. One of the sounds of Key West is the whacking of the horses which draw the carriages and the mules which move the street cars from place to place. The street cars look as if they had been dug up from the neighborhood of the pyramids. Ropes are used for reins and the only substantial thing about the whole outfit is the great rawhide whip, with which the street car driver labors incessantly. The people, as a rule, are opposed to excessive exertion, but they make an exception in the case of labor with a whip.

The town has one struggling newspaper, which is worthy of a better support. The climate, of which much has been written, is too good to be wasted, and there are traditions against excessive mental effort by either the makers or the readers of newspapers. Hundreds of dogs, cats, roosters, goats and "razorbacks" run at large through the streets, and the three former combine to make the night hideous. In the early evening the sound of negro meetings and jubiliations predominates. Then the cats begin where the shouters leave

off. Later, the dogs, sneaking and sore-eyed, and more numerous than any other species, take up the refrain. There is a strange mixture of races at Key West, but the negroes are the most patriotic class. They alone celebrate Fourth of July and other national holidays. While the town has its enlightened and respectable people, it also has its shoddy class, whose ignorance of the rest of the world carries them to grotesque extremes in their efforts to proclaim their greatness. Even in its schools, Key West is peculiar. The schoolhouses are built like cigar factories, and each has mounted upon the roof the bell of an old locomotive. When the school bells are ringing it is easy to close your eyes and imagine yourself in one of the great railroad depots of the North. The classes are large, the teachers have a constant struggle with the climate, so the scholars have time to make pea-shooters and other instruments of torture for the unsuspecting visitor who falls into their ambush.

If the teachers have a hard time, the clergy have a worse one. The churches are much-abused institutions, with a large patronage and a meagre support. The theaters are seldom open, and are even more grudgingly supported than the churches. The decorations have been likened to a cockney on a holiday, and the galleries amuse themselves between the acts by shouting "fire," to startle strangers who do not know the joke.

Men that smoke presume that cigars are manufactured in Key West, but there is another source of income of scarcely less importance. Any unfortunate ship that ventures into port is considered legitimate prey, and it is a bold man that dares to protest against the confiscation of his property. When a ship is seen approaching the reefs the greatest excitement prevails, and some people even fall on their knees to petition for her speedy destruction.

If a vessel strikes she is immediately surrounded by a crowd of wreckers, who cling to her like flies to a molasses barrel. After there has been a wreck, storekeepers have money in their pockets and do not care whether you buy of them or not. The proprietor of a shop will stretch himself, yawn and finally saunter over toward his customer to find what is wanted.

#### FRENCH POLITENESS

##### Use of Old-Time Courtesy Brought Promotion for a Frenchman.

In France, at the present day, the great majority of the people are ardent republicans in opinion, but they are also great admirers of the sort of courtesy which is associated with the ancient regime—the old-time gentility.

There lately died in that country a certain Monsieur Daunassans, who was a fine representative, in his manners and opinions, of the old school. His elaborate courtesy was of the elegant, "palavering" antique sort, and it kept his head above water in times when other old-school fellows went to the bottom.



KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

#### ABOUT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

##### Personalities Cullied from the New Book of His Life.

He is five feet six inches high and weighs 180 pounds.

He has light gray eyes, a gray beard, a brown complexion and a bald head.

His hands and feet are small and neat.

He is fifty-seven years old, and has four grandchildren.

His favorite wine is champagne of 1888, and his favorite liquor a cognac forty years old.

He is fond of all kinds of people, especially if they are money.

He is a first-class judge of horses and dogs, and he thinks he knows something about actresses.

He is said to be one of the best shots in England.

He sets the fashions in clothes for the whole world.

He loves to labor for the working-man.

He is a D. C. L. of Oxford, an LL. D. of Cambridge and a barrister.

He has thirteen university degrees.

He has laid seventy-three large and important foundation stones.

He opened part of the Suez Canal.

He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones.

He owns the deepest mine in England.

He was the first Christian to dine with the Sultan of Turkey.

He never allows a typewriter in his house.

He spends \$5,000 a year for telegrams.

He only allows two knives and forks to each guest at his table.

He is a colonel eight times over.

He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries and a staff of clerks to assist them.

He receives 200 letters a day, and answers most of them.

Every minute of his time in London is spent according to schedule.

He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

His uniforms are worth \$75,000.

He is a field marshal and an admiral.

He is the chief horse owner, dog owner and yachtsman in England.

He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He never goes to the races on Sunday.

He started life with an income of \$550,000 a year.

He says he has no debts.

He loves to travel incognito in Paris.

He buys hundreds of theater tickets without using them.

His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost \$75,000 a year.

He thinks his nephew, the German emperor, is too sensational.

He has friends in every nation, and speaks German, French, Italian and Russian.

His life was never attempted by an assassin.

He was obliged once to pawn his watch.—New York Journal.

#### No Map of the United States.

"The school children of the Bermudas know nothing of American history," says a New York woman who has just returned from Hamilton. "One day I stopped and talked with a bright little colored boy on the street. The Bermuda negro, you know, is superior in intelligence to the Southern negro of this country. He has neither the thick lips nor the flat nose of our American negro. His superiority is accounted for by the fact that he has in his veins the blood of the Indians captured in King Phillip's war and taken as slaves to the Bermudas."

"Do you go to school?" I asked the boy.

"Yes'm."

"Who owns these islands?"

"England."

"Who rules England?"

"Queen Victoria."

"Where are the United States?"

"South of Canada."

"And do you know who is president of the United States?"

"Yes'm; George Washington."

"When I had visited one of the little schools at Hamilton I did not wonder that Washington was the only American president the boy had heard of. On the walls were maps of every important country in the world but our own, and I found that the teachers said as little of the United States as they could."—New York Sun.

#### Men Haven't All the Privileges.

She—There is a great deal of unfairness in this world. Women are barred out of society for things that men may do with impunity.

He—That may be true, but, on the other hand, men would be barred out of society if they did some things that women do with impunity every day.

She—I'd like to have you name just one of them.

He—Well, kissing other people's wives and daughters and sweethearts, for instance.

#### Vagaries of a Bullet.

A sepoy of the thirty-sixth Sikhs, when retiring from the Saran Sar pass, said he felt something hit his rifle, but, seeing no mark, when he came to clear his rifle, he found a bullet had actually entered the muzzle and penetrated about nine inches down the barrel, a seemingly impossible thing, but for all that true. It was lucky, says a correspondent of the Times of India, that he had no occasion to use his rifle again on his way home, or it would, of course, have burst.—Glasgow Weekly Mail.

#### Lucky in Both.

She—You're lucky at cards?

He—Very.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!"

"I don't believe it. I've been refused three times."—Yonkers Statesman.