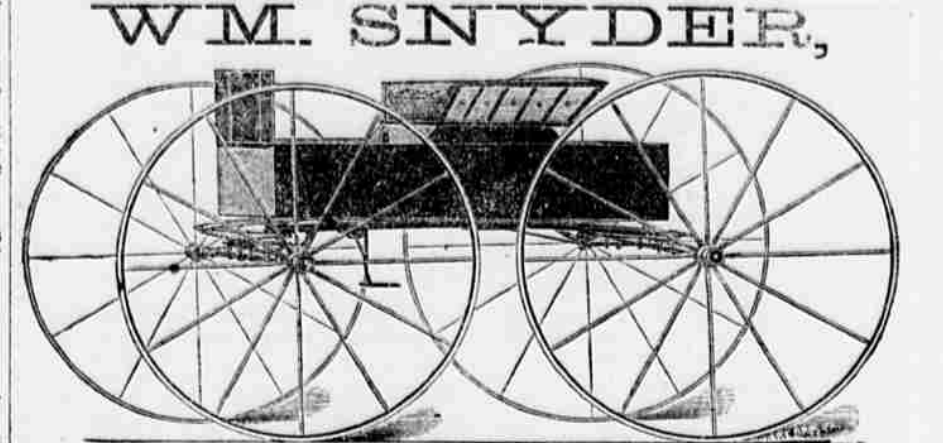


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THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The Classes of Its Population, Their Dress and Character.

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 18, 1883. The people to be met on the streets of Mexico may be roughly divided into three classes; this is, of course, without including the foreigners, who are sufficiently numerous, but who do not possess the same interest to the traveler that is to be found in the natives of the country. The three classes would be the Mexicans, the mestizos, and the Indians. Since all are, broadly speaking, Mexicans, it might perhaps be better to call them the upper class, the servant class, and the lowest class. This does not give quite an exact idea, since these three classes are to be found in any community, while here not only are the classes different, but also the races. There is no name for the servant class, the word Mestizo is applied to them and is understood when used, but is not generally employed. They seem to be a people midway between the Indian and the white man. From the pictorial point of view, the Indian is the most interesting of these classes. They seem to be, as they are, remnants of the past, lingering among the scenes of their former greatness; they do not blend with the city life at all. They are not idle, far from it. They come into the city in the morning with their meagre stock of vegetables; and in the afternoon you see them returning to their homes. They usually go to a dog-trail which impresses one as being very wearying, but they keep up the pace as long as they are to be seen. Their faces have the melancholy cast of a people borne down by oppression. The outward march of their heads has little or no influence on their customs. Their dress has apparently undergone no change of plan since the day when Cortes first introduced civilization among them by the means of gunpowder. The costume is exceedingly simple, consisting of two pieces. One is a piece of plain cloth with a slit in the center through which the head is thrust. The ends fall a little below the waist and it is wide enough so that on its sides it reaches about to the elbows, the arms being otherwise uncovered. This garment is the same for both sexes. The cloth of which it is made forms a distinguishing mark quite as prominent as the cut. It is a coarse cloth of a peculiar dark blue color and loose texture. It is manufactured by the Indians and is never seen except in their hands. From Christmas till March, the men in a plain piece of this same blue cloth bound about the waist and falling to the ankles. The dress of the men is completed by a pair of leather trousers reaching to the knees and open some six or seven inches up the outside seam. For head-covering the men wear a coarse straw hat, while the women are usually bare-headed, but occasionally they will be seen with a narrow strip of their blue cloth covering the top of the head and falling upon the shoulders. This is held in place by tying above it the two braids in which the hair is worn. The hair does not grow long and the lack is made up by braiding in bright colored worsteds. This worsted and a string of colored glass beads are almost the only ornaments of the women. One in a while a pair of silver earrings will be seen, but frequently these people live on the extreme outskirts of the city or in the small villages surrounding, and among them only can be heard the original language of the Mexicans. The Mestizo or servant class differ wholly from the Indians in dress. The most characteristic feature is the reboso worn by the women. This is a dark colored scarf of thin material, about eight feet long and two and a half feet wide. One would think that these scarves would be of a variety of beautiful colors, but they are universally homely. The prevailing color is a light blue with narrow white lines at frequent intervals. The reboso completely covers the head, one end hanging down by the side, the other being brought either under the chin or a little higher just passing over the mouth and thrown over the left shoulder. It seems to be looked upon as the most indispensable article of a woman's dress. The usual dress is the ordinary civilized dress, with a great diversity of opinion as to the quantity deemed necessary, but whatever the amount of clothing on the upper part of the body, the reboso is always worn. Its especial service is in the carrying of children. When the child is carried in the arms the child is put inside of the reboso and the ends brought under the arm, transferring a large part of the weight from the arm to the shoulders, but the most characteristic use is in bringing the child to the mother's back, in binding the entire weight on the shoulders and leaving the hands unoccupied. The children seem to enjoy it. Their heads are usually left free, and they roll about from one side to the other in apparent comfort. The men of this class are variously dressed. The poorest laborers wear simply a blouse and a pair of trousers made of a coarse white cloth called manila. It is about the thickness of heavy cotton cloth. The width of these trousers is simply ludicrous. They seem fully as wide as meal sacks, and the ample folds swing from side to side with the motion of the walker, in a most airy fashion. It seems almost impossible that people can live with such thin clothing, and it is not surprising to hear that here in the valley of Mexico numbers of these men perish every winter from cold. Fourteen thus died in one place during a night last January. Among the Mexicans the dress of the men varies but slightly from that in other parts of the world, but here too the women have the more characteristic features of costume. They use bright and light colors with a reckless profusion of yellow, blue, green and red in silk and satin are seen and frequently in harmonious combinations. Pink, too, is a color which is used regardless of the consequences. The head-dress was, and still is among the conservative, the black lace mantilla, and a most appropriate and becoming head-covering it is, but unfortunately it is fast being abandoned and its place taken by Paris bonnets and chip hats. At a recent open-air entertainment there was not a mantilla to be seen, but acap-hats were on every hand, and as the custom here is for the women to kiss on greeting each other, the trouble which the rims of the hats gave and the succeeding re-arranging of them was almost comical.

In some districts they simply unite in prayer; and the image of the saints are placed in the path of the locusts, just as was recently done in St. Petersburg, when the holy statues were placed in front of the great conflagration. But this year the infliction is so terrible that the peasantry have taken some reasonable measures to check it. Men, women, and children are busy killing the pests. The insects are crushed, burned, trodden upon systematically by trained horses, and great ditches are dug in which the enemy is heaped up.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Reliable Article. Dr. E. Cutter, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

A VERITABLE RIP. The Waking of a Man Who Has Been Asleep Since Christmas.

In December last, two days before Christmas, writes a correspondent from Bridgeport, Conn., under date of Aug. 5, Sherman W. Platt, residing with his father, Wenzel Platt, a well-to-do farmer of Morgan's Four Corners, town of Newton, twenty-three miles distant from this city, fell asleep after retiring early, as was his habit. Had he awaked with the next morning's sun, as people generally do, the circumstance would have attracted no attention, but he did not. Continuing in sound repose, his parents, and afterward his friends and neighbors, became alarmed at his long slumbering and began studying as to what induced it.

The case was put into the care of the best physicians, but the result of their diagnosis could give no intelligible solution. Mr. Platt in his bed motionless, suffering no pain, and exempt, seemingly, from those ailments which thirst and hunger make. Early in July, 1882, Mr. Platt, who is 35 years old and unmarried, was at work in a hay field. The sun beat down with force, affecting his head, and he reclined at noon under a tree on a pile of hay, thinking after a short nap to feel better. On arising from the hay he complained of a strange feeling in the back of his head, and he was assisted to the house and restoratives applied. Nothing availed to alleviate. In the autumn he was attacked with malarial fever, and it is believed the two causes combined tended to bring about his comatose condition, and render him the most obstinate sleeper of modern times. From Christmas till March, he scarcely moved in bed, and took no nourishment save what was forced into his mouth. With lengthening days he exhibited signs of returning animation, but not till the arrival of May and the apple blossoms did he move from his recumbent position, after an intelligent syllable, or open his eyes.

Presently, however, they were admitted to be bolstered up in bed, and finally like an infant, was put into his clothes and led to a chair. He could not be induced to speak, and the muscular effort, if such it may be called, required for him to pass from the bed to the chair was invariably followed by deep sleep, which lasted till bedtime again. In June hunger asserted itself, and during his brief wakeful moments he daily found his way, unassisted, to the pantry to appease his hunger. His eyes all the while closed, and returning to his chair resumed the sleep which his friends were impelled to feel would never know waking. Thus he continued till July 10th, when, to the surprise of his family, he strode to the front veranda. Seated in a rustic chair, he heard a passing teamster address his cattle, and, as if in mimicry, sang "Waa, waa, waa," his exclamation he had made during 213 days.

On Monday night last week he went to his room as usual. During the night he left it stealthily, and clad in his thin garments, slippers, an apology for a hat, and no money, started to walk to this city. He must have reached Hawleyville before midnight, otherwise the denot watching him would have seen of him, and following the track of the Houstonian railroad, reached here Tuesday morning. Among the crowds swarming at the station in this city he did not attract attention at first; but, after a while, Mr. George Arnold, of the police force, saw his actions, and convinced that there was something wrong, took him into custody. The description of his Sherman W. Platt and the story of his long sleep was familiar to the officer, and he set about the task of making an identification. Mr. Arnold called in ex-Mayor Daniel N. Morgan, who formerly lived in Newton, and one glance from that gentleman sufficed. It was, indeed, Mr. Platt. At the office of Chief Marsh various expedients were adopted to check words from Mr. Platt. He danced, walked, and smoked a pipe while he tried to do so, but exhibited no inclination or desire to speak, and it is asserted, did not utter a word while in Bridgeport. Mr. Wenzel Platt, his father, was notified, and he conveyed the hero of the longest nap heard of by railroad train to his home.

The standard restorative--especially in cases of nervousness--is Samaritan Nerve. "I am perfectly cured," said Jas. Corbin, of Washburn, Ill., "thanks to Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nerve." At a Yucatan Ball. Boston Herald. The same dazzling array of beauty, jewell-bedecked mestiza girls beamed upon us this evening, as at the first dance, and soon all my friends were busy filling their books for the dances. There was no prescribed style of dress for the men; some wore their shirts outside, fluttering in the evening air; some wore them inside, and some of the most aristocratic wore wore coats, but all wore hats. I observed, in a corner, I was watching the strange costumes, as the sharp eye of the general espied me from his chair of state, beneath his own portrait, draped in Mexican colors.

"Ha, Senor Frederico why are you not dancing?" "Senor general, I don't know how." "Yes you do; you've got to dance, any way." With that he approached me and when I tried to dart through the crowd caught and led me sternly back. "Here," beckoning to a lovely girl, "come, my darling, and dance with el Senor el Estrangero." The girl came and stood in front of me, smiling. "That is my niece, the prettiest girl in the room and the best dancer in the canton. Take her, now, and let her help you." Then I explained that I never danced that a lame duck in a ten-acre lot would walk all around me. It was of no use. He repeated, there's my niece; look at her!

True enough, there she was, waiting for me to take her out. Oh, she was a handsome girl with regular features and shapely shoulders, and hung all around with gold ornaments. Now that girl couldn't understand a word of my language, but she must have seen that I did not want to dance with her. But when the music struck up she merely smiled and said: "Vamonos!" "Vamonos is 'coming along' but I wouldn't go. I commenced to explain, "Senorita, yo no se this kind of a dance, you know; it's all Greek to me; a Virginia reel now, or a sailor's hornpipe for instance, but this--" I never finished that sentence, for she advanced with fire in her eye, and seized me about the waist and said, in a decided manner: "Vamonos!" and I vamonosed.

Well, that young lady sailed all about me like a swan. While I hopped up and down, stepped on her skirt, and trod on her toes, she remained as serene as a summer sky, pulled this way and that, whirling me around the room till I was dizzy, and ended by flinging me into a seat, while the audience, who had remained thunderstruck with amazement at my war dance, burst out with loud cries of "Viva el Americano!"

WARNING! It is not to be wondered at that most American cities are suffering from cholera on a hot summer day does the mischief. Why then not add 10 drops of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned Tonic of exquisite taste and this avoid all danger of cold in the stomach.

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Roughing It in the Yellowstone. The sun had been hidden all the dreary morning behind great banks of leaden clouds. Cold gusts of wind came down from the northwest and sighed a mournful requiem through the dismal forests. All nature seemed to be suffering from an acute attack of indigestion, and even the broncho pony, standing listlessly in front of Gen. Sheridan's tent, looked as though he had forgotten to put on his liver-pad.

It was a cold day in the valley of the Yellowstone, and the presidential party refused to be comforted. At last the chief, rising superior to climatic influences, proposed a short hunting expedition. "Perhaps," he remarked, with an unutterable look at Gen. Stager, "we may run across some Yellowstone rabbits."

Robert Lincoln faintly, Gen. Stager flushed angrily, and the guide turned pale and looked at the wood. "Confound the fellow," muttered Gen. Sheridan. "How'n thunder can we go huntin' without a guide?" "Never mind, Phil," said Mr. Arthur, soothingly; "we won't go far, so we'll have no difficulty in finding our way back. Come along," and slinging his trusty rifle over his shoulder he left the camp, followed by all except Gen. Stager and Robert Lincoln.

The clouds had cleared away, and the sun was sinking to rest behind a convenient mountain peak. Robert Lincoln was preparing the supper, and Gen. Stager and the guide were playing seven-up. A shout was heard in the distance, and the guide arose and took an observation. "Then's um," he said, pointing to the southwest, "an' they've got sunthin'. Guess it's a bar. The broncho's a-draggin' it."

In a few minutes the hunting party reached the camp. "What have you got?" asked Gen. Stager. "Oh, nothing," replied Gen. Sheridan, with affected sang froid, "only a black buffalo."

"We didn't see any Yellowstone rabbits, Stager," said Mr. Arthur, "so I just picked off this buffalo merely to try my gun." "Black buffalos," said Gen. Sheridan, "are not to be found every day. They are, so to speak, a rara avis. (How's that for high, Mike?) They do not travel in droves like the ordinary buffalo, but graze singly upon the foot hills. This one we approached with great caution, and at ten yards rise the president crooked his over first pop-over. Heer, I think you had better skin the beast, and we'll have her stuffed, and placed in the--"

"Well, I'll be goggled!" interrupted the guide, who had just stepped up to take a look at the dead animal. "What's the matter?" asked Gen. Sheridan, a little anxiously. "What'thunder did ye shoot that cow for?" "Cow!" exclaimed the hunting party in a chorus. "Oh, yes; you mean buffalo cow, of course," said the chief. "Buffalo cow be darned. Why, there ain't no buffalo 'bout that animal. That's John L. Rott's old black cow wot he took across the plains years ago. Why, he raised a dozen big herds off'n that old cow, and she's made him rich. He wropped her over first pop-over, but like ez not he'll kill the hull party if he finds it out."

The demand for husks for filling mattresses is very large in this city, and it would appear that the west could supply it without difficulty. There is a general complaint among farmers that there are few kinds of remunerative labor during the winter season.

Satisfactory Evidence. J. W. Graham, wholesale druggist of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer."

The Best Time for Prayers. Albany Express. At his pretty country place on the Greenbush hills a lawyer made a meal of chokeberries and milk. The result was sudden sickness, the visit of the doctor, a darkened room and hushed children. The illness was severe, the family was more or less frightened, and the six-year old boy was told the cause of his father's sudden attack. The gentleman recovered. A friend visited the house, a man noted for piety and prayers. He entered into conversation with the boy, who suddenly put to him this question: "Mr. P., what is the best time to say your prayers?" The visitor, somewhat astonished, replied: "Well, Charley, I suppose when you go to bed at night."

"I don't think so," replied Charley. "If not, when, may I ask?" Charley glanced over at his father, and answered: "I think the best time is right after you've been eating chokeberries and milk."

Compare the dose and quantity of Hood's Sarsaparilla and you have conclusive proof of its superior strength and cheapness. Try it. Speculators in Trouble. New York World. We have speculators in grain, speculators in lard, speculators in pork, in beef, in live cattle, in iron, in leather, in almost every leading article of commerce. There are no longer legitimate purchases and sales, but purchases in the hope of making "corners," and sales with the object not of delivering the property sold but of driving down prices, covering and pocketing the difference. That is why we have had iron failures and lard failures and leather failures, and why banks which have helped on the gamblers are tumbling down like houses built of a pack of cards.

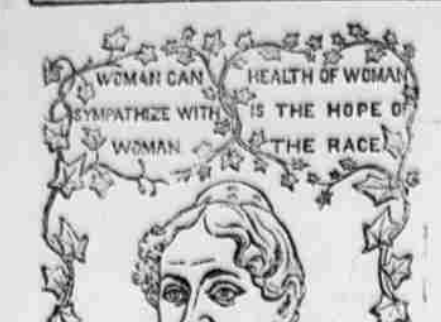
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Insect Plagues in Russia. There are few years in which locusts or grasshoppers do not make their appearance in southern Russia. One first observes in horizon a black cloud, agitated by furious internal movement. Then it appears above you, and the rain of the large and heavy insects is so violent that the best thing you can do is to take to your heels. The peasantry believe that these pests are sent by God as messengers of his wrath, and they are, therefore too much inclined to bow down before the scourge, and let what they believe to be the justice of God pass by.