THE FIETSII-AMERICAN PICTURES

A View of the City of Mexico, Once Called the "Venice of America."

INTERESTING STREET SCENES.

Chapultepec-Dueling Grounds-Excursion in the Suburbs-The Bull Fight - Theatres!-|National Museum.

[Written for the Bee by Grace Deane Hunt.]

My heart grew lighter as I thought of the grand journey before us. Before nightfall cool preezes would come to refresh us, and we should behold what was once called the "Venice of America"-the City of Mexico. As she was then she lay a fair city, surrounded by water, a gleam ing jewel watched over by grand, grim mountains, one mighty mountain guarding her with fire, steam and lava. He wore himself out in the task, and now only a sigh, an occasional groan escapes him as he broads upon the long-dead, ill-lated races of early Mexico. and San Angel, of which one can catch a glimpse through the trees. We turn from fated races of early Mexico.

I will not describe the grandeur of that upward ride of between seven and eight thousand feet; but forever will the depth of its tropical growth be imprinted on my mind, forever the brilliancy of its flowers gleam before my eyes, forever their fragrance sway my senses, forever shall I behold those mountains in their grandeur rise high and still higher, while yet higher still rises on my bewildered vision the snowy out-line of Orizaba. Over and above them all this white mountain is outlined against

the azure sky.
But the afternoon and evening grew long spent in a car filled with cigar smoke and, to us, unintelligible Spanish words, and black eyes. We slowly entered the station at

THE CITY OF MEXICO while eagerly I looked about me for a pair of honest, blue Saxon eyes—and found none.

But a night's rest wholly restores our jaded spirits and we awake to dazzling sunshine, bright blue sky, clanging of many bells, and to the charm of the Mexican capital, which lies mellowed by the sunshine, rich in years, mystical in ancient rites and legend—a city distinct from all others. As we walk the well-worn flagstones, we are conscious of great enthusiasm, strange sights greet the eye, stranger sounds smite the ear. Flap, flap go the awnings in the morning's delicious breeze, the sun sparkles on the windows of elegant sun sparkles on the windows of elegant shops bearing, to us, strange names, such as La Esmeralda (the emerald) for a jewelry establishment; El pie de Venus (the foot of Venus), La esclava de la Moda (the slave of fashion), for prominent shoe stores. We stop to gaze at the pretty Spanish boots here displayed, but soon turn to look upon the passing crowd so national in character. The glittering national in character. The glittering black eye looks at you restlessly, the women, many of them wearing the graceful Spanish lace mantilla, or without any head covering, display to advantage their well dressed, glossy hair. Crowds of peons jostle you. La fler de San Juan' (the flower of Saint John), sings a high voice, and an Indian woman, holding tightly pressed against her brown bosom a mass of delicate white blossoms, pauses second beside you, then passes on with her fragrant burden.

All is not rush here as it is in the United States. That the restless spirit of haste does not abide here is quickly noticed One wonders why he has ever hurried himself in life, why he has never enjoyed before the influence of the sun and

With a "peep-peep" comes the chicken vender, rather a dirty figure, to be sure, but picturesque. White cotton pantaloons over which he wears leather ones slashed at the side, allowing the white cotton to escape in a full fold. A white shirt confined at the waist by a red sash or belt completes the costume. Over his stooping shoulder he balances a long pole, from either end of which dangles a bunch of chickens tied by their feet. He passes on to make way for the courtly fruit seller who, with the air of a hidalgo, lowers from his stately head a basket of sunny mangos, and placing them at your feet, bids you buy.

The Plaza Mayor is sparkling in the morning light—in its center stands the graceful band-stand, imported from graceful band-stand, imported from Paris by the Emperor Maximilian. Well kept walks surround and extend from it. The grass plots are carefully tended, and flowers add color to the scene. Copies of fine statuary please the eye, while the whole is surrounded by a fine marble walk. Benches of open-worked iron give happiness to the footsore. The national palace being opposite to this charming spot brings the government. officers through these walks, and distinguished looking men many of them are, aristocratic in feeling and bearing. Though never willing to soil their hands with a paper parcel, yet on any morning they can be seen bearing to or from the bath house their towel. They will be buttoned to the neck in an overcoat, hardly in condition to meet their

A pathetic little group advances, poor and ragged, trailing their rags in the dust of sorrow, a few women and a man, bearing in their midst a little blue coffin, within is exposed to view, veiled only with wayside flowers.

Weary with street scenes and the hot sun, we hall the cleanest of many waiting hacks and order the brighteyed driver, with his silver trimmed sombrero, to drive us at once to the most interesting spot in Mexico, Chapultepec. Rattling through the principal streets of the city, Plateros and San Francisco, on past the alameda, we soon enter the broad, well macadamized Paso de la Reforma, through which the pure air blows, blows from yonder white capped Popocatepelt (the Smoking Hill), Already we feel invigorated and soon behold at the terminus of the drive, on commanding ground, the noble cattle. Well it stands, high above the dark forest surrounding it, its sturdy walls painted in white and in Pompeian colors, its wide balconies overlooking the country, A sense of pain creeps over me as I think of the illstared monarch of Mexico, Montezuma who lived and flourished on that spot falling at last, in the prime of manhood, at the height of his glory a victim to the rapacious Span-

Soon we enter the grounds; peace seems to enter with us as we roll under the great cypresses. These fine old trees were hundreds of years old at the time of were nundreds of years old at the time of the Spanish conquest; they whisper and sigh of the rise and fall of nations, of the fuel demo lition by strangers' hands, or an untaught race, and of the then richly cultivated grounds around their jagged roots. Upward we gaze into their tender green depths, shadowed by grey, trailing moss; soft, sighing winds float over and about us permeated by a

A whisper floats here and there that at night can be seen, flitting from tree to tree, the ghost of long dead Marina, the faithful interpreter and mistress of

One tree measuring fifteen feet in di-ameter, is named "Montezuma." Under this tree he walked in his feathers and jewels. Still exists here the bath of dontezuma, remarkable only for its clear,

limpid water.
In these historical grounds the duels of to-day are fought. Why allow this soil,

once colored with the blood of heroes, to ear such cruel and unworthy stain? Suddenly breaks on the air the sound of a bugle; it comes from the castle; obeying it as a call we begin the ascent of the upwinding road. The higher we rise, the more enchanting grows the view. A walk of ten or lifteen minutes over this road, lined with tall vases which are radient with flowers, brings us to the castle entrance. We present our permit to enter, cross the stone paved court yard where the military students are exercising, on to the front and old part of the building. A slender, graceful, marble stairway leads us onto a wide marble portico facing the old city.

What a scene lies before us! beautiful to the last degree. Against the azure sky rise the grand old mountains, the loftiest of which are snow-crowned Popocatepetl and his near neighbor Iztaccihuati, (the white woman), while lesser mountains are gradually lost in the blue distance. The ancient city with her many domed churches nestles at their feet; the sound of a bell from one of the tiled domes is wafted on the air and that is the only sound that reaches us. To the right, through broad lands shadowed by quivering aspens and curious pepper-trees, stretches a fine black line; it is the street railway running to the lovely suburban village of Tacubaya this view silently and enter a veritable hanging garden, created here above the lower apartments. The corridors surrounding the garden are decorated in Pompeian colors and figures, exquisitly furnished apartments opening onto them, and in these I can see the ghost of long dead nobles. I tread softly and rev erently through them lest I rudely awaken a sigh from out the past. Here lived Maximilian and Carlotta; here, the latter planned the paseo, lead-ing from here to the city, with many other improvements. In those days court beauties, swept, with heir long trains through these balconies their long trains through these balconies to wait upon their majesties, who did, it seems to me, more good for Mexico than has ever been done since. These old rooms of the castle have lately been altered and refurnished for President Diaz and the coming presidents. A beautiful outer balcony surrounds this story from which one can look and look again at this fair country peopled by a strange, fascinating race—a people governed by emotions, one moment loving little children, or charmed by a bright blosson and the next—but step with me to the balcony on our left and look on what they love quite as well—the bull ring. There it lies,

THE ONLY BLOT IN THIS PICTURE. There, on Sundays, flock the gay crowd, n tally-ho coaches, park phætons, cabs, in every kind of conveyance. Smilng eyes and lips, gay music, lures one on to behold the most cruel sport in the world. Sit with me a moment in yonder ring, listen to the shouts of the excited people impregnated with love of this cruel sport! Look at the trembling horse! listen to the bellow of the enraged bull as he advances, pawing the dust, to toss out the life of the tortured horse. I put up my fan to hide the horrid act, and the little boys, seated in the box with me, drag it down that I might enjoy the sight of the entrails of the mute, dving horse as they dangled around his poor, stumbling feet. A sickening sensation over-powers me, and the shouts of the delighted people die farther and farther away. A ripple of mirth is spreading around, what is it! a cowardly bull has jumped over the enclosure, is running over the seats, up into the boxes, for his life; in a tumbling mass the crowds vanish before him when whiz! goes the reata, down fore him when whiz! goes the reata, down rolls the bull and the people joyfully reseat themselves. The bull is dragged into the ring, where the stands to meet the much vaunted Matador, a man in this instance in possession of seventy years. And these seventy years have brought him skill to kill a tortured animal in a really much approved manner. He deftly drops the maddeningly red cape, and cold steel flashingly enters the quivering flesh of the brute. Appliance quivering flesh of the brute. Applause. The blood sports from pose and mouth sinks on his knees while life expires.

But turn from the ring, linger a moment over the garden, the eye will upon a low fence enclosing a mysterious black hole, or rather, a subterranean passage leading into the grounds below. Iit is just large enough for a man to creep through and was used in time of war as a secret passage. I sometimes wondered owever, if positics, or the light of love

led the wanderer through it.

Added to the old part of the castle is a ally fine military college, corresponding to our own at West Point.

Reluctantly retracing our steps down the delicate stairway and through the court yard we turn our faces homeward. A tropical sight is beginning to spread her mantle about us, luminous stars shine in a soft sky, soon to be lost in the fullness of the moon. Silently we travel through the gaily filled paseo, a fair world about us. Here, in passing, one sees many handsome women, who, according to an old custom, were formerly not allowed to walk on the street, but happily, owing to the influx of strangers the custom is fast becoming extinct in the City of Mexico. We reach the street brightened by electric lights, a band fills the air with sweet music Proud horses with their finely dressed riders prance by us-thus we reach the hotel.

THE THEATERS OF MEXICO. as well as many of the hotel, strike a new-comer as being well marked by the soiled fingers of time, but one becomes so accustomed to it that this is soon overlooked and many a bright evening can be spent in them. Last night at the theater Nacional we saw a Spanish zarzuela (light opera) entitled, "El Testamento Azul." It is filed with sparkling music, the most attractive fea ture being a danza, sung and danced by the three principal characters. lowing very characteristic incident lent piquancy to the play: One actor is made to ask another if he will go to the circus with him, at which the invited one asks him what the attractions are to be; he is answered that the attractions and curiosi ties consist of so many riders, lions, bears and thirsty Americans. This theater is a remarkably fine, old building, the en-trance and interior capable of being made very handsome. I should say that its seating capacity was equal to that of the Boston theater, or even greater, and its stage quite as large. Modeled after European theatres, it has no balconies, but tier upon tier of boxes, which are taken by families, and the proseenium boxes by the fashionable young men of the city. When Grau's French Opera company is here the theatre, especially on Sunday nights, presents a brillian spectacle; the ladies beautifully dressed many of them remarkable for jewels. In the parquet a crowd of men, who, between the acts stand up, opera glass in hand, hats ou, and "play the bear" to their lady admirers. They used o smoke at this time, but that custom has fallen out of use.

This French company is a great favorite with the Mexicans, who, for six weeks, or more, every winter, nightly fill the house to see the voiceless, but vivacious Theo, or the insinuating Judic.

After the theatre, to be fashionable, one

must go to the Concordia, Mexico's aristocratic restaurant, eat ices, drink punch, or wine, away into the small hours. The belles and beaux will flock about you and their pretty Spanish words will enter the right ear and more than probable meet a French word coming in at the left.

Next in size to the theatre Nacional is the Principal, then follow the Abeu and Hidalgo. To the Mexican, quite as

attractive as any of the theaters, is the pretty circus erected by the energetic

Orrin brothers. In its center lies the ordinary ring, encircled by rows of raised chairs and back of these a row of boxes. It is gaily decorated and lighted by electric lights. The best performers of Europe and the United States are en-gaged, in the summer, to perform here during the winter months. Each actor is given a benefit at the close of the sea-son, the Mexicans loading their favorites with money and costly presents. One of the great attractions of the city, is

a massive building enclosing the custom-ary courtyard filled with flouring plants, shrubs and palms; across this courtyard. facing the entrance is the room devoted to the Aztec gods, the calendar stone; the awful, but fascinating sacrificial stone here it lies, eight or ten feet in diameter, perhaps three feet in thickness, belted with carved figures. Asplendid block it is. What a mercy that it is voiceless that it may not recount the agony of the thousands of victims yearly sacrificed on it. In its center is a small excavation an inch or two in depth, and leading from it a narrow drain through which the blood flowed into an urn placed at the base of the stone. Here, too, is the carved yoke of stone by which, placed over the neck, the priests held the victims down. A priest with a sharp flint then tore the flesh from over the heart, and with his hand drew the palpitating, smoking member out, offering it, with a loud cry, to the hideous god. Weird music, beatng of drums, and dancing, accompanied this butchery. The urns for receiving the blood are beautiful in design and work-manship. Attached to the temples in which these sacrifices were made, were orders of priestesses, resembling closely the Romish religious orders, who, according to an historian, entered the sisterhood at the age of twelve or thirteen, taking vows for one, or more years, or forever. They were actuated by devotion to religion, or a desire to purify some fault. They were subjected to the severest conventual discipline, suffering pain of death for any great error. In the religious dances they took part their hands and ankles adorned with plumes. During time of penitence they would wound the soft part of the ear, and paint their

cheeks with the blood, as a sacred rouge. The great Aztec calendar stone, was discovered at the depth of half a rod, or more, on leveling the great plaza in 1770. This greatest of Aztec relics waighs, according to Humboldt, 24,400 kilgramos, which is equal to about twelve tons. From it the Aztecs calculated their religious fiestas, and the sun clock that it bore told the priests when to prepare for their ceremonies and sacrifices. The Aztecs possessed great astronomical knowledge. From the top of their temples or teocalli, in the form of pyramids, the priests observed the course of the heavenly bodies to determine the time of the fies-tas as well as the hours of the day and night, heralding them to the people by

means of horns, or trumpets of great power. At the base of the temples, two perpetual fires were fed with incense night and day, the firepans, guarded by the ever watchful priests.

Ascend the broad stone stairway, halting, to look upon a spirited life-size portrait of the emperor Maximilian; it portrays him on horseback, where, I am trays him on horseback, where, I am told, he appeared to the best advantage.

In these upper apartments are seen many Aztec musical instruments; one will give an idea of all: the huchuett, or great drum, an ugly affair, a cylinder of wood some three feet in height, curiously carved and painted, at the top its head of dressed deer-skin, adjustable to in-crease or diminish the sound. It was played with the fingers, and capable of being played with great skill. Like many other of their instruments it is said to have been heard a distance of two or more miles.

Here are funeral urns decorated in hieroglyphics indicating the name and death of the deceased, whose skull and skin bones, or ashes only, repose

A belle of to-day would hardly wear an Aztec ornament, yet they are not so far removed in design from those now in fashion. Imagine those feather bedecked, gaily attired warriors of the old race. with not only ear-rings, but nose-rings as well, collars, bracelets and rings around the arms and ankles, and the nobles, alone, a ring in the under lip. They followed in their workmanship various styles, or manners, some of the ornaments and amulets being formed of geometrical figures, others portraying skulls or the heads of birds and animals, and similar fantastic designs, and some symbolical figures apparently, whose significance is

The Aztec felt the charm of smoke like the Mexican of to-day. This is said to have been his method of enjoying the delicate luxury: he "rolled the tobacco leaves tightly together, mixed with aro matic herbs or perfumes, and arranged them in the hollow end of a reed." It is known when the Mexican first

adopted the pipe, or the universal cigar-There are here some very interesting pieces of picture writing. The Aztec had no alphabet; paper was made of the tiber of the magury plant finely dressed or hides were used; the instrument employed for the work comparing with the Roman stylus. The colors bright and varied, were made from vegetable, ani-

mal and mineral dyes.

A faint display of the old time feather work can be seen; curious coins as well as armor of hides; the shields formed of skins adorned with a plate of metal and plumes, and strengthened by yards of reed-grass, Bows and arrows, and lances that must have executed cruel work with

their flint and copper tips. One apartment is devoted to the silver and china gathered from the table of the Emperor Maxmilian. Another room to stuffed animals, birds and an interesting collection of tropical insects and reptiles Having passed down the stairs take one more look around the court yard, and behold through the open door of a room, the coach of the Empress Carlots ponderous conveyance surely, of gold red velvet and white satin.

Passing out of the building we stop to to buy fruit of the old fruit seller there stationed, how refreshing it is after having passed a forenoon with the musty relics of a dead race.

A SPECIMEN FROM SPACE.

Analyzing a Chunk of Metal That

Fell From the Sky. Pittsburg Dispatch: A rarely interesting analysis is now being made at the laboratory of the Edgar Thomson steel works. It is an analysis of a large meteoric mass found in Mexico, the major part of which is now in the famous Yale collection. Some time ago Professor Brashear delivered an address upon meteors before the congregation of Dr. Swift's church on Arch street, Allegheny, Among his adudience was Mr. Henry Phipp, of the firm of Carnegic, Phipp & Co., who expressed himself as being much interested in what Mr. Brashear told him in regard to this particular meteoric find. He asked the latter if it would be possible to get a specimen of the mass for his private cabinet. Mr Brashear answered that it would, "but it would come high," at the same time giving Mr. Phipps the address of the parties who might be able to furnish the rare specimen. Professor Brashear thought no more of it for some time until there came to him one day a carefully wrapped package and letter from Mr. Phipps. It was a three pound piece of the Mexican mass, and the letter informed Mr. Brashear that if he could cut it in two he could keep half. The operation was success-fully performed, and the filings or dust made in cutting it were taken by Mr. Phipps for the purpose of analysis, which

THE FUNNY FELLOW'S FORUM.

One Man Found Too Mean for an Abode in Satan's Domain.

HER LOVER MADE THEM WEARY.

When My Dream Comes True-A Club He Forgot-Too Much Insurance -He Drew the Line at Hair Dye-Funny Clips.

"When My Dream Comes True." After James Whiteomb Riley.

When my dream comes true, when my dream Comes true;
You can bet your sweet existence I know just
what I'll do. what I'll do,
When my ship comes sailing into port as full
as she can hold
Of silks and laces, jewels rare, and piles of gold.
I will follow her example and will get myself
"full," too,
In the saccharine hereafter—when my dream

When my dream comes true, this shabby coat I wear Will be changed into a broadcloth, and I'il bave a dozen pair Of the finest striped breeches that your eyes Or the mest striped breeches that your eyes did e'er behold.

And every pocket in them will be filled with sterling gold.

And I'll spend it like a nabob, and my girls both old and new.

Will say, "He is blooded; he's a dandy"—when my dream comes true.

when my dream comes true. When my dream comes true, when my dream comes true, I'll paint this town of carmine hue and leave not a streak of blue. drive the fastest horses and own the finest vacht. And the fellow who keeps up with me will find the pace is hot;
Oh, I'll spend my money freely and be rich as any Jew,
And "buck the tiger" in his den—when my

dream comes true. When my dream comes true, I fear I'll do such things, My riches all will vanish for wealth, 'tis said, has wings; And when at last I'm stranded on Adver-Say, will I cry and whimper and ask for just one more Such chances to use my riches to show what

Perhaps. But I won't spend them—till my dream comes true.

W. W. Brown.

—Philadelphia News, May 12, 1887.

The One He Forgot. "John, I would like to invite my friend,
Mrs. Smalley, this evening. Will you be
able to be in?" "No, my dear; I must
attend a meeting of the Knights of Honor
to-night." "Well, to-morrow evening?"
"I have the Ancient Order of United
Workmen, and you know—" "What
about Wednesday evening?" "O, the
Odd Fallows meet that night and on

Odd Fellows meet that night, and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Chosen Friends to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars; on Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masonic lodge, and l couldn't miss that; and then Sunday-le me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?" "The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship." "Why, I had forgotten; am I a member of that—let me see—" "But you have forgotten let me see—" "But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member." "What's that?" "Your

The Jubitce Ode.

Eng ish Humorist.
Fifty times the Laureate sharpened his pen cil; Fifty times he turned over the rhyming die tionary; Then he decided to give up rhymes altogether. He, the Patriot Laureate, He, the Lord Manufacturer,

Shaped a stately memorial,
Made it regally gorgeous
After Walt Whitman's pattern,
Rich in blackness, in duliness,
Which might speak to the centuries
Through the Magazine Macmillan,
Of this year of our judies. Of this year of our jubilee.

He Didn't Go. Wall Street News: "Going aboard this steamer, sir?" asked the captain of a gentleman who was surveying the boat as she was making ready to leave the wharf in Buffalo.
"That depends. Captain, what is your boat insured for?"

"Sixty thousand dollars, sir." "Ah. Sixty thousand, and she's worth about \$35,000. Captain, you needn't wait on my account. I will take the rail-

The Song of the Mosquito. Grace Denio Litchfield in . t. Nicholas. lum! hum! I'm coming, coming, on't you hear me humming, humming, Like some distant drummer drumming His tired troops to sleep? Rat tat-tat, and hum-hum hum. ear, more near, I come, I come With all a feast to keep.

Hum! hum! You cannot say Humi hum 1 on cannot say
I sup and dine and do not pay.
Behind me, when I go away,
Just here, and here, and here,
I'll leave a tiny round bright spot—
A brand new coin, laid down red hot,
In full return for all I got. I pay most dear, most dear.

Hum! hum! I've supped and rarely; And you still are sleeping fairly, Hum-hum-hum! We twain part squarely, All my dues I pay for. One more taste, and one more sip, From your eyelid, from your lip, Then away I'll skip-skip-skip

Left Out in the Cold. His Satanic Majesty (to applicant for admission), What may I call your name? Applicant. I haven't got any. I'm the man who has been writing anonymous His Satanic Majesty. Who sent you to

Applicant. Peter. . Satanic Majesty (indignantly). Well, Peter ought to know better. You can't get in here, my friend; this place is too good for you.

Couldn't Stand That. D etroit Free Press: Two Brush stree, boys ab out ten years old were rubbing against each other the other day and exhibiting e very anxiety to come to blows but still wanting a reasonable excuse when one of them called out:

"Your father is bow-legged!"
"And yours has a turn up nose," hotly replied the other.
"They say your brother has been arrested!" "And your sister's husband has run away and left her a grass widow!"
"Its a lie! You don't own the house
you live in!"

"And you've got a rag carpet on the parlor floor, for I've been in there and Pooh! I know something!"

"Yes, I do, Your mother dyes her hair! Take that back?" "I won't!"
"Won't you? Then ——!"
And they closed in mortal combat and

rolled in the mud. They Meant Business. Girl's brother (while girl is dressing to receive company.) What is a snide, Mr. Jones?

Girl's beau (who has just called.) A snide? Well, my boy, I can hardly tell

Girl's brother. She does, and she told pap last night to give you a booting if you don't propose to her. you don't propose to her.
Girl's beau. She did?
Girl's brother. She did, and you should
see her eyes flash when she did so.
Girl's beau. Good heavens! Well, I must be going.
Garl's brother. I wouldn't advise you to go, the bull dog's untied and pap's in the yard with a shotgun. Girl's beau. What must I do:

shall you name the day, that's what Mamie says a snide is. Girl's beau. And does Mamie say

Girl's brother. Proose to Mamie. Girl's beau. And if I don't your father is to boot me, the dog is to be set on me, and I am to run the risk of being shot be

teaching Manue the various definitions of kissing for a long time. Pap says there is only one definition of marriage, and that definition is splice. If you don't splice to Mamie father says he will break your back.
Girl's beaux. Let us have piece. Let

darling Mamie come in and we will have the ceremony performed at once. An Irishman's Wit.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette: Judge Stowe, M. A. Woodward, John H. Hamp ton, George W. Hazen, and a number of other attorneys were standing on Dia mond street, near Grant, yesterday after noon in conversation when a venerable gentleman from Ireland came along, and approaching the judge with a mammoth smile, held out his hand and in a refreshingly familiar and cordial tone, ex

"How are ye, judge? Glad to see ye yer honor."
His honor, although not being able to identify his admiring friend, shoot hands, and then the latter continued: 'Yer honor, it's my opinion that yer

the fornest man on the earth."

The judge blushed inwardly at this flattering tribute, and the lawyers laughed

consumedly.
"Yes, yer honor," resumed the man from the oul' darth, "and" pointing to the court house, "that's a fine place ye'll have to sit in. I was standin' lookin' at it the other day, yer honor, admirin' its lovely an' its beautiful a-archy-archy-

"Why you are quite poetic," inter-rupted one of the attorneys.
"That I am. I've a big streak av poetry in me, so I have. But, as I was sayin', I was shtandin' there, whin a man came along—an' he wore shpecks, judge, too-an' he was a lukin' an' a lukin' this way an' that at the court house, an' he sez to me, sez he, 'What's that buildin' fur, I dunno?' 'Doan't yer.' sez I. 'Well, I'll tell yer. That, sor, is a monument put up by the people of Allegheny county to the memory o' that great lawyer, Jimmy Kilday, an' that great o-ra-tor, John F O'Malley.'''

At these words Judge Stowe almost collapsed and doubled up with laughter, while the assembled attorneys laughed until they woke the echoes far and near The old Irishman then ambled on, richer by several quarters and dimes which were slipped into his hand as a reward for

History of Millions. Wilksbarre (Pa.) Leader: A resident of this city returned the blank sent him under the personal property tax with the following endorsement:

"Gold and silver I have none, Spent long ago for women and rum; Silver plate and watches in pawn, My property, real and personal gone. Whoever thought to this it would come? Nobody now but an American bum.'

A Husband Already Staked Out. Esmerelda Longcoffin to Birdie McGin-nis—"We girls are getting up a picuic at the Bee Spring, and we have invited Gil-hooly, Hostetter McGinnis, Koskiusko Murphy and several other young men to take part in it. Don't you want to go

"I am engaged to a young man from Houston, and he might object."
"I didn't know that you were engaged Of course, if you have a sure thing for a husband you don't need to go on pienics at all. I wouldn't want to go on me either if I had a husband already staked out."

Wall Street News: "Is Mr. Pullman aboard?" he asked of the porter of a deeping car on an Ohio train. 'No, sah; he an't."

"Do you represent Mr. Pullman?" "Well, sah, Misser Pullman built dis kyar an' de rigular conductor runs de train; but in case you want valuable informashun I reckon you'd better interview me. I'ze a sort of middleman, I spose. 4

How She Knew He Was Failing. "You are not as strong as you used to be, John," said a fond wife to her husband;"I think it is about time you were getting some insurance on your life."
"Insurance on my life! What are you

talking about? I am as healthy as I ever was; insurance, indeed!"
"Well, my dear, I only mentioned it you know, out of respect for yourself; thought you were failing."
"And what in the world put it into your head that I am faiting? Me failing? Why,

I am as strong as a horse, and can run up three flights of stairs without taking a breath."
"Weil, it may be so; but I am afraid you are deceiving yourself."
"Deceiving myself! Goodness gracious

woman, what do you mean?"
"Don't be so impatient. What makes me think you are failing is this: when you were courting me you could hold me on your lap three hours; now you cannot hold the baby on your lap three minutes.

What "Bride" Comes From. "Mother, why do they call a girl a 'bride' when she gets married?" "Because that't the right name for her "I'll bet I know."

"Well, why? "Cause 'bride' is took from 'bridle, and they call her that 'cause then is when she begins to put the bridle on her husband. Was it a bridle or a halter you "That'll do sir."

AN OLD TIME SHOWMAN GONE Lewis B. Lent, Circus Proprietor and

Manager-His Checkered Career. New York Herald, May 21: Lewis B, Lent, for fifty years a showman, died suddenly Thursday evening at his residence. No. 246 Lexington avenue, in the seventy fourth year of his age, leaving a widow one son, L. B. Lent, and one daughter. Mr. Lent was very stout, weighing over three hundred pounds, but enjoyed good health, save that he was for years afflicted with a cough and labored respiration. He began his career in the show busy ness when only about nineteen years old.
His father, Benjamin Lent, was the original owner of "Bett," which, it is said,
was the first elephant exhibited in America. He heard of the arrival of the elephant in New York when at church one Sunday and went straightway to New York, bought the wonder and took it home. A stock company was immediately formed among the neighbors to boom the elephant. Trick horses were then bought, and what was then the "greatest show on earth," created a furore of enthusiasm and made considerable money for the proprietors. Benjamin Lent bought an interest for his son

=HILL & YOUNG=

1213 Farnam Street.

FURNITURE,

CARPETS,

STOVES

House Furnishing Goods.



RAIL-ROAD REMEDY is produced from twelve powerful vegetable ingredients, so manipulated as to produce the most wonderful results known to the medical world. Its action is both sure and speedy, giving instant relief from every pain and soreness to which flesh is heir. A positive cure for Croup, Catarrh, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Colds, Sore Throat and Lungs;

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA, in their worst forms; Headache, Toothache, Earache, Lame Back or Side, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Corns, Chilblains and Frost Bites. We make no claim for this Remedy but what hundreds of testimonials of the highest character have established. We publish the following:

Over 2,000 test cases cured. For sale by allfirst class druggists. Trade supplied by Richardson Drug Company, Omaha.

RILEY & McMAHON, REAL ESTATE, 310 South 15th Street

Bargains in the following additions BEDFORD PLACE, CLEVELAND PLACE, BRIGGS PLACE, HANSCOM PLACE,

BROOKLINE, REDICK'S 2d, REED'S 2d, HAWTHORNE.

Some choice property on Farnam, Douglas, Dodge, California, Cumings, 10th, 15th, 16th and 20th streets. 198 feet good trackage on Nicholas street. A large, elegant house with all modern improvements, on Georgia ave. Fine 7-room house, Izard, near 18th st., cheap. 5-room house, 22th near Burdette st., very cheap.

Lent and exhibited in this country and in England. Mr. Lent was a partner in the originial hippodrome known as Franconi's hippodrome, which about thirty-four years ago was located on the site now occupied by the Fifth Avenue Avery Smith and others were interested with them. Mr. Lent was, later, a partner in Bar-

num's traveling show; afterward formed a partnership with General Rufus Welch, of Philadelphia, where they ran Welch & Lent's national scircus and amphitheater. Also concerned in an-other theater and circus in the Quaker city, where "horse dramas" were produced, such as "Herne, the Hunter," the "Cataract of the Ganges," the "Bronze Horse" and "Putnam's Ride."

hour," replied Rice. "I have some business at the bank, and I will return in three-quarters of an hour. While I do not see how this document can be doubted, I yet desire you will take every

When the war began Mr. Lent and E. P. Christy went to the West Indies with the National circus and exhibited there two seasons. On his return to New York he took Wallack's old theatre, known then as "The New Idea," at Broadway and Broom streets, and ran it as a circus. He afterwards bought the "Hippotheatron," a circus on Fourteenth street, opposite the academy of music. It was successfully run by Mr. Lent until August, 1872, when he sold out to Barnum and then went on the road with the traveling New Cork circus. In 1873 Mr. Lent ran a circus and menagerie in the

Among the long list of shows with which he was connected as partner or director were Howe & Cushing's United States circus and trained lions, Cameron's French and American circus; L. B. Lent's New York circus, combined with J. M. French's circus and menagerie; Van Amburgh's go'den menagerie; Adam Forepaugh's aggregation, Batchelder & Davis' inter-ocean shows, Robbins & Covlin's railroad shows, John O'Brien's circus, museum and menagerie, and Frank A. Robbins' circus and menagerie, with which he wound up his career in the show business in 1882, since which he has led a comparatively quiet

He accumulated and lost fortunes, but died a rich man.

Some of Big Ed Rice's Work.

One of the nerviest pieces of work ever attempted by a professional crook was that performed by big Ed Rice eight or ten years ago, he being assisted in the work by Tom Bigelow of Windsor, Ontario. A pal of Rice's had been arrested in Indiana and sent to prison for attempting to pass a forged check on a bank. The sentence was for three years, and the name of the man was Stettson. More than \$1,000 was paid to lawyers to prevent his conviction, but it was a clear case, and nothing would save him. It was claimed that it was a case of mistaken identity, and the newspapers discussed the afthe newspapers discussed the af-fair in a manner to convince many of their readers that Stettson was a much-injured man. The sentence was no sooner in operation than there was talk that the governor would be appealed to to grant a pardon, and the convict had only served six weeks when it was an-nounced in Indianapolis and Chicago papers that the governor had agreed to grant a pardon. This was the sly work of Ed Rice with newspaper men. He of Ed Rice with newspaper men. He cousin of Stettson's. Bigelow claimed to be a brother-in-law and a Chicago broker. What was inserted in the papers after the trial was for the benefit of the prison officials. It was published only in papers which found their way into prison, and Stettson took good care that all should know that he was in daily expectation o a pardon. He had been in prison about seven weeks when Rice appeared one day and stated to the warden that the governor had issued and mailed a pardon, and, indeed, he was in the office when the mail was received and the pardon taken from the envelope. The warden was prepared for the reception of the document. He believed that the governor had been appealed to, and that he looked upon Stettson as an innocent

The document was in perfect form, the signature all right, and but for a trilling incident Stettson would have walked out of the prison inside of an hour. Some one from Indianapolis who had business Girl's brother. Well, I guess I can.
Girl's beau. Well what is a snide?
Girl's brother, Well a snide is a feller that comes up to the Louse every night and burns coal oil and coal in the stove and never says to Mamie when at the prison came in just as the warden was looking at the document, and re-marked that the governor had been ab-sent from the state for several days past and his signature could not be had to

day before at Indianapolis, and the war-den would have been a poor stick not to see that something needed explanation. Rice was cool and collected and had the other party not been a friend of the war-dan's his statement would have passed for a mistake. As it was the warden determined to investigate before giving Stettson his liberty, and he said to Rice: "If the governor was not in Indianapolis yesterday, this signature is a forgery. If he was there, then the document is

all right."
"You can escertain by telegraph in an hour," replied Rice. "I have some business at the bank, and I will return in precaution to render yourself safe." He went out to take a train out of the city and be heard of no more, and inside of an hour it was known that the whole paper was a forgery. Bigelow had ne-complished his part of the work in a successful manner, but Rice had failed through a trifling circumstance. There was an official investigation into the matter, or rather, one was begin and then zealously hushed up. There was no question about the forgery of the governor's signature, but as to how Bigelow got the blank pardon and the seal of state was quite another matter. There had been no breaking and entering, and those who knew of the case came to the conclusion that bribery had brought things about. A certain employe of the state who had access to the governor's

office suddenly left for Texas, or some-

where else, and the matter soon died out.

Stettson served thirteen months of his

sentence, and then shammed sickness

This same Rice and Stettson did a very

and escaped from the hospital.

bold piece of work in Philadelphia about six years ago, the lay being entirely different. Rice had some stolen bonds he was anxious to dispose of. They were the public improvement bonds of Ohio city, and for some reason the party losing them had not notified brokers and bankers of their loss. Rice, dressed as a farmer, enterd a stock broker's office, and said he had taken the bonds in exchange for some Virginia coal lands, and was only a few minutes converting them into cash. At the time of his visit a wealthy widow was in the office inquiring if she had not better sell certain United States bonds and re-invest in land mortgages. Rice heard her name mentioned, and he heard the broker advise her to sell. When she went away he piped her home, and that afternoon he called at the house as the confidential clerk of Bond & Co., looked over her securities, and gave her receipt, and took away with him \$14,000 worth of bonds, which were negotiated before noon the next day, all alone in both jobs, and now, having about \$25,000 in his possession, he determined on a trip to Europe.

He changed his money to
gold and secured a passage
Liverpool. Luck had singularly favored Liverpool. Luck had singularly favored him in his undertakings, but now it as strangely deserted him. He desired to keep his money under his own eye, instead of placing it in the purser's safe. With the exception of a few hundred dollars he stored it away in his trunk, and on the fourth day out this receptacle was opened by means of false keys, and every dollar taken. The ship was raided from stem to stern, and various people kept under surveillance during the voyage, but Rice never recovered a dollar of it. Two weeks after he landed in England the police arrested a swindler with a large amount of gold in his possession, but Rice dared not seek to identify it for fear of being arrested himself.

What Becomes of the Pianos? Rio (Brazil) News: An American ex-change is very anxious to know what becomes of the pianos, as the United States alone manufactured 919,000 from 1790 to 1885 inclusive, and the output in 1886 was about 48,000. We cannot say what be-comes of the American pianos, but some years of personal experience in Brazil has given us a notion of what becomes of a great many European planes. They are polished up very nicely and shipped to Brazil, where their jangling, discord-ant sounds are slowly but surely filling all the asylums, hospitals and poor houses of the country with lunatics and hopeless invalids.

The palace of the mikado has been highted for some time by electricity, and the Edison company has closed a contract to illuminate the city of Tokio,