

A MEXICAN FESTIVAL

Curious Religious Observance Among the Peon Indians.

Colorful Decorations of Animals That Figure in the Singular Ceremony of Blessing for St. Anthony.

During March there occurs in the remote villages of Mexico a curious observance now practically obsolete elsewhere. It is the blessing of the animals in honor of St. Anthony, and is thought of one of the great days of the year by the peon Indians, who bring their "animals" to the ceremony in festal attire of astonishing variety and effect, says Youth's Companion.

Amulets, collars, frills, bows, bells, blankets, streamers, rosettes, even miniature jackets, caps and trousers, and patterns executed with dye or paint brush, are all in fashion on that day among the astonished and frequently indignant animals, which emerge in kind from huge plow-oxen and aullen fighting buff to pet cats and tiny love birds. All in turn are brought up to the padre, sprinkled, blessed, and adjured in the name of the venerable saint who loved their kind to be faithful and servicable.

Colorful indeed are many of the candidates. A visitor not long ago described those he noticed, some of which were comical enough to bring a smile even to the lips of the padre himself, as he dispensed his equal blessing upon bedizened mules, lumbering puppies and contemptible cattle wreathed from hoof to horn—even including a piteous dead rabbit with a ribbon round its neck, held up by a tearful little boy amid sympathetic murmurs from the crowd. It was the only creature that was still; the place resounded with barking, braying, squealing, cackling and clucking; with laughter and the sounds of flapping, trampling, scrambling and scurrying hither and thither.

Among the animals was one puppy painted in pink and blue stripes around its fat body, and with a huge pink bow attached to its infantile snub of tail. A purple-and-pink dyed kitten was brought forward by a little girl, who carried it in a parrot cage decked with flowers. A lamb, snowy white, its fleece tied with blue ribbons and its neck garlanded with blue forget-me-nots, received the applause of the spectators, who, on the other hand, greeted with derisive cries a belligerent old goat butting at everybody with horns incongruously adorned with gay streamers.

A peon, from under whose cloak peeped the pink noses of five tiny squirming pigs, struggled long and gallantly, assisted by much advice from the onlookers, before he was able to drive forward their grunting and resentful mother, half of whose decorations were rubbed off, and the rest all soiled and awry.

A culminating sensation was created when the proud owner of a fine flock of poultry displayed his fowls, each bewildered hen arrayed in a paper Etou jacket, neck frill and bonnet tied under her chin.

The pigs and mules were the most ill-behaved animals; the dogs the best, and best of all, cheered by the crowd and smiled on benevolently by the padre, was a demure little dog that trotted forward and sat up dog-fashion on its hind legs to beg for a blessing.

HE SAW PRINCE HENRY.

The Intended Victim of a Joke Succeeded Where the Over-Confident Joke Failed.

Ever since the visit of Prince Henry to Philadelphia, a printer, whose establishment is in the vicinity of Tenth and Arch streets, is wondering at his lack of success as a practical joker, says the Philadelphia Record. He has an errand boy who had expressed a great desire to see the prince; so, thinking to play a trick on the innocent youth, he struck off some cards containing a number of meaningless sentences set in German type, and gave one to the youngster. In the upper right-hand corner was the inscription: "Hoch der Kaiser," and printed in English in the other corner was: "Gate No. 8, Left." "This card," said the printer, "will admit you to Broad Street station at the time for Prince Henry's arrival." Armed with his passport, the boy started out in great glee, followed by several men from the office who had been told of the joke and who were anxious to see the fun. The victim presented his card in turn to a reserve policeman, a railroad employee, and a member of the reception committee, each of whom, after solemnly scrutinizing the bit of cardboard, passed the bearer through the station until he reached a position not five feet away from the prince at the time of his arrival. The strangest part of it is that one of the other young men from the office, seeing the boy's success, endeavored to work himself in on a similar card, and narrowly escaped arrest.

Just Ahead Right.

"Brier Jinkins, you so trifler dat I cally believe of you wuz pointed ter be watchman at de pearly gates de fust time you'd would be ter set down an go fas' asleep."

"Brier Thomas, you may well say datf case I'd sho' feel so good over de 'piment I'd des natchully batter go ter sleep for dream if it wuz true."

Michigan Constitution.

Michigan woman stole \$15,000 to provide a luxurious home for her cats and dogs, and the Chicago Herald says Philadelphia must have a fast set, after all.

TO RECLAIM ARID ARIZONA.

Immense Tract to Be Recovered by Great Reservoir Over Twenty Miles Square.

To aid in building the largest reservoir in the world, and to provide for the irrigation of over 500,000 acres of land, most of which is now given over to the desert, besides the irrigation of 100,000 acres of land on the Pima Indian reservation, Arizona is asking congress to appropriate a million dollars, states the Denver Post.

A petition was forwarded to Washington asking for the passage of an act enabling Maricopa county, Arizona, to issue bonds to the amount of \$2,500,000, a sum believed to be sufficient to provide for the project under contemplation.

A bill was sent to Arizona's representative in congress asking that a million dollars be given by the national government to partially pay for the work.

The site proposed for the great dam is on the Salt river, in the mountains, some 60 miles northeast of Phoenix, at the point where the river, leaving the Tonto basin, enters a deep, narrow gorge in the solid rock. The gorge is but 200 feet wide at the level of the stream, and for the first hundred feet upward the walls are perpendicular. It is proposed to build a masonry dam which will be 200 feet high above low water, and allowing for waste ways 20 feet deep, will create a reservoir 20 feet deep. The dam will be 650 feet long on top. The waste ways on each side of the dam are calculated to pass 10,000 cubic feet of water, the amount of water food, that of 1891, when the discharge during part of one day was equal to one-half of that running over Niagara falls.

The reservoir site, covering over 20 square miles, is likewise ideally located by nature. Into this basin is carried the run-off from a drainage area of nearly 6,000 square miles, most of which is within the region of the greatest precipitation in the territory. The greater portion of this water shed has a rainfall of 15 to 20 inches and upward annually. The storage capacity of the reservoir is limited only by the height of the dam which it is practicable to build, and the capacity of the reservoir which will be created by the dam projected will be stupendous—no less than 737,000 acre-feet, or 32,670 million cubic feet of water. It is conservatively estimated that the 737,000 acre-feet thus stored will be ample for the irrigation of considerably more than 500,000 acres of land.

CHECK TORN AND PASTED.

The Maker Meant to Destroy It, But the Holder Put It Together and Cashed It.

A case in the district court at Atchison, Kan., shows how easily one may be misled by the misuse of language. A colored man had quarried a lot of rock for a Mr. King. In pay for the work King gave the man a check for \$175. But a little later King discovered that the man had mismeasured the rock and that he had been overpaid. Going to the bank, he told the cashier not to pay the check until further notice. Then he hunted up the colored man and asked to see the check. The colored man handed over the check and King at once tore it into eight pieces and cast it on the ground, saying to the colored man that he would settle with him after giving the rock another measurement.

A few hours later King happened into the bank again. "What about the check?" asked the cashier. "Oh, I fixed it," responded King, as he passed out. And a little later, when the colored man presented the check, with the pieces all pasted together, the cashier paid it, though he said afterward that he thought it a little curious that King should have gone to all the trouble of fixing the check after it had been so badly torn.

The colored man was arrested on the charge of forgery. At his trial the jury could not agree and he will be tried again. People may be surprised to know that pasting a torn check together comes under the charge of forgery, says the Kansas City Journal. However, in this case the defense was that the colored man had the right to put his own check together and that he had not willingly surrendered it to King.

She Lived 100 Years.

There has just died at Golsbach, Ardnamurchan, Miss Mary Stewart, who had lived under five sovereigns and whose life completely spanned the nineteenth century. She was born in 1792, and up to the middle of last summer she was able to perform a wonderful amount of work and was in full possession of her faculties. Her eyesight never failed her. For the last six months, however, she was confined to bed a good deal and lost strength rapidly. Miss Stewart's parents were farmers on the Ardnamurchan estate. Of the language of the Saxon she was utterly ignorant, but her vernacular Gaelic she could speak with singular idiomatic purity. Last year she received from Queen Alexandra, through Miss Knollys, a basket of sweets and a quantity of tea, etc., on the queen ascertaining that she had completed 108 years. That parcel was accompanied by a gracious and sympathetic letter.—London Express.

Reply from Mark Twain.

A friend wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days and wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Then he sent a third note, enclosing a sheet of paper and two-cent stamp.

By return post he received a post card, on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."—E. Y. Times.

THE PRINCE'S GUARD

Precautions Taken for Henry's Protection While Our Guest.

Secret Service Men Were at His Side Day and Night and Scores of Detectives Watched Him Everywhere.

"Now that Prince Henry is gone," said a government official who accompanied him on his tour of this country, according to a Washington report, "it will do no harm to explode the notion that was so prevalent that he had a body guard in addition to the secret service men and local detectives several picked German detectives sent over here with him by the German government on account of their acquaintance with the notorious cranks and criminals of Europe.

"All sorts of stories have been told about the precautions taken to prevent Prince Henry from becoming an anarchist's victim while on his visit here, but none was more absurd than this one. As a matter of fact, Prince Henry's person, strictly speaking, while he was in this country was guarded by just four secret service men.

"These men were at all times the nearest of those assigned to watch him. They were on guard night and day.

"At night one was outside his door always. At a reception one or more stood within a few feet of him and at large public dinners, such as that of the German society, the plan followed was for one to be seated near each end of the head table so that no suspicious looking person could get behind the prince, while still another watched the front of the table.

"When the prince went driving one of these four men always rode on the box beside the driver. These four men were under the constant supervision of Chief Wilkie, who went along with the prince's party for that very purpose.

"Of course, these precautions at the different places the prince stopped at were supplemented by those taken by the local police. These were as a rule unusually elaborate. It was true, as was often said, that detectives swarmed everywhere in the prince's vicinity, but they were not secret service men.

"Particularly was this true in New York. There were generally as many as a score of local detectives in and outside the building where the prince happened to be. Some of these belonged to the police inspector in charge and others to Capt. Titus' staff.

"The number of detectives was often absurdly out of proportion to the size of the crowd, but such arrangements were always left to the local police officials, and all of them took double pains that nothing unpleasant should happen at any place under their jurisdiction.

"One thing is certain, that owing to either the admirable temper of the American community or to these elaborate police precautions or perhaps to both, not one unpleasant incident happened to disturb the prince or his companions or to mar their visit in any way. So far as I could see no one tried to cause any.

"When the prince's visit was first decided upon, it is true that there was some correspondence between the two Governments over the matter of precautions to be taken to insure his safety. The advisability of having foreign aid, of course, came up, and such assistance was offered by the German police.

"The outcome of the whole business was, however, that it was decided to center the responsibility for the prince's personal safety in the secret service of the United States. This was agreed to by Germany, which showed a disposition to leave the entire matter in our hands.

"It was further decided that for too many officers to shoulder this responsibility would not be so wise as to leave it to just four. Of course, at places where the president was, too, there were other secret service men watching him, but that secret service officers swarmed everywhere about the prince's party was a popular mistake.

"Although there was never at any time great fear for the prince's safety there was just enough risk to make it a source of the greatest congratulation to those to whom the duty was left that he got through his visit here without being bothered or alarmed in any way.

Feminine Diplomacy.

Mrs. Newed—Oh, dear, my husband smokes all the time when he is home, and my lace curtains are ruined. I wish I knew how to break him of the habit.

Mrs. Neighbor—That's an easy matter, my dear. My husband did the same thing when we were first married. Now he never thinks of lighting a cigar in the house.

"Did you scold him until he quit as a matter of self-defense?"

"No; on the contrary, I encouraged him to smoke. I bought him three boxes of cigars at a bargain sale down town and told him to go right ahead and smoke all he wanted to."—Chicago Daily News.

Ready Explanation.

"Yes," we say to Mme. Mystique, who has summoned the spirits from the vasty deep to tell us things about our past, present and future. "Yes, we have been much pleased with the spirits who have trotted out of the cabinet; but why is it that on their robes we see the legend: 'Use Sudd's Soap'?"

"Ah," murmured the madam, a soulful smile flitting across her inspired countenance, "did you never hear of an advertising medium?"—Baltimore American.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"There is one thing to be said in favor of music. It never comes out at the little end of the horn."—Philadelphia Record.

Dubious Praise—"Did you hear my illustrated lecture last night?" "Yes; the views were very good."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of Them—"Elvira pretends to have high ideals." "I know. The fellow she's engaged to is over six feet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Grindicus—"A man can't get an education nowadays without money." Sporticus—"In other words, you claim that the tree of knowledge sprouts from the roots of all evil."—Harvard Lampoon.

Home Protection—"Wealthy, is he? Why, the last time I saw him he had trouble keeping the wolf from the door." "Well, now he has trouble keeping his poor relations from the porte cochere."—Catholic Standard.

Hostess—"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Nightingale. What a lovely song." Vocalist (pleased with himself)—"I usually find it goes down very well." Cynical Old Gentleman—"It went down nearly a semitone this time!"—Punch.

The Secret—"How does it come you write such lovely dialect verse?" asked the enthusiastic editor. "Why, you see," replied the budding author, "I use a stub pen, lots of ink, and write left-handed with my eyes blindfold."—Ohio State Journal.

MAN OF FADS AND MONEY.

Costly Blunder of a Nephew Who Wanted to Fix Up His Homely Old Uncle.

"I haven't lived so many years over 30," said the drummer, as he lighted a cigar and got his feet up, relates the Detroit Free Press, "but I've lived long enough to learn to respect other people's fads. I've paid for the learning, too.

"I had a rich old uncle down in Ohio who marked me for his favorite, and but for my making an ass of myself three years ago I'd now be burning the hundred thousand dollars he gave to red-headed and cross-eyed cousins in Wisconsin.

"I'd been in the habit of getting around to his place about once a year, and when I called the last time I found him decidedly feeble. He was a queer old fellow as to dress, but very touchy on the subject. For instance, he never greased or blackened his shoes, and they simply rusted out on his feet. He had a red rag that he used as a necktie for six or seven years. He wore socks with the legs cut off, and he used pins for buttons on his vest.

"I don't know what possessed me to do it, but perhaps it was a yearning to slick him up a little in his last days. At any rate, after he had gone to bed I burned up his legless socks and laid out a new pair. Then I blackened his old shoes until they smiled with delight, had his old housekeeper sew buttons on his vest, and the red rag was displaced by a 50-cent necktie. I got up next morning expecting to find him with tears in his eyes, but instead of tears they were daggers.

"What means this?" he exclaimed, as he pointed to the necktie.

"It's a little present, uncle."

"And this, sir!" he shouted, as he pointed to the buttons on his vest.

"I thought they'd be handier."

"And this!" he yelled, as he held up the socks.

"New ones, uncle."

"And you have dared!" he whooped as he jumped up and down—"you have dared to defile my shoes and disgrace me in the eyes of my neighbors! Young man, you have no respect for my gray hairs and I'm glad I've found you out! Here's 50 cents to go and buy your breakfast elsewhere, and should I ever want to see you again I'll drop you a line!"

"He never did," sighed the nephew. "He heard of a male cousin out west who had a fad of getting barefoot in the winter, and of a female cousin who chewed tobacco and swore like a drover, and he cut me dead and left every shilling to the girl."

THE GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

Age at Which She Begins to Reflect and Reason Things Out for Herself.

The great thing for a young girl to know is that she doesn't know anything. All which life teaches is to come. She has heard much talk, read a few books, looked out of wondering eyes upon the great world, but she has not had a chance to do anything, and until one actually enters into the activities of life one can know nothing of realities, writes Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Companion.

It is true that the schoolgirl has been brought into contact with active young minds, and with teachers and instructors. She is learning something about human nature, something about the play of forces good and bad in the society she happens to be a part of; but unable to compare, to judge, to reason closely, of necessity she remains ignorant of the real, living, working world.

When a girl has the sense to realize exactly the place she occupies in the social order she is a most happy girl. Content to be herself, leaving the management of things to older and wiser persons, looking on and learning as she goes, joyous, hopeful, helpful and gay—there is nothing in all nature so beautiful and sweet as this kind of a girl of 15. While she defers to the will and advice of her parents in all things, this girl begins to reflect, to reason and compare, and thus she learns as she goes on her way. Later on experience becomes her teacher, and all that she observes now will be translated into what she can understand by experience.

GETTING INTO CLUBS

Routine Followed by Most of the New York Organizations.

How Undesirable Candidates for Membership Are Kept Out—Once Admitted a Member Is Hard to Get Out.

Membership in half a dozen New York clubs by no means presupposes access to a particular social set. It is perfectly well known that a few clubs are mainly recruited from the fashionable world, but for the most part clubs do not insist that candidates for membership bear a certain social hallmark. There are clubs that demand of members a college diploma, and others that insist that candidates have an American ancestry of some generations. There are still others that without openly insisting upon any of these things shut their doors against any but persons possessing certain social requisites not easily attained.

Most clubs, however, ask only that a candidate for membership come properly accredited. In many clubs the investigation of candidates is left to an admissions committee. This committee reports monthly upon the candidates that have been posted in the clubhouse the necessary number of days; and if the report of the committee is favorable the board of trustees usually elects. In a few clubs election is by the vote of all such members as choose to attend the monthly meetings or to send proxies.

Clubs that are careful as to electing members require that a candidate be touched for not only by proposer and seconder, but also by two or more other members. The full name, the business address, the residence, the occupation are demanded by the body charged with the task of looking up the records of candidates.

In some clubs a single objection is enough to exclude a candidate. The traditional blackball has disappeared from the elections of many clubs, and some have no hard and fast rule as to the number of objections that shall exclude a candidate. Some years ago there was a long and lively contest over the name of an entirely reputable man proposed for a club now defunct. The candidate had a single influential enemy in the club, and that one man's influence was enough to keep him out.

It requires from a month to six weeks to get an unobjectionable candidate elected to a club. A candidate would not ordinarily accept the hospitality of a club pending his candidacy, and there are a good many clubs in which the fact that a candidate had been the guest of a member while his name was yet under consideration would go far toward excluding the candidate.

It is said now and then that this or that club has a long waiting list. In some clubs this merely means that undesirable candidates are to be discouraged by the prospect of a long delay in election. The waiting list was a convenient way of melting before the application of just the right sort of man. One method of getting rid of the waiting list is arbitrarily to extend the limit of membership, a thing that is not infrequently done when a club finds it hard to make both ends meet.

It is found now and then that a few men in a club have set themselves to keep out certain classes of applicants whom they think objectionable. The method of attack with these men is to watch the posted list of candidates and write letters of objection against the candidates whom they seek to exclude. Some men are thus kept out, and the election of others is delayed, but the systematic character of the attack at length defeats its own end.

A man once in a club is hard to get out. He must commit some overt act to incur expulsion. When an objectionable man is careful not to violate club rules and always to pay his dues and his house account promptly it is almost impossible to get rid of him. One club was years in ousting a member whose habitual slovenliness of dress was a source of offense to all his fellow-members. Nobody quite liked to make a formal objection to him on that score, and so he haunted the clubhouse for years in clothing that would have excluded him from any good hotel, although it was well known that he was amply able to dress decently. At length, through some oversight, he left a club bill unpaid beyond the time allowed for payment, and his name was dropped from the club list. Only a week before, however, he appeared in a new suit of clothes.

Central Asia's Secrets.

The mysteries of Central Asia will soon be made clear. The explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, is bringing back with him to Europe over 2,000 sheets of maps made by him in his three years' exploration of Tibet and the surrounding regions. It is safe to say that all existing atlases will soon be out of date so far as this part of the world is concerned.—Albany Argus.

Admission.

A name for the new baby was under discussion, and each member of the interested family group contributed suggestions. Suddenly the three-year-old brother, who greatly admired his next-door neighbor, piped out: "Why don't you name her Mrs. Jones?"—Judge.

Something New in Functions.

Lilly Bliffers has invented another novel function.

"What is it?"

"She is going to give a hysterical party when the long-haired pianist plays here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SEASON'S STYLES.

Fashionable Materials for Spring Costumes and Pretty Dress Accessories.

This is to be a summer of comfort. If thin dress goods can avail to secure it. Never were there so many and so attractive "sheer" weaves as the shops now carry. Etamines, veilings, hopsackings and mistrel cloths are selling already with a rapidity that proves their hold on fashionable women.

These are generally to be made over taffeta of the same color, but in some instances high class dress-makers use a contrasting tint with good effect. One needs to be quite sure of one's powers before essaying that fact, however. It is possible to use the glossy silk finished cottons in some cases for the drop skirt, says the New York Tribune.

The tendency in all modes is toward clinging and soft draperies, simple in outline, yet artistically decorated with embroidery and lace.

Collars are to be worn much lower than heretofore, and the round neck that was introduced last summer will be prominent in fashion this summer.

Sleeves will reach only to the elbow in many summer gowns, and will be finished by a ruffle. Lace mitts and kid or hile gloves will meet the edge. The sleeves in modish spring gowns generally have a puff to the elbow and a deep, close fitting cuff reaching to the wrist.

There is a tendency in skirts to become fuller, and Paris dress-makers predict that by midsummer thin skirts will be decidedly full and adorned with many ruffles. Vandeyck points and other embellishments of earlier days. Ribbon sashes, many bows, laces and furbelows will be lavishly worn.

Spring wraps are fashionable to a degree unknown in years. The silk wrap is almost a part of the well dressed woman's wardrobe. It may be short and loose, reaching only to the waist, with big, daring sleeves, or it may be three-quarters length or may cover the entire gown, as one chooses. It may be richly trimmed or nearly plain, but a silken wrap of some kind the fashionable woman must have.

In Paris there is a general use of two fabrics in the costume. Usually the color is the same, but one cloth is plain and the other has a white or black thread in the weave. The upper part of the skirt is of the plain goods and the lower is of the fancy, applied as a flounce under a band of velvet or embroidery. For instance, a costume of blue hopsacking has the top of the sacking and a deep footing of blue velvet headed by three rows of blue and red passementerie. The jacket has sleeves and waistcoat of velvet, with blue and red passementerie buttons.

This combination has not yet reached the tailored gown, however. In colors, cream white, reseda green, beige gray and blue are the leading favorites.

Sardines in Cover.

Choose sardines of good size and firm quality. Scrape them and carefully remove the bones, but keep whole; stuff them with mushrooms, chopped fine and seasoned with pepper, salt, thyme, sweet marjoram and parsley, blended together with a little cold brown sauce. Wrap in paper, fasten the ends well and put them in the oven just long enough to heat. The brown sauce is made by allowing the butter to become a dark color before adding the flour. To vary the sauce for this and other "savories" use in place of milk a very strong beef extract seasoned by boiling up in it a little onion, parsley, thyme and carrot. This is a simple method of making a sauce that holds a very high place in dainty cookery. A few drops of burnt sugar should be used, if necessary, to produce a rich shade of brown.—Washington Star.

English "Welsh Rabbit."

Things are not always what they seem, for it appears that Welsh rabbit is not Welsh at all, but English. The Welsh dish is simply toasted cheese. The old English rabbit was made according to the following recipe: Grate a pound of cheese on a coarse grater. Put a lump of butter into your chaffing dish. When half melted sprinkle in the cheese lightly. Have ready the yolk of an egg whipped light, with half a glass each of Madeira and ale. If the Madeira is omitted, double the quantity of ale. Grate into this one-quarter of a nutmeg and add a dash of cayenne. When the cheese begins to melt stir it steadily, adding very gradually the wine and egg mixture till it is quite smooth. Serve on hot toast.—Detroit Free Press.

Drawing the Line.

"It seems to me," said young Mr. Stiggins, "that there ought to be some sort of a law regulating this custom of naming children after eminent people."

"Have you decided on a name for your baby?"

"No. I'm willing to leave that in a general way to his mother. Yet I must draw the line. I wouldn't seem disrespectful to the prince for anything. I'm glad he visited us and I hope he'll come again. But I don't think he has any right to be offended if I put my foot down and positively refuse to let that boy be sent out in the public schools with such a name as 'Hohenzollern Stiggins.'"—Detroit Free Press.

No Sitting.

Accum—Mr. Hragley claims to be a man of standing in your church.

Rev. Mr. Goodley—Well, he should be. He doesn't rent a pew.—Philadelphia Press.