The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Few Will Miss Thee.

Few will miss thee, friend, when thou
For a month in death has lain
Skilful hand and anxious brow,
Tongue of wisdom, fancy brain—
All 'twere well shall be forgot,
And thy place shall know thee not.

Some we had may sit and sing
On the marble of thy tomb,
Soon to flit on joyous wing
From that place of death and gloom
On some bough to warble clear;
But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voices may sing thy praise,
Passing near thy place of rest,
Fondly talk of "other days"—
But no throb within thy breast
Shall be good to words of peace,
Or old thoughts of "other days."

Sunny-feeling is thy name,
Talent, beauty, power and wit,
It were well that without shame
Then in God's great book were writ,
There in golden words to be
Graven for eternity.

—[Chambers' Journal.

The Russian Bloodhound.

In crossing the Strand, London, I dodged the pole of one vehicle just in time to be struck by the shafts of another, and, as the pavement was slippery, I went down, and the vehicle went over me, breaking my left leg below the knee. An hour later I was in my bachelor apartments (the work of the surgeon finished), and feeling that I ought to be thankful to have come off with my life. I was in for a siege of many weeks, and I had some business which must be attended to by an outsider. Therefore, after a day or two, I sent for Captain Jack Williams, an old acquaintance. He answered promptly enough, and we soon made very satisfactory arrangements. He was a bluff, honest fellow, out of active service, and having nothing to do, and the only unpleasant feature about his visit to ship was the fact of his owning a monster Russian bloodhound. The brute was his shadow. Where the dog went he would go, the Captain would not go. He refused all parties and receptions because of the dog. He refrained from excursions by land or sea because he would be temporarily separated from Czar, as he called the animal. The pair were well known in London, and the captain was as safe at midnight in the slums as any other man would be in the Strand at noonday. One glance at the dog was enough to show that he was as dangerous as a tiger. He made no friends either among dogs or men, and had miraculously escaped a dozen well-laid traps to bring about his death.

I hated Czar, and on two or three occasions I had reason to believe that the feeling was returned. When the Captain called and found me laid up, he had sense enough to know that the presence of the brute might annoy me, and he therefore had him up in the servant's room for a few minutes. The dog was usually prompt in obedience. On this occasion he obeyed in a grudging, sulky manner, and before leaving the room threatened me so plainly that I became apprehensive. The Captain agreed that Czar should not enter my sick room again, and in a couple of weeks I had forgotten all about the incident.

I had apartments on the second floor, three rooms in a row, with a hall along the front of the last two. The first room was for my servant, a man who had been with me for many years. The next was the reception room, and the third my sleeping room. One coming down the hall could enter at the door of either room. The bedroom and reception room were connected, but the servant's room was entirely shut off. It was a hot day in August, with all doors and windows open. I was feeling pretty smart, although the pain was considerable, and a couple of my friends had just departed, after a brief call, when Henry, my servant, came in to see what he could do for me. I was flat on my back, as you know, with no chance to turn over on account of the leg, but I had him prop me up with two or three pillows. I then sent him for ice. He had but a few steps to go, and the doors were left open behind him. He had been gone about five minutes when in walked Capt. Williams' Russian bloodhound. I should not have said walked; on the contrary he came running in, head up, tongue out, and his eyes as red as live coals. I saw him the moment he entered, and it passed through my brain like a flash that he was mad.

The door leading into the hall was open. Twice as the dog circled around the room he seemed on the point of going out, but each time changed his mind, whined in an uneasy way, and then continued his circling. He did not look for me, nor at me. It was a large room, with the bed against the wall, and from the way the brute jumped I against the chairs I believe he was nearly blind. He had been with me two or three minutes when the hall door was caught by a draught of wind and slowly pulled to. It did not quite shut. The dog noticed the movement, sprang to get out, and the result was that he pushed the door shut and snapped the spring lock. The door leading into the reception room was standing open, but the door from that into the hall was shut. The animal rushed into this room, upset a chair and bumped the table, and then came back whining, his tail down and his courage gone, and crouched under my bed. That the dog was suffering with hydrophobia there could be no doubt. As he returned from the reception room there was foam on his jaws, and he was so weak he staggered.

Had I been a well man and fully armed my situation would have been bad enough. There I was, perfectly helpless, locked in with the brute, and knowing that it might be hours before death came to him. My servant had a key to the door, and when he returned he would open it and walk in. There was not the slightest question but that the dog would at once attack him. I had two or three minutes in which to think, and it was wonderful how clear headed I was. I looked upon my own chances as hopeless, and therefore determined that when Henry returned I would call out to him to force his way in the door open. I was also concerned for fear the dog would get out of the building. It was a crowded neighborhood, and he might bite a score of people before he was destroyed.

It is said that the presence of a great danger sharpens the sense of hearing. I believe this to be true, for I have had several personal experiences. As I lay there waiting for my servant to return I plainly heard sounds which could not have come to my ears under ordinary circumstances. At the foot of the second flight of stairs, a distance of fully 50 feet from my bed, Henry was stopped by a young man who lodged on that floor. I heard him say:

"I was wanting here to tell you that Capt. Williams's brute of a dog passed up stairs a short time ago. Is the captain there?"

"He was not there when I left."

"And he has not come in after the dog? The animal has a crazy look, and you'd better be careful how you drive him out."

"Thank you, sir, I'll hurry right up."

The end my room come up stairs and along the hall. As soon as he saw that my bedroom door was shut he seemed to suspect the worst, and he acted like a lion. He came down the hall on tiptoe, put his face close to the door, and sang out:

"Colonel, I know the big dog is in your room and I am going for help. If he comes near you shut your eyes and pretend to be dead."

The sound of his voice put the dog into a frenzy. He growled and snarled and snapped, and as the man hurried down the hall the beast rushed from under the bed with a dreadful howl and began rushing around the room as before. After making the circle of the bedroom four or five times, he dashed into the reception room. There he quite overturned the centre table, and in his fury he wrenched off a leg with his teeth and destroyed the upholstering of the sofa. I was terribly excited, and had I given way to my feelings I should have screamed out like a woman. I shut my eyes tightly, braced my nerves by chiding myself for a coward, and when the climax came I was fairly ready for it. I knew that the dog would sooner or later turn to me, and as he left the reception room he was on the foot of the bed in two bounds. There was an open book lying there, and he seized and worried this for a moment. Then came walking up to my face, bearing his full weight on my broken leg, and giving me intense pain. My arms and hands were on the cover, and the foam from his mouth fell upon my bare flesh. He put both paws on my chest, and ran his nose over my face to sniff at me, and he was all the time snarling and whining in a way to take the nerve away from the stoutest man.

I don't know whether he would have bitten me or not, could I have remained quiet, but such a thing as holding my nerves steady for over a minute was utterly impossible. I was feeling that I must throw up my hands and scream out when the beast leaped off the bed. He had heard people in the hall. He ran about the room whining and snarling, and all at once made a spring for the door of the reception room, which was being shut to by human hands. A space six or eight inches wide was left, and when the dog attempted to push his head into this, a couple of bullets were fired into him and he keeled out to fall dead. Henry had summoned two policemen, and while the brute stood over me on the bed the faithful servant had entered the reception room and pushed the door as nearly shut as they wanted it, having believed that the dog would behave just as he did. That Czar was suffering with hydrophobia none could doubt from his looks and conduct. In while of twenty days two house dogs which he had snapped at as he came up went mad, and then there was no further question that I had had a close shave from a horrible death.—[New York Sun.

Sees Him Often.

"Yes," said Dumley, "I only see my landlord when he comes for the rent. He comes promptly the 1st of every month."

"And then you don't see him again till next month?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I see him often during the month."—[New York Sun.

Profits in City Restaurants.

Fifteen cents will purchase a good meal in any of the average restaurants in this city. It consists of beefsteak or some other meat, potatoes and bread and butter. These are well served and a sufficient quantity is given to satisfy an ordinary appetite. Of course the profit to the restaurant proprietor is small and a great number of these meals must be sold each day to make the business pay. A Park row proprietor gives the following idea of how it is conducted:

"The profit in fifteen cent meals is very small," he said. "Two or three cents is all that we calculate to make under the most favorable circumstances. Sometimes we lose money. It depends altogether upon the prices current in the market. Our landlord has to be maintained at all hazards. There is no money in the business at any time unless you have a large number of customers. To make an exact estimate of our profits week by week or day by day would be impossible. We have to go by an average for the year. But there are other articles served with these meals which leave a very fair margin for profit, such as coffee, tea, pudding, etc. We calculate to make money at all times in selling them, and they make the fifteen cent meals a possibility. There is also a good profit in side dishes of vegetables, beets, peas, squash and corn, so that although we may be losing money on our meats our general average is pretty well maintained throughout the year. One thing, however, you may be sure of, you will rarely get a wholesome little cooked meal in a small place. They cannot afford to serve them."—[New York Mail and Express.

Buffalo Bill Cowboys.

I should greatly like to say a few words respecting a topic which I much regret to find is misunderstood in the favorable projection to a metropolitan audience, says Buffalo Bill in a London interview. I refer to that unique specimen of humanity, the cowboy of to-day. In order to be brief I will, like a cowboy, take the bull by the horns, and lay down the axiom, once for all, and most emphatically, that a cowboy is not a blackguard, nay, more, he is in nine cases out of ten better than his fellows, more especially as in nine cases out of ten his fellows are the offspring of an effete civilization. He has certain attributes that commend him to creation. He is manly, generous and brave. He is not merely a creature of impulse, but uses the gifts given him by his Maker with a discretion which might well be copied by more of us. In putting in these few words for a class of men who have only to be understood to be admired, I speak after years of study resulting in a conviction which nothing can shake.

Varieties of Marble.

There are many difficult varieties of marble in use, both domestic and imported, and most of them are very expensive. The white Italian is the commonest kind used, but white is rather going out of fashion now and colored marbles are becoming more popular. The most widely used is the Tennessee marble, which is a very beautiful stone, and as extensive as many of the imported varieties. The most popular foreign marble is the Formosa ("the beautiful"), a stone of pretty purple-brown hue, slightly marked and clouded, no two shades being alike. The Mexican onyx is the most beautiful and most expensive of all, and is worth twenty-five cents per pound in the block. Jasper is also popular perhaps because it is suggestive of the new Jerusalem, and coral marble, from the Pacific Islands, is also much in favor. We also get a good many fine varieties from Algeria, but most of the foreign marbles come from Italy. America, I should add, also produces an excellent black marble.—[Boston Traveller.

Death to a Sweet Tooth.

A medical plant is found in India which destroys the power of tasting sugar. This plant, the gymnema sylvestre, grows in the Deccan and in Assam and on the Coromandel coast. By chewing two or three leaves of it a person may extinguish his susceptibility to sweet savors. Morbid cravings for sweetmeats that impair digestion may thus be corrected. As the gentleman is said, also, to diminish the power of enjoying a cigar, great benefit may probably be derived from it by intemperate smokers. Candy and cigarettes being the bane of the small boy, perhaps parents may be expected to stock themselves promptly with gymnema sylvestre.—[Nature.

For the Children.

If you want to make a good imitation monkey that will please the children, here are the directions: Make a large rag doll, and on one side of the head glue the half of a cocoanut shell that has a good imitation face. Put on the head a red knitted cap, or one made from red flannel, so that it covers the top and back of the rag head. Cover the hands and feet with any kind of dark brown cloth. Make a red flannel jacket, trimmed with small gilt buttons, and black velvet pants. Dress the doll in these clothes, and see how the little ones will like it.—[Boston Budget.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Under the Poppies.

Hushaby, lullaby! Baby's eyes are heavy;
Upon the breezes, as they go west,
Hushaby, lullaby! Lullaby, my darling!
Waken sweet music for baby and me.

Hushaby, lullaby! Poppies are drooping
In their sick languids of pink and red;
Hushaby, lullaby! Eyelids are closing,
Baby shall sleep in the cool little bed.

—[Mrs. S. J. Brigham, in Youth's Companion.

A Brave Sailor Lad.

Last autumn a schooner left a port in Nova Scotia with only three persons on board—the captain, the mate, and a boy named Patterson—the intention being to touch at another port on the coast to complete the crew. Shortly after putting to sea the weather grew stormy, and the mate was knocked overboard by the mainsheet. The captain lowered a boat and made an effort, but without success, to rescue the mate. But when he gave up the attempt and turned to row back to the schooner, she was not to be seen! The lad had been unable to keep her in, but the captain managed to reach the shore. Meanwhile, the boy had a very hard time of it. He stood at the helm the rest of the day and the whole night, and then, on the following day, succeeded in running a harbor in New Brunswick. Worn with the constant watching and exertion, the poor lad was found by the wheel, where it was afterwards found by the captain.—[Little Folks.

How Poor Pace Was Beaten.

One beautiful summer evening the streets of a large city were thronged with people on their way to their different churches. At a certain corner, however, several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until a large crowd was gathered that the way was completely blocked.

Soon the windows along the street were thronged with people, and a number of persons were seen on the roofs of the houses in the neighborhood. And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a flying ornament near the top of a tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air was a black cat. "Could she get down?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will she get down?" was the next.

The poor creature was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a piteous cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once, it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some lookers-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more terrible death that seemed to await it, but no one was willing to fire the shot. Presently a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder had reached the window. They had taken a sheet up with them, and they now pushed one end of it out of the window and lowered it till it was within the reach of the cat. Then by encouraging words and signs they tried to persuade the creature to step on the plank. Pace seemed to understand, and put out one paw, but drew it back instantly; and at that instant one of the boys accidentally let go his hold, the board turned over, and the cat would certainly have been dashed to the ground had it trusted to that means of escape.

The boys withdrew the board, and soon reappearing at the window, were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple. Pace, looking now scared to cry, watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, the cat carefully put out one paw and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then throw itself up and with a violent effort threw itself over the side and into the bottom of the basket. The next moment it was safely drawn up to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.

Teeth Starved to Decay.

Teeth are just as much starved as the stomach, says a dentist. The fact is that you and your fathers have been generations to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains of all cereal food that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that potash from the organs they cannot possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the rice, or the husk, so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak.

"RUNNING AMUCK."

A Sanguinary Custom Peculiar to Oriental Climes.

Opium-Crazed Men Stabbed With a Sudden Desire to Kill.

Two instances have recently appeared in our columns of that strange and sanguinary custom of the East called "running amuck." "Running amuck" is a phrase derived from the Malay word "amok" ("killing") and constitutes a well-marked hysterical affection of certain races in Malay and Oriental countries. It is rarely if ever manifested among the Indian Mussulmans, which, whenever it does occur in Hindoostan, the mainly may generally be traced to the abuse of opium or the extract of hemp called bhang, ganja, or charras. The Hindoo fakeer, with a special confession made up of bhang, opium, datura, cloves, mace, cinnamon, and cardamoms, which is mixed with milk and sugar and eaten as a sherbet. This diabolical cake, known as bangee, will drive a man mad about as soon as anything. With the Malays, however, who have never a name to the rare occasional occurrence of which we speak, and who are by far the most addicted to it of all Eastern people, there is a form, apparently explanation of the outbreak. Suddenly, without rhyme or reason, a man will spring up from his sleep, from his couch, draw his kris—the wavy-bladed dagger which they all carry—and, with a wild cry of "Amok! Amok!" strike it point-blank into the heart of the nearest sleeper, or, if not, down the crowded bazaar like to handle which he is, stabbing and cutting on all sides. "Amok! Amok!" echoes from a hundred mouths, and everybody hurries for a place of refuge, fleeing in all directions, except those bravest spirits who snatch up weapons of defence and join the amok chase, which presents the desperado. The path of the crazed is soon strewn with bodies of men, women and children, dead or bleeding to death, until some lucky shot or some chance takes the amucker, who is pierced with a dozen bodies and falls to the ground. Oftentimes it comes out that the "amucker" has personal grievance against or was hopelessly in love, but more commonly there is nothing whatever to account for the wild fury of his proceedings, and the street sweepers drag his carcass away unnoticed, and a legend has been added to the public stock. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that in some towns and districts where there is a large Malay population an instinctive fear prevails of the "amucker outbreak." It is something like an evil spirit with a very long handle, and so country of this two-class peoples spoken about. A marauder's arrival and so close from desperado when the men pounce and pinioned against his nape from behind.

Neither rank nor wealth keeps a Malay from this sudden outbreak of homicidal mania if he be in the predisposition or has been greatly excited. There was an instance at Sourabaya, in the island of Java, where the Regent was celebrating the marriage of two of his daughters, and everybody was in a festive and joyous mood. Just, however, at the gayest moment of the ceremony the Regent's father-in-law, a high official, came rushing through the procession, stabbing everybody he could get at with his jeweled kris. The Regent himself, coming upon him in the mêlée, was killed by a single thrust, and it was the tooth and the Prince who ran the "amucker" through the back with a spear and sword-blows, yet not before he had cut down some of the palace people and wounded six others more or less severely. It would be supposed that a man subject to such fits would be naturally excitable and nervous in manner, but the contrary is the case. The Malay is almost the most quiet, dreaded, and slow of speech and actions in his calling. He seldom speaks loudly or quickly, has the most continuous and yet gentle demeanor, and quarrels very rarely with his fellows. Yet he is coldly and silently conceited to an extent in human and dreams [illegible] Mahommedan faith which he professes [illegible] and most scientific degree, [illegible] on the "Ask Allah!" by beard, dignity of some [illegible] heavily [illegible] to the "[illegible] and [illegible]" and in the [illegible] of his dreams he does not feel the blow which may not be forthcoming. Blood and patience stop to his [illegible].—[Louisville Telegraph.

An Aristocratic Pair.

"I tell you, Tim, we moved in holiday swell society," said the Twenty-third ward matron.

"I've moved in some pretty tony society myself," remarked the quiet looking man to whom the remark was addressed. "I was introduced to the Siamese twins."

"The Siamese twins! You don't say! Are they swell people do you?"

"Why yes. At all events you could say that they were well connected."—[Merchant Traveler.

Cautious Turkish Usurers.

It is related that a young Turk, the only son of a very wealthy man, who led a very fast life, presented himself one day to a usurer, and asked him to loan him a round sum of money. He offered the usurer as security the serious illness and approaching death of his father, and the inheritance that would follow.

"But your father may recover," said the usurer.

"Impossible," replied the young Turk; "the best chemist dropped by, he can not live more than five days."

"Nobody knows this. Do not put your trust in it. Everything depends upon the physician."

"The physician is Mr. L—," replied the troubled-hearted son.

"Exactly so; he is a very skillful physician, and you will see that he will pass his patient through safe and well. In any event, I can not loan that sum at this moment. Come again day after to-morrow."

They went out and the day by going to the house of the physician named, at the time that the latter made his visits in the city. He found the servant, and offered him a generous gratuity if he would let a trouble to consult the doctor with which Mr. Y—, the patient of the physician, was seriously ill. There it was mortal, and if so, how many days still remained to the patient. The servant obtained, very quickly from his master all that the said patient had to have, and he went immediately to acquit the latter upon the prognosis and the nature of the disease. When the young man returned, he found the money ready, secured the note for a sum nearly double that given to him, and six weeks after paid the debt from the patrimony that he had just received.—[Exchange.

The Houses of England.

It is very doubtful to find such a house in any of the English country residences, says Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic. The house is commonly old and has a history. It is old furniture itself, a record, like that old Jacobean oak chest in which we write to me about, which contained both a dozen generations and moments exactly as well it had been an official register. "The stately homes of England" or, as we think it Washington Irving called them, are not more distinctive in their splendors than the "blessed homes of Old England" in their modest beauty. Everywhere one sees the love and patronage by the side of wealth and humble and the contrasts of comfort where there are contrasts of poverty. Land, land in peace, where their sons have gone with to fill Europe's battles, as yearly for the dead of the [illegible] the world. We in America can hardly be said to have such possession as a home is home. We are impatient under caves, but in place of wood or more humble materials which are pulled down after a brief occupancy, by the builders, and possibly their children, or at most—if not—the former dwellers in them will never recognize their old habitations.

Covering an Indian Image.

A tribe which the Sioux Indians near Fort Yates, D. T., have worshipped for generations as the petrified form of a living spirit was recently unearthed the other day and dedicated to peace and plenty. It appears that the white settlers of the place have long supposed that the specimen of nature's art work exerted a restraining influence on the Indians, but at late the rock was removed from its original resting place, and it was found that with its removal its influence had disappeared. So the rock was made to Sitting Bull that the stone be placed upon a commanding pedestal and worshiped with appropriate ceremonies. The proposal the chieftain, as it is said, is to take part in the ceremony in honor of Christian and pagan rites by which the ceremony was accomplished.

A Victim of Over-Study.

Mrs. Doodums—I will [illegible] your son is very sick at college, Mrs. Scuttle.

Mrs. Scuttle—Yes, poor dear! The president writes me that he has [illegible] his work with too much ardor and he has broken down.

Mrs. Doodums—What is to be the nature of his sickness?

Mrs. Scuttle—He was hit on the head by a foul ball. I believe they call it.—[Harper's Bazar.

For the Summer.

"Have you seen your brother for the last week or two, Jack?"

"Yes, Bill has gone off for the summer."

"Long Branch?"

"No, not quite. I guess the Jackson mount the West Orange will be used nearly days."—[Philadelphia Press.

Striking An Average.

Employer (to clerk)—Can't you get up a little earlier in the morning, James?

James (doubtfully)—Now, I don't know, sir. I can walk a bright moon. But I'll tell you what I can do, sir. I can be a little earlier in the evening.

Stability.

Last year, above the village church there swung
Upon the lowest-pitched tower a gilded vane,
Expanded to the highest breeze it hung,
The sport of every gust that swept the plain.
Through night and day, in sunshine and in shade,
Its restless, undetermined part it played.

Two storeys below, in every thing,
And yet above the vane, though vantage-ground
Its gain,
Stable, for the emerald pennon flung
Beneath it, steadily grasp the weening wind
Nor wandering from the course now is shown
So thou, my heart, by changing impulse swung,
Scarce for one hour thy purpose canst maintain;
Would that Faith, above, might twine thy fickle stalk
And to Hope's ground-work tie thy ever restless
Sometimes shall all thy wandering doubt in vain
Yet, to the source to fall in quiet peace
—[M. Harper in Current.

RUMOROUS.

Old Bachelor—A lonely shed-horse.

A friend in need—An obliging baker.

An easy smile—A lover's grin at his mistress.

It is a wise child that recognizes its stepfather.

The question of the ewe lamb bears—Are it is sure the lamb's dad.

The apple is the smallest one respect. It is quite one until you get him out of his jack.

What is the worst sinner, the man who can say [illegible], or the man who can't [illegible]?

The men who handle firearms never seem to miss aim. They may be because they are "cracked" shots.

The bale believes in the motto: "A place for everything and everything in its place," and he puts to everything in her mouth.

The only man in the world tolerates a bill is a lie case it has to be killed in twenty-five strings. A cat, dead or alive, is bound to make a noise.

Paradoxical as it may appear, it is not otherwise in fact that, because a dangerous the professions of a bank burglar may be, [illegible], a safe man.

A [illegible] is the country [illegible] of a Latin [illegible]. "Are, [illegible] the pens [illegible] are [illegible]," she remarked. "Yes, [illegible] we have to do it," [illegible] "[illegible] Lunch."

Mexican Criminals.

The criminal classes in Mexico are among the most accomplished artists in their line to be found anywhere on the face of the earth, and possessing, moreover, a marvelous amount of dramatic instinct, which enables them to impose upon the most incredulous. They employ the latter faculty to great advantage in certain conditions as servants, in which capacity they find ample scope for their talents. If you detect them in their tricks and discharge or punish them their victims invariably [illegible] to their bounds, and they will hardly threaten future vengeance. Nor are they slow in resorting to the lasso and with unlikely [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible], which [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]