

**A LAND OF LEISURE.**

The People of Guatemala Like to Take Things Easy.

Just as Spain is the land of "manana," Guatemala has been called the land of "no hay." These words mean "there is none," and one hears them wherever one goes. If the people do not want to bother, declares N. O. Winter in "Guatemala and Her People of Today," that will be their invariable answer.

You might go up to a house where the yard was full of chickens, the woman engaged in making tortillas and fruit trees loaded with fruit in the yard and yet have a conversation about like the following:

"Have you any meat?"

"No hay" (pronounced eye).

"Have you any eggs?"

"No hay."

"Have you a house?"

"No hay."

In such a case the best way to do is to enter the house and hunt round for yourself and blandly order the woman to prepare whatever you chance to find.

Then, if you leave a small sum of money with her on departing, she will not take any offense, but will politely thank you.

Time is the only thing with which they seem to be well supplied. It is equally hard to get anything done, for unless the party is willing to do the work requested he will find some plausible excuse. An American traveling across the country a few years ago found it necessary to have his horse shod at one of the small towns. There were three blacksmiths in the town. Of these one was sick, but had supplies, a second had no nails and the third no charcoal. As there was no lending among the craft the horse could not be shod.

**A MEXICAN FIRE BRIGADE.**

Leisurely Way They Fight the Flames at Matamoros.

It might be thought that such an exciting thing as a fire would startle the Mexicans out of their habitual indolence, but such is not the case.

The alarm of a fire at Matamoros, Coahuila, Mexico, was given by the discharge of numerous pistols and guns, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and I hastened to the scene, thinking at first that a battle was raging.

After a long interval, during which the people watched the fire with interest, chattering among themselves meanwhile, there appeared placidly trundling along the road the Matamorosan equivalent of a fire engine, a barrel rolling along the ground, drawn by a reluctant burro.

A swivel pin in each end of the keg permitted it to roll freely, and ropes attached it to the animal. Behind walked the fire brigade, a solitary peon, bearing a bucket. Arrived at the scene of the conflagration, the water in the barrel was poured into buckets and hauled to the roof of an adjacent house, whence it was flung on to the flames.

Everybody was greatly excited. The calmest thing of all was the fire, which burned steadily on till there was nothing left to consume. Then as the spectacle was over the people dispersed. Every one was satisfied except perhaps the unfortunate owner of the house that had been destroyed.

**McNinch's Principal Business.**

Wilmington Star.

The Mecklenburg Republican machine demanded of Candidate McNinch that if he should be elected to Congress he should defer to it in the matter of dividing the Federal offices. This is counting chickens before they are hatched in the incubator presided over by Morehead and Butler. Of course Mr. McNinch reminded them that in small matters like Federal spoils Chairman Morehead has jurisdiction. Mc's principal business is to imagine that mad consumers want to continue to pay tariff taxes for the benefit of enriched beneficiaries of the Republican policy of protection.

**CATARRH GERMS**

Move Out When Hyomei Moves In.

No stomach dosing. HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-me) is made from the highest grade of eucalyptus, taken from the eucalyptus forests of inland Australia, and combined with the excellent antiseptics employed in the Listerian system.

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HYOMEI is sold by J. H. Kennedy & Co. and druggists everywhere at \$1.00 a complete outfit.

An outfit consists of a bottle of HYOMEI, a hard rubber pocket inhaler and simple instructions for use. The inhaler will last a life time, but bear in mind if you need another bottle of HYOMEI you can get it at druggists for only 50c. at any time. Guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup and throat troubles, or money back. Trial sample of Hyomei free to readers of The Gazette. Address Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 9-23.

**HE GREETED THE CZAR.**

Experiences of Nicholas II. With a Parisian Street Arab.

On one of his visits to Paris Nicholas II. was left alone for a moment in his carriage. The czar was delighted at the feeling of freedom and ease. Looking out of the window with all the seat of a schoolboy playing truant, he saw before him one of those picturesque street arabs who seem to sprout between the paving stones of Paris. This particular specimen, seated against the railings, with his nose in the air, was whistling the refrain of the Russian national hymn. Suddenly their eyes met. The street boy sprang to his feet. He had never seen the emperor, but he had seen his photograph, and the likeness was striking.

"Suppose it is Nicholas?" he said to himself, greatly puzzled.

He resolved to make sure without delay. Walking up to within a yard of the carriage and bobbing his head, he shouted in a hoarse voice to the unknown foreigner:

"How's the empress?"

Picture his satisfaction—for, in fact, he thought that it was only a good joke—when the stranger replied, with a smile:

"Thank you, the empress is very well and is delighted with her journey."

The boy lost his tongue. He stared at the speaker in dismay and then, raising his cap, stalked away slowly, very slowly, to mark his dignity.

Nicholas II. afterward often amused himself by scandalizing the formal set around him with the story of this private interview with a true Parisian.—McClure's Magazine.

**A SERIOUS PLAY.**

The Author Was Willing, Though, to Turn It into a Comedy.

The gallery god, no less than the patron of the padded chair, aspires to write for the stage. I have a vivid remembrance of the first of all the plays submitted for production at the New theater in New York. It was from an employee in a local railroad station, probably a baggage smasher, and I shall betray no confidence in recording that the author's name was Murphy.

Though Mr. Murphy called his work a play, it was in reality only a scenario. It was entitled "Jim's Wife." The plot was as follows: In the first act Jim had no wife, but he took his girl to a dance. Action—They danced. In act second came the "great scene." The scene was caused by the fact that Jim's girl danced with another man. Jim felt impelled to kill him, but he refrained, reflecting that such things did not occur in the best circles and would thus be socially unpleasing to his lady. The curtain fell on his act of self sacrifice in not killing the other dancer. In act third there was still more action. Jim's girl rewarded him for his delicacy by marrying him. Final curtain.

Mr. Murphy seemed weighed down by a fear that his play was too serious for the New theater. In his letter he said: "If you would rather have it a comedy I will send you the jokes. I have a few jokes too."—John Corbin in World's Work.

**Heels to Match Walk.**

"In every theater audience there are critical persons who are prolific with suggestions for making the play more realistic," said a stage manager. "Some of these hints are worth considering too. In one play that was staged not long ago the biggest hit was made by a character actress who had to wear down-at-the-heel shoes. On the third day of the New York run I received a letter from a shoemaker, who called my attention to the fact that the woman's gait and her shoes did not match. Her heels were run down on the outside, whereas the walk she assumed on the stage must inevitably cause her shoes to run over on the inside. That was a point that had escaped the notice of everybody in the company. Upon looking into the matter we found plenty of evidence to uphold our critic, and we secured a pair of property shoes with heels worn away on the inside."—New York Press.

**The Gegenscheln.**

The Gegenscheln is the name given to one of the most inexplicable objects known to astronomers. It is visible in the night sky under favorable conditions, is rounded in outline and is situated always exactly opposite the place of the sun. It has been termed by one eminent astronomer "a sort of cometery or meteoric satellite" attending the earth. He supposes it to be composed of a cloud of meteors situated about a million miles from the earth and revolving around it in a period of just one year, so that the sun and the meteors are always on opposite sides of the earth. It is estimated that the size of this ghostly satellite may be nearly the same as that of the planet Jupiter—i. e., about 86,000 miles in diameter.—Harper's Weekly.

**Caught Too Quick.**

"I pleads guilty ter stealin' dem melons, judge," said the prisoner, "but I wants de mercy er de court."

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"On dese grounds," replied the prisoner. "I stole de melons, but de sheriff didn't give me a chance ter eat 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Embargo Removed.**

She—My chaperon can't see a thing without her glasses, and now she's mislaid them. He (chuckling)—S'wh! Dgn't say anything! I've got them in my pocket.—Boston Transcript.

**SHARK PRODUCTS.**

Even the Bones Are Useful, the Spine as a Walking Stick.

Products obtained from the shark are both numerous and valuable. Shark fins furnish a jelly that makes a delicious soup, if one may credit the statements of those affecting that delicacy. There is an excellent market for this jelly wherever Chinese are to be found.

The shark's liver gives a splendid clear oil excellently adapted for the lubrication of the parts of watches, clocks and fine guns. This oil is held in some quarters in as high esteem as is the oil obtained from porpoise and dogfish liver, long claimed to be the finest of animal oils.

Sharkskin is of much value. It is of a beautiful burnished gray or bluish color and at first glance looks like finely grained leather by reason of the tiny prickles plentifully set one way. There are so many of these prickles, quite invisible to the naked eye, that the effect afforded by the dried skin is one of rich beauty, a quality that makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of shagreen. It is employed for many decorative purposes.

Even the bones of sharks are useful. The spine is in constant demand by the manufacturers of curious walking sticks. They pass a thin malacca or steel rod through the polished and round vertebrae, and the result is a cane that sells for a high price. The shark spine stick is a great favorite in Germany.—Harper's Weekly.

**BULL BAITING.**

A Brutal "Sport" That Was Popular in Former Days.

The principle of bull baiting was extremely simple. A collar was fastened round the bull's neck, and by this the bull was attached by a rope to a stake. The rope varied from nine to fifteen feet in length and therefore allowed the bull but little movement. The audience was accommodated in a circle or "ring."

The bulldog's duty was to grasp the bull's nose, and when he had succeeded in obtaining a grip he was required to maintain his hold, despite the efforts of the larger animal to dislodge him. The bull awaited the attack with lowered horns, which the dog sought to evade by crouching toward the head of his opponent. Sometimes the bull managed to get his horns under or into the dog, which was then thrown high into the air.

Writers state that dogs had been tossed up to a height of thirty or forty feet. The dog, if he survived, would "retire hurt." On the other hand, once the dog, which was trained to grip only the nose, obtained a hold his adversary would have little chance of shaking him off. The bull would whirl the dog in the air and struggle frantically to wrench his nose free from the terrible grip. When, from sheer exhaustion, the dog dropped clear of the bull a fresh dog was sent into the ring.

**Photographing a Panther.**

A panther is not easily killed and will often revive with very unpleasant results, as on a certain occasion in the Deccan. He appeared to be quite dead, and one of the spectators rushed up with a camera on a stand to obtain a picture of the supreme moment. He got his photograph, and, strange to say, it survived what followed, but no sooner had he taken it than the panther revived, tore himself loose and went for the photographer. Somehow the man escaped, but the camera was sent flying, and, disconcerted by his encounter with it, the panther turned and made for the nearest tree, up which he went as quickly as a monkey. Now, the tree was crowded with interested spectators, and for three or four strenuous seconds (until the panther was shot) we enjoyed a spectacle of natives dropping to earth with loud thuds like ripe plums from a jungle plum tree as the panther approached them.—Wide World Magazine.

**Bismarck and His Dog.**

Sultan, Prince Bismarck's favorite boarhound, attacked a passing railroad train and was cut to pieces. Bismarck's grief over the dog's agonies was such that his son Herbert tried to lead him away, but the prince would not go. "No, I cannot leave him like this." Then, when the dog's sufferings were over, Bismarck wiped his eyes and murmured: "Our Teuton forefathers showed benevolence in their religion. They believed they would find in the hunting grounds of their paradise all the dogs that had been their faithful comrades here below. I wish I could believe that."

**Marriage Music.**

During my school days I met the late Professor Prout, who was as full of fun as he was of musical lore. It is said that at a wedding at which the late Dublin professor was presiding at the organ he played the happy couple in with "Wretched Lovers" and out with "Father, Forgive Them, For They Know Not What They Do!"—From "Fifty Years Reminiscences of a Free Church Musician," by E. Minshall.

**Teeth.**

Bobby—My gran'ma's so old she ain't got a tooth in her head. Tommy—Ain't she? Well, mebbe they're in her bureau drawer, like my Aunt Tillie's is sometimes.

**Imitation.**

"Imitation may be de sincerest flattery," said Uncle Eben, "but dat does not make counterfeit money any mo' acceptable."—Washington Star.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—Pope.



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