

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

A Graphic Description of a National Pastime, Sixty Years Ago.

The poetry of a bull-fight is much destroyed by the appearance of the cavaliers. Instead of gay, gallant knights bounding on caroling steeds, three or four shapeless, unwieldy beings, cased in armour of stuffed leather, and looking more like Dutch burgomasters than Spanish chivalry, enter the lists on limping rips. The bull is, in fact, the executioner for the dogs; and an approaching bull-fight is a respite for any doomed steed throughout all Seville.

The toradors, in their varying, fanciful, costly, and splendid dresses, compensate in a great measure for your disappointment. It is difficult to conceive a more brilliant band. There are ten or a dozen footmen, who engage the bull unarmed, distract him as he rushes at one of the cavaliers by unfolding and dashing before his eyes a glittering scarf, and saving themselves from an occasional chase by practised agility, which elicits great applause. The performance of these toradors is, without doubt, the most graceful, the most exciting, and the most surprising portion of the entertainment.

The ample theatre is nearly full. Be careful to sit on the shady side. There is the suspense experienced at all public entertainments, only here upon a great scale. Men are gliding about selling fans and refreshments; the governor and his suite enter their box; a trumpet sounds! all is silent.

The knights advance, poising their spears, and for a moment trying to look graceful. The toradors walk behind them, two by two. They proceed around and cross the lists; they bow to the vice-regal party, and commend themselves to the Virgin, whose portrait is suspended above.

Another trumpet! A second and a third blast! The governor throws the signal; the den opens, and the bull bounds in. That first spring is very fine. The animal stands for a moment still, staring, stupefied. Gradually his hoof moves; he paws the ground; he dashes about the sand. The knights face him with their extended lances at due distance. The toradors are still. One flies across him, and waves his scarf. The enraged bull makes at the nearest horseman; he is frustrated in his attack. Again he plants himself, lashes his tail, and rolls his eye. He makes another charge, and this time the glance of the spear does not drive him back. He gores the horse; rips up its body; the steed staggers and falls. The bull rushes at the rider, and his armor will not now preserve him; but just as his awful horn is about to avenge his future fate, a skilful torador skims before him, and flaps his nostrils with his scarf. He flies after his new assailant, and immediately finds another. Now you are delighted by all the evolutions of this consummate band; occasionally they can save themselves only by leaping the barrier. The knight, in the meantime, rises, escapes and mounts another steed.

The bull now makes a rush at another horseman; the horse dexterously veers aside. The bull rushes on, but the knight wounds him severely in the flank with his lance. The toradors now appear, armed with darts. They rush with extraordinary swiftness and dexterity at the infuriated animal, plant their galling weapons in different parts of his body, and send away. To some of their darts are affixed fireworks, which ignite by the pressure of the stab. The animal is then as bewildered as infuriated; the amphitheatric echoes to his roaring, and witnesses the greatest efforts of his rage. He flies at all, staggering and streaming with blood; at length, breathless and exhausted, he stands at bay, his black, swollen tongue hanging out, and his mouth covered with foam.

'Tis horrible! Throughout, the stranger's feelings are for the bull, although this even the fairest Spaniard cannot comprehend. As it is now evident that the noble victim can only amuse them by his death, there is a universal cry for the matador; and the matador, gray dressed, appears amid a loud cheer. The matador is a great artist. Strong nerves must combine with great quickness and great experience to form an accomplished matador. It is a rare character, highly prized; their fame exists after their death, and different cities pride themselves on producing or possessing the eminent.

The matador plants himself before the bull, and shakes a red cloak suspended over a drawn sword. This last insult excites the lingering energy of the dying hero. He makes a violent charge; the mantle falls over his face, the sword enters his spine, and he falls amid thundering shouts. The death is instantaneous, without a struggle and without a groan. A car decorated with flowers and ribbons, and drawn by oxen, now appears, and bears off the body in triumph.

I have seen eighteen horses killed in a bull-fight, and eight bulls; but the sport is not always in proportion to the slaughter. Sometimes the bull is a craven, and then, if, after recourse has been had to every mode of excitement, he will not charge, he is kicked out of the arena amid the jeers and hisses of the audience. Every act of skill on the part of the toradors elicits applause; nor do the spectators hesitate, if necessary, to mark their temper, by a contrary method. On the whole, it is a magnificent but barbarous spectacle; and however disgusting the principal object, the accessories of the entertainment are so brilliant and interesting that, whatever may be their abstract disapprobation, those who have witnessed a Spanish bull-fight will not be surprised at the passionate attachment of the Spanish people to their national pastime.—*Disraeli.*

They Like Fat Girls in Tunis.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scale at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when she is 15 years old. She takes aperients and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the process. Up to 15 she is very handsome, but at 20 what an immense, unwieldy mass of fat she becomes. She waddles, or rather undulates along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silks of resplendent hues of a bright red, yellow or green, and wear a sort of conical shaped head dress from which depends a loose, white drapery. Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heel of which barely reaches the middle of the foot, complete the costume.

Enameline cannot be excelled as a Toilet Article.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Edward Bellamy, it is stated, has received royalties of \$30,000 from his *Looking Backward*. For six generations his grandfathers have been clergymen.

M. Eiffel, the civil engineer, lives up on the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps. He has just obtained permission to build a railroad up the mountain to his very dwelling.

Mother Goose was a real character, and not an imaginary personage, as has been supposed. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665.

Boucault's widow has sued Robert Buchanan to recover \$2,500 alleged to be due the playwright's estate for having illegally produced the *Shaughraun* without paying any royalties.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's physician believes that she may live ten years yet, although she is 80. Her physical faculties are remarkably well preserved, notwithstanding her failing mental powers. She retains the greatest admiration for flowers.

Justin McCarthy the younger, who is doing such brilliant work in literature, is only 30 years old, and yet has published eleven books and seven plays. In personal appearance he is tall and thin, and has a noticeably small head.

The Pope has sent a beautifully bound copy of his discussion of the labor question to all rulers in Europe. To many of these personages he wrote personal letters also. He has given orders to his secretary to present copies of the work to Cabinet ministers and political economists in various countries.

James Whitcomb Riley and Ella Wheeler Wilcox were more than friends years ago, it is said. Both were poor, however, and neither had attained a national reputation at that time. Whether or not Mrs. Wilcox ever intended to marry the Hoosier poet, Riley himself was nearly heart-broken when their cordial relations were sundered.

The progress of Belle Bilton from a music hall singer to a countess has been traced in the newspapers time and time again. People are now becoming somewhat more kindly disposed towards the persecuted woman and she will probably ultimately be received in the "best" society of England as an equal. In the meantime she is supporting her noble husband, and commands \$500 per week from Augustus Harris, the well-known London manager.

Ever since her marriage Mrs. Gladstone has been her husband's companion at all times and on all occasions. She is always with him in parliament when he speaks, and when the speech is over she looks after his personal comfort by wrapping him in shawls or bringing him a cup of hot tea to refresh him. Mrs. Gladstone is now nearly eighty, but she bears her age well. Her form is quite straight, her eyes sparkle, and her conversation is as bright and clever as it ever was.

Prince George of Greece, who received the thanks of the czar for rescuing his cousin, the czarowitz, from the mad Japanese, is a young Hercules. He is almost six feet four inches tall, and is built in proportion. His natural strength has been increased by his service in the navy. While in the Danish navy he was the idol of the sailors. He delighted in measuring his strength with the strongest tars. He can climb a mast barefooted as well as the best sailor, and is also a good boxer.

Sir John Macdonald's widow will hereafter be Countess or Lady Earncliffe. It is not yet made known whether her new rank will extend to her heirs, but it is thought that without doubt her son, Hugh Macdonald, will succeed to the title, because such has been the custom following the patent of an earldom. However, if she has also obtained a subordinate title as baroness, in addition to the higher title, her son will be called baron during her lifetime, by courtesy. At her death both titles will be his. Hugh Macdonald is an able and successful man in professional life.

The emperor of Austria has for years past found consolation for his troubles in the sympathetic companionship of a former well-known Viennese actress, Catherine Schratz, whose counsels are said to have been of the utmost advantage to him in many important affairs of state. The emperor is accustomed to drive out to the palace of Schoenbrunn and there, leaving his equipage, he is met by Mme. Schratz and takes long promenades with her in the forest. As a result of this friendship the actress is known in Vienna as the vice-empress. Her extraordinary intelligence and clear judgment are valued in the highest degree by the emperor.

The queen has just completed her 72nd year, her majesty having been born at Kensington palace on May 24, 1819. The following statement of the ages of the various European monarchs will be interesting:—The King of Denmark, who is the oldest living sovereign, is 73; the Queen of England 72; the King of Wurtemberg, 68; the King of Saxony, 63; the King of Sweden and Norway, 62; the Emperor of Austria, 50; the King of the Belgians, 56; the King of Roumania, 52; the Sultan of Turkey, 48; the King of Italy, 47; the King of the Hellenes, 45; the King of Bavaria, 43; the German Emperor, 32; the King of Portugal, 27; the King of Serbia, 14; the Queen of the Netherlands, 10, and the King of Spain, 3. Leo XIII., the Pope, is 81, thus exceeding by eight years the age of any crowned monarch.

It isn't every actress who can afford to enjoy \$4,000 drives, or is willing to have such an enjoyment, two hours in length, cost her that much. But that is what Sarah Bernhardt did in Honolulu. Great preparations had been made for her welcome in the island kingdom, and when the steamship approached the harbor 3,000 people in gala attire lined the shore. They had expected her to give a performance at the Government Opera house that afternoon, and \$4,000 had been subscribed therefor. And her majesty had signified her willingness to grant an audience. But Bernhardt cared not a fig either for royalty or the surety of a big house and an enthusiastic audience. She wanted a quiet lunch on shore, and a long drive through the island avenues. These she had and enjoyed herself greatly without a regret for the other things.

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He—"Why do you call that dog Cinnamon?" She—"Because his bark is the most valuable part about him."

Briggs—"What was the result of the fight between the furnishing man and the drummer?" Griggs—"I understand that it ended in a tie."

"The time is coming when we shall have no wars," said Jones. "I doubt that," said Smith. "Wars will always be necessary to preserve the peace."

Nettie—"Ma, I don't like burnt toast." Mamma—"Oh you must take it; it's good for the worms." Nettie—"All right, ma; give it to the worms."

Customer—"Don't shave that mole, please." "It's tender." "Barber (after a careful examination of the rest of the face)—"All right sir. Next, please?"

Figgs—"You have an independent income, haven't you?" Diggs, independent? Well, I should say I had. It has utterly ignored me for years!"—Harper's Bazar.

Professor (to student)—What are you laughing at? Student—At your appearance. Professor—Do you laugh over every little trifling absurdity that you chance to see?

"Is that wire screen there to prevent people from breaking into the bank?" "No; that is to prevent the bank officers from breaking out and running away with the money."

She (fishing for a compliment)—Do you think my voice needs cultivation? He (anxious to pay her a compliment)—Not at all, not at all. Cultivation couldn't improve a voice like yours.

"I have no words to tell how much I love you, Angelina." "The same here," she replied, shifting her gum to the other side of her mouth, as he sadly took his leave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The hour was late. For ten minutes neither said a word. Then she spoke: "We made molasses candy to-day." "Y-yes," he faltered. "I'm sitting on some and can't get up."—*New York Herald.*

Old Million—"What! Want to marry my daughter? Why, the child is hardly out of her school-dresses yet! She needs a mother's care as much as ever, sir." Young Poorchap—"Oh, that's all right, I'll live here."

"You will let me go to your wedding, will you not?" said one girl to her companion. "Upon my word I can't promise. My folks are in such a rage about my wedding that I am not sure they will let me go to it myself."

Mrs. Longwedde—"Such a charming husband as Mrs. Von Pickle has! So tender after ten years of marriage!" Mr. Longwedde—"Quite natural. It would make a rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water for ten years."

"It is thought that young Smith and his wife will have to get married over again." "Why? Was there some flaw in their marriage?" "No, but he was married while he was a student and the college has just made him a bachelor."

Mr. Figg—Laura tells me that you were serenading her last night. Mudge—Well? Mr. Figg—I just came around to apologize for throwing that hair brush at you. You see, I thought it was the dog.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Florence at Home—Toots (standing in the shadow)—"Is Miss Florence at home this evening?" Bridget—"Come out where I can see you. (Sotto voce)—Yes; red hair, no mustache, turn up nose)—Yes, come right in."—*New York Herald.*

Mr. Stalate—So your sister keeps you well supplied with pocket money, does she? Tommy—Yes. Stalate—I presume you have to render some little equivalent? Tommy (yawning)—O, yes, I have to come in and yawn when visitors are staying too late.

Stranger (in Devil's Gulch, Wayout Territory)—H'm! Have you made provisions for a cemetery here? Native—Why, yes, stranger. The doctor and the undertaker and the saloon are all in the same block, and every man in town carries a revolver.

He—"How prettily the moonlight falls upon the sea and on the beach." She—"Yes, but don't you think it is even more beautiful still among the boulders away from the hotel?" It had occurred to her that he, too, might be holder over there.—*Somerville Journal.*

"I suppose you've studied accounts some?" said the old family acquaintance to the young man who had come home from school. "Yes, sir." "What do you consider the best method of keeping books?" "Don't let your friend know you have any," was the prompt response.

Tommy—"Where did you get that cake?" Annie—"Mamma gave it to me." Tommy—"Mamma always gives you everything and I never get anything." Annie—"Oh, well, we are both going to get mustard poultices to night, and I will ask her to give you the biggest one."

Miss Tablette—"The wretch! and so he has been proposing to both of us?" Miss Brenton—"It seems so." Miss Tablette—"I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him." Miss Brenton—"I have it!" Miss Tablette—"What is it?" Miss Brenton—"You marry him, dear."

Little Fanny (to her twin sister)—"Mr. Smith kissed aunt Flora last night. I heard her say so." Mamma (overhearing)—"Come to me instantly, Fanny. What do you mean by telling such a story?" Fanny (stoutly)—"Well, I heard auntie say she had something from Mr. Smith's own lips, and what else could it have been?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Discouraged Father—I don't know what to do with the boy. He gets worse and worse all the time. Friend of the Family—Do you try to develop the moral and religious side of his nature? Discouraged Father—Do I? I've happened that boy a thousand times for not committing to memory his regular twenty-five verses a day from the Psalms!—*The Inter-Ocean.*

"This morning," writes a Sunday school teacher, "I gave the children a little talk about their souls." When I had done I thought I would ask them a few questions, to see if they understood what I had told them. So I began:—"What did God give us besides our bodies?" "Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly responded:—"Legs!"

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