PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

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 caracoling steeds, three or four shapeless, unwieldly 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 tauridors, in their varying, fanciful, costly, and splendid dresses, compensate Buchanan to recover \$2,500 alleged to be in a great measure for your disappointdue the playwright's estate for having ilment. It is difficult to conceive a more legally produced the Shaughraun without brilliant band. There are ten or a dozen paying any royalties. footmen, who engage the bull unarmed, distract him as he rushes at one of the cavaliers by unfolding and dashing before lieves that she may live ten years yet, although she is 80. Her physical faculties his eyes a glittering scarf, and saving themselves from an occasional chase by standing her failing mental powers. She practised agility, which elicits great applause. The performance of these tauridors is, without doubt, the most graceful, the most exciting, and the most surprising doing such brilliant work in literature, is portion of the entertainment. only 30 years old, and yet has published

The ample theatre is nearly full. Be eleven books and seven plays. In personal 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.

He has given orders to his sccretary to pre-The knights advance, poising their sent copies of the work to Cabinet minisspears, and for a moment trying to look ters and political economists in various graceful. The tauridors walk behind countries. them, two by two. They proceed around and stores the lists; they bow to the viceregal party, and commend themselves to Wilcox were more than friends years ago, the Virgin, whose portrait is suspended it is said. Both were poor, however, and above. neither had attained a national repu-

Another trumpet! A second and a third tation at that time. Whether or not blast! The governor throws the signal; Mrs Wilcox ever intended to marry the the den opens, and the bull bounds in. Hoosier poet, Riley himself was nearly That first spring is very fine. The animal heart-broken when their cordial relations stands for a moment still, staring, stupewere sundered. fied. Gradually his hoof moves; he paws the ground; he dashes about the sand. The music hall singer to a countess has been knights face him with their extended lances traced in the newspapers time and time at due distance. The tauridors are still. again. People are now becoming some-One flies across him, and waves his scarf. what more kindly disposed towards the The enraged bull makes at the nearest persecuted woman and she will probably horseman; he is frustrated in his attack. ultimately be received in the "best" Again he plants himself, lashes his tail, and society of England as an equal. In the rolls his eye. He makes another charge, meantime she is supporting her noble husand this time the glance of the spear does band, and commands \$500 per week from not drive him back. He gores the horse; Augustus Harris, the well-known London rips up its body; the steed staggers and manager. 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 fuhas been her husband's companion at all ture fate, a skilful tauridor skims before times and on all occasions. She is always him, and flaps his nostrils with his scarf. with him in parliament when he speaks, He flies atter his new assailant, and imme- and when the speech is over she looks

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT. Edward Bellamy. it is stated, has received royalties of \$30,000 from his Looking Backward. For six generations his

M. Eiffel, the civil engineer, lives up on

Mother Goose was a real character, and

not an imaginary personage, as has been

supposed. Her maiden name was Eli-

Boucicault's widow has sued Robert

Harriet Beecher Stowe's physician be-

appearance he is tall and thin, and has a

The Pope has sent a beautifully bound

copy of his discussion of the labor question

personages he wrote personal letters also.

James Whitcomb Riley and Ella Wheeler

The progress of Belle Bilton from a

noticeably small head.

zabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665.

the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps. He has just obtained permission to build a railroad

up the mountain to his very dwelling.

grandfathers have been clergymen.

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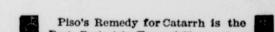
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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

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 vet! 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 myselt."

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

I can see you. (Sotto voce-Yes; red

hair, no mustache, turn up nose)-Yes,

come right in."-New York Herald.



diately finds another. Now you are de- after his personal comfort by wrapping lighted by all the evolutions of this con- him in shawls or bringing him a cup of hot summate band; occasionally they can save themselves only by leaping the barrier. The knight, in the meantime, rises, escapes well. Her form is quite straight, her eyes 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 tauridors 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 scud away. To some of their darts are affixed fireworks, which ignite by the pressure of the stab. The animal is then as bewildered as infuriate; the amphitheatre 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, gaily dressed, appears amid a lifetime. by courtesy. At her death both loud cheer. The matador is a great artist. titles will be his. Hugh Macdonald is an Strong nerves must combine with great

quickness and great experience to form an accomplished matador. It is a rare char-acter, highly prized; their fame exists after their death, and different cities pride them-the states are charselves 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. Someomes 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 tauridors elicits applause; nor do the spectators hesitate, if necessary, to mark their temper, by a con-trary method. On the whole, it is a magliant and interesting that, whatever may

sparkle, and her conversation is as bright and clever as it ever was.

Ever since her marriage Mrs. Gladstone

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 Earnscliffe. 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

able and successful man in professional The emperor of Austria has for years past found consolation for his troubles in the sympathetic companionship of a former well-know Viennese actress, Catharine Schratt, 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. Schratt and takes long promenades with her in the forest. As a result of this friendship the actress is known in Vienne as the viceempress. 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 King of Bavaria, 43; the German Em-Leo XIII., the Pope, is 81, thus exceeding by eight years the age of any crowned

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

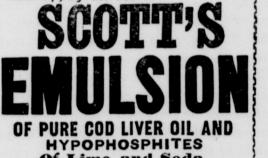
Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest. rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water CATARRH for ten years." "It is thought that young Smith and his

just made him a bachelor.'

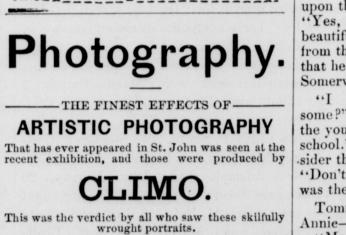
napolis Journal.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 5%. E. T. Hazeltino, Warren, Pa., U. S. A. 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





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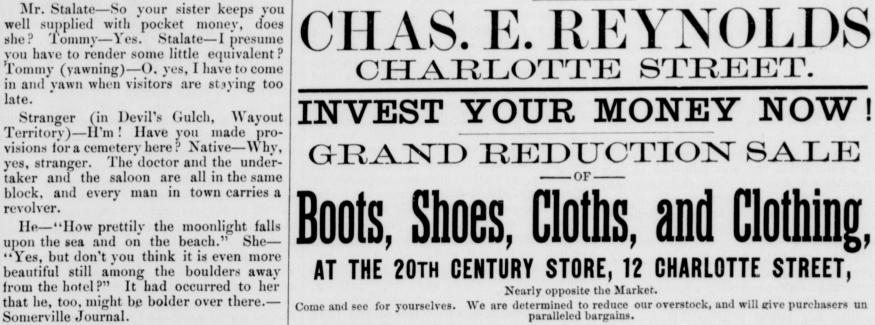
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be made up, folded, and put away in the day time. A wire matress goes with it. See them.

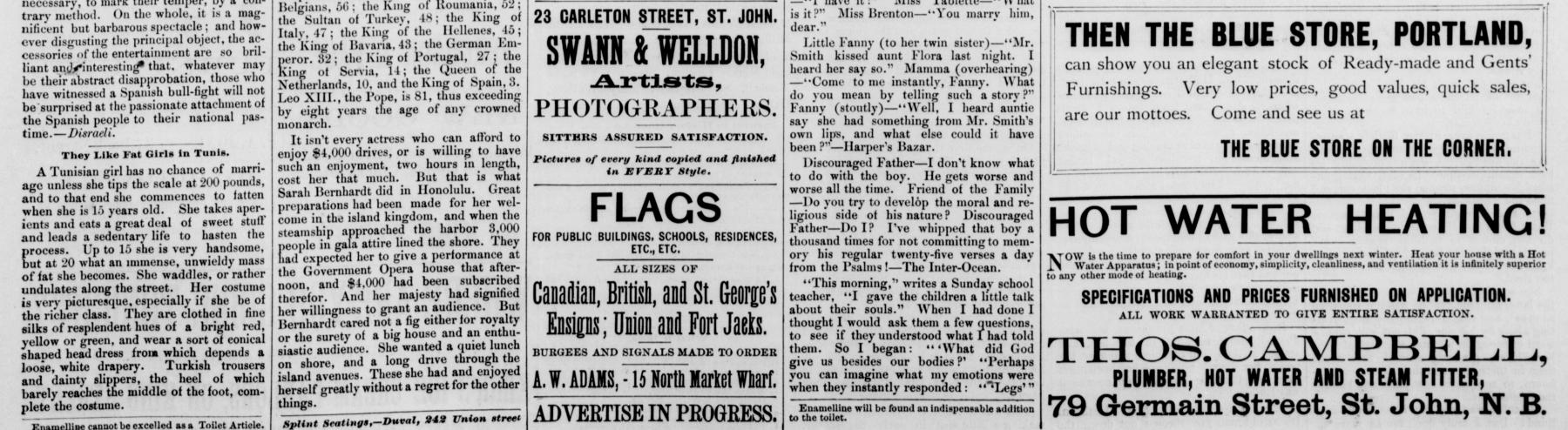


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Stranger (in Devil's Gulch, Wayout Territory)-H'm! Have you made provisions for a cemetery here? Native-Why, yes, stranger. The doctor and the undertaker and the saloon are all in the same block, and every man in town carries a revolver.

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 bolder 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 con-sider 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 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

Enamelline cannot be excelled as a Toilet Article.