

LADY BULL - FIGHTERS.

AROUSE ENTHUSIASM OF THE MEXICANS BY THEIR SKILL.

Fittest Exemplification of the Latest Phase of the New Woman—Horns Saved OR the Most Ferocious Animals—Stirring Scenes in the Arena.

In spite of the many attempts made by certain religious organizations and philanthropists, bullfighting continues to be the sport par excellence in the City of Mexico, writes a correspondent to the Philadelphia Press. An ordinance excludes the sport from the city proper, but in the environs there is no law against it although the license is prohibitive except in the great Bucareli ring, where weekly fights are held. The sport is patronized by all classes of people from the president of the republic down to the humblest car-gador who can secure the price of admission.

During the past year a female quadrilla of bullfighters has caused a greatly augmented interest in the sport by the skill in which they handle the sword and banderillas in the great rings of Spain, and so great was the fame they achieved that the Mexicans were fain to gaze upon their charms and witness their skill and bravery. An immense sum of money was guaranteed the senioritas torras before they left the mother country, and they are giving performances before immense crowds in all the large cities of the republic.

So novel a sight as six women flirting with a mad bull could not be missed, and our party of ten unanimously voted to witness the performance. Securing a box the day before, we went early to watch the arrival of the president and his staff, as well as the other strata of society which dearly loves a bullfight, a taste never exterminated from the Spanish strain, yet paramount in the blood of the native born Mexican.

There is an undercurrent of excitement as you enter the immense ring, with rows of boxes and tiers of seats, about equally divided into the 'sunny side', the former occupied by the lower or peon classes. In the centre of the shady side of the ring is the Governor's box and to the left the musician's stand, whence lively airs are played at intervals.

Precisely at 3:30 o'clock a door opposite the Governor's box is opened and the procession enters the ring. First come the senioritas torras, or 'lady bullfighters, dressed in the regulation costume, which consists of knee breeches and jacket, elaborately embroidered in gold and silver bullion, and pink silk stockings.

They march around. Then the bull enters. This animal always closes his eyes when he charges, and there is far less danger in this part of the performance than one would imagine.

A seniorita advances, goes through the play; then another and another until the bull is somewhat tired, the female performers being assisted at critical points by the two male protectors who follow closely in their wake.

Two of the women then take the banderillas, which were long darts with prongs like fishhooks, and, by skillful manipulation of the red capes, invite the bull to charge toward them. As he makes the lunge the darts are planted in his side, where they hang and further enrage him. Eight or ten banderillas are planted in the animal's side, when a cornet sounds from the Governor's box, which is the death signal.

The woman who has been assigned to do the killing takes a sword and red cape and advances to the Governor's box, where she makes a speech, salutes his Excellency then engages the attention of the bull. Sometimes the animal refuses to fight and is sent out of the ring and another one is brought in. Often the horns of a too ferocious creature are sawed off, the spectators sometimes insisting that this be done if the animal looks particularly dangerous.

Now comes the critical moment, and the crowd manifests interest in diverse ways. Those in the front rows stand up, and are speedily called down by the spectators in the rear.

Fair faced women, who look incapable of hurting a fly, lean forward, and anxiously watch every movement of the matorador, and as he passes her with a rush the sword is deftly planted in the animal clear to the hilt, and the enthusiasm of the spectators knows no bounds. As the animal staggers, falls, regains his feet and falls again, following with pain, the scene is indescribable.

A delicate-faced woman just in front of me stands up and cheers with the howling mob, clasps her white hands in ecstasy of delight, and throws her corsage bunch of violets at the feet of the woman in the ring.

A pretty girl, scarcely fourteen, tosses a bunch of roses, peons throw their sombreros aloft in joy, and the leading society young man send downward a rain of silver dollars at the torras' little Spanish feet. Several facetiously inclined men in the

front row toss into the ring, spoons of cotton, paper of pins, and pair of scissors, the gentle irony of which is greeted by the crowd with shouts of approval.

A male matorador then cuts off the right ear of the dead bull, and presents it to the Seniorita Angelita, (little angel,) and she retires for a brief rest, followed by thundering applause. The footmen with the mules enter and the bull is dragged from the ring.

This scene is repeated until six bulls have been dispatched, some of which are killed in the most bungling manner, and the senioritas torras, pitiful exemplification of the newest phrase of the new woman, retire from the ring, followed by a rain of silver dollars and mad applause.

LANCERS' HEROIC CHARGE.

The Bravery of 320 British Cavalrymen, Who Rode Through 3000 Dervishes.

Official reports of the engagement which marked the downfall of Mahdism say that the charge of the twenty-first Lancers, which was made through a line of three thousand dervish horse and foot was not a part of Sir Herbert Kitchener's plan of battle, nor did he give orders for it. In regard to this charge, the correspondent of the London Daily News says:

'It may be questioned whether British cavalry ever did a more heroic deed. It came about this wise: Colonel Martin was trotting at the head of his regiment westward, with intent to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction, when, across a watercourse three feet deep there arose before the Lancers some three thousand dervishes.

'Without an instant's hesitation Colonel Martin ordered the charge to be sounded, and in a minute or two the troopers were slashing and thrusting a way through the dense mass of the enemy. They made their way, but at no small cost, for out of a total of only 320 men with which the regiment went into the fray, they lost no fewer than forty killed and wounded. Several horses were quickly hamstringed, and their riders were cut to pieces by the ferocious foe.

'With one exception no man who was once actually unhorsed was again seen alive. The exception was Surgeon Major Ginchas. His horse was brought down to the ground and the officer fell among the furious dervishes. Sergeant Major Brennan, who was riding ahead, saw the Major's peril, and gallantly returned to his assistance. After a tough fight, in the course of which Brennan killed several dervishes, he succeeded in getting the officer on to his own horse and back to the regiment.

'Lieutenant Grentell was killed early in the charge. Knowing that the dervishes would mutilate the body, Lieutenant de Montmorency and Lieutenant Pike rode back to the enemy, shot three or four of them and brought the lieutenant's body out of the melee. The non-commissioned officers were conspicuous throughout this thrilling business. Several Lancers who were wounded concealed the fact, and did not go to the doctor until long after the fighting was over. The Lancers' charge was quite reminiscent of olden times. Each trooper picked out his man as he rode and went for him. Before they could get at the dervishes they had to jump the water-course, and they did it in splendid style.'

PETS OF THE NAVY.

Sometimes Cats are Regarded as Mascots by Naval Officers.

There are enough pets of various kinds serving as 'mascots' in American war-ships to stock a good sized menagerie. According to the sailors' superstition, the crew of a man-of-war would not be complete without such a mascot, and since pets are allowed on board only with the formal consent of the captain, they may be said to be regularly in commission. Even at the time of the disaster of the Maine, says the New York World, her pets were not forgotten. The Maine carried a dog and three cats, one of them the senior cat in the United States navy. Two of the cats, which had been bought in Cuba, perished with the ship, but old Tom utilized his nine lives and survived as did the captains dog.

Tom was born thirteen years ago in the Brooklyn navy-yard, and has been in active service ever since. At the time of the disaster he was sleeping peacefully three decks down, or a distance of nearly thirty feet below the upper deck. The force of the explosion was so great that Tom was literally fired through these three decks, and came down unharmed. In the confusion of that awful night Tom was lost sight of, but the next morning he was discovered crying pitifully, crouched on the part of the wreck which remained above water. He was first discovered by Commander Wainwright, who hastened to take him off in a

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boat and remove him to the Fern, where the sailors received him as an old friend.

The other survivor of the Maine was Captain Sigsbee's little pug dog, Peggy. Peggy was asleep in the captain's stateroom when the explosion occurred, and was forgotten by her owner in the confusion which followed. The ship was in complete darkness, but Peggy managed to find her way to the deck, and when the captain's boat was finally lowered in the midst of the shrieks of the dying, the roaring of the fire and all the confusion, Peggy was found standing at the place she had been taught to take when that particular boat was to be lowered.

In some ways the most remarkable of all these mascots is the goat, Billy, now on the cruiser New York. Billy has served for more than fifteen years, and takes an active part in the life of the ship. The custom of decorating the uniforms of old sailors with enlistment stripes has been extended to Billy, and he now wears five stripes, each stripe representing three years of honorable service. He wears these when on dress parade attached to a belt of navy-blue cloth which buttons over his back. In summer, when on dress parade, he wears a white duck belt decorated with gold stripes. Billy always marches in parade, with the same company and is always at his post throughout the most complicated naval manoeuvres. He never makes a mistake in finding his own boat, and no one on board is more prompt in responding to the various orders.

Another celebrated goat is 'Billy the Terror,' which makes his home on the monitor Terror. This goat seems to be happy on the limited deck space of the monitor, where he frequently lives for weeks without going ashore.

These little mascots have curious ways of making themselves at home. One of the cats which sails with the Minnesota often crawls into the yawning mouth of one of the cannon. She has found from experience that this is a very quiet place for an uninterrupted nap, and when the gun is not wearing its canvas cover, she is usually to be found there.

An Engineer's Story.

SUFFERED THE PANGS OF RHEUMATISM FOR YEARS.

Was Reduced in Weight From 180 to 130 Pounds—His Friends Feared That Recovery Was Impossible—Now Actively Attending to His Duties.

From the Midland Free Press.

Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village, could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when informed as to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: 'Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much of it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two and three times of a night,' said Mrs. McKenzie 'to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on for several years; sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to 130, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 someone recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them, the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinge of rheumatism and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble. Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made

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ONE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.
General Scarlett's Trumpeter the Inmate of a Workhouse.

John Loudon, who with the gallant Gen. Scarlette was one of the first men to draw Russian blood in the memorable charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, is an inmate of St. Pancras workhouse! It was he who sounded the charge of the 'Heavies' on that glorious morning, when a mere handful of Gen. Scarlette's men mowed down the overlapping Russian lines after the manner of a reaping machine. In an interview with a representative of the London Daily Chronicle, London spoke as follows of the awful collision between Gen. Scarlette's three hundred and the Russian line of thousands: 'Well, I sounded the charge and we then went for the Russians like tigers. I was stirrup to stirrup with the gallant Gen. Scarlette when we plunged into the enemy's line. It was a neck and neck race between four of us to see which would have the honor of the first onslaught. But goodness only knows who unhorsed the first of the enemy I know that Gen. Scarlette was on a very speedy charger, and I believe he won an exciting race by decapitating the first Russian. A moment before we crashed through the line I dropped my bugle to my side, and then I had to use the sword in earnest. I was wounded over the temple and in the right leg, which now troubles me periodically. But I did not know I was wounded at the time. For a few minutes we were scattered like a flock of sheep; still we moved away, now to the right, again to the left, twisting and turning, thrusting and slashing. We made several avenue's in the enemy's lines, through which we rode to the rally. Soon after the rally we heard that the 'Lights' were going to have a 'go.' " "I suppose you had a good view of the charge? Oh, yes, until the 'Lights' disappeared into a gulf of smoke from the Russian cannon, I was alongside Gen. Scarlette when he gave the order: 'The Heavy Brigade will support the lights!' These were, I believe, his exact words. The lights had then broken into a gallop and were close to 'the valley of death.' I sounded, and soon myself and Gen. Scarlette were some thirty yards in front of the advancing squadrons. Suddenly he turned round in the saddle, and exclaimed, 'Why, the Heavies are retiring! Have you sounded retire?' He was very much excited. I replied: 'No, gen-

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