

HANDSOME AND BRAINY.

THE GREAT MEN OF A LITTLE REPUBLIC.

Cecil L. Charles Writes of the Public Men of Costa Rica, Who Are, in His Opinion, Men of Whom His Country May Well Be Proud.

[Special Correspondence.] SAN JOSE DE COSTA RICA, Oct. 7.—No where, perhaps, on the entire American hemisphere is to be found a more admirable combination of mental, moral and physical excellence than in this wonderful bit of country, forming the southern extremity of North America. There is a disposition the world over to sneer at a man if any one accuse him of good looks. Now it must be set down as a fact that the handsome men of Costa Rica are far from being fools. Beginning with Pres-



ident Soto and scanning closely all the figures prominent in public life, one can not fail to comprehend these as the product of good birth, right living for generations back and education of the best sort. President Soto is but 33 years of age. He is the son of Gen. Don Jesus Soto, a fine looking man of fifty odd.

President Soto, whose administration comes to an end in December, has made a very satisfactory executive. Were it not that the constitution forbids the immediate re-election of any president, it is very probable that he would remain in office for a second term. Gen. Soto is rather quiet, but exceedingly shrewd and far seeing. He was married a few years since to the daughter of the then president, Gen. Don Prospero Fernandez, and has one beautiful little child.



Don Cleto Gonzalez Viquez, who has just resigned from the ministry, has figured brilliantly at home and abroad in diplomatic relations. He is a man of singularly acute and alert mental powers, much more like an American in this respect than like a Spaniard.

As minister of foreign affairs he has borne weighty responsibilities in the Nicaragua canal difficulty during the past six months and borne them ably. Being a member of Acting President Esquivel's cabinet, when the latter decided from motives of delicacy, having been nominated as the Liberal party's candidate, to give back the presidency to Gen. Soto last week, Senor Viquez at once resigned, as did the various other members. Should Senor Esquivel be elected constitutional president in December, as it is very probable he will be, Senor Viquez will doubtless be recalled to the ministry.



Don Ricardo Jimenez, ex-secretary of public works, and a few days since appointed to the supreme court, is a very pure Spanish type as to appearance. He has the regular yet softly molded features, the dark, dreamy eyes, the courtly and chivalrous bearing of the old Castilians.

Don Camilo Mora, governor of the province of San Jose, is an handsome man of 35. During the past year civil marriage has become an institution in Costa Rica. Don Camilo, as governor of the province, is the gentleman who performs all such civil ceremonies. It is said in this connection that more than one bride has almost wavered in allegiance to her fiancé and half way repented and hesitated on catching sight of Don Camilo, who, by the way, is a bachelor.

Don Pedro Perez Zeledon is the Costa Rican minister in Washington. It is he who has been lately compelled to refute certain statements made concerning Costa Rica's attitude in the canal matter. Senor Zeledon is an able representative of his country. It may be said that his pictures do not do him strict justice. He, too, I believe, is a bachelor.



Don Andres Venegas, the new minister of public works and government affairs, is what the Spanish call simpatico—a word signifying everything that is "nice," as women folks say, a kind of combination of all attractive qualities. Handsome in appearance, of brilliant intellect and ranking high in the legal pro-

fession, kind, courteous and cordial in his manner, Senor Venegas is much admired and beloved by acquaintances and friends. Don Manuel and Don Ricardo Jimenez are sons of ex-President Don Jesus Jimenez. Don Manuel J. Jimenez resigned from the cabinet last May, at the time when President Soto's health compelled him to call Senor Esquivel to assume the presidency.

He is therefore ex-minister of foreign affairs and religious matters. Soon after resigning he was appointed to the supreme court. Senor Jimenez is tall and straight. He has beautiful hair and beard, chiseled features and melancholy dark eyes. Don Ricardo Jimenez, his brother, is the shining light of Costa Rica who was chosen for president of the Central American congress some months since. Both these gentlemen are bachelors. Don Ricardo is said to have a law practice worth \$20,000 per year. The brothers both have something repelling in their bearing—a mixture of coldness and shyness, possibly. Get closer to them, however, and you find them extremely lovable.

CECIL L. CHARLES.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

A Charming Evening with London Literary and Artistic Lights.

[Special Correspondence.] LONDON, Oct. 7.—One hears less of the Pre-Raphaelite society of London than formerly, yet the society, made up of the best literary and artistic circles, still exists in London, and holds its meetings as heretofore. Among them there are several persons whose names are household words in America and many more who are famous in many walks of life which do not bring them into such prominence in America. To gain an entrance into the charmed circle of literary and artistic London one needs to be of the guild, but once in, a while it does happen that an outsider, like myself, who only pretends to sing a little, gets a peep at the lions.

Recently I was invited to a delightful home in a suburb of London, not far from "Amstead Heath," as our cab driver called it, and there was so fortunate as to meet among a number of artists, playwrights and literary people generally, Jean Ingelow, the sweetest poet who ever wrote about children, and Christina Rossetti, the almost inspired woman who writes poems which are like sacramental wine and bread, and that dear white haired old lady, Mrs. Trollope, besides Lady Mary Duffus-Hardy and her daughter Iza were there. There were a number of famous men present, but I only learned the names of Dr. Egmont Hake and Mr. Watts. Dr. Hake is tall and slender, but so gentle and kind that every one loves him, and his silvery hair is an attraction to every one of the women, although, perhaps, his beautiful poems had first made them his friends, for they are pure and sweet and elevating.

Mrs. Trollope has grown out of the fretful invalid state, where, shaking with chills and fever and suffering from a multitude of ills, she wrote that savage book about America as it was in the wild west fifty years ago, and now, if she could write of this country, it would be with a pen dipped in honey, for she is ripe and full of all the tenderness that many years and much wisdom bring.

Many Americans know Lady Hardy, for she has always been the friend of Americans in London, and she has also traveled very extensively in our country. She has written, perhaps, twenty novels, all three-volume, cloth bound, and a book of her travels in America, where she went with her daughter after the death of her husband, the late Sir Thomas Duffus-Hardy.

Lady Hardy is a large woman, with a fine figure and a genial, good face, surmounted by a crown of snow white hair. Her daughter is very slender and tall, with large blue eyes and very long, thick hair. She was considered one of the most beautiful girls in England a few years ago, but, I was told, a sorrow of some kind fell upon her and she has changed greatly, but nothing can ever take from her that touching grace of face and manner, though it is somewhat melancholy. She also has written many novels, some of which are very sweet and interesting. Their home at North Bank, Regent's park, is embowered in trees, and is most charming in its truly English type, and is the resort of all the best and brightest minds in London.

I began by speaking of sweet Jean Ingelow, that lovely, lovable little old maid who writes the beautiful mother poems. She is a tiny body, with almost infantile hands and feet and soft gray eyes. Her face is one marked by genius, yet she has a timid, quiet manner and such a sweet, low voice. She wore a gray surah dress, made with a surplice waist and a plain full skirt and leg of mutton sleeves, with muslin cuffs and a tulle tucker around her neck, and this was fastened with a little oval pin with a lock of hair in it. Her hair is gray, but thick and wavy, and gathered into a knot at the back of the neck.

Christina Rossetti is dark, but her skin is clear and pure, like ivory. Her hair is abundant and wavy, and her forehead low and broad, over a pair of eyes like those we are so familiar with in the picture of "Evangeline"—deep, dark, patient and steadfast, seeing things above and beyond us. She is slow of speech and chary of words, and somehow makes you think she is always listening to angel voices. She is slight and fragile, and dresses in soft heavy black silk, with a little rare lace at the neck and for cuffs, and lets her pretty, blue veined hands lie utterly idle in her lap. Her smile is slower than that of Jean Ingelow and not so taking.

I had meant to say much more of our evening but shall be obliged to defer the rest to another time.

BLANCHIE SOMERS.

Almonds in North Georgia.

Capt. J. P. Wilson showed us a day or two since some nice specimens of almonds which grew on the farm of Mr. Childs, a few miles from this place.—Clarksville (Ga.) Advertiser.

A SIGN OF MAN IN THE APE.

Knockdown Argument for Darwin Afforded by an Ancestor.

Showmen from New York and Boston have swarmed in Connecticut all the season. Some were street fakirs, who sold salve and bunion ointment, toothache drops, and fifteen-cent razors, and delivered gaudy speeches under a gasoline torch in the streets at night; but most of these have been hand organ men, with monkeys and performing bears, or boys of color that strut up and down in tiny and frail wooden ladders in an open cart, and amuse people by doing audacious tricks. The last general assembly passed a statute against bears and other roving animals, but they come just the same.

The most novel show came this week. Two Italians, a hand organ, a yellow performing goat and a monkey were washed up out of the storm, just as the clouds rolled by. The cool sunlight and tonic autumn air stirred both goat and monkey to do their best, and they did it so very well that even the Italian as well as the populace, grinned with delight. Both were highly educated. The monkey was dressed in a buff colored coat, with jaunty pockets in it, and he wore bells; the goat wore simply his own undressed kid.

First the goat crawled up the small wooden performing pedestal, clumsily pulling his feet after him, and did what he could do, rearing and pawing the air; but he looked foolish and stupid, his wisp of beard fluttering in the wind. Then he got down and the monkey got up. The latter made some funny grimaces, which excited applause, and his wrinkled little face put on a woful or gleeful look accordingly as his master said "Bravo!" or poked him in the ribs with a sharp rod.

But the best of the performance took place after the show. After the monkey got down one of the Italians slyly stepped out of the crowd, slipped into a corner saloon, and presently emerged bearing a foaming glass of beer. He didn't imbibe any of it himself, but with a grin took it to his friends, the goat and the monkey. He politely offered it first to the goat, but that unsophisticated creature turned away his face in disdain and would not look at the flowing bowl.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed his Tuscan master, "non-a have beer-a! Ha! Goat-a no know what es goat-a, eh! Monk-a es have some beer-a! Say-a yes!" So, so, monk-a know-a goat ting; goat-a damp-ah!" The "monkey" took no risk of losing the drink. With the skill of a thirsty woodpecker he raised the fluid to his thricted mouth and drained every drop to the glass. He even held the upturned mug a moment aloft, his lips at the edge, so as not to miss a globule of the precious liquid. Then he gracefully handed it back with a polite bow, wiped his puckered face on his sleeve and the crowd roared.

"Only monk-a in so Meriky, goushimens, sat drink-a beer-a es ev'ry day," said the proud master, gazing admiringly at the little beast.

"All of which shows," commented a street philosopher, "the wide intellectual difference between 'zee monk-a' and 'zee goat-a'; exhibits the susceptibility of the monk-a to the influences of civilization, and is knockdown evidence of the 'origin of man.'"

New Haven is still in a tussle with a performing bear. Both the bear and his master, a shrewd Frenchman, were arrested and lodged in the police station charged with violating the "bear statute" of Connecticut. The Frenchman had money enough to pay the fines imposed, but not enough to hire a wagon in which to transport the bear from his prison. He couldn't lead Bruin through the streets without violating the statute again, so he had to go away without his pet. The police station still has the bear, which is feeding on the fat of the land and is happy, but the police don't want him. They may be able to sell him, and they may kill and eat him.—Norwich (Conn.) Cor. New York Sun.

With a "Hall Show."

"I read your story the other day about Epstein's experience with a circus among the tough people of the south," said Harry Mortimer, of the Larking company, yesterday, "and I tell you I can appreciate it. I have been down there myself, but not with a circus. They called our entertainment a 'hall show' in that region. I was manager, and in that capacity I was obliged to look after the door. One night we struck a tough moonshiner town and we had a sort of frost-for-all audiences. A wicked looking fellow, with long ringlets on his collar, came up and started to walk right in. 'Tickets!' I said. He looked tough, and I was not very fond in my demand. He eyed me contemptuously, threw back his coat and exhibited a United States marshal's star. Of course I passed him. Then two more came along, and I let them by without making them show their stars. The wicked looking marshal came out to talk with me, and just then I noticed he had been smoking. I asked him not to smoke, as there were ladies in the house. 'All right,' he said, and he tossed his cigar away. As he stood there up came three toughs with tickets. They were all smoking, and I told them they could not smoke inside. 'Wal, I gass we'll smoke,' said one of them. The marshal heard the remark. Stepping up to the man who made it, he jerked the cigar from his mouth and threw him down the stairs. The other two threw away their cigars and tipped in. That marshal looked wicked, but he kept his people right in line. It's a great country."—Chicago Herald.

Black Royalties at Paris.

King Dinah Salfou, who attracted so much attention here during the visit of the shah of Persia, has been replaced by another sable Senegalese sovereign named Ousman Gassy. Parisians, however, are no longer curious about negro monarchs, as poor Ousman Gassy, unlike his predecessor, is left to languish in his lodgings in the locality of Grenelle, where he is surrounded by an encampment of his subjects. King Gassy has fought and bled in the cause of France, and has accordingly received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he wears proudly on his white burnous. He rules when at home over 300 villages, containing a population of 300,000 sable subjects. Like most of the superior types of monarchs who have been invited to see the exhibition and to represent before the natives of the French colonies or dependencies in Africa, Ousman Gassy is a highly intelligent looking man, and his royal hours, although meagre and mediocre, sit well upon him.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Rugged and Elderly.

There was present at the reunion of the Thirty-ninth regiment yesterday at Madford William Field, 82 years of age, the oldest Grand Army man in the country. He was born in Deerfield. His mother was Melitabile Ames of that place, supposed to be a sister of Governor Ames' grandfather. He is a machinist by trade, and lives at Franklin. He was married to a Miss Huldry Smith, of Harwich, and has been the father of four children, all of whom are now deceased. The old gentleman is strong and rugged appearing, and when he was presented to the invited guests he was received with a storm of applause.—Boston Herald.

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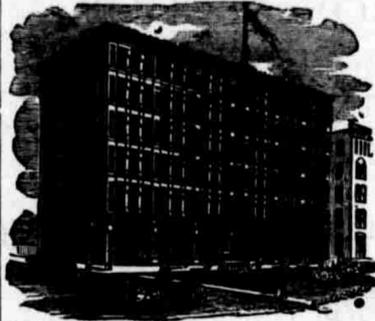
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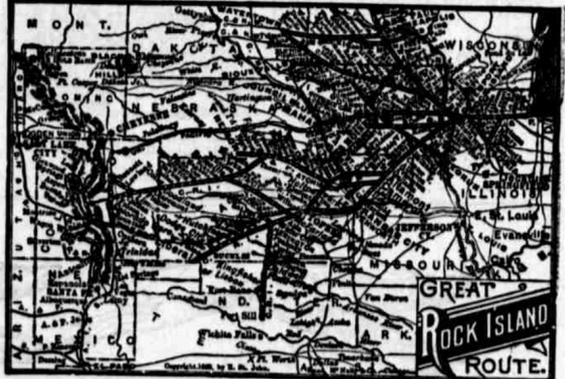
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