The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. Manzine, Editor and Proprietor.

BROCKWAY CENTER, ; MICH.

The reported threat of the Chinese vice-roy that he would exclude Americans from the Flowery Kingdom in retaliation for our expulsion act must be taken with many grains of allowance, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. The Chinese government has always expressed disapproval of the immigration of its people across the Pacific. It prefers that they should colonize the Phillipines and Slant settlements where the can get control of trade and be near home. Nine-tenths of the coolies who come here are from the provinces near Canton and Hong Kong, and were natural nomads. The vice-roy is governor of Chili, one of the most northernly provinces, and he can have no feeling in regard to the exclusion of a few thousand of the tramp and criminal classes. He is also shrewd enough to know that the balance of American trade has always been in favor of China, and it would be poor policy to cut off this lucrative trade for a matter of national sentiment.

Commissioner Wright of the national department of labor has an interesting chapter on working women of manufacturing centers in his last report. From a mass of statistics he finds that the average age is but twenty-two years, and of the whole number reported seventeen thousand five hundred, more than one-half are engaged in their first trial at self-support. As a rule, the working women are unmarried, supporting not only themselves but giving their earnings largely to the support of parents and dependents at home. Ten thousand of the number under consideration not only work at their daily occupation but assist in household duties at home. More than two-thirds of these women live at home and are under home influences. If Mr. Wright's testimony can be depended upon it must be confessed that the life of the average working-woman is not so black as it has been painted.

The ministers of Worcester, Mass., made such a row about Mrs. Shaw whistling on Sunday in their city that the mayor compelled her to toot only Psalm tunes, at which Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost remarks that "you may always be sure that when the average minister goes on a crusade he will take along a Krupp gun and never fire it except at gnats. What about the drudgery of poverty that makes Sunday the people's only holiday? Is there one minister in Worcester who objects to that? And if so, will the mayor proceed against it? O, Phariseeism! Phariseeism! long is thy robes, broad is thy fringe and rotten is thy heart."

Attention is being directed in the manufacturing centers of the country to the possibilities to which the waste products of corn can be put. One of the latest discoveries is the manufacture of paper and cloth from corn husks. It is claimed that the linen made from the long fibre of husks gives an excellent substitute for the coarser grades of flax and hemp and is superior to jute, gunny cloth and similar products, while the shorter fibres of the husks are most admirably adapted for the manufacture of paper, which is stronger than papers of like weight made from linen or cotton rags.

Nevada may be a trifle "woolly," and that sort of thing, but a bill now before the legislature is sufficient to show that she means to look out for the comfort of her people. The bill in question, makes it a misdemeanor for a lady to wear a hat more than three inches high, at any place of amusement. Is this bill passes, it is only fair to presume that the gentlemen, on their part, will endeavor to break themselves of the habit of crowding out between the acts.

In some parts of Africa youths are purchased in the interior slave markets, and are dealt with as we deal with young sheep and oxen which we turn into weathers and bullocks—are deliberately unsexed so that they may fatten quicker, and are then fed upon yams and nourishing food till they are ready to be killed and eaten. The cessation of the slave trade has increased the prevalency of cannibalism.

It is urged, as a special feature of the proposed corn exhibit at the Paris exposition to be undertaken by the New York produce exchange, that efforts be made to educate the people of Europe in the art of preparing corn for food. Despite the annual heavy shipments of corn products, there is amazing ignorance in foreign countries as to the best way to prepare corn for edible purposes.

RARE MEXICAN SIGHTS.

An American's Impressions of Palm Sunday in Puebla de Los Angeles.

The good Fray Julian Garces, the first consecrated Bishop of the Catholic church in Mexico, conceived the most priseworthy plan of founding, somewhere between the coast and the City of Mexico a haven of refuge and resting-place for weary travelers, writes F. Hopkinson Smith, in Atlantic. Upon one eventful night, when his mind was filled with this noble resolve, he beheld a lovely plain, bounded by the great slope of the volcanoes, watered by two rivers, and dotted by many ever-living springs, making all things fresh and green. As he gazed, his eyes behold two angels with line and rod, measuring bounds and distances upon the ground. After seeing the vision the Bishop awoke, and that very hour set out to search for the site the angels had shown him; upon finding which he joyously exclaimed: "This is the site the Lord has chosen through his holy angels, and here shall the city be;" and even now the most charming and delightful of all the cities of the Southern slope is this Puebla de los Angeles. Nothing has occurred since to shake the confidence in the wisdom of the good Bishop, nor impair the value of his undertaking, and to-day the idler, the antiquary and the artist rise up and call him blessed.

But the pious Bishop did not stop here. As early as 1536 he laid the corner-stone of the present cathedral, completed one hundred and fifty years later. This noble edifice, in its interior adornments, lofty nave, broad aisles divided by massive stone columns, inlaid floor of colored marble, altars, chapels, and choirs, as well as in its grand exterior, raised upon a terrace and surmounted by majestic towers, is by far the most stately and beautiful of all the great buildings of Mexico.

Before I reached the huge swinging doors, carved and heavily ironed, I knew it was Palm Sunday; for the streets were filled with people, each one carrying a long thin leaf of sago palm, and the balconies with children twisting the sacred leaves over the iron railings, to mark a blessing for the house until the next festival.

I had crossed the plaza, where I had been loitering under the trees, making memoranda in my sketch book of the groups of Indians lounging on the benches in the shade, and sketching the outlines of bunches of little donkeys dozing in the sun; and mounting the raised terrace upon which the noble pile is built, I found myself in the cool, incense-laden interior. The aisles were a moving mass of people waving palms over their heads, the vista looking like great fields of ferns in the wind. The service was still in progress, and the distant bursts of the organ resounded at intervals through the arches.

I wedged my way between the throngs of worshipers—some kneeling, some shuffling along, keeping step with the crowd—past the inlaid stalls, exquisite carvings, and gilded figures of saints, until I reached the door of the sacristy. I always searched out the sacristy. It contains the movable property of the church, and as I have a passion for moving it—when the sacristan is of the same mind—I always find it the most attractive corner of any sacred interior.

The room was superb. The walls were covered with paintings set in gilded frames; the chests of drawers were crammed with costly vestments. Two exquisite tables covered with slabs of onyx stood on one side, while upon a raised shelf above them were ranged eight superb Japanese Imari jars—for water, I presumed. When I entered, a line of students near the door were being robed in white starched garments by the sacristan; groups of priests in twos and threes, some in vestments, others in street robes, were chatting together on an old settle; and an aged bishop, white-haired, was listening intently to a young priest dressed in a dark purple robe, both out-lined against an open window. The whole effect reminded me of one of Vibert's pictures. I was so absorbed that I remained motionless in the middle of the room, gazing awkwardly about. The next moment the light was shut out, and I was half smothered in the folds of a muslin skirt. I had been mistaken for a student chorister, and the sacristan would have slipped it over my head but for my smothered protest. Had I known the service, I think I should have risked the consequences.

The sacristy opened into the chapter-room. The wanderer who thinks he must go to Italy to find grand interiors should stand at the threshold of this room and look in; or, still better, rest his weary bones for half an hour within the perfectly proportioned, vaulted and domed apartment, hung with Flemish tapestry and covered with paintings, and examine it at his leisure. He can select any one of the superb old Spanish chairs presented by Charles V., thirty-two of which line the walls; then, being rested, he can step into the middle of the room, and feast his eyes upon a single slab of Mexican onyx covering a table large enough for a grand council of bishops. I confess I stood for an instant amazed, wondering whether I was really in Mexico, across its thousand miles of dust, or had wandered into some old palace or church in Verona or Padua.

A Talk On Canes.

"The fashion in canes as well as in the way of carrying these necessary concomitants of stylish dress," said a dealer in these articles to an Eagle reporter, "changes from year to year. When our fathers were lads the proper caper was to carry a whalebone or malacca stick. The dandies of those days apparently never learned that a cane should be carried in any other way than by its handle. It remained for the young men of the present day to invent the æsthetic style of swinging a stick that is delicately balanced between the thumb and forefinger, while the proper accompanying gait was the springing walk with bent knees and arms akimbo. Then came the genuine æsthetic style with all its limpid limpness, by which the languid cane was held in front of the body, while the elbows were well forward and the shoulders more bent even than in the swinging style. The fashion of holding the ferrule down followed, then of grasping the stick by the middle with the ferrule pointing forward and now the cane should be carried by its middle with the handle forward. The material for canes is even more varied than the styles of carrying them. The buckhorn handle and plain stick is about as popular now as anything and is the result of the reaction against the craze for silver heads. Many canes are made from imported woods, the celebrated whangee sticks coming from China, where they are celebrated for the regularity of their joints, which are the points at which the leaves branch off. The orange and lemon are highly prized and are imported principally from the West Indies, although Florida is supplying many of these at the present time. The orange stick is known by its beautiful green bark, with fine longitudinal markings and the lemon by the symmetry of its proportions and both prominence and regularity of its knots. Myrtle sticks have a value on account of the peculiarity of their appearance and are imported from Algeria. The rajah stick is another importation and is a species of palm grown in Borneo. These canes known as palm canes are distinguished by an angular or more or less flat surface, are brownish or spotted in appearance and have neither knob nor curl. The most celebrated of all palm canes is the malacca, which doubtless will never lose its popularity with men of middle or advanced age. The malacca stick is cut from a species of calamus, a slender climbing palm, and does not come from Malacca, as the name would imply, but from a small town on the opposite coast of Sumatra. Other imported canes are of ebony, palmetto, rosewood, thorn, cactus hairwood, partridge wood and lots of other varieties. The manufacture of canes is by no means the simple process one might imagine it to be. In Jersey many families support themselves by gathering sticks, fit for canes, which they find in the swamps, straightening them with an old vise, steaming them over a common iron kettle, and after roughly scraping them, sending them in bundles to the city manufacturers. Many imported sticks come in their native twisted or crooked state and have to be straightened by mechanical means in the factories. The process is to bury them in hot sand until they become pliable. In front of the sand are boards about six feet long fixed at an angle inclined to the workman and having notches in their edges. When a stick is pliable the workman puts it in a notch and bends it in an opposite direction to that in which it is naturally crooked. It is then left awhile to set. To form an artificial crook or curl for the handle the workman places one end in a vise and then bends it, at the same time pouring on the yielding wood a constant stream of fire from a gas jet. Sometimes the wood is charred, but this is rubbed smooth by sandpaper. There are lots of other interesting points about canes, which I have not time to enlighten you upon just now. Come in again and I'll tell you some more."—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Doubt of It.

The editor of the Stage, the latest candidate for public favor in the field of dramatic journalism, came to New York yesterday to discover if possible a new picture of Mary Anderson with which to adorn the front page of his weekly publication. He is Morton McMichael third, a grandson of the famous *raconteur* of the same name, who at the time of his death was the editor and proprietor of the oldest daily newspaper in America, the Philadelphia North American, which his sons still own and edit. Young McMichael was positively amazed at the easiness of his task. In each photographer's window along Broadway he saw not one but more, and in some cases one dozen pictures of the society amateur, and yet no two were alike, and all appeared to be of recent execution. In conversation with photographer she found that Miss Anderson has an audible craze to have herself photographed. It is not small-minded vanity; it is the result of a refreshing and healthful candor which leads her to frankly say she likes to look upon pictures of herself. She never refuses a photographer's request for a sitting. While in London her daily list of engagements invariably included a call upon a camera marksman. As a matter of fact Mary is greatly in love with herself.—New York Sun.

Count the Mercies.

Count the mercies! count the mercies!
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a daily faithful record
Of the comforts from above.
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day.
Count the mercies! count the mercies!
See them strewn along our way!

Count the mercies, though the trials
Seem to number more each day;
Count the trials, too, as mercies,
Add them to the grand array.
Trials are God's richest blessings,
Sent to prompt our upward flight,
As the eagle's nest—all broken,
Makes them fly to loftier height:
Count them mercies! count them mercies!
That bring heaven within our sight.

Let us number all our jewels,
Let us estimate their worth;
Let us thank the gracious Giver,
Strewing blessings o'er the earth.
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er,
Till our multiplying treasures
Seem a countless, boundless store.
Then let praises, grateful praises,
Be our language evermore.
—Anonymous.

Rudeness in Speech.

Some pride themselves upon saying rude things. They fancy they have done a smart thing when they have given a rugged, coarse rebuff. We have known some Christian men to be very unchristian in this particular. All such ought to ponder this remark, made by one of the greatest of great men: "Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

THE MEXICAN VIRGIN.

Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Patron Saint of the Land of the Montezumas.

Recent events in Mexico have called unusual attention to the patron saint of that country, Our Lady of Guadalupe, says the New York Evening Post. A native writer has taken advantage of the popular interest and has published what may be called an attempt to give the natural history of the famous apparition of 1531. Every volume of Mexican travels, from Bernal Diaz to the compilations of the latest newspaper correspondent, has given an account, in one way or another, of the miraculous appearance of the virgin to Juan Diego on the spot where now stands the shrine built in her honor, and the details of the story are familiar to all readers. Such narratives, get scant courtesy at the hands of intelligent men nowadays. Curt dismissal is but a new instance of a popular delusion or a fabrication of the priesthood is the most they can expect. But such a study as the one referred to, which seeks in contemporaneous records the raw material out of which the story grew or was framed, must always have an interest of its own, if only as being a new triumph of reason over superstitution.

Considerable importance attaches to the very name Guadalupe. By this name, so the story runs, the virgin directed that her miraculously painted picture should be called. But she was talking to an Indian, and presumably in one of the Nahua dialects. Now, it is affirmed by competent scholars that the letters "d" and "g" do not occur in these languages, and that the nearest an Aztec could come to saying Guadalupe would be Tecuatalope. The ancient name of the hill where the apparition is said to have taken place was Tepeyac. Whence, then, came the name of Guadalupe? No certainly-traced connection can be made out, but it is a fact of great significance that Spain had her own lady of Guadalupe before the conquest. According to the 'Monarquia de Espana' of Salazar, a virgin known by that name was the object of special worship in Caceres, a small village of the province of Andalusia. Very suggestively, though at the same time very aggravatingly, since the clew leads to nothing, the historian says that Hernan Cortes was much given to the service of this virgin, and that he had placed in her shrine a silver lamp and a scorpion of gold incrusted with emeralds. This last, of course, was a votive offering. Now, Mexican history reveals no connection at all between Cortes and the Mexican virgin of Guadalupe; yet, under the circumstances, it is easy to believe that one existed of which all trace has been lost. At any rate, it is worth knowing that a virgin of Guadalupe was no novelty to the conquering Spaniards. In fact, a report of a viceroy to Philip II., 1575, says that the Mexican virgin was called Guadalupan, from her resemblance to one of the same name in Spain.

Among the direct antecedents of the special cult of the Virgin on the hill of Tepeyac must be taken into account the well-established fact that the same spot had long been the scene of pagan rites of great religious importance. The Indians regarded the place as sacred long before they were taught to venerate it by the priests of Spain. Sahagun, for example, relates that the temple to the virgin but succeeded an older one of the Aztecs in the same locality. The same Catholic historian also says that just as the Indians now gather from leagues around to share in the great festival of Guadalupe day, Dec. 12, so in pagan times thronging multitudes used to go yearly to the same place to join in one of the greatest of the heathen feasts. More striking still is it to notice the deity formerly worshiped on the spot where now the Virgin is held in such veneration. It was one of the seats of Tonantzin. That word is variously translated "Mother of the Gods" or "Queen of the Virgins." Thus no violent wrench in the religious ideas of the natives was required in their transition from one faith to another.

As indicative of the willingness of the monks who accompanied the Spaniards to utilize the preconceptions of the Indians for their own purposes it is worthy of mention that the Franciscans early had a hermitage upon the hill of Tepeyac. This they had dedicated to the special worship of the Virgin Mary, though she was not yet known as the virgin of Guadalupe. Even after the apparition was said to have taken place and the Christian service had been introduced many of the old Indian rites, dances, songs, etc., continued to be in use, as is attested by writers who were scandalized by the fact. Thus the good monk Sahagun says of the Indians: "And still they come great distances to see their Tonantzin, just as they used to do, and this devotion is highly suspicious since there are churches of our lady everywhere, but they do not go to them; yet they keep on coming leagues to their Tonantzin;" and Tanco witnesses to the mixture of heathen with Christian ceremonies that long prevailed at the Guadalupe shrine. Add the fact that others of the modern holy places of Mexico have borrowed no small part of their sanctity from foregoing pagan times—this is the case, for example, with the seat of the other renowned Mexican virgin, Our Lady of Remedios—and it will not be hard to imagine how deft fingers put the new Christian patch in the old pagan garment.

It was not until 1757 that the holy see granted the request of its Mexican subjects, and gave permission for the religious celebration of Guadalupe day, assigning the proper prayers and offices. Even in the decree conceding this, Benedict XIV. used language which is very cautious, and does not commit the church to actual belief in the apparition. This was observed by Juan Bautista Munoz, who read an essay on the question before the Royal Academy of History of Madrid in 1794. And the academy itself, in the "notice" which it prefixed to the essay in its published proceedings, said: "The careful and reverent criticism with which this scholar examines the origin and growth of these popular legends, demonstrating by means of trustworthy documents their want of solid truthfulness, and, at the same time, the reasonableness of the worship paid the sacred painting, always to be held in respect even if it never appeared in the way alleged, is wholly in keeping with the reserve and distrust with which the holy see looked upon the popular belief." In close, if surprising, keeping with this is the pastoral of the Mexican bishop of Tamaulipas' dated Oct. 15, 1887. Its material parts are as follows:

"Inasmuch as certain priests have asked what they ought to say to those believers and skeptics of their respective parishes who inquire of them if the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe must be considered a dogma of faith defined by Benedict XIV., or at least by the present archbishops of Mexico, these priests saying that the difficulties raised by the Protestants on this point are causing great harm to the faithful, the most illustrious and reverend bishop makes the following reply:

"'The Catholic truth is as clear as noonday and so should be its preaching and teaching to all believers. We desire and command that all our priests imitate the Apostle Paul in knowing only Jesum Christum et hunc crucifixum (i Corinthians, ii. 2). Neither we nor any other bishop, except the Roman pontiff, can give definitions of faith. Benedict XIV. simply conceded, what was besought, that by the meditation of our lady of Guadalupe our prayers might be offered before the throne of God, assigning also the proper offices, which act signified only that such a service is pious and good, without saying anything in reference to a private belief. Therefore our priests must not confound a private faith in the apparition at Guadalupe with the sacred articles of Catholic faith, nor hesitate to say, when the circumstances call for it, that believers are not obliged to accept the apparition. Let them honor with solemn services the most holy mother of God under the national name of Guadalupe as our patron and protector, but in their conversation and preaching let them not speak of the apparition of Tepeyac'."

This pastoral letter was called forth amid the general excitement aroused a year ago by the proposed temporary transfer of the Guadalupe painting to the cathedral of Mexico. Archbishop Labastida desired to make extensive repairs in the Guadalupe church and afterward to restore the sacred figure to its beautified resting place. He had a precedent for such action in the similar measure taken in 1836, when the painting of the Virgin was for a time in the convent of the Capuchins. But it was strongly suspected that the archbishop was determined to give the great demonstrations, sure to be made on such an occasion, a political turn. It was feared that the scheme was a trump card of the reactionary party. Consequently great opposition to the plan was manifested. Prominent liberals petitioned the government to prohibit the intended public procession, erection of triumphal arches, coronation of the Virgin, etc. What steps the government took is not accurately known; but the archbishop was, in some way, led to defer the solemnity, which had been fixed for the 31st of last December, until a time when, to use his own words found in the edict which he issued, "the public mind shall have calmed."

It only remains to add that the bishop of Tamaulipas has been compelled to eat his own words. A second pastoral letter on the Guadalupe Virgin appeared under date of Aug. 8, 1888. It runs as follows:

"His excellency Cardinal Monaco, secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites of the Roman and Universal Inquisition, in an official note of July 9, just received, writes as follows: 'Their excellencies the cardinals inquisitors general have severely condemned thy manner of conduct and speech in opposition to the miracle or apparition of the Most Holy Virgin Mary of Guadalupe.' And inasmuch as we have never intended to separate ourselves by so much as a jot from the preaching and determinations of the holy see, or of its worthy tribunals or congregations, we say to all those who may have read our writings that we also severely condemn our manner of conduct and speech in opposition to the miracle or apparition of the Most Holy Virgin Mary of Guadalupe, and that we recall, annul, and disown all our writings in which anything may have appeared, express or implied, against the miracle or apparition of our Lady of Guadalupe."

SOMETHING OF A GIFT.

How a Typical New York Young Man Can Distribute Wealth.

Let me give you one more instance of how money goes when a typical young New Yorker is directing the distribution, writes Blakely Hall. It was shortly before 10 this morning, while I was on my way down town, that I saw a man whom I knew standing on the curb at Fifth avenue and Thirty-sixth street, with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, and his hat tilted forward. He had a heavily lined and dissipated face, and he was unquestionably a little shaky from rising so early in the morning. He nodded his head toward a coachman down the street, and stopped me with a motion of his hand.

"I've a little present for the duchess here. See if you think it will please her."

The duchess, as everybody in New York knows, is the particular young woman on the New York stage who enjoys the friendship of the millionaire's son. A clatter of hoofs and then the most perfectly appointed brougham that I have ever seen drove up and stopped in the middle of the street.

"It all goes to her," said the young millionaire, shortly, "horses and man included."

The brougham had a body of dark green, with claret-colored wheels, and the whole interior was beautifully upholstered in pink silk. The windows were beveled glass set in silver and the coachman's livery was bottle-green, with silver buttons, corduroys, and pipe-clay boots; but the wonder of it all was the team of sorrel horses. They were less than fifteen hands high, with arched necks, small heads, banged tails, and legs as delicate as fawns. They were built like race horses. They were as perfectly matched as two peas. Their hoofs were blackened and polished till they shone like mirrors, and the flakes of foam that fell from their lips whitened their forelegs in places like snow. They reminded me more of a beautiful pair of fox terriers than horses. The man on the box was about half the size of an ordinary man, and in thorough consonance with the rest of the outfit.

"Rather a decent present," said the owner, motioning the driver away and starting toward his cab.

The Railroad Crematory.

Several persons, after escaping any injury from the shock of the trains coming together at Tallmadge, near Akron, on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railway recently, were caught by the flames which sprung fierce and hungry from the deadly car stove and burned until death relieved their suffering. One little girl traveling all alone from the west to the east was caught underneath one of the seats and held fast until the flames licked up her young life. Steam heating from the locomotive boiler is not practical on this road. The managers are no doubt afraid that an emergency might some day arise in which the heating boiler would not work. The train might get stuck in a snow bank, for instance, or the engineer might be seized with thirst and drink up all the water in the tender and so leave the passengers to shiver and shake. It is better, you see, to burn up a few human beings once in a while than to let a passenger run any risk of ever having his ears or fingers ache with the cold. This reason for not putting in a steam heating apparatus may appear trifling to the general reader; it is powerful to these managers who do not want to go to the expense of sending their old stoves to the scrap iron pile.

One road having a terminus in New York city, the New York and New Haven, has asked to be exempted from the law of the empire state forbidding the use of the deadly stove in passenger coaches, on the ground that it operates less than fifty miles within the jurisdiction of the state. This is about as tenable as the ground western managers have taken against the modern method of raising caloric while running at the rate of fifty miles per hour. Burning up anywhere on those fifty miles of track would probably be about as painful as being roasted on a line which spans the continent.

It is an easy matter to change from the ancient and dangerous plan to the modern and safe one. It is gratifying to know that a bill will be speedily introduced in the Ohio legislature compelling the railroads of this state to abolish the car stove. It is also gratifying to know that when it is introduced there will be little or no opposition to its prompt passage.—Cincinnati Times.

The Most Popular Song.

The Cincinnati Enquirer answers a correspondent by saying that the most popular poem in the English language is Clement C. Moore's "Night Before Christmas." We do not know that we concur in this opinion. Is Moore's poem more popular than "Mary Had a Little Lamb?" By "most popular," we take it, the Enquirer means the most widely known and the most frequently repeated. The Moore poem is popular only at a certain short season of the year; there are other simpler lyrics that are taught to children every day of the year. The poem about Mary's lamb has been parodied oftener, perhaps, than any other English poem; it has come to be a necessary part of one's education. Another universal poem is Watts' "Let Dogs Delight," etc., and another, "Little Drops of Water," etc., and a third, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." These verses are known wherever the English language is spoken.—Chicago News.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE.

The Only One in the South, and a Very Charming Young Person.

Luvena Mabry is one of the notable characters of Atlanta, Ga., says the New York Sun.

Luvena is a flaxen-haired, cherry-lipped girl of twenty-five, with a form like Hebe. She enjoys the distinction of being the only female detective in the south, and has a history that is as romantic as it has been adventurous. Her father lived in Haralson county, where he was a dealer in moonshine whisky. One day Deputy-Marshal Mark Scott appeared on the scene for the purpose of arresting the old man, but found the daughter instead. She gave him such a tongue lashing as he had never received before. She was brought to Atlanta a prisoner, where she met United States Marshal Nelms, who saw at once that she would make a good detective. "I could strike a still-house like a hound pup does slop," she said.

The most notable case in which she was engaged was that of Jim McCoy. Jim had murdered Deputy-Marshal Kellett and a companion. The murder was peculiarly brutal. In a recontre ten years before Kellett had wounded McCoy. McCoy extracted the bullet and kept it for ten years, when he sent it whizzing through Kellett's heart. As all the mountain people were his friends it was found impossible to spot him. There was a neighbor with whose daughter McCoy had illicit relations, and with her Miss Luvena was intimate. She went there on a visit, and when she was shown into her room she quietly slipped out of the window and into her friend's room, where she secreted herself under the bed. About midnight McCoy entered and spent the night. Before leaving he made an engagement to return next night.

Miss Luvena watched the first opportunity to slip out and into her own room. A few minutes later she appeared at the breakfast table as though nothing had happened. She returned to Atlanta in time to give warning, and that night the officers arrested McCoy at the appointed place.

In order to carry out her schemes Miss Luvena appears ahead as a "fly" young lady, and thus makes friends. She then gives the points away to officers, appearing with them herself in a male garb, so unlike herself that those who know her could not detect her.

On another occasion she had to spot an illicit distiller in Randolph county, Ala. She learned that the moonshiner had a comely daughter. Miss Luvena, therefore, attired as a handsome male book-peddler, presented herself at the moonshiner's house. The stranger was all smiles for the young girl, and soon began making love. Next day the affair had progressed far enough for the girl to take the stranger completely into her confidence, and she pointed out the still-house. That night the establishment was raided, and the girl has never since heard from her lover.

"In one of my trips into Cherokee, Ga.," she said, "I made quite a mash on a sweet young lady, and I am now engaged to marry her. She sends me the sweetest letters! You ought to see them. I had to play the part of a man up there, and I went in male attire. This young girl took to me at once, and I could not shake her off. So I just made love to her after the most approved style. We have been corresponding regularly. My greatest difficulty with her is having the dates for marriage postponed. She is a sweet young thing, and I hate to break the illusion in which she is so happy."

The Samoan Imbroglio.

Germany has an earnest desire to get the upper-hand in Samoa, but it is hardly credible that the recent ruthless attacks made by some of the German marines upon the natives, Americans and English in Samoa were authorized, either directly or indirectly, by the home government. These were, so far as the dispatches show, simply the work of an uncontrolled mob spirit, set ablaze by the resistance of the natives to the intrigues intended to deprive them of their independence. Yet the destruction of the property of American citizens and the tearing down of the American flags by the soldiers of a foreign power are acts that cannot be ignored by our government. It is momentous business. No less so is the reported attack upon English officers. The German government will probably apologize and offer indemnity. Prince Bismarck has not lost his sagacity, and he therefore knows that Germany cannot afford to make enemies of the United States and England by arrogance in this Samoan affair. The German empire is not so powerful that it does not need to preserve friendly relations with these two governments.

As to the effect of this rash outbreak so far as Germany's enterprises in the Pacific are concerned, it cannot but be damaging. Naturally both the United States and Great Britain will now pursue a firmer and more courageous policy. They will have done with trifling. The two nations have acted together for their common interests. They have not sought to get exclusive control of the Samoan islands, but simply to uphold their rights in that region, and they are now likely to insist without reserve or timidity that Germany shall not have control. Our government seeks no quarrel with Germany or any other power. But we must protect our interests in the Pacific. And our duty is made clear not only by commercial interests but also by treaty stipulations. We cannot honorably stand aside and let Samoa become the prey of Bismarck.

President Cleveland's recent message had the right ring. It advised that there be no yielding to coercion, no sacrifice of the national honor.—Cincinnati Times.

The Naval Attache.

A naval attache is one of the most interesting persons you can meet. His business is apparently to survey the scene of human activity in a broad and noble spirit, taking a large and disinterested view of the progress of civilization. He shines in the parlor and bubbles over at the banquet. He is the most candid, open-hearted and childlike man in every company. Men and women envy him. He never seems to be burdened with work—an elegant, idler sent among foreigners out of pure good nature.

As a matter of fact a naval attache is the eyes and ears of the military branch of the government. His midnights are spent in writing down the process of foreign nations. No detail is too small to escape his watchful mind if it be new and vital. He never must forget, even for a moment, that he is moving among the possible future enemies of his country.—New York Herald.

No More Privacy.

And now a meddlesome, interfering doctor has gone and invented some kind of a "scope" or something through which he looks into a fellow's eye, without asking him a solitary question, and knows right away whether or not the fellow smokes, how many cigars a day, and about the kind of cigars. It's getting to be so that it's no earthly use to lie to a doctor. And by-and-by the preachers will begin to find us out the same way, and then we'll have to be honest all around or go to the dentist, have our backbones extracted, and join Robert Elsmere.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Vanderbilt and Hayti.

Rumors have been current that Mr. Vanderbilt's yatch was about to be sold to one of the Haytian governments. If such a deal should be consummated the island would probably be turned over to Mr. Vanderbilt in part payment.—Baltimore American.

Has Got Lots of Sense.

John Wanamaker spends $5,000 a week for advertising, which shows that he has got more sense than many men who have become cabinet officers.—Cleveland Leader.