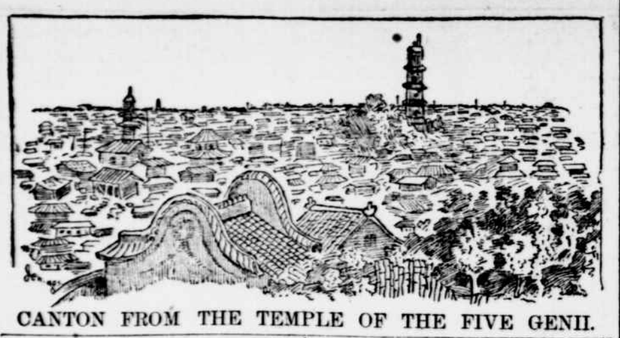

CANTON FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE FIVE GENII.

RAMBLINGS IN CANTON

Phases of Life in this Curious Celestial City.

INDUSTRIES AND CUSTOMS.

Dye Factories and Jade Cutting Establishments—Attractive Tea Saloons—A Chinese Dinner and Some of the Delicacies Placed Before the Guests—A Fireworks Display.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CANTON, August 31, 1891.

PERHAPS NO BETTER place than Canton can be found by those who desire to study the manners and customs of the Chinese people. Many of the central towns of the empire were in the hands of the rebels during the Tai Ping rebellion and suffered severely, losing some of the features of the old civilization, but Canton was not taken by them. Shanghai is a modern place, while Pekin is a Tartar city, and here, therefore, better than anywhere else, may we study the characteristics of old China.

I will never forget my sensations of steaming up Lintin bay, through the Pearl river, and beholding Canton, "the city of pongee silks," such as our grandmothers wore; lacquered ware and firecrackers, of tea and ivory, joss houses and pagodas, with a million inhabitants.

My friend had rented a house in "Shameen" (the European settlement) shortly before my arrival. This is on a small island but a mile and a half in circumference. His house is in the Italian form of architecture and is spacious and airy, surrounded by a deep veranda. From this you step upon a narrow piece of grass which separates us from the bund or walk on the river wall, and from here we have a beautiful view of the Pearl river and together with the throng of junks and sampans and the distant scenery it is a very charming panorama.

It happened just after we had become comfortably settled in our new home that a friend of my cousin, an Englishman, came and invited us to take a trip through the city and visit the principal dye factories and jade cutting establishments, together with the ivory, silk and fan shops.

HOW COTTON GOODS ARE DYED.

We started at 4 o'clock in the morning in our palanquins and were soon under way. I was much interested in the dye works, where I saw the process of dyeing cotton goods. Our friend, the Englishman, Mr. Rusk, can speak the Chinese language and I had the process fully explained to me. In the first division of the factory several large vats stood filled with blue and prune-colored dye for printing the colored cotton stuffs so much used by the Chinese. The blue dye is composed of indigo water, native wine and lime; the prune dye is produced by tanning bark, which is brought in large quantities from Siam. I was much amused at watching the primitive means used by the calenderers; they take mouthfuls of water from the spouts of teapots and then squirt the water from their mouths over the cloth somewhat after the fashion that the Hong Kong or Sam Hoo does in his laundry in the United States when he wishes to sprinkle a shirt. On leaving the dye workers we went to another street to see the jade cutters. The cutting of large blocks of jade stone is done by means of wire saws, which are made in the form of bows. They drop emery powder mixed with water on the part of stone they are cutting, and when the blocks of jade stone have been divided into pieces they are handed on to other lapidaries, who form them into ornaments. This stone varies much in color from white to light and dark green, and to the inexperienced eye for the prices vary as much as the color—it is hard to tell a specimen worth fifty cents from one worth as many dollars.

A COOLIE.

Two or three days ago we had an opportunity of seeing a cricket fight, or rather hearing that one was going on near the square which we were passing, for the crowd was so dense and the noise so loud that witnessing the combatants was utterly impossible. At length the crowd began to disperse, and one of our servants found out from a coolie that out of the fight only one cricket proved victorious, and had won for its master $700. The successful crickets are taken home and when they die are placed in tiny silver coffins and are secretly buried by their owners on the hills.

I would like to say a few words about the thieves of China. Everyone has heard of these crafty men, and the same class of individuals in America do not compare with those of the middle kingdom. We were visited by one two nights ago, but we offered no molestation and the robber finding that our valuables were hidden departed with the same silentness that he came. My cousin, although an athlete in strength, would be no match for these tricky demons, who carry knives two feet long and who have their pigtails, which are false, filled with fish hooks.

CHINESE DINNER.

Yesterday my cousin, Mr. Rusk, the Englishman and myself were invited to a Chinese dinner at the house of a wealthy Chinese merchant by the name of Sang. When the dinner was said to be ready we left the parlor, where we had been greatly amused by seeing some feats performed in jugglery, and were ushered into the eating room. Immediately in front of us, after we were seated, were placed four very small plates containing pepper, salt, mustard and sugar, chop sticks, a porcelain spoon with a large bowl, a tiny porcelain wine cup painted in red, green and yellow, and a two-pronged fork, besides a small pile of white Chinese paper in squares, to be used as napkins. We began our repast by helping ourselves to the fruit in the center of the table; after this was placed in succession oranges and pears cut into small pieces, wine of two kinds—one a weak whisky made of rice and the other a red wine made of Lee Chee nuts, which was really good. After this was placed preserved walnuts, tiny pieces of pork with no fat, looking more like candy than meat, hashed pigeon with ham, boiled conch cut into slices, stewed crab, boiled black fish, sea slugs, stewed boned duck and salted eggs. There was then a pause and tea and cakes of two kinds were handed around, then a large bowl covered with hideous pictures of gnomes and dragons was placed upon the table, and upon asking what it contained I was told it was bird's nest soup. I partook of this freely and found it not bad. It is gelatinous and had no particular flavor that I could discover. There was then served basins of rice, congee (rice water), wampee, lee chee, rose apple, loquat, custard apple, lung-ngnan, guave and pears. After these various fruits were eaten there bowls of a green color ornamented with gold were placed each of our plates, containing meat of some kind unknown very fine so as to be easily divided by chopsticks. Late a large quantity of the first two, but cared nothing for the third one, as I thought it very high.

STEWED CAT AND HASHED RAT.

What was to my horror to have Mr. Rusk, who acted as my interpreter, tell me that the dishes I had eaten were stewed black cat and hashed rat with peas, and that which I had not touched was minced dog. After quite an array of dishes, such as roasted melon seeds, betel nuts wrapped in green leaves, preserved green eggs, another bowl of a red color was placed beside each plate covered, and upon raising the porcelain lid I was frightened out of my wits by having four peculiar things hop out, stagger about and fall on the table. They were "tipsy shrimps;" they had been preserved alive just before dinner in wine. Had I been an experienced Chinaman I would have caught them on my chop sticks and conveyed them to my mouth as they were in the act of springing, but this was enough. I had eaten bird's nest soup, feasted on cat, dined on rat and sea slugs, but "Tipsy Shrimps," that was enough. Well, what could I do? I dared not say that I felt ill. That would be impossible to mention such a thing. My host would think that I was bringing some contagious disease into his house, and I would be in disgrace forever in his eyes, so I was obliged to pick up and swallow two of these live things, although much against my will. Our dinner then closed, as is the case with all Chinese repasts, with soups of various kinds. When we arose from the table hot water in brass bowls was handed to us and small towels on which to dry our hands. This, I think, our host called Samshu.

HANDSOME FIREWORKS.

After dinner we were amused by playing games, conversing and listening to the dismal howls and screams of a professional singer. When it became dark we went by invitation in Mr. Sang's picturesque garden to witness a private display of fireworks, which was given in honor of some deity or dragon. This beautiful garden abounds in small hills upon which are miniature pagodas, joss houses, little lakes with beautifully carved marble bridges over them, and an endless variety of peacocks, deer and geese; the first signifies rank, the second happiness and the third constancy.

We were seated close to a large pond of artificial water, and upon the opposite side stood the family theater with its beautiful carved double roof of pink and gold. It was lit up by a few lanterns, and its reflection in the water was most beautiful. Upon a temporary bamboo platform over the pond the fireworks were let off, and the display was very grand and altogether unlike any fireworks I had ever seen in America. There were eighteen set pieces. In one a man mounted on a horse fell from the animal and lay beside it. In another a few men were seen rocking in a boat and the boat sank amid the screeching of a dozen rockets. In another a ball burst in the air and revealed a dragon vomiting fire. Strings of pagodas continued falling down and another one imitated a Genii of terrible aspect, holding a lighted lantern in his mouth. One might easily imagine himself in the land of the Arabian Nights. The scene around me was truly oriental. We were seated about small carved teak wood tables drinking tea; innumerable lanterns were lighted and hung on trees from which a tiny bell was suspended. On the clapper of these bells a large piece of paper was attached, and as the wind wafted them to and fro the tinkling and ringing was very charming. Amahs and slaves fanned and waited on us, and as each of the fireworks ended with a display of gold and silver fire, the scenery thus let up was exceedingly beautiful. Altogether the waving cocoa palms, the blossoming lee chee trees, the pagodas with their gilded roofs, made such an impression upon my memory that I will never forget it.

A MONASTERY ON THE PEARL.

The place we next stopped at was the Ch'uung-Shan Tszi monastery, in which the Buddah of longevity is worshiped. There is a pretty landscape garden attached to it with quaint rockeries and dwarf trees, and we saw large earthenware vessels filled with gold fish and golden carp. The Chinese golden carp have a very long tail divided in the center with two drooping fans on each side. Its eyes are peculiarly prominent and it is indigenous to the country.

From this monastery we went to a street by the name of Chong-Uen-Fong, famous for its beautiful embroidery, and entered into many of the open shops, where men and boys were working beautiful patterns on silk or satin in frames. The shading of colors is most wonderful, and I thought the flowers and butterflies introduced into the patterns were exquisitely worked.

We next visited the fan makers, and as fans are such necessary articles for use in this country the supply is most varied and the prices asked for them range from a few cents to many dollars.

A CHINESE REFRESHMENT SALOON.

Feeling in need of refreshments we went into a large tea saloon. It (as is the case with all tea saloons, of which there are very many in Canton,) consists of two or three stories, in each of which small tables are placed with chairs. These saloons are very grand, being

A DESERTED QUARTER.

ornamented with carved wood work, and all the arrangements in them are scrupulously clean. On taking our seats in the upper room around one of the small tables a lacquer-ware box, divided into compartments, was given us, containing cakes of various kinds and preserved ginger, cherries, plums and cumquats, together with tea and mandarin oranges. I most certainly found this meal, the first I had ever eaten after the Chinese fashion, very superior and not at all dirty and greasy, as some meals I had eaten among the peasantry of Holland and Germany. In fact these saloons are infinitely superior in all particulars to the ordinary public houses in Europe, the place of which they supply in China. This was but a lunch; my time had not yet come to eat a Chinese "dinner," served with dainties that only a Chinaman knows how to cook, and, as far as that goes, knows how to eat.

From the tea saloon we once more got into our chairs and were conveyed to the wharf where Mr. Rusk had kindly engaged a sipper boat to take us up the river. I gave my bundles to one of our servants to take home and we embarked, intending to reach home before dark. We proposed to go up the river as far as Meou-Yu-Tau, a distance of twenty-five miles, but Mr. Rusk changed his mind and we started for a literary pagoda a few miles from Canton. The boatmen he had engaged proved to be excellent oarsmen, and we soon were out sight of Canton and lost amid the windings and turnings of this peculiar river. This gave the surroundings the appearance of lake scenery, and together with the low hills, green with verdure, and the pagodas and small villages along the banks the scene was peculiarly Chinese.

THE DRESS SUIT.

When and Where It is Proper to Wear It.

THE SWALLOW-TAIL COAT.

Prejudice Against It Fast Disappearing—How It Used to Be Worn by Senators and Representatives—Seldom Now Seen in the Daytime—Not Much Change in Style.

A WRITER FOR THE STAR HAS MADE some inquiries among the well-dressed men of Washington about the dress suit and has gleaned some interesting information on the subject. It is now respectfully presented to the public for a sum so exceedingly small as to be within the reach of everybody. You can buy it over the counter, or from the boys on the street, or you can have it delivered at your home. You can read it over your pipe or cigar in your "den," or you can read it at breakfast, or you can sit elegantly in your dress suit and read it before you go to a party—that is to say, if you are not one of those persons who are prejudiced against dress suits and won't wear them under any circumstances.

Now, in the first place why should a man object to a dress suit? The garment is not uncomfortable unless you are so unaccustomed to wearing it that you cannot feel at home in it. If you wear it constantly you will soon find it as pleasant as a smoking jacket. As for the appearance of the dress suit it must be admitted that it is not graceful. It is a severe and trying garment, but then it looks clean and simple. Anyhow it is a uniform, and it is absurd to rebel against it. It matters not who first invented it. It is as old as the hills, and there is no prospect of its ever going out of fashion. It is one of the most cosmopolitan of garments, and the dress suit that is made in Washington will do service in Moscow or Hong Kong perfectly well.

PREJUDICE AGAINST THE COAT.

Yet it is strange what a prejudice there is against this time-honored old coat, and there are many men who have never owned one. There is a story in point about an American who went abroad and wishing to see the ministers for foreign affairs of the country he was in was denied admittance because he did not have a dress suit on. So he wrote to the minister in this wise:

"Dear Sir: I called on you today, but was not allowed to see you because I did not have on a swallow-tailed coat. In America swallow-tailed coats are never worn except at parties, and I must confess, to my sorrow, that I never had such a garment in my life. Can't I see you if I wear a frock coat and white necktie?"

It is hardly necessary to add that the foreigner saw the joke of the thing and had the American admitted in a frock coat. It is also unnecessary to say that the man was not a Washingtonian, or he would certainly have had a dress suit, but that he came from the rural districts of the west. It was a misstatement to say that dress suits are only worn at parties, for who does not know the old gentlemen who wear them in this day time? Unfortunately, there are few of these old gentlemen left, but still the race has not entirely died out.

DRESS COATS IN CONGRESS.

In the halls of Congress there used to be many of them; now, alas, there are only one or two in the Senate and hardly more in the House. Who can think of them without regret! Only ten years ago there was poor Jones of Florida and the benevolent McCreery of Kentucky and half a score besides in the Senate and they were presided over by Hannibal Hamlin. In the House there was Poland of Vermont, a host in himself, for he not only wore a dress suit, but brass buttons as well. In the gloom of Ivory Gray and Webster and Calhoun all wore dress suits as the day time; twenty years ago it was still regarded as a dignified dress for elderly men; ten years ago it was old fashioned, but was not so unusual as to excite more than passing comment; but now it is so rarely that you see one in the daytime that you turn around and look at the wearer in surprise. There are a few of them left, but the day is coming when the dress suit on the elderly lawyer or statesman will be entirely unknown save on festive occasions in the evening.

It may be put down as a rule about this garment that you are never wrongly dressed when you have it on in the evening. Of course it is in some places decidedly bad taste to appear in full dress because your companions probably will not be so clothed, but as a matter of fact they ought to wear it. Are not the women at a party, no matter how small it may be, in their evening gowns? Then what right have you to wear your office clothes or a street costume?

SELDOM WEAR IT IN THE DAYTIME.

But it may equally be asserted as a rule that a man should never wear a dress suit in the daytime—that is, before dinner. The poor wretch who appears at an afternoon tea in evening clothes or who goes calling on New Year's day in a similar costume is an object of unmitigated pity to the initiated. Everybody feels sorry for him, for he may be a very good fellow, but he certainly is committing a very grievous sin against society. And how shabby that black suit looks in the daytime? You can wear it as long as it holds together by gaslight, but when it becomes exposed to the glare of the sunshine you realize that it is old and must be replaced.

Of course there are occasions when it is only proper to wear a dress suit in the day time—such occasions as a graduation commencement, where the students have all agreed to wear it, for instance, and even occasionally at a day wedding. At a day wedding, generally speaking, it should not be worn, but in France and in French communities it is not considered in good taste to appear without it.

A COAT WILL LAST.

One peculiarity of the dress suit is its immutability, if the term may be used. If you get one when you are a young man you may still be wearing it when you are old and gray and it will continue to be in very good style. Of course, as years go by, there are changes in it to a certain extent, but they are very slight and mankind have very wisely resisted all efforts to make any radical changes. Women, on the other hand, insist that the uniform is hideous and must be changed. They like to point out the picturesque effect on the stage of the satin coats and knee breeches and lace and ruffles, but men won't change. Lace and ruffles and satin are beautiful, but just think what an expenditure it would involve. When men are in full dress now no one man can dress better than another and there is no competition, but if colors and fancines were allowed it would be very different, and we would soon have men spending thousands of dollars upon their evening toilet, and people saying, after a ball, that Mr. So-and-So was the best-dressed man in the company, whereas now nobody draws any comparisons.

OBJECTIONS TO KNEE BREECHES.

There is the same objection to the knee breeches. This fashion came very near being a success. A few people did wear them as an evening costume, and the advocates of the fashion have not yet given up hope of seeing it permanently established, but the majority of men object. You see, it may do very well for some men, but it won't do for all. Again, it introduces the disagreeable element of competition and additional expenditure. Of course the long stockings would have to be of silk and they would cost a great deal. Then there would be items of silver buckles and sundries, which a man does not have to buy now. Another and very important objection is to be found in men's legs. It is all very well for men with fine manly calves to display their proportions, but what would the poor fellows with "spindle shanks" do? Would they take to padding? Heaven forbid! And yet they might be forced to do so. The effect of long trousers has been to eliminate men's calves from consideration, and yet three-quarters of a century ago the descriptions of a handsome man always included some enthusiasm over the fine shape of his legs, and their proper adornment was a very important part of a dandy's toilet. Now it is different, and the thin legs which are covered by pantaloons are not of much consequence and do not detract from a man's appearance to any considerable degree. Knickerbockers would be a very severe test for many men.

RULES AS TO THE DRESS SUIT.

To go back to the question of when a dress suit should be worn and when it should not be worn it must be observed that there is a great deal more freedom in this regard in America than there is in European countries. In many of the theaters abroad a man is not allowed to enter certain parts of the house unless he is in full dress, and the women are compelled to take their bonnets off. This latter is a wise regulation and would be a great boon if it could be put into effect in this country, but it is doubtful whether it is fair to compel a man to wear a certain style of coat when he goes to the theater. Certainly any such rule would meet with opposition among us as an infringement upon personal liberty. There is not much sense in it, for a ruffian can put himself inside of a dress coat perfectly well and be just as much of a ruffian as he was before.

The truth of the matter is, that while it is always well to have certain rules for dressing, it is only fair to remember that different men have different rules. Thus, one man who is punctilious and old-fashioned may always dine in a dress suit. The practice is very general in England, and there are stories of Englishmen who, always dining in dress suits, sometimes go without dinner when their dress suits get lost. On the other hand, most men do not care to dress up for an every-day dinner, but prefer informality. A few men—generally very young ones—won't go to the theater except in the swallow-tail, but sober men of discretion prefer to wear frock coats or cutaways.

It is not fair to abuse a man because his ideas do not agree with yours, and, moreover, the customs of different sections of the country differ widely. Dress suits are common and are frequently worn in Washington, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, but in smaller places they are less worn. In the west—in the far west especially—they are not often met with, and in frontier towns it would be a dangerous thing to appear in one.

It has been objected that the swallow-tailed coat is now so much used by waiters at balls and parties that it is often difficult to tell guests from waiters, and that, on this account, the dress suit should be altered, but this is rather absurd, since there is no reason why all mankind should change the cut of its coat because it doesn't want to be mistaken for a waiter. The reasonable remedy would seem to be to make the waiters change their uniform.

"Gittin' Jined Together."

From the New York World.

When I was about two miles out of town it began to rain heavily and a woman came to the door of a negro cabin and called to me to "scratch in yere 'til de wetness is ober." I found that she was a widow with three or four children, and she had a caller in the person of an old darkey who had seen at least seventy-five years of all sorts of weather. He was blind in one eye, humpbacked and lame, and he didn't look able to lift a peck of potatoes. After some general talk the old man turned to the widow and said:

"I'ze gwine ter ask he'un 'bout it."

"Shoo!"

"Yes, I ar'! He'un orter know. Will yo'un abide?"

"Doan't bodder!"

"But I'ze gwine ter."

She fidgeted around, and he got up and sat down and cleared his throat and finally asked:

"Say, boss, I'ze been axin' Libbie 'bout our gittin' jined together."

"Shoo! ole man—how flighty!" she exclaimed as she waved him away.

"You mean about getting married?" I asked.

"Dat's it. Her husband's dun dead an' she's powerful lonesome widout a man."

"Now, Moses, what yo' talkin' sich giddiness fur?" she protested.

"It's de troof, Libbie. Jist fadin' right away 'kase yo' haven't got no husband. Dese yere chill'en jist cryin' all de time kase dey haint got no fadder. Pore leetle chill'en!"

"Daddy, I'ze dun tole yo' dat you's too ole" she objected.

"Hu! How ole was I?"

"Mighty ole, daddy—mighty ole. You's dun 'bout ready to die."

"Hu! H'ar dat woman talk! Boss, I want yo' to decide dat questun. Jist look me all ober an' say how ole I was."

I took him over to the window where I could get a good look at him and as I scanned his features I realized that he must be a very old man indeed.

"Do you want my honest opinion?" I asked, as we sat down again.

"Sartin, boss," he hopefully replied, while the widow's face wore an anxious look.

"Well, then, as near as I can judge, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, you are at least eighty years old, and perhaps five years older.

"Jist like I dun tole yo, daddy!" exclaimed the widow; and she pounded her knees with her fists and laughed long and loud.

The old man stood up, looked at me reproachfully out of his one eye and then scuffed out doors without a word. He fell down getting off the doorstep and he tripped over a root and fell down again at the gate, and as he went off up the road he humped over so far that he did not appear to be more than three feet high. Half an hour later the rain ceased falling and I followed him. Half a mile up the road I came to a fork, and the old man stood there under a tree.

"Daddy, which road do I take to go to Kelley's?" I asked.

He looked at me for a minute and them came scuffing on to the road and replied:

"Boss, I won't tole yo' nuffin' 'bout de roads!"

"But why?"

"Kase yo' hain't no friend of mine!"

"Yes, I am, too; of course I am."

"No, sah! No, sah! Can't stuff dat down me, sah. If yo' was a friend of mine you'd a tole dat widder dat I was only twenty-seven y'ars ole, sah—'zactly twenty-seven las' week! I doan' know nuffin' 'bout roads, nor Kelley, nor nobody! Good day, sah!"

A Judicious Negro.

From Texas Siftings.

Old Uncle Moses had never been to the theater, but having stuck up bills for a theatrical troupe and having received a complimentary ticket to the gallery he concluded to attend the performance. He went dressed up in his Sunday attire. He had not been inside the theater more than half an hour when he emerged shaking his head.

"Don't you like the performance, old man?" asked the doorkeeper.

"No, sah, I don't like dem performances no way ye kin fix it."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nuffin much, 'ceptin' a 'oman on de platfum got to talkin' 'bout family 'fairs wid de husband ob a nudder 'oman, an' I didn't propose to stay. My ole marster in Virginny got shot plum'ter pieces for doing dat berry foolishness. Dat's allers trouble wher dat sort ob foolishness is gwine on, an' I'm a judicious nigger, I is. I don't want ter be shot in de leg by mistake or be brunged up as a witness in de case when it strikes de courts."

Written for The Evening Star.

A Cup of Coffee.

A cup of *cold* water, when one is athirst,
Of all the good drinks, we would place this the first—
The blessing of water, what poet can sing,
As we take it all sparkling and fresh from the spring.

But of coffee—the Mocha or Java—I sing—
The precious, the fragrant, the dark flowing thing,
Where lurks an aroma so subtle and fine,
Sure—all the rare spices in coffee combine.

O coffee! in Turkish they call you *cahveh*—
Sure—rendered in English, it means—I have ye—
The nectar, they say, that the gods used to take,
When in counsel sublime they would keep wide awake.

Some drops of the drink must have fallen below
Where the deserts of Araby sparkle and glow,
And so must have changed the wild shrub on the hill
To the plant with whose essence our cups we would fill.

Tis said in the legend, some monks in the east
Found the goats in the pasture enjoying some feast—
All skipping about so lively and free—
Having browsed—it was found—on this wonderful tree.

Let us try it, they said, and they mingled the drink,
And the fathers began all to dance and to wink;
And they cried: It is good, both for man and for beast—
Let us have it, dear brethren, in every good feast.

The magical plant we never have seen—
We are told—and no wonder—'tis a bright evergreen;
So at morn, or at eve, or at midnight as well,
The memory is green, and so fragrant the smell.

The bloom of the tree is a glorious white,
That shines 'mid the green like stars in the night—
Bright emblems without of the virtues that dwell
In the taste of the thing whose praises we tell.

—J. H. CUTHBERT.

Not Going to Stay Long.

From Puck.

"Here, boy; hold my horse and I'll give you a quarter!"

"Lemme have de quarter now, Mistah!"

"Nay, nay; I'll give it to you when I come out."

"Ya-as, but I won't be yere dun."

ORIGIN OF ODD PHRASES.

Genesis of a Number of Familiar Slang Expressions.

From the Chicago Press.

Says the antiquarian Grose: "'Catching a Tartar' comes from the story of the Irish soldier serving in the Austrian army. During a battle with the Turks he cried out to an officer that he had caught a Tartar!

"'Bring him here,' was the order.

"'Shure an' he won't come!' replied the Irish captor.

"'Then come along yourself,' exclaimed the officer, impatiently.

"'Faith, yer honor, I can't. He won't let me!'"

Hence, in "catching a Tartar," it is obvious you have taken another in only to get caught yourself.

"Till all's blue," applied to anything that moves along tediously, originated with early theatrical entertainments, when long waits between the scenes caused the play to drag until daylight.

"A gone 'coon" has a revolutionary origin. An American scout dressed himself in a raccoon skin and ascended a tree to reconnoiter the enemy. While thus engaged he was surprised by a British soldier, out hunting, and the latter, mistaking him for a genuine 'coon, leveled his gun to fire.

"Hold on!" cried the startled spy, "if you won't shoot I'll come down! I am a gone 'coon!"

The Englishman, however, was so terrified that he dropped his gun and fled.

"My beard is in your hands" was a term often used by the Persian merchants when trading. It signified that if the articles were not as represented the seller placed himself at the buyer's mercy.

"To bite the thumb" at another implies an insult, as witness the remark of Sampson in "Romeo and Juliet." "I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it."

"Mugwump" came from the Indian word "mug-quomp," meaning "a great man." In Eliot's Indian Bible it stands for "captain."

"Painting it red," it is claimed, originated as follows:

When steamboat travel on the Mississippi was at its zenith racing was one of its exciting features. At such times, while all hands were breathless and anxious, the captain would cry out:

"Paint her red, boys!" which, in other words than river slang, meant to fill the fire box with resin, so that a quick, hot fire could be had.

Then the fire boxes would be thrown open, and if it was night, says one who was an eye witness to such a scene, "the effect was simply grand. As far ahead as the eye could see the river would be a deep red from reflection, forming a beautiful picture, which, once seen, could never be forgotten."

Hence, among the boatmen, "to paint the town red" was intended to carry an idea of the happy time in store for them at the end of their trip.

"Halcyon days," meaning quiet, peaceful, comes from the tradition that during the incubation of the halcyon or kingfisher—a bird said to breed in the sea—there is always a calm. The poet embodies this idea in his couplet:

Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter's sea.

"To crack a joke" originated with the witty Douglas Jerrold. A friend, telling him a good story, suddenly remembered that he was repeating that he had told him before, and apologized.

"Never mind," replied the wit, "*it doesn't hurt a joke to crack it.*"

"Potter's field" was the name of an ancient burial ground for strangers in Jerusalem on a hill overlooking the valley of Hinnom. In later years the epithet has been applied to the plots where the poor and unknown are given sepulture.

"Trembling like an aspen" comes from the belief that the tree still shakes on account of the part it played in the crucifixion.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" was asked by one Thos. Morton many years ago, and had reference to the anticipated gossip of family trouble from a great newsmonger of that name.

"He is a brick," we believe, originated with Plutarch in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta.

"Sire," said a certain diplomat, when visiting his kingdom and noticing with wonder the absence of any great evidence of defense in his principal towns, "I have now seen thy chief towns, and am surprised to find no walls raised for their protection. Why is this?"

"Indeed," replied the king, smiling, "I fear thou hast not employed thy vision well. Come with me and I will show thee the walls of Sparta."

Thereupon the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array. Pointing to the serried columns he cried, with a look of triumph:

"Behold thou the walls of Sparta—10,000 men and every man a brick!"

"Teetotalers" has a peculiar origin. An English orator unfortunately stuttered, and speaking of total abstinence invariably pronounced it "t-t-t-total abstinence." In derision his supporters were nicknamed "teetotalers." The epithet, however, has long since lost its sting to become a term no one need be ashamed to bear.

"As high as Gilderoy's kite, which burned its tail in the sun," is synonymous with "cutting off one's nose to spite the face," the meaning of which is evident. Gilderoy was a Scottish outlaw who infested the highlands of Perthshire. In retaliation for the capture of a couple of his followers he renewed his depredations with more than former fury until the aroused people turned out en masse to bring him to justice. As a mark of triumph he was hanged high above the heads of his confederates, seized at the same time.

"I acknowledge the corn" originated in the halls of Congress in 1828, when Andrew Stewart declared in a speech that Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky sent their hay stacks, corn fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. One Wickliffe of Kentucky called him to order, saying that those states did not send hay stacks or corn fields away for sale.

"Well, what do you send," inquired Stewart.

"We send cattle, horses, mules and hogs."

"Very well; what makes your cattle, horses, mules and hogs? You feed $100 worth of hay to a horse. You just ruminate and get upon the top of your haystack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make them carry $50 worth of hay and grass to the eastern market. How much corn does it take at 33 cents a bushel to fatten a hog?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the eastern market."

"Mr. Speaker," cried Wickcliffe, springing to his feet at this point, "I acknowledge the corn."

AN UNDERTAKER'S FIND.

How $1,800 Was Made While Hauling Out a Dead Body.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"During the war I was at Louisville. There were twenty-eight hospitals in the city alone, and funerals were by the wholesale. We buried 4,000 after the battle of Shiloh, and the lot the government bought soon proved altogether too small for the increasing wants of the dead. One night I was ordered to take out the body of a soldier, and for company as well as help I took along a colored man named Frank. I never did know his other name. He was a slave and belonged to the Lightburnes. I noticed that the pockets of the corpse seemed much inflated, as if each contained a hat, and pretty soon Frank, who never kept his eyes off the corpse—to see if it would wake up, I suppose—at last broke out: 'Massa, wouder what dat dead man has got in dem pockets. Guess I'll look and see. Speck it might be something worth something.' I said nothing and Frank went ahead and searched the pockets. He pulled out some immense rolls of confederate money and a silver half dollar. I took the silver half dollar and Frank looked over the money, then said: 'Say, boss, dat ain't no good. Now, it's a long time since I seen a silver dollar and I'd really like to have that piece for luck. I'll give you all this money for that half dollar.' I thought a moment, and, more to humor the old fellow than anything else, I made the exchange. I regarded the confederate money as absolutely worthless and really thought I had the worst of the bargain. We drove back to the city and the next day the brother-in-law of the man I was employed by saw me with the roll of money and at once began to banter me for a trade. He was a blockade runner or cotton smuggler or something of that sort, but I thought he was only quizzing me. At last he said: 'I'm in earnest. What will you take for the roll?'

"'What'll you give?' I said.

"'Sixty cents on the dollar,' he promptly replied.

"The hair fairly stood on my head. I didn't believe he was in earnest, but he said: 'Count it out; I mean it.' Well, of course, I did, and counted out $3,600 worth."

"What did you get out of it?"

"Only $1,800 in good American money. It was the biggest day's work I've done from that day to this. The money didn't belong to nobody anyhow, and only for my having met the blockade runner could I have got a cent out of it."

AUCTION SALES.

FUTURE DAYS.

LATIMER & SLOAN, Auctioneers.
1409 G st., near U. S. Treasury.
IMPORTANT SALE OF FINE FURNITURE AT RESIDENCE NO. 300 FIRST ST. S.E. COMPRISING
Separate pieces of Parlor Furniture, Pier Mirrors, Pictures and Ornaments, Handsome Chamber, Hall and Stair Carpets, very handsome Walnut Marble Top Sideboard, solid Walnut Extension Dining Table, Leather Covered Dining Chairs, very handsome Porcelain Dinner Service, Glass Ware, Silver Plated Water Set, one very elaborately carved Chamber Suite with French Plate Mirror, 5 Oak and Walnut Chamber Suites, White Curtrd-hair Mattresses, separate pieces of Chamber Furniture, Decorated Toilet Sets, Easy Chairs and Couches, Kitchen Requisites and many other articles that cannot be mentioned.
ALSO
LOT BOOKS,
A large lot of Stable Furniture.
On THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER NINETEENTH, 1891, commencing at TEN O'CLOCK, at the fine residence, No. 300 1st st. s.e., near the United States Capitol, we shall sell an exceedingly fine collection of Household Goods, Books, &c.
LATIMER & SLOAN,
no13-dts Auctioneers.

LATIMER & SLOAN, Auctioneers.
1409 G st., near U. S. Treasury.
THE LAST SALE OF THE SEASON OF EXQUISITE HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS AND OTHER RARE BULBS.
To be sold at our auction rooms, 1409 G street, MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH, 1891, commencing at SEVEN O'CLOCK.
N. B.—Seats will be provided for persons attending the sale.
LATIMER & SLOAN,
no13-2t Auctioneers.

DUNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers,
9th and F streets northwest.
VALUABLE IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED PROPERTY ON VERMONT AVENUE NEAR R STREET, NOS. 1635 AND 1637, AND ON ELEVENTH STREET NEAR Q STREET NORTHWEST NEAR IOWA CIRCLE.
ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER NINETEENTH, 1891, at HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK, will be sold, in front of the premises, PARTS OF LOTS 17, 18, 19 AND 20, SQUARE 309. Fronting THIRTY-EIGHT FEET ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET on Vermont avenue, with a depth of about 105 feet, with side alley. This lot is improved by a neat, almost new, brick dwelling, No. 1637 Vermont ave., 10 rooms, with bath; well finished; modern improvements. Also frame house, No. 1635 Vermont ave.; stable in rear of this property.
Immediately after above we will sell
LOT 19, SQUARE 330.
Fronting 20 feet on 11th street with depth of 95 feet to an alley; a splendid building lot.
Terms: One-third cash; balance in one and two years, notes to bear 6 per cent interest per annum, payable semi-annually, and to be secured by deed of trust on property sold, or all cash, at option of purchaser. A deposit of $200 on each piece of property sold, required at time of sale. Conveyancing, &c., at purchaser's cost. Terms of sale to be complied with in fifteen days, otherwise the right reserved to resell at risk and cost of defaulting purchaser after five days advertisement of such resale in some newspaper published in Washington, D. C.
DUNCANSON BROS., Aucts.

DUNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers,
9th and F streets n.w.
DESIRABLE PROPERTY NEAR THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, CORNER OF B STREET AND ARTHUR PLACE NORTHWEST.
SIX BUILDING LOTS FRONTING AVE AVENUE BETWEEN L AND M NORTHEAST.
ALSO
SIX OF THE BEST BUILDING LOTS IN TWINING CITY, FRONTING ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.
ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER TWENTIETH, 1891, AT HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK, we will sell in front of the premises,
LOT 24, SQUARE 633.
Fronting 22 feet 6 inches on B street north and 100 feet on Arthur place. Alley in rear. A splendid building lot in a desirable neighborhood.
On SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST, AT HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK,
LOTS 6 AND 7, BLOCK 7, SQUARE 717.
Fronting about 200 feet on Delaware avenue between I and M streets northeast and running back to alley in a rapidly improving section of the city.
On MONDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD, at HALF-PAST THREE O'CLOCK,
LOTS 6, 8 AND 9, BLOCK 9,
LOTS 18, 20 AND 22, BLOCK 5,
In TWINING CITY, all fronting PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE NORTHWEST, affording a good opportunity for purchasing advancing lots in this beautiful subdivision.
Terms of sale: One-third cash; balance in one and two years, notes to bear 6 per cent interest, payable semi-annually, and to be secured by deed of trust, or all cash, at purchaser's cost. A deposit of $200 on each lot in square 633 and $100 deposit on each lot in square 71, and $50 deposit on each lot in Twining City. Terms to be complied with in fifteen days, or the right reserved to resell at risk and cost of defaulting purchaser after five days' advertisement of such resale in some newspaper published in Washington, D. C.
DUNCANSON BROS., Aucts.
no13-d&ds

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneers.
PEREMPTORY SALE OF VERY VALUABLE TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING, NO. 1812 FOURTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST, ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, CONCRETE CELLAR.
On THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER TWELFTH, at HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK, we will offer for sale in front of the premises
LOT 19, SQUARE