

**THE SAN JUAN TIMES.**

**FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO.**

The man who loses his temper also loses his game.

As there are exceptions to all rules, some dudes must have brains.

John Bull takes to the Monroe doctrine with the eagerness of a tramp to a bar of soap.

Kansas farmers have discovered that sunflower leaves make as good cigar fillers as cabbage leaves.

During the recent cold snap elk in the vicinity of Lander, Wyo., came from the mountains to feed with the cattle.

The sultan is doing his best to prove that he has to kill the ferocious Armenian sheep to keep them from biting him.

The reputation of Chicago was sustained one day last week when five judges granted a hundred divorces in three hours.

Before Harry Hayward left Minneapolis he had succeeded in making the verdict of the jury and that of the public entirely unanimous.

Somebody in Steubenville, Ohio, advertises a matrimonial pilot for 50 cents. And another advertises "divorces secured on easy terms."

The use of "perforated bed-clothes" is recommended as a cure for rheumatism. This seems to be merely an amplification of the porous plaster idea.

Illinois' attorney general has decided that it is a lottery and therefore illegal to give purchasers of merchandise a guess at the number of beans in a jar.

An ex-hangman, who has sent over five hundred criminals out of this world, says that not one of these was a teetotaler. There's expert testimony for you.

Westley Black, of Stillwater, Ok., was engaged to a lady in Ohio for twenty-three years and finally married her one day last week. Think of that, impatient girls.

Since the substitution of electricity for animal power on street railways 145,000 horses have lost their job—nearly 71 per cent of the whole number formerly employed.

Last week the Salvation Army stationed at Ogdensburg, N. Y., announced that on Saturday evening they would expose the biggest liar in town. All the preparators of note flocked to hear the expose, and the result was the greatest boom the army ever enjoyed in that section. It was a great night for the lassies.

Anger is short madness. Is he not a madman that has lost the government of himself, and is tossed hither and thither by his fury as by a tempest? The executioner and murderer of his own friends? It does all things by violence, as well upon itself as others; and it is, in short, the master of all passions.

A Kansas member will go thundering down the ages as the man who made the first speech in the LIVth congress. After the roll was called, he arose with great dignity, addressed the clerk, announced his name, and then asked if his name had been properly recorded. This speech was not particularly brilliant, but it was the first of the LIVth congress.

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value.

Rev. H. D. Fisher, of Kansas, would not have been satisfactory as chaplain of the house of representatives, anyway. He makes longer prayers than any other person we know of, and long prayers are not popular in congress or out of it. Besides, he tells the Lord nearly every day about the Quantrell raid, in which he was rolled in an old carpet by his wife, and saved, and there is nothing for which he will not petition the throne of grace, says a Kansas paper.

Dr. Brewer says in the Journal of Hygiene that he cured two young women of consumption by giving them all the peanuts they could eat. They had taken cod liver oil and tonics until nearly dead. He fed them peanuts a year and allowed them to inhale vinegar fumes when they were pronounced cured. The peanut, he says, is an excellent fat producer. He declares that it beats the Koch lymph, and is the most satisfactory treatment he has ever tried for lung diseases.

**CRISPI'S DAILY LIFE.**

**PERSONALITY OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY.**

**His House and Household—Habits of Eating and Sleeping—A Handy Revolver—His Wife and Their Daughter—His Superstitions.**

(Special Correspondence.)

HE crowd, largely composed of Anglo-Saxon elements, which daily in winter flocks to the Pincian Hill in order to see the sun set over Eternal Rome, is apt, on leaving the laurel alleys, to divide at Piazza Trinita dei Monti into three streams, of which the largest pours down the picturesque staircase to the right of the obelisk, and loses itself in the Piazza di Spagna, or, as the Romans call it, the English Ghetto. Of the remaining two, one runs into the Via Sistina on its way to

the region of hotels and pensions, while the smallest and quietest flows into the silent little Via Gregoriana. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that this street is not much frequented that the grim old Palazzo Zuccheri, still occupied by the descendants of the celebrated painter, attracts the attention of the passer with its strong-barred loopholes of the windows, suggestive of past violence, its doors grotesquely fashioned in the shape of yawning monsters, and its general aspect of quaint and uncanny antiquity.



FRANCESCO CRISPI.

But certainly very few visitors to Rome, even the Anglo-Saxons, famed in Italy for their prying inquisitiveness, have ever noticed a little one-story house, unpretending in its elegant simplicity, which stands at the beginning of the street directly opposite the grim old palace. Before this little house a couple of tall gendarmes and a policeman are to be seen continually patrolling, while two other men, whose awkward appearance in plain clothes is strangely suggestive of blue cloth and brass buttons, lounge about the neat entrance. In spite of these precautions, so unpretending is the exterior of the little white house that the passer-by would sooner suspect the detectives of being duns besieging the garconnerie of a luckless viveur, and the gendarmes to be in readiness to protect them against a sudden onslaught, than that they were guarding the residence of Signor Crispi, the veteran statesman, the Italian prime minister, who has been so persistently, and not without reason, accused of megalomania.

Evading the lynx-eyed surveillance of the two cerberis, let us step across the marble threshold into the little square courtyard of Doric pillars. A door on the left opens into a small but well-kept garden. A marble staircase on the right leads up to the apartments occupied by the prime minister and his wife, Donna Lina. A third occupant, their daughter Giuseppina, or Peppina, as she was more commonly called after her pet name in her father's

ant conversation, which Donna Lina never allows to flag. It is thus that Crispi forgets his present toils and responsibilities. With youthful relish he flies back to the times of his exile, to that exciting time of fighting and uncertainty which preceded the making of Italy, and there in the circle of his intimates the Sicilian birth betrays itself through the dialect, long laid aside in public, but which springs spontaneously to his lips when the veteran soldier fights his battles over again.

This is how Crispi usually spends his days. Always busy and active. Always anxious to do as much of the work as he can himself, although, of course, Commendatore Pinelli is of the greatest help. This gentleman may be said to be the prime minister's political factotum.

The only trace of weakness which we can find in Signor Crispi's otherwise iron character is superstition. He has inherited this from his Sicilian fathers; it flows in his blood, and it would be hard to find a more superstitious man than the present Italian prime minister. He always wears a coral ornament in the shape of a horn on his watch chain as a charm against the evil eye, in which he firmly believes. It is curious, during a stormy debate in the chamber of deputies, to see his hand steal gently to this talisman, and, fingering it nervously before he rises to speak, seem to repel the evil influence of the hundreds of eyes riveted on him from all parts of the house. Signor Crispi never carries any money on his person, with the exception of two English sovereigns given to him by Garibaldi as a souvenir, which he always keeps in his waistcoat pocket, attaching to them a superstitious value.

er's musical native dialect, was married last winter to a young Sicilian nobleman, Prince Linguaglossa, with whom she now inhabits a beautiful pal-



PEPPINA CRISPI.

ace at Naples. Signor Crispi is entirely devoted to his handsome daughter, and deeply felt the separation; but in compensation he often runs down from the capital to visit the young couple, so that the family ties may not be altogether severed. Indeed, Prince Linguaglossa, in his zeal to prove his unbounded love and veneration for his new kinsman, has even managed to get himself mixed up in the attacks of Cavallotti against the prime minister, exchanging with the deputy both verbal and epistolary insults, and following them up with a challenge to mortal combat, which, however, Signor Cavallotti had the good sense to treat with the ridicule it richly deserved.

Unlike his southern countrymen, Signor Crispi eats little, sleeps less, and is what we would call a total abstainer, though the blue ribbon is not found among his numerous decorations. He is a very early riser, and seldom gets up later than 6.

At Palazzo Braschi the business of the day begins, Commendatore Pinelli reporting on those affairs which call for the prime minister's direct attention, while Signor Crispi takes notes and gives orders and instructions. In the morning the ante-chamber is always crowded with people desirous of obtaining an interview with the prime minister, and unless business is unusually pressing, they are always admitted to his presence. A revolver, however, gleams ominously from among the papers on the desk of the statesman, a slight somewhat calculated to damp the impression of gratitude which applicants feel at being thus easily received. At 12 Signor Crispi drives home to luncheon, another frugal repast, consisting of a dish of meat and some vegetables and fruit, to which Commendatore Pinelli is invariably invited. The conversation, which bears exclusively on political subjects, is mainly carried on by Signor Crispi. Without indulging in the soothing siesta, so dear to Italians in general, and to Sicilians in particular, the untiring old statesman, once lunch is ended, drives back to the Palazzo Braschi by a long detour, and stops there, as a rule, till 7, but sometimes does not return home till 10, or even later. During the Sicilian revolt, when telegrams arrived every minute from the scene of the riots, he sometimes remained at his post receiving news and sending orders till long after midnight. At dinner, which differs little from his former meal, Signor Crispi never talks politics, but seems to desire a rest from this all-absorbing topic. A few friends are in the habit of dropping in when the meal is over—deputies, journalists, or old patriots, for the most part—and with these the prime minister passes the evening in pleasant



MME. CRISPI.

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