

Pequillo Politeness.

In China to uncover the head is a mark of disrespect.

The Tibetans put out the tongue as a sign of respectful salutation.

In church all men's heads are bare; in the synagogue it is considered wrong to remove the hat.

Malays, Pijans, Tongans, and many other Polynesians always sit down when speaking to a superior.

Oriental never uncover their heads and the Turkish ambassador in England is allowed to retain his fez even in the presence of the queen.

The Indians of the Neighberry hills show respect by raising the open right hand to the face and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose.

At Nativulu it is respectful to turn one's back toward a superior, especially when addressing him, and among the Wahuma, in Congo and in Central Africa, the same custom prevails.

By the way of compliment the people of Yuddah shake the clinched fist; the inhabitants of the White Nile and Ashantee spit on those they delight to honor, and some of the Esquimaux pull noses.

Tibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark, sticky substance. It is said that they do so in compliance with a law made by a certain lama, King Nomekhan, in order to protect their morals by making them look ugly while in public.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east, and for this reason the native commissioned officers of the Indian army in giving the military salute confined it to the sword held in the right hand without at the same time raising the left hand to the forehead, as the ordinary English salute.

LOVERS IN LOVER'S WALK.

Character Picture of a Virginia Courtship by the New York Times' Artist, H. J. W. D.

There are two kinds of proposals common to the Lover's Walk at Sulphur Springs. They are the proposal serious and the proposal jocular. The latter is also serious, but is a diplomatic approach to the subject, intended to serve as a way of retreat if the overture is not well received. According to the account of one young lady, whose invitations to promenade have created destruction in her stock of shoe leather, and whose invitations to trot in harness have been in proportion, the proposal jocular is as follows:

Having discussed the weather, the gorman of the night before, the gorman that is to be, and any other subjects saliently of service, and having, as they say in Kentucky, grown "noddier and noddier," the young man begins, in an off-hand way:

"Looks hyere, Miss Mamie, has enny-feller been a proposin' t' you this season?"

"Why?"

"Why a reckon somebody'd orter give you a chaine."

"I reckon somebody will if I want him to."

"Oh, then thar is a somebody."

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I would that. Thar ain't now, is there? You're jest a fudnith!"

"She looks cooly away, with an amused smile."

"He ain't no better looking, than I am, is he?"

She thoughtfully and critically answers that there ain't no choice.

"Cos I reckon I might do some talkin' myself of thar was any chaine."

He does or does not as she pulls the strings. The Southern Young Man is not slow, but he is no match for his keen companion.

The proposal serious is the result of perhaps a week of tender companionship. The young man, whose feelings have gradually become too much for him, eats his morning hominy in a very abstracted way, with frequent turnings to see if she has arrived at her place at table. After breakfast he walks the piazza in a somewhat uneasy state, his mental concentration interfering somewhat with his digestion.

About this period in his entanglement she is very likely to be occupied with some other gentleman, having detected the signs of imminent explosion on his part. He rushes boldly in, however, and she, after going over a multitude of engagements, finally believes that she can walk just a little while with him that afternoon.

"They walk. No sooner have they turned the corner by the cottage than he says:

"I've been wantin' to see you very

much, Miss Margie, all th' afternoon. I've somethin' very particular I'd like to say to you, Miss Margie."

"Indeed!" she says. She is very much surprised. She is the most surprised girl, apparently, in the whole state of West Virginia.

"When I come down hyere," he begins. Then he halts. "I—n— I've known a good many young ladies, Miss Margie, and a—the a—the matter I was goin' to speak to you about—"

He is quite confused.

There is a small thick silence for a moment as they stroll idly along, while a small green frog jumps nimbly out of the way, confident that in the preoccupation of the pair he is likely to be stepped on.

"What I was agoin' to say," he resumes, clearing his throat, "is—ah—that I've been thinkin' that every, that is, that all young people ought to marry young. Did—ah—did you ever feel that away, Miss Margie?"

Miss Margie doesn't know. She has suddenly grown miles away from him in her silence. He makes a plunge.

"D'you think you could like a feller like me, Miss Margie—well enough to marry him, I mean?"

"Oh," says Miss Margie, greatly taken aback. "Maw says I'm too young to marry. She wouldn't bear to it. Don't you—don't you think that sulphur water's horrid stuff?"

His ideas concerning sulphur water are a little vague just then, but he manages to agree and to make inquiries concerning her intentions regarding the ball that evening. The conversation then grows halting and awkward, and they shortly return.

She breathes a sigh of relief as she smiles good-by, and he wildly goes in search of some small and secretive darky, whom he hires to kick him thoroughly, not being able to perform that office for himself, and naturally desiring something of the kind to relieve his overwrought feelings.

The Kid at the Theater.

A child that can only squall in a theatre is preferable to another larger child of a kind one sometimes sees. It's generally a female child. A female child from its earliest days recognizes the privileges of the sex and takes all sorts of advantages. The mothers always teach them that they are "little girls," and the little boys must not hurt them, and scize of them its consequences become terrors early in youth. We've seen the child that wanders all around a theater and looks up at you and everybody with a bland, childish curiosity, and her thumb in her mouth. She has no seat generally. She's under age, and her father and mother bring her to the theater between them, and she gets off in the middle of the play and wanders about. She has a knack of being partial to sweethearts. She seems to know instinctively when she strikes a pair of young lovers, and she sidles up and swings herself on one foot and then on the other, and the fellow looks confused and the girl pats her on the head, hoping that'll drive her away. But it doesn't. She accepts the familiarity and gets on the girl's knee, and the young pair look furtively at one another as if to say:

"Great heavens! If there should be somebody here who knows us and think this is ours!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Bright Ventriloquist.

A little Boston boy who was taken to the entertainment of a ventriloquist some time ago, and who was a close observer of the performer's modus operandi, accompanied his parents last week to his father's native town, and among the places visited during their rural sojourn was the country cemetery, where sleep the progenitors of his paternal parent. The latter pointed out to the child a certain mound, saying: "There, dear, is the grave of your grandfather." The little fellow gazed curiously at the place of sepulture for a moment, and then, seized by a sudden idea, stooped down, and, rapping on the tombstone, said "Grandpa, are you down there?" following it up with a self-supplied "Yes," in as deep and guttural a tone as his little throat could make vocal.

"Does you want to come up?" he resumed, in his natural pitch of voice, and again dropping to the lower tone answered his own query with a bass and hollow "No." The parents, greatly shocked, cut short further ventriloquial efforts on the part of the too precocious child.—*Boston Budget.*

An advertisement reads: "Wanted.—A nurse to mind children." It was probably inserted "by the children."—*Waltham American.*

MISSING LINKS.

The Audubon society has three thousand members in America.

The leases of eight of the London theaters are now held by women.

A Jewish synagogue will shortly be erected at San Diego, Cal., at a cost of \$20,000.

Ensenada, Lower California, now has a brewery, and is going to have a university.

In the Carabaya valley in Bolivia an immense number of rubber trees have been recently discovered.

There are twenty-five real-estate brokers in Visalia, Cal., a town of not more than one thousand inhabitants.

At Charlotetown, P. E. I., there are six brothers whose ages average over 77 years, all of whom are hale and hearty.

Samples of coffee cost a firm of New York coffee merchants about \$5,000 a year, but they are resold at a profit of nearly \$5,000.

American libraries are open an average of over eleven hours a day, while foreign libraries seldom average more than six hours.

J. R. G. Pitkin, hitherto most known as a politician, has been winning high praise in Boston with his lecture on "The Poets of Shakespeare."

Women are at present given to poetry in praise of babies. It is mostly serious, too, and is therefore not a very encouraging sign for the babes.

Colonial windows may be made by filling the frame of an old spinning-wheel with cathedral glass. The window frame follows the outlines of the wheel.

Farmers residing in the lower Sacramento report that the scale-bug, so numerous and destructive during the past two or three years, has almost disappeared.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephones and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business.

The amount of bacon used in the American navy foots up over one million pounds per year. How the fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

Isabella Flipper, mother of the famous colored West Point cadet, died recently at Thomasville, Ga. She possessed many fine traits of character and enjoyed the respect and good opinion of all who knew her.

William L. Miller, of Charleston, S. C., has two immense iron shells, said to be the first two shots fired at Battery Wagner at the beginning of the war. The shells were never exploded; they weigh two hundred pounds each.

The Pan Yan mine near Helena, M. T., is one of the richest of recent strikes in the territory. It was discovered by John Waulshagan, a laborer. During the last two weeks in August \$12,000 worth of ore was taken out of the mine.

N. H. Wilson, of Merced, Cal., has just received some Egyptian wheat 5,000 years old, which was found in the coffin of an Egyptian prince while unrolling the mummy. Prof. Gilden, of Boston, brought the wheat to the United States in 1850.

The killing of squirrels, prairie dogs, bears, mountain lions, wolves, and coyotes is quite an expensive item in the yearly budget of Montana. From Jan. 1 to August, 1887, that territory paid in bounties for the killing of the same \$96,025.10.

An English statesman asserts that not only do married men live longer than bachelors, but that the latter are more criminal. He says that there are thirty criminals among every thousand bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only eighteen.

An unique fashion note gives the important information that red hair with blue eyes must be differently managed from red hair with gray or brown eyes. As soon as blue is introduced into the dress the blue eyes count for twice their value, and form too strong a contrast with red hair.

The claim of being the oldest living twins in New England is contested by Mrs. Hephzibah Everett and Mrs. Sally Cole, of Dedham, Mass., who were 80 years old the 28th of last May. They

have another sister, Mrs. Nabby Smith, of Dedham, who is 96, and a brother a few years younger than Mrs. Smith.

Prof. Trautvetter, of Peoria, conductor of music, has an interesting relic of the Chatsworth horror. It is the baton which he uses in his business, and is of solid mahogany, about two feet in length and highly polished. It is supposed to be a portion of Mr. Fred Wellesnet's cane, and is gold-tipped and appropriately engraved.

Several years ago the Medical association of Boston presented the University of Tokio, Japan, with a number of its duplicate volumes. The gift was acknowledged at the time, and again lately by the presentation of a collection of 200 Japanese medical works. The books are in Chinese characters, the Japanese having no printed alphabet.

A farmer at Chelsen, Vt., has had a novel and unpleasant experience. Four months ago his hair and whiskers began to come out, and in a month his head was as bald as a babe's. His eyebrows and eyelashes also came off, and there seems little prospects of new growth. Eight years ago, however, his hair came off in the same way, but his whiskers and eyebrows and eyelashes remained.

Ontagonan Mich., has a base-ball dog. He can judge a sky-scraper as accurately as any professional, and is a much surer catch, while liners and day-cutters are simply his veil. He has been known to jump five and a half feet to nail a hot one, and his pickups are the admiration of the town. Had he eight equally proficient companions and were they able to bat it would make the strongest aggregation in the country.

The Toronto Globe says the latest advertising dodge is to strew about the sidewalks bogus purses, from which bogus bills stick out, the idea being that the people who pick them up will have their attention drawn to the advertisements printed on them. "I don't think much of that scheme," said a gentleman who is not wholly insensible to the charms of money. "Do you think I am going to patronize a man who trifles with my finest feelings?"

Two new fodder plants have been discovered in Finney county, Kansas. One is called the "branching dourra," and is much the same in appearance as the "rice corn" with which most Kansas farmers are familiar. The other is the "teosint grass," but looks more like corn than grass. It comes from a small seed no bigger than a turnip seed. It is stated that the stalks or leaves from a single seed of it furnish feed enough for two cows or oxen for twenty-four hours.

We have for years, says *The Musical Herald*, advocated the playing of a national air. "Hail Columbia" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," at the close of every musical and dramatic entertainment given in the United States. Such a movement would be calculated to promote a feeling of patriotism among the people, especially among the younger element of the community. No concert or dramatic performance is given in Great Britain that is not closed with the singing or playing of the national anthem. Who will begin the movement here in the United States?

Survivors going over the line between Washington and Greene counties, Pennsylvania, found one house so situated that the husband eats his meal in Washington while the wife eats hers in Greene, and they sleep with their heads in one county and their feet in the other.

The aldermen of Newark, N. J., are unhappy. They supplied themselves with gorgeous gold badges at the expense of the city treasury, as they supposed, but the mayor refused to approve the bill, and corporation counsel says the alderman must pay for their decorations themselves.

A new and picturesque branch of business has been established at Calera, Ala. An enterprising colored gentleman of that place gets bitten by a rattlesnake "on purpose" at 50 cents a bite. This done, he promptly proceeds to render the bite harmless by an external application of a clay poultice and an internal big drink of whisky accented with plng tobacco.

The latest, and in France is to "go ballooning." Ascending high mountains is getting to be too slow. As a proof the following dialogue was heard on the boulevard the other day: "I see you know that gentleman—you bowed to him?" "Yes, we met the other day in the park. His balloon was going in the same direction as ours, and my friend Joris gave me an introduction.