

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1896.

## Bicycles

end upon.

for a bicycle buy  
course. They are  
not \$110 may be  
bargains unless  
reliable

## ORDS

50.

pecially equipped fac-  
supervision of the  
is the sort of bicycle  
and more; the \$60  
ts at \$80 and more;  
are unequalled valua-

Columbias  
mbia agent,  
in any city.

ford, Conn.

sell to jobbers or middlemen.  
vicinity let us know.

Hackmans in that neighbor-  
the advent of a new infantile as-  
name different from that of  
aboring Hackman is a matter  
concern, and names are now  
icated, causing confusion. The  
kams are great-grand-  
d the family is noted for its  
one, a Mrs. Wrough, living to  
e old. Besides these mention-  
number of the Hackmans live  
a little more distant.

### WONDERFUL CAT.

Cold Bath and Washes in the  
Wash Bowl.

day, when Jetty was a little  
mistress found him sitting in a  
water which somebody had  
t standing. He seemed to  
bath so much that he want-  
ed to it after his mistress had  
t.

erest thing that Jetty does  
his feet. A wooden mop pail  
in a certain place, partly  
ter to prevent it from going  
t.

Jetty goes to the pail, bal-  
on the edge of it dips one  
water till it is thoroughly wet,  
ry. He does the same with  
y; then, turning round and  
aws on the edge, he bathes  
n the same way.

is a true story, and as you  
early all cats dislike water,  
at their feet it they can avo-  
dge that Jetty is a very re-  
N. O. Picayune.

### Case of Mild Envy.

a large man," said Fellaire  
uty Rufus—regarding  
with athletic vagabond who  
d the street to ask for a dime.  
big, husky man, even if he  
ugh powder to blow him up.  
wish I had your six-foot  
had a foot as big as yours,"  
the gratified hobo.

ntly rejoined Fellaire. "If I  
k you all over town, you  
hulking scoundrel! You've  
till everybody knows  
a particle of pride in your  
half way to San Francisco  
living on the fat of the  
if a dollar, and if you're  
n two hours I'll turn  
e police as a nuisance."  
icago Tribune

### After Statistics.

man, who will tell you  
of leather you will wear  
in a lifetime, and how  
you will eat, provided  
he Biblical limit of "three  
as just finished son—odd  
r nail growth. He finds  
human being cuts away  
ty-second part of an inch  
t, or a little more than an  
ch year. He also finds  
length of life the world  
nd that there are 1,800-  
er nails in each genera-

## ARTER

40 doses  
w's

FTER  
DOSE  
LLY GOV.

he, constipation, bilious-  
ness. They are pure-  
demand and all drug-  
y them.

## AN ESSAY UPON BOYS

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BOYS  
AND GIRLS NOW A DAYS.

Some Characteristics of the Youth of To-  
day.—Their Privileges and the Advantages  
They Possess over the Gentler Sex—Rapid  
Development a Feature.

The old saying that "the boy is father  
to the man," has dashed unmercifully to  
the ground one of my most cherished im-  
pressions, which had always been that  
"the man was father to the boy," but then  
new ideas must give way to old ones, be-  
cause, I suppose, they have "whiskers."  
However, my subject is, Boys,  
and I must get down to it.  
Boys are such from no fault of their  
own, and no one has the right to blame  
them for being boys, they can't very well  
help it anyhow. Boys with brains are more  
apt to err, and are susceptible to wrong to  
a greater degree than girls with the same  
commodity, as a brainy girl knows very  
well that she cannot go to the same ex-  
tremes that her equally brainy brother can,  
without exposing herself to the criticism of  
a too discriminating public, whose opinion  
and sympathy is generally in favor of the  
boys as opposed to the girls. This is sad,  
very, very sad, but nevertheless true, true  
as steel, Damascus steel, so girls, whenever  
you think you would like to enjoy life as  
your dear, sweet, brothers do, all you can  
do is to blame the fates that ordered you  
to be other than a boy, or the other alter-  
native, "go it," even at the expense of that  
social and other ostracism, that is sure to  
follow when you step aside.

Why there should be any discrimination  
I shall not attempt to say, but the thumness  
of this is thusly illustrated in the fore-  
going.

Boys enjoy a freedom totally unknown  
to the girls. At the same time en-  
joy a perfect freedom, totally unknown  
to many, very many boys, in the shape of  
swelled heads, black eyes, loss of sleep &c  
and this in part, is due to a tighter rein  
being held over them, but I think, in many  
cases it is not the tight rein, so much as  
the good sound common sense of the gen-  
tler sex, and the limitations to which they  
feel they are bound, because of the greater  
expectations the world has of their sex.

No one expects much of boys, and if  
they did, they would in too many cases be  
disappointed. Adam was the only man  
who never caused his parents any anxiety  
as a boy, but it all that is told of his  
family be true he had trouble enough  
with his own boys, and the same troubles  
with variations have been most carefully  
preserved and handed down in one unbrok-  
en line ever since. I don't blame old maids  
for remaining such, it they at all consider  
the bright prospects in store for them that  
a union with some of the boys would mean,  
and I admire in them that determination to  
enjoy the "single" blessedness that old  
maid affords, rather than to court the  
"double" troubles that may arise through  
an ill matched union.

Many a fortune has changed hands on  
the answer to the question "is it a boy or  
girl?" So much often depends on the re-  
ply that it would be superfluous to attempt  
an illustration. Mothers think more of  
their boys as a rule than the neighbors do,  
but that's all right, the mothers know them  
one way and the neighbors know them  
another, especially about Halloween.

Boys are generally too slow or too fast,  
if the former they're no good, and if the  
latter they're worse. Some boys are "issies"  
these are the kind, that if they were to be  
born over again, would be born girls, and  
would still be unsatisfactory, as specimens  
of humanity. Some boys are dwarfed in  
stature, and others in intellect, the  
former is more apt to be concited than  
the latter. Large numbers of boys think  
they know more than their fathers, after  
they come to be boys, they "kind of" find  
out their mistake, and then come to the  
conclusion that their paternal progenitor  
was not such an "awfully" know nothing  
after all. Boys who rely on others to too  
great an extent, are not going to become  
Napoleons, or Gladstones. Many a boy  
would "shine" but for the very dependency  
to which he has been accustomed. While  
still others "shine" from the very nature  
of their vocation; by this you will note the  
traits of the boot-black.

Boys eventually resolve themselves into,  
either, old bachelors, or married men, if  
the former as a rule, they are not much  
use, excepting as a sort of speculating  
medium for anxious mamma's with eligible  
and growing daughters.

After boys have forsaken the paths of  
bachelorhood, and are on the high road of  
married life, much then depends upon  
their partners, as to whether that life shall  
be one of misery or happiness, inasmuch as  
a cranky, cantankerous, selfish, much-  
given-to-amusements, kind of a partner  
must necessarily make it aught but pleas-  
ant for the unfortunate young man whose  
lot it may be to become tied to such a one.  
The more especially as boys are always such  
sweet tempered, unselfish, thoughtful, and  
ever kind, not-at-all-disagreeable—even-  
at-times-pets. But at the same time, she

is indeed, a poor specimen of femininity,  
who is not as all round good, as the lord  
of creation, to whom she may be wed.  
Boys are all right until they begin to as-  
sert themselves, which generally begins  
about the time their mothers string whole  
peppers around their necks to make them  
cut their teeth easy. Boys are willing to  
do chores for the mothers of their chums,  
but if asked to carry in wood, coal or other  
things by their own mothers, generally  
object, with great deal of objectness,  
though what their object is I object to say,  
great things are expected of boys about  
the time their voices attain a more harsh or  
husky sound, than distinguished them as  
more youthful claimants to very much dis-  
tinction as objects of discussion amongst the  
opposite sex. Boys, I do believe, are less  
given to little mean tricks in the way of  
running down or condemning their fellows,  
than are the girls, and this is accounted for  
by the fact that pugilism prevails to a large  
extent amongst them, so that if they have  
any differences, it is generally settled by  
bare knuckles, instead of at the tongue's-  
point, the usual resort to which girls are  
wont to fly to display their ability.

Boys are a great deal "smarter" after en-  
countering a wasp's nest than they priorly  
were. Boys develop more rapidly now  
than did their fathers, as the latter had not  
the advantages that cigarettes, "motto but-  
tons," and bicycles afford the youth of to-  
day. Boys now, develop also, more quick-  
ly and surely symptoms of which the old  
folks were in ignorance, such as bicycle  
shoulders etc. Whether it is due to a  
rapid stride of civilization or to an  
idea growing more prevalent every day,  
that the old folks were all "two slow," is  
a matter of conjecture, that must be left to  
the individual to decide. It boy's ears, like  
ship's compasses were boxed a little alterer,  
their future course might be a clearer one.  
The tendency today amongst parents seems  
to be of a far greater leniency than that at  
an earlier period in the history of man and  
boys, characterised the paternal head  
thereof, and it may be that "free schools"  
have something to do with it, though to  
what extent is merely speculative but it  
looks as if the teacher was expected to  
look after the corporal training as well as  
the educational one. Boys will be boys  
and as such I leave them until I try my pen  
at those of a more mature growth, when it  
will be seen that they are to a large extent  
still boys at almost any age. JAY BEE.

### HOW THEY TREAT A NEIGHBOR.

They Profess Sinless Lives but do not Live  
up to their Preaching.

Among the many church properties in  
the city of Moncton, is one which is claim-  
ed by its supporters to be the "Sinless  
Church"; this sanctuary was erected a few  
years ago by the Reformed Baptists, whose  
motto is "Perfection and Holiness." And  
many of the brethren who orate in this  
sanctuary edifice explain and define their  
doctrine by saying that it is a clean depart-  
ure from All Sin. In this connection a  
good story is told. At the time of its  
erection an Irishman looking for a days  
work asked the contractor "Whose building  
this church?" to which the contractor re-  
plies "the holy baptists" and "Who are the  
holy baptists?" asked Pat. They live  
without sin replied the contractor. And  
"What the devil do they want of a church?"  
queried Pat, and since that time the little  
church has not been marching ahead as  
it should have, the brothers were zealous  
and "perfect holiness" seemed to be the  
order of the day, but still the church seem-  
ed to be in financial difficulties and the  
pastor, it is said, did not receive his salary  
notwithstanding that he was a faithful ser-  
vant and expounded "the word" with heat,  
eloquence and power, and on several  
occasions of late the pastor and the flock  
offered to sell a lot of land to a prominent  
dry goods merchant who lived next neigh-  
bor to the church, and an influential citi-  
zen of the "Hub."

The dry goods man made the church a  
reasonable offer for all the land the hol-  
iness people had for sale, but the bargain  
was not closed on account of a difference  
of two dollars per foot and so the matter  
"hung fire" till a week or so ago, when the  
pastor and deacons of the holiness syna-  
gogue held a "council of war" and decided  
that unless the merchant bought the lot at  
the price set upon it, that it was to be  
leased to one of their congregation who  
would build a cow stable on the land and  
the merchant was notified to this effect and  
refused to give the price asked whereupon  
the erection of the cow stable was decid-  
ed upon and the work commenced, and the  
stable is now a realised fact and the "white  
faced creature" is in her new abode.

But the worst feature of the whole busi-  
ness, is, that the stable is built close up to  
the window of one of the finest dwelling houses  
in the city of Moncton and refuse the from  
more than two feet from the same place, and the  
dry goods man seeing that it is a sabbote  
to force him to buy the land at an exorbi-  
tant rate, is very indignant, and he is  
puzzled to know where the perfect holiness  
in this case comes in. He says he has

read a great deal of religious literature,  
and he has been mixed up with all sorts of  
people in his time, but he is of the opinion  
that such an act is the most unholy deal he  
ever knew or heard of in his natural life.

People who profess to be Reformers and  
who claim to be living spotless from the  
world and to be true types of the meek and  
lowly Nazarene should make an effort to use  
their neighbor fairly. The religion of the pre-  
sent time when put to the test even among  
some of the people who profess to be "liv-  
ing without sin" don't pan out to any very  
vast extent. This was very ably dealt  
with by that eloquent divine Rev. W. B.  
Hinson in the first baptist church, last Sun-  
day evening when he boldly stated that  
Col. Ingersoll's infidelity was harmless  
when compared with the infidelity of the  
church. Building a cow stable is a matter  
of business to the average citizen but when  
a few men who claim to be living and  
walking "the earth in sinless per-  
fection, will maliciously erect a stable  
close up against a respectable mans home,  
and darken his rooms, and cause an offen-  
sive odor to injure the health of the home  
and annoy the vicinity by having a cow in  
such close proximity to his place, it is pretty  
near time to question whether or not there  
is any such a blessing, as satisfaction  
or perfect holiness. If there is, it is quite a  
distance from some monitorians who claim  
to possess it; it is said that an injunction  
will be obtained by the merchant to com-  
pell the holiness defendants in this case to  
remove the stable and the white faced cow  
from their present location.

### BUNCO MEN CHECKED.

His Expedient to Get Even With the  
Strangers.

There are four men in Chicago who will  
never forget Silas Tatman's visit to the  
city. It will be many days before those  
same men will be able to show up again  
at the depots to prey on the confidence of  
rural strangers.

When Silas came to town Saturday he  
came with the avowed intention of reveng-  
ing himself on a smooth-spoken young man  
who had met him on a former visit and had  
relieved him of a carpet sack containing  
the visitor's money and the return ticket.  
He did not expect to encounter the same  
fellow, but made up his mind to adminis-  
ter to the first man who claimed to  
know him the warmest reception the  
scuround had ever met with.

Tatman came in from Bunkum, Bunkum  
is not on the map, and one could go to the  
place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the  
inhabitants without reloading. But small  
as it is, it can boast of a citizen who out-  
witted four of the cleverest "con" men in  
Chicago.

Bunkum is also renowned for its large  
horns' nests and the warlike and "grouchy"  
disposition of their occupants. In Tatman's  
bag lot hung one of these nests from the  
limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic  
specimen and the terror of the neighbor-  
hood.

The morning Silas left for Chicago he  
went out in the hog lot very early, before  
the horns were astir. He took with him  
an old green carpet bag, and this he opened  
and slipped carefully around the oblong  
nest, closing the clasp quickly without los-  
ing a hornet. When he took the train in  
the day he smiled with delight at the thought  
of the harrowing scene that would take  
place when the carpet bag was opened.

When Silas arrive at the depot, instead  
of going to the hotel, he sat down in the  
smoking room and waited. His mission  
was similar to that of the confidence man.  
He was in quest of a stranger who would  
cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him  
of his horns and regret it to his dying  
day. Occasionally Farmer Tatman would  
look down at his carpet bag. As he did so  
he shook with glee.

The Bunkum farmer had not been seated  
five minutes when he was approached by a  
fellow with a sharp inquisitive nose and a  
checked suit. "Ah, ha!" thought Tatman,  
as the stranger extended his hand, "I've  
got you."

"I believe I know you," said the sharp-  
nosed individual. "Let me see, you are  
from—"

"Bunkum," replied Tatman.  
"To be sure; Bunkum. And your name  
is—"

"Tatman."  
"Why, of course. How are you, Mr.  
Tatman?"

"Tolerable," and Tatman looked down at  
his horns and chuckled.  
"My name's Cunningham," went on the  
stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in  
both his own. "You remember when I was  
visiting in Bunkum a few years ago with  
Baeker—a? Oh, I can never remember  
names. You know whom I mean, though.  
He's the leading banker in your town."

There never was a banker within twenty  
miles of Bunkum, but Farmer Tatman  
was playing a hand, so he said, "Know im?  
Well, I should say I do. You mean old  
Squire Jones."

"Jones, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Strange  
I couldn't remember the name."

## Rich Velveteens

## and Silk Velvets.....

For Promenade Costumes, Blouses, Tea Gowns, Dinner Dresses, Children's  
Dresses and Cloaks, Millinery, Trimming, and Art Decorative purposes.

Black and Colored Velveteens; Rich, Silky Pile; Dresden Velveteens;  
Tinsel Spot Velveteens; Dresden Silk Velvets, very stylish for blouses; Miroir  
Velvets, in all the new colorings for millinery; Black and Colored Silk Velvets;  
Black Silk Velvets, 30 inches wide, for capes and dresses.

## Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas kinder funny," and  
Silas fairly danced with joy. "I reckon  
there ain't a nice, quiet little place some-  
where where a friend can talk with a friend  
what he ain't seen for nigh onto two years."  
This was just what Cunningham wanted.

"Oh, yes," said he in his softest tone.  
"I know just the place. It's not over a  
block from here."

"Then I reckon we might as well go if  
you're sure it's safe walking in the street  
with as much money as I've got in this here  
satchel."

At the word money Silas detected an  
expression of eagerness and pleasure on  
the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers  
seemed to itch as the two walked along.

"Aint you afraid," said he, "of being  
robbed?"

"Well, you just bet your sweet life the  
fellow who opens Silas Tatman's satchel will  
be sorry," said the Bunkum farmer smiled  
inwardly.

Here Cunningham turned on a little side  
street, leading his friend by the arm.  
About half-way up this block they turned  
into a dark and dingy looking little saloon.  
Cunningham spoke familiarly to the bar-  
keeper, who directed them to a wine room  
in the back of the place. The two sat  
down at the table and were joined by three  
other men. One of them was a fat man,  
who tried to get Tatman to play cards  
"just for fun."

Another one of the men wore a white  
vest and a polka dot necktie. He did all  
the talking, and after Cunningham had  
whispered a few words in the fellow's ear,  
he could hardly keep his eyes off the car-  
pet-bag. He was introduced to Tatman  
as Thos. W. Bloomfield, the Board of  
Trade man.

"It seems Mr. Tatman," said Bloomfield,  
"that you are very careless with your money."  
Mr. Cunningham tells me you carry  
it in your satchel."

"You bet I have got a lot of money in  
that 'ere old carpet-bag. I was kinder  
thinkin' of spectatulin' with it."  
"Perhaps you would like me to invest it  
with wheat. I think you could make a big  
stake."

"I'm kinder afraid of losin' it."

"Oh, not at all; not if it's well invested.  
People only lose their money through care-  
lessness. But of course some one has to  
lose money to keep the stuff properly in  
circulation."

"Well I ain't got much money to lose  
and I'm afraid if I'm to open that 'ere  
bag that mine would get to circulate, and  
you bet it would circulate mighty dern  
fast."

"Well, if you did lose it it would stick to  
some one's fingers."

"You bet your blame life she would, and  
she'd stick purty god-darned fast."

"So you don't want me to invest it for  
you?"

"I'm a little bit scary 'bout puttin' it in  
wheat."

"No risk whatever," said Bloomfield.  
"Why, I can tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good  
speculator can pick money off the trees  
here in Chicago."

Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman.  
He laughed uproariously, and then said:—  
"You can pick it off the trees in Bunkum,  
too, but you can't keep it long, 'cause it  
circulates too dern fast."

By this time the men were growing im-  
patient, and Tatman noticed that they  
looked more frequently and longer at the  
carpet-bag. He thought it about time to  
take his revenge, so he said:—  
"Well, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be  
a-goin', and I'd like to leave that 'ere  
money with you, so as it'll be safe while I  
hunt up a stoppin' place."

The men were perfectly willing to ac-  
commodate Farmer Tatman. They assured  
him that the carpet-bag and its contents  
would be perfectly safe, and that they  
would be willing to wait until he came back.  
"Much obliged, gentlemen," and Tatman  
arose. "I'm very often that a teller  
meets such kind friends as you are in a  
strange city, and it's kinder scowlin' to  
know that a teller's leavin' his money with  
honest people. I reckon I'll be back in  
about an hour." And Tatman once more  
thanked his friends as he passed out of the  
room closing the door behind him.

Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the  
men expected. By a clever dodge he  
managed to slip the key of the door in his  
pocket before he left the room. He re-  
mained on the outside long enough to  
silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which  
he slipped into the adjoining room. He  
did not wait long before he heard one of  
the men say:—  
"Well, that was the easiest snap I ever  
saw." Silas recognize the voice as that of  
Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:  
"Easy! Why, you could rob that fool  
before his eyes and he wouldn't know it.  
Hand up the granger's grip-sack."

Tatman heard the sound of the grip-sack  
striking the top of the table. Then he  
heard them prying at the lock. Presently  
he heard the clasp give, and in another  
instant a piercing yell rent the air. Whack!  
Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned  
and the table was tumbled over in the mad  
scramble for the door.

Then he heard some one say: "Grat  
heavens! Th-y're horns, and the door  
is locked!"

The howls and yelps which followed  
brought the bartender and the proprietor  
to the scene. The Bunkum farmer seized  
the opportunity to slip out of the saloon,  
and as he was passing into the street he  
heard the door crash in as one of the men  
on the inside dealt it a blow with a chair.

Over his shoulder he saw a stream of hor-  
nets sail after the bartender.

Twenty minutes later, from his retreat  
in the alley across the street, Tatman saw  
his five friends lumping out of the saloon to  
the ambulance which had been called, and  
which had backed up to the curbstone—  
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### EARLY SPRING SNAKE STORY.

The Remarkable Achievements of a Farm  
Hand in Getting Sitten.

When the editor of the crank depart-  
ment of the Washington Star looked up  
from his desk to recognize his visitor he  
tailed at first in recognition, but after a  
minute it came to him all right.

"How are you?" he said heartily. What's  
the good word in London, and what the  
mischief have you done with your whiskers?"

"Moved 'em," smiled the visitor. "Spring's  
about here, and I didn't need 'em. But I  
haven't got any time to waste. I come in  
on my way to the train to tell you of a  
queer snake story up our way."

"Isn't it a little early for snake stories?"  
suggested the editor.

"Yes, for this year's crop, but this one is  
a last year's one, that I just found out  
about yesterday."

"It must be true. Go ahead with  
it. Take a chair, won't you?"

"No, I'll stand, so's to be ready to start  
when I've finished. You see, last year I  
had a hired hand on the farm that I had  
never seen till the day he asked for work.  
I ne-d d a hand purty bad, and I took him  
right in without a word except to tell him  
that if he got drunk I'd turn him off. He  
said he wasn't a drinking man and he went  
right to work in the hay field. He wasn't  
the best worker I ever hired, but he was  
steady, and we got along all right till the  
fourth day he was with me. That day I  
was in the barn and I heard a yell, and I  
ran to the door and seen my hired man fly-  
ing around the field as if the old serpent  
himself was after him. When he seen me  
he headed my way, and as he went past I  
could see a short, stumpy, mottled snake  
hanging to his leg at the ankle. He flew  
around the barn, yelling at every jump and  
I took after him and caught him in  
a clump of woods about 200  
yards from the barn, where he drop-  
ped, plum tuckered out. When I got to  
him the snake was gone, but the marks of  
his teeth were on his leg, and I hustled to  
the house and got a quart bottle of liquor  
I keep for snake bites and other house-  
hold purposes, and soon had him loaded  
down to the guards. He was so-er by next  
morning and all right, and the day after  
he went to work again. He stayed with  
me a month after that and left when I had  
no work for him, and I tell you that in the  
four or five weeks I had him that snake  
caught him the same way six times, and to  
save our necks we could never find the  
snake. Sometimes it would nab him by  
the hand when he was workin' in the weeds,  
and sometimes in another, but it would al-  
ways hang on and he would run and yell  
and me after him.

"Now for the queer part," said the visitor

taking a final spurt. "The other day I was  
grubbin' out that clump of bushes and, by  
bokey, I seen a snake, and before it could  
move I stuck my grubbin' hoe through it  
and dragged it out, and dura my buttons,  
come to look at it, it wasn't nothin' but a  
rag snake, painted. I carried it up to the  
house, and as soon as my boy seen it he  
whooped and said it was the same snake  
that had been feedin' on my hired man all  
last harvest, and I reckon the boy was  
right."

The editor gave the visitor a gentle haw  
haw.

"That's all right," said the visitor, moving  
away, "but just let that chap try to get  
work with me this year; if he don't wish  
that that was a genuine copperhead, then  
I ain't no judge of what I'll do him."

### CHILIAN WOMEN.

Their Loveliness Said to be Unequaled  
on the Hemisphere.

The most striking features of the Chilean  
cities Valparaiso and Santiago are those  
of its women. Certainly nowhere else in  
South America, if on all the western hem-  
isphere, is there to be found so large a  
proportion of pretty women in a total  
population.

The Spaniards say that the very air  
there conduces to a perfect development of  
form and feature.

However that may be, it is a fact that  
the proportion of beautiful women to be  
seen in the cities mentioned is remarkable.  
The pure blood of the German, French and  
English has mingled with the Indo-Spanish  
and the result is a race with the graces and  
beauties of the Indo-Spanish women seems  
tame and insipid.

With their beauty they have much ease  
and grace of movement, and walk with the  
long, swinging, virile stride of the English  
girl.

Strange to say, the modern Chilean  
beauty has little love for the Spaniards and  
resents the imputation that she is an "Indo-  
Español." But they are pleased immensely,  
any and all of them, when referred to as the  
"Yankees of South America."

On the promenades or when shopping,  
riding and attending to ordinary social  
duties, they are attired quite as fashionably  
as any of their sisters further north.

While attending church services, how-  
ever, they invariably dress in black and  
discard the latest French fashions in mill-  
inery for a mantua, which has a bewitching  
effect when worn by one of these glorious  
senoritas. The mantua is the common  
head-dress of the poorer classes.

The brunette is the more common type  
of beauty, though a magnificent type of  
blonde is not uncommon. The brunettes  
have clear, olive skins, their eyes big