THE APPEAL.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. SAINT PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897. $2.40 PER YEAR.

IN MOSQUITA.

GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS AND CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

A Bluefields Funeral With No Chief Mourners and Curious Religious Rites—A Dutch Privateer Used to Prowl Around the Coasts—A Mercenary Monarch.

Bluefields, Nicaragua, —Special Correspondence.—Although the late King Robert, Monarch of Mosquitia, in his own estimattion declared the religion of this coast to be that of the established church of England, it must be confessed to this day religion of any sort is at the lowest ebb. The established church does not appear to have made any special effort toward bringing the natives into its aristocratic fold—probably because too busy with things temporal, in the line of securing the rubber and mahogany of this fertile strip, to have time for spiritual concerns. From time to time in the past dissenting ministers have attempted to disseminate their doctrines in Mosquitia; but as they never found favor with the British officers and agents who ruled the coast they were soon "frozen out" in spite of the climate. It is related that not many years ago a good Methodist brother from the United States succeeded in establishing a sort of church in Bluefields; at any rate he hired a room and secured the attendance of two resident American families—not so much for the sake of their orthodox souls as to pluck the natives as brands from the burning. But not a native came near enough to be plucked; until finally the minister induced a few of the leading Sambos to attend divine worship by giving to each a stiff glass of grog beforehand and promising another after the benediction. So successful was this arrangement that they came with cheering regularity Sunday after Sunday, and the minister's hopes were high. At length one Sabbath afternoon a considerable number of natives flocked in—at the instigation, as afterward developed, of some jocular Englishman, who assured them that spiritual consolation (out of a bottle) would be administered before and after. But it happened, unfortunately, that the worthy missionary's demijohn was exhausted, and no miracle was wrought like unto that of the widow's cruse of oil. He sought to compensate for the deficiency by an unusual flow of eloquence, and for a time flattered himself that he was producing a lasting impression. His discourse, however, was suddenly interrupted by one of the chiefs who arose and indignantly exclaimed, "All talk! No grog—no good!" and stalked away, followed by the entire native audience, with responsive grunts, "No grog—no good."

A Bluefields Funeral.

Since that day the increased American element has made some little improvement in means of grace for the community; but as a class the Sambos are yet strongly attached to their old-time heathenish rites—half African, half Indian—in which Jamaica rum figures conspicuously. A countryman of ours, who visited Bluefields a few years ago, tells of a funeral which took place at a small settlement not far up the river. He was the guest of the Englishman who at that time was the "power behind the throne," the real ruler of Mosquitia, with a black King for a figurehead to the ship of state. They rowed up the river, which was covered with pitpans filled with men and women bound for the funeral, all dressed in their brightest, laughing, shouting, and exerting themselves to the utmost in the race to arrive first at the scene of woe. The village was a little group of huts set close to shore, shaded by palm and breadfruit trees. A crowd of Sambos were collected on the bank, and the monotonous beating of the "tum-tum," or rude native drum, filled the air, relieved by an occasional deep blast on an enormous hollow pipe, which sounded like the distant bellowing of an ox. At regular intervals this alleged music ceased for a moment, and the brief pause was filled by distant wailings, low and indescribably mournful—probably like those which "murdered sleep" for us throughout our first night in Bluefields—to be quickly drowned by the monotonous drum and pipe. Pushing their way to the center of the group on shore, they saw a small pitpan, cut in half, in one part of which lay a corpse, wrapped in cotton cloth. It was that of a middle-aged man, and was terribly disfigured by the loathsome disease here known as bulpis—a species of leprosy which is very prevalent along this coast and with the aid of rum is rapidly thinning out the native population.

No Chief Mourners.

Around the pitpan stood a number of women with palm branches in their hands, which they waved in fruitless efforts to keep off the flies that swarmed over the dead man. Their frizzled hair stood out from their heads like the snakes on the brow of the fabled Gorgon, and they waved their bodies to and fro, keeping a kind of treadmill step to the measure of the doleful tum-tum.

With the exception of these women and the men who beat the drum and blew the pipe, nobody appeared to take the slightest interest in the corpse, the rest gayly chattering with one another, or playing their usual gambling game, which is something like our quoits, while a few were actually asleep under the trees. Suddenly four men, entirely naked except for a loin cloth and daubed all over with variously colored clays, rushed for one of the huts, hastily tied a bit of rope to the piece of pitpan containing the cadaver, and dashed away toward the woods dragging it after them like a sledge, bumping and bounding over roots and other obstructions and occasionally almost snatched from its moorings by some insistent vine. But on they rushed, pell mell, as if the demons of darkness were in hot pursuit, closely followed by the Gorgon-headed women and the men with the drum and foghorn, each keeping time as best he could, while the spectators hurried after, one of them carrying the empty half of the pitpan on his head, like a helmet. Into the thickest of the jungle they penetrated till a comparatively clear place was reached, covered with low, dark underbrush. Here a shallow trench was waiting, into which the half boat containing the corpse was placed and the other half inverted over it. Then the women threw in their palm branches, and the painted negroes rapidly filled in the earth. While this was going on other men were collecting sticks and palm branches, with which a little hut was quickly built over the new-made grave. In the hut was placed an earthen vessel full of water; the dead man's turtle spear was stuck deep into the ground near his head, and a fantastic fellow with an old musket discharged three or four rounds over the spot to scare away any evil spirits that might be prowling near.

Curious Religious Rite.

Then the crowd surged back to the village as hastily as they came, where the painted pallbearers seized some heavy machetes and, without an instant's loss of time, cut down all the palm trees that surrounded the hut their dead comrade had occupied. This was done as silently and quickly as possible, and when finished the men ran down to the river and plunged out of sight in the water, a kind of lustration, or purifying process, deemed of the utmost importance after such service had been rendered. Why the palm trees are cut down is one of the mysteries of "religion." The natives do not know why it must be done, except that it was practiced by their ancestors in Africa, who also planted a cocoanut tree upon the birth of every child, but the rest of the ceremony is easily explained. The Sambos believe that death results from the influence of a demon called Wulasha, who, ogrelike, feeds upon corpses. To secure their dead friends from this horrible fate it is necessary to lull the demon to sleep and then steal away the body and bury it, after which it will be safe.

That accounts for the drowsy drum and the droning pipe and the slow, soothing dance of the women—for "Wulasha" is very fond of music and susceptible to female charms, hence the Gorgon tresses. Meanwhile, in the darkened recesses of some hut, the pallbearers bedaub themselves with paint and clay, so that the demon may not afterward recognize and torment them, and when the latter is supposed to have been lulled into a sound slumber they seize the opportune moment to bury the dead. Subsequently, if the water which he left in the vessel on the grave disappears, as it is sure to do, the ware being broken, which is proof conclusive that he escaped the maw of "Wulasha." Then great feasting ensues, in the form of a general "seckrow," or feast of the dead—an orgie which continues for days and is appropriately characterized as 'a big drunk." Mungo Park and Clapperton have described similar scenes in Central Africa, which certainly seem more African than American in their origin.

A Dutch Privateer.

Among other things which this coast owes to the old-time pirates and buccaneers is the name of its capital and that of the adjacent

(Continued in 7th. Column.)

MILWAUKEE.

THE CREAM CITY OF THE LAKES AND ITS NEWS.

Items of all Sorts Gathered Together by Our Ubiquitous Reporter and Served up in Dainty Style for the Delectation of Our Readers.

Mr W. H. Lyons is on the sick list.

Mr. Thos. McNeil has returned from Chicago.

Mr. A. G. Burgett says prosperity has reached him.

Mr. James L. Gaines has gone to Chicago on business.

Mrs. R. H. Anderson is able to be out again after being ill a few days.

Mr. Littleton Jones of Chicago spend a few days in the city the guest of Mrs. Littleton Jones 407 Wells St.

Some of our young men are trying to turn the Literary Society into a beer garden, but Pres. S. A. Robinson says nit.

Mrs. Chas. Barker has gone to Pullman Ill., where she has accepted a position as head pastry cook at Hotel Florence.

Mr A. T. Broady jumped out of a window instead of taking chances and going out the door. He is now troubled with a lame ankle for being so hasty.

The Coon Town and chute the chutes ladies can be seen any Sunday afternoon riding their wheels on Wells St., which is a regular boulevard for wheels on a nice day.

The Rev Gentleman who took his text in Hebrew 12th chap. and 14th verse a few Sundays since, and wound up by trying to condemn the Afro-Americans who belong to white congregations, and stated to his hearers that Afro-Americans were not wanted in the churches where white people worship; had better remember the admonition of Davy Crockett which is: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." To this gentleman we will put one question; does your congregation want you? If so, why does it not support it's pastor properly? He also claimed that there were 1500 Afro-Americans in this city, and yet were not able to support one minister. What if there are this number here, do you suppose they all belong to one denomination? There are others here besides Methodists. We have ladies and gentlmen here who have been members of white churches since Wisconsin was a territory, and they were welcome in the churches here at that time when we were only chattle and today we are citizens. We will say in conclusion to the Reverend gentleman, we have no greviances in our churches. We keep our ministers from 15 to 20 years. So dont let these people who belong to other congregctions worry you. There are hardly 1500 Afro-Americans in the state.

The Coterie Club's entertainment on the 25th ult. was a grand affair. All of the young people were out in full force. The following program was rendered. Piano solo Mrs W. H. Hargrow; Select reading Capt. Adolph Thirll; Stick performance Mr. Harry Bland; Music, piano J. J Miles Jr; Club swinging Prof. M. Carter; Music Piof M. Berry; Recitation the manic Mr Jas Johnson; Violin and Piano duett Mesdames Bell and Hargrow; Piano seletion Prof M. Berry. After the exercises the following gentlemen were chosen as judges to select the Queen of May: Capt. J, B. Buford, Sir Knight Jas Stewart and J. J. Miles. After casting 26 ballots, owing to the fact that all the ladies present were belles the judges selected Miss Inez Peck as the Queen of May. She was escorted to the stage and there crowned with a beautiful (invisable) wreath? Mr Adolph Thrill and Miss M. Berry led the Grand March after which dancing was begun and continued until 3:20 a. m. Prof. Lawrence's orchestra furnished the music. Mr Willie Hawkins acted as monitor. He delivered a very appropriate address of welcome. Too much credit can not be given the Wandering Willies for the manner in which they conducted their entertainment The following are the names of three who attended the Coterie Club intertainment from the State: Miss Davis and Oliver Davis Racine; Mr and Mrs Hall Foundalac; Miss M. Dodge Kennasha and Col. Walter Cartwright.

The medical man in the army. There are two Regiments of Cavalary in the United States Army the 9th 10th and one of Infantry composed of Afro-Americans the 25th. Each regiment has several Hospital Corps, just how many I am not prepared to state and several Surgeons to each regiment who rank as Captains with a Captains pay. With Hospital Stewards to every regiment who ranks as Sergeants 1st and 2nd. The Hospital Steward must be a man who is up in medicine. He it is who mixes all medicines for the troopers, pough boys and officers and must stand an examination in pharmacy which is rigid as he is next to the Doctor in knowledge of Materia Medica. And he must also be a man who knows how to nurse sick soldiers in the field and hospital. He has underneath him a corps of hospital attendants regular enlisted men like himself who make up the beds in the wards bathe sick soldiers and help dress their wounds etc. under the direction of himself and the doctor. He is allowed to keep a small drug store belonging to himself and sell medicines to civilians soap toilet articles etc. But he must visit the wholesale dealers out of his own pocket and not make the mistake and get in Uncle Sam's medicine chest and sell it. The doctor's are allowed to practice on civilians also. Now do you know that in the three Afro-Americans regiments we have not one solitary doctor or hospital steward and those positions are all filled by white men who are getting rich making money hand over fist while our doctor's some of them go to these large cities hang out their shingle and starve and wear their pants thread bare and their coats out waiting for a patient While they can get in the army and live like the rest of those fellows and make money. What's the matter with the Faculty of Meharry it seems to be asleep. Why don't they wake up and find a job for some of their graduates?

CHICAGO.

THE "WORLD'S FAIR CITY" VIEWED BY THE APPEAL MAN.

A Compilation of a Number of Happenings, Social and Otherwise, Among the Afro-Americans of the Second City of This Glorious Union.

Mr. A. J. Worthington, of 921 W. Lake street, left last week for Winden, Ont., on business.

Mr. J. D. Thompson of 157 Emerson Ave., who has been visiting in the East will return to Chicago next week.

Mr. Oscar Bean of Omaha Neb., is in the city. He is stopping temporarily at the home of Rev J. E. Ford 3712 Dearborn street.

The B and O. has put on a large number of Afro-Americans as parlor car men and train porters on its Pittsburg and Cincinnati Division.

Mr Louis L Winston of Natchez Miss., spent several days in the city this week seeing the sights. He was the guest of Mr Chas H Smyth, 3010 Armour Ave.

Mrs Anderson, president of the Ladies International Association has recoveard from a severe illness which threatened at one time to become serious. She is rapidly regaining her strength.

Mr. William Harvy and Miss Emma Papenon were joined in holy bond of matrimony Wednesday evening May 26th at the residence of Rev. J. E Ford, who performed the ceremony, The mother of the groom and a gentleman friend were all that were present to witness the marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will reside at 3728 Dearborn St.

Morris Brown College.

Atlanta, Ga., June 2.—The commencement exercises of Morris Brown College took place today. The program was as follows: Chorus—"The Lord's Prayer," Rowley. Essay—"Intellectual Progress of the Negro Race"—Albertha H. Holsey. Chorus—"Jubelate," Masenthal. Oration—"The Christian Minister,"—Robert L. Pope, Athens. Chorus—"Bonum Est."—Danks. Essay—"What Woman Can Do."—Mary J. Gholikely, (Graduate,) Augusta. Duett—"Till We Meet Again."—Lethia L. Lyons and Bessie L. Roberts, Atlanta. Presentation of Diplomas—Bishop H. M. Turner, D.D., L L D.

MONUMENT

To the Memory of Col. R. G. Shaw is Unveiled on Boston Commons.

Boston, Mass., May 31.—A simple, but impressive, ceremony was enacted here today when the monument to the memory of Col. Robert Gould Shaw was unveiled on Boston commons, directly in front of the state house. Shaw was the colonel of he Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Infansry, a regiment composed wholly of Afro-Americans who fought during the civil war. He was killed while leading the assault on Fort Wagner, S. C. July 18, 1863.

Bocker T. Washington delivered the oration at the unveiling.

A TRYING MOMENT.

Wife (filling up census paper)—John, dear, do you remember what age I said I was last census?—London Sketch.

SLAVIN WHIPPED.

The Big Australian Knocked Out by the Afro-American.

San Francisco, May 31.—Frank Slavin lasted just two minutes in his fight with Jim Butler of Philadelphia before the California Athletic club tonight. When time was called Slavin rushed at Butler and punched him with his right over the heart. Butler squared himself for the next rush and met Slavin with his left in the face. Slavin forced Butler about the ring, swinging his right and left, windmill fashion. Butler caught the Australian on the jaw with a right swing and the latter fell forward, clasping his opponent about the waist, and both fell to the floor and rolled over, with Butler on top. Referee Billy Madden pulled the men apart and Slavin arose in a dazed condition Butler went after him and swung his left on the jaw, the big Australian falling full length on his back, striking his head on the floor with a resounding thump. He pulled himself up by the ropes after the referee had counted seven, but was clearly unable to continue the fight. Jimmy Carrol jumped into the ring and threw up the sponge for his principal.

Fatal Collision.

Atlanta, Ga., May 31.—Charles Tate was killed while riding his bicycle Sunday evening by colliding with Miss Anna Hunter, a young white girl, also on her wheel. The girl was also seriously hurt.

Bermuda Churches and Customs.

There is no need of Sunday laws in Bermuda. The people are not superstitious, but they are pleasantly religious. It is delightful to live in a place where church going on Sunday is as much a matter of course as going to business on week days, and where the people evidently enjoy their worship. On Sundays the roads and lanes are full of men, women and children on their way to and from church, and the churches are filled morning and evening with worshippers. The Church of England naturally contains the majority of the inhabitants, and its services date back to Rev Richard Buck, who was chaplain to the fleet of Sir George Somers, and installed by shipwreck here in 1609. He become chaplain to the first Assembly of Virginia ten years later. Bermuda is now a separate diocese under the control of the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland, who makes biennial visits. The Church of England has twelve churches and between ten and eleven thousand members here. The Wesleyan Methodists have nine churches and fifteen hundred members, and there are about as many more African Methodists, belonging to a single church. There is a Roman Catholic church at Hamilton and about five hundred and sixty-five adherents to Romanism on the island, exclusive of the Leinster regiment, now quartered here, which has its own chaplain, service and parade at "Prospect" every Sunday morning. Strange to say, there is a Reformed Episcopal church in Bermuda of more than a hundred members, and a vigorous Salvation Army of Afro-West Indians which parades every Sunday afternoon.—Augustus in New York Observer.

LOUISVILLE.

FACTS AND FANCIES OF THE BEAUTIFUL "FALLS CITY."

A Reliable Record of the Happenings Among the Afro-American Residents of the Metropolis of Kentucky—Louisville Local Laconics.

M. Dulaney, aged 57 years, died of consumption at the City Hospital yesterday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. He was admitted to the hospital on May 17, and had gradually got worse until the end came yesterday.

Sam Caldwell, aged 13 years, died at City Hospital yesterday afternoon from the effects of concussion of the brain. He was an tn inmate of the School of Reform, and sustained a bad fall at the above place last week.

Clarence Hightman fell from a street car at Floyd and Chestnut streets in trying to get off while it was in motion, and dislocated his shoulder. The ambulance was called and he was taken to the City Hospital. The physicians there found the injury to be of such a serious nature that they experienced some difficulty in getting the shoulder back into place.

Fred Davis, a little eleven-year old boy, engaged in a rough and tumble fight with another boy at Sixth and Oak streets. Fred was getting the best of the fight, as long as fists were used, so his antagonist picked up a brick and hurled it at his head. The brick landed on Fred's head and fractured his skull. The ambulance was summoned and he was conveyed to the City Hospital, where he is in a serious condition.

Charley Childs lost his money shooting craps with a crowd of other men at Thirty-fourth and avenue, and after getting broke he became sore. He tried to borrow some money, it is charged, but they would not loan him any, and then drawing his revolver he, it is said to have fired into the crowd. Fortunately he did not hit any one, and Patrolman Napier only charged him with malicious shooting at with intent to kill. Childs denies that he did the shooting.

Isaac Lowery, charged with shooting at Ed Dorsey with intent to kill, was held to answer in the Police Court in a bond of $500. Lowery attempted to shoot Dorsey as he lay sleeping, but another man knocked up his arm and the shot entered the ceiling. He and Dorsey had some difficulty at Preston and Green streets several days ago, but were seperated. Lowery got a pistol and on his return found Dorsey sleeping in a chair. He leveled the pistol, but his attempt was fustrated as described.

Kirby Smith, a well-known man, and janitor of certain houses in charge of the Louisville Trust company, who was arrested Thursday on a charge of housebreaking, was honorably acquitted in the Police Court yesterday. Kirby dropped his knife through the grating into the cellar of one of the houses in his charge, and lifted the grating in order to get it. As he came out he was arrested. His employers testified to his good character and he was promptly released.

The commencement exercises at Eckstein Norton University took place at Cane Spring, Ky., this week. The following is the program: Tuesday June 1st, 11 a. m., sermon. At 2 p. m., Reunion of students. 8 p. m. address before the "Simmons" and Advanced Literature Societies by Prof. C. F. Sneed A. M. Wednesday June 2nd, 11 a. m. General Conference, 12 p. m. Training School, 8 p. m. Graduates from Industries; Thursday June 3rd, 11 a. m., Farewell Meeting, 2 p. m. Conservatory of Music, 8 p. m., English Graduates; Friday, June 4th 8 p. m., Temple Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Public Address by Hon. Asher G. Caruth, Ex-M. C.

Quietly Wedded Years Ago.

A marriage that has been kept secret for the last sixteen years has just been made public in Mount Holly. Nearly a score of years ago Frank Rice went west, and his first return to this city was about ten days ago. He went to the residence of Miss Lizzie Frake, a dressmaker living on Pearl street, and they started for Bridgeport, Pa., ostensibly to get married. Upon returning, however, they agreed to divulge their well kept secret, and the announcement of their marriage years ago was made to friends. Mr. Rice now resides at Cripple Creek, Col.—Philadelphia Press.

Drew Plenty of Blanks.

Mrs. A.—Did your husband have any luck in that lottery scheme he went in for? Mrs. B.—I'm afraid not, judging by what he said when the results were announced. "What was that?" "Blankety-blank, blank-blank-blank."—New York World.

GRAPES AND THE APPENDIX.

A Mistake That Has Long Been Popular.

Things have been said about the baneful and delicious juice of the grape ever since the olden time when Noah found out about it and came thereby to grief; but even before that men ate grapes, and only within the last decade have they been talked to about that, says the Washington Times. It is only since surgeons began to make money hunting for grape seeds in the vermiform appendix that people have been afraid to eat grapes, to eat them straight. It now appears that in all the thousands of cases famous, in which this new-fashioned surgical operation has been performed there is not one case in which a grape seed or any other little bullet-shaped thing has been found in the vermiform appendix. The whole interior of the appendix is only big enough to admit a medium-sized darning needle. Nobody knows what it is there for, but it must have been useful at some time. It is a case of the survival of the unfit, like the wisdom teeth, which are of so little use to most people, and the tonsils, which cause so much trouble now and then. The tonsils and the appendix are both unused parts of the body, and peculiarly liable to disease because they are not strengthened by use. If inflammation attacks them they are unable to resist. Thus many diseases which have been ascribed to peritonitis, or colic, or a mysterious providence of some kind, have been due to the diseased condition of this little useless organ of the human system, and if the trouble had been discovered in time the appendix could have been removed and all would have been well. The remedy, therefore, is not in avoiding grape seeds, which do not cause the trouble, but in keeping as well and strong as possible and in case of sudden illness calling a reliable doctor, who will know what the matter is. Somebody once said that most people use a doctor to enable them to sin against the laws of nature with impunity. But that is a bad use for him.

IN MOSQUITA.

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bay and river—derived from the noted Dutch privateer, Bleeveldt, who had his rendezvous here a couple of centuries ago. The Spanish discoverers, finding no precious metal hereabouts, departed for richer fields, leaving the Mosceos in peace among their lagoons and mahogany forests. A hundred and fifty years later, near the middle of the seventeenth century, the buccaneers appeared upon the scene—these "sad sea dogs" from all nations, but mostly from England, who were on intimate terms with the successive Governors of Jamaica and shared with them the spoils of the Spanish main. When the war with Spain was brought to a close, so that it was no longer possible to connive at freebooting, these enterprising sons of Britain determined to obtain possession of Mosquitia, and, incidentally, everything else they could seize, in behalf of the crown. The methods by which these English "agents"—many of them ex-buccaneers, but acting under orders—pressed their pretended rights to this region are too well remembered to need recapitulation.

Under the British protectorate one negro after another was crowned "King," and upheld in his office until the farce ended by the death of "his majesty"—hastened by overindulgence of the cup that cheers and likewise inebriates—good old Jamaica rum. Sir Hans Sloan relates how one of these dusky monarchs was taken to Jamaica to be educated, but regularly escaped his lessons by shinning up a tree, in whose topmost branches he perched all day among his brother monkeys. A fair sample of these half-savage monarchs (but never for a moment rulers) selected by the Englishmen as suitable tools—either because of the degree of their influence or ignorance—was that miserable creature, Robert Charles Frederick I., who was invested simultaneously with the title of King and his first pair of trousers.

A Mercenary Monarch.

Soon after donning the "purple" (or, rather, blue jeans) he proceeded to make over the whole coast of Nicaragua, Belize, and Honduras to a company of New York capitalists—receiving in pay for this princely grant six barrels of rum and a bundle of cotton pantaloons! Fortunately such a wealth of "spirits" proved too much for the delicate constitution of his majesty, and he quickly gave up the ghost; to be succeeded by his son, George William Clarence, who was duly proclaimed "King" by the British, while the distressed people of Nicaragua and Honduras were making frantic but fruitless appeals to the world at large for redress. The grants made by the drunken Robert Charles Frederick I. to the Yankee speculators were taken to Europe and made the basis of several attempts at colonization; all of which terminated with the death of the deluded emigrants, from fever and other diseases of the "tierra caliente." Finally the grants found their way to New York, and into the hands of Mr. H. L. Kenney, who purchased them conditionally and set on foot that short-lived enterprise known as the "Kenney expedition." In the autumn of 1855 this gentleman, accompanied by a number of eager adventurers, availed themselves of the grants and privileges thus purchased and proceeded to Graytown, where they commenced the execution of their plans. But they met with unforeseen difficulties and discouragements, principally owing to the feud then existing between the Nicaraguans and the "Accessory Transit Compane," and, although their leader was made Governor, the "Kenney colony" one by one deserted—most of them to join the forces of General Walker, the filibuster, who by that time was making great pretentions in Central America. And at last Governor Kenney himself departed in haste, "between two days," with his name indorsed on another man's passport.

Ruled by a Sambo Chief.

After a nominal protectorate of 195 years, Great Britain, by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, resigned all claims to the Mosquito coast, and ten years later, under the treaty of Managua, graciously ceded it to Nicaragua—to which country it had always rightfully belonged. The "King" of that day (his illustrious name has escaped my memory), consented to the arrangement, on condition of retaining his administrative functions and receiving a subvention, equivalent to $5,000 per year, for a period of ten years. But he died in a few months, and Nicaragua has never recognized his successor. Nevertheless, the "reserva Mosquita' continues to be ruled by a Sambo chief, elected by his fellows, and assisted by a sable court, or council which assembles at Bluefields.

Land cannot now be bought within the reservation, but can be leased, at the rate of 5 cents per acre, for a term not exceeding fifty years. The soil is said to be of remarkable fertility, and there is a considerable export trade—chiefly in India rubber, mahogany, ginger, sarsaparilla, and tortoise-shell. The treaty of 1880 provided seven schools in the territory, which instruct the Indians in their own language and in English—yet a more ignorant, lazy, superstitious, and altogether hopeless lot could hardly be found.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

He Was Willing.

There was a little boy whose mother had made a little Lord Fauntleroy of him, training his hair in long curls, and dressing him in black velvet knickerbockers and jacket, ornamented with white lace.

One day a large girl thought to frighten the picturesque little chap by rushing toward him brandishing a large pair of scissors and exclaiming:

"I'll cut off your curls!"

The little Lord Fauntleroy was not frightened. He merely replied in a shrill little voice:

"Wish you would!"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Successful Alibi.

"We can prove an alibi for my client, your honor," said the lawyer. "He does not deny that he is a person of bad reputation, but, in respect to this particular robbery, he was two miles away from the scene at the time."

"And just where was he at that hour?" asked the Judge.

"He was about to force an entrance into the late dwelling of Colonel Burkus, on Q street, when he discovered that the house had recently been vacated, about which time he was ordered to move on by Officer Browne."—Harper's Bazar.

The Real.

"Is it possible?" he sighed, as he saw the damsel pass. "Can she be a false friend? False? In a realistic play? It is not possible. It is impossible, and realism makes a specialty of the impossible. What shall I do?"

Pressing his hand to his brow, he decided that a neat song and dance would be about the thing.—Detroit Tribune.

Not Fit for a Juror.

Lawyer—May it please the court, I object to that man as a juror.

Judge—Your reason?

"I have three witnesses who can swear that it isn't a week since they saw him at a newsstand looking over the papers."—New York Weekly.

The Look.

Thereupon the fairy princess gave the fairy prince a freezing look.

"Farewell!" he exclaimed.

Taking the look, he went into the ice business, and lived happily to the end of his life.—Detroit Tribune.