

MOONLIGHT, OR MORNING?

BY CELESTE M. A. WISLAW.
Feebly a light creeps in at the casement,
Doubtful if yet it shall linger or flee,
Clasping night's tendrils with dim interlacement,
Waking a dull, dreamy wonder in me;

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Church Torrington was perhaps the greatest coward in New York.
Don't misunderstand us, gentle reader—physically speaking our young hero was as brave as Bayard, and daintier as Cœur de Lion.

As one by one the companions of his boyhood and early youth vanished out of the path of bachelorhood and entered into the promised land of matrimony, Church Torrington viewed them with a not unenviable mind.

And Harry Leslie, a wag of forty, who always had a knack of finding out everybody else's weak points, said:
"Of all that set are married except Church Torrington, and he'll be a bachelor all the days of his life because he hasn't got the courage to ask any girl to love him. I don't know, though, either," he added reflectively.

Nevertheless, in the face of all these obstacles, Church Torrington was in love.

Miss Violet Purple was as pretty and blooming a little lassie as ever tripped down the sunny side of Broadway under a thread-lace parasol on a June afternoon. She was very plump and rather small, with soft blue-gray eyes, eyebrows like twin arches of jet, shining chestnut hair like white velvet, just flushed with the softest pink on either dimpled cheek.

And she had a way of carrying her head piquantly on one side, spoke with the slightest possible of lisps, always wore a rose in her hair, and was altogether precisely the sort of a girl a man's fancy was apt to conjure up when he thought of the possibility of a wife to cheer the gloom of his solitary home.

Violet Purple was born to be married—you couldn't think of her as an old maid any more than you could think of strawberries without cream, or a satin slipper without a dainty foot to fit it; and, whenever she thought of the probability of the catastrophe, a face like the mustached physiognomy of Mr. Church Torrington outlined itself through the misty vapors of her day-dream.

But Mr. Church was so dreadfully bashful—he wouldn't propose—and poor little Violet was nearly at her wits' end what to do in this dire perplexity. A girl of any delicacy can't very well ask a man to have her, and Violet had done everything else. She had smiled sweetly upon him, given him rose buds out of her ball bouquets, sent him embroidered cigar cases, and returned a gentle pressure when he had ventured to squeeze her hand at parting; and what, we ask the reader, could a girl do more?

And still, in spite of all this, Mr. Torrington persisted in keeping his love to himself. In vain Aunt Serepta took her up stairs, and left the drawing-room free to twilight and the lovers—in vain Violet put on her prettiest dresses and curled her hair, with a special eye to Mr. Torrington's taste.

Old Mr. Purple—whose name was not a bad description of the general hue of his face—began to wonder "what in the world young Torrington meant by coming here so much and keeping better men away!" and hinted very broadly at the propriety of Violet's being more gracious to a certain banker, a friend of his, who was supposed to be especially attracted by the blue-gray eyes and the jet arched brows.

And little Violet took to crying at night on her lace-edged pillows, and Aunt Serepta, a tall, spare, maiden lady, who had only recently come up from the country to take charge of her brother's household, scarcely knew what to do.

"Violet," quoth the aunt, "what ails you?"
"I don't know, aunt."

"How long has Mr. Torrington been visiting here?"
"I don't know; about three years."

"Does he care for you, Violet?"
"I don't know, aunt," she replied, blushing and rosy.

"Do you care for him?"
"I don't know, aunt," she said, blushing still more deeply.

"Then why on earth don't he propose, and have done with it?"
"I don't know, aunt." This time in a sort of despairing accent.

Miss Serepta Purple set herself to untangle this Gordian knot of circumstances as she would a "snarl" in her skeins of mixed wools; and when Miss Serepta set herself about a thing, she was generally in the habit of accomplish-

ing it.
"I'll go and see him myself," was the result of a long day of meditation on Miss Serepta's part; "and I won't let Violet know about it."

Mr. Church Torrington sat in his leather covered easy chair, looking out a difficult case in Estoppels when his clerk announced "a lady;" and, turning abruptly around, he encountered the gaze of Miss Serepta Purple's spectacled orbs.

He colored scarlet as he dragged forth a chair, and stammered out some incoherent sentence or other—for was not she Violet's aunt?—the aunt of the fair damsel whom he worshipped afar off and in silence!

"Thank you," said Miss Purple, depositing herself on the chair as one might set down a heavy trunk—"I've come on business."

"Indeed!"
"Because," said Miss Purple, edging her chair a little nearer that of the young lawyer, "I think it's time this business was settled."

"What business?"
"Thank you," echoed Mrs. Purple, with a beligerent tone of her head; "as if you do not know well enough what I am talking about—why getting married, to be sure!"

Mr. Torrington grew a shade or two paler. Was it possible that this ancient maiden still contemplated the probability of matrimony? Had she then selected him for her victim? He looked at the back window—it opened on a blind alley, which led nowhere. He glanced at the door; but Miss Purple's gaunt form effectually barred that means of egress. No—there was nothing but to sit still and face the worst that fate had in store for him.

"You see," went on Miss Serepta, "I am not blind if I am getting into years, and I can see as well as anybody what you mean by coming so often to our house. But still I think you ought to have spoken out like a man. I'm willing, and I don't suppose my brother will object, as you seem to be able to keep a wife!"

"You—you are very kind!" stammered Mr. Torrington.
"Is it to be yes or no—about the marriage, I mean?"

"I shall be most happy, I am sure!" fluttered our miserable hero.
"Spoken like a man! It's what I knew you meant all the time," cried Aunt Serepta, rising to her feet, and actually depositing an oscular demonstration, meant for a kiss, on Church's forehead. "I knew I should like you!"

Church stared. This was not exactly etiquette; but the whole matter was really so strange and unprecedented that he hardly knew what to think.

"And when will you come round to brother Jacob's and tell the folks all about it—for I suppose you'd like to tell them yourself? This evening?"

"Y—yes, if you say so!"
"Y—yes, if you say so!"

"It's as good a time as any, I suppose. Of course you won't mention that I said anything to you about it? I'd rather it should seem unstudied."

"Naturally enough!" thought poor Church.

But he promised, with a faint smile, and parted from Miss Purple, almost shrinking from the vigorous grasp of the hand which she unhesitatingly bestowed upon him.

No sooner was Church Torrington alone than the full horror of his position rushed upon him. What had he done? To what had he committed himself?
"It serves me right," he muttered, grinding his teeth, "when I could have won the love of the sweetest little fairy the sun ever shone on. It was simply idiotic of me to allow a middle-aged termagant to take possession of me, as though I were a cooking-stove or a second-hand clock! She will marry me, and I shall be a captive for life, simply because I was too much of a noodle to save myself. Oh, dear, dear! this is a terrible scrape for a poor fellow to get into! But there is no help for it now. If I were to back out, she'd sue me for a breach of promise. If I were to go to Australia, she would follow me there as sure as fate! I'm a lost man!"

And Church Torrington proceeded straight to the mansion where dwelt the inexorable Serepta.

And, behold! as he knocked at the door, Miss Purple herself opened the door, and mysteriously beckoned him in.

"I saw you coming," she said, in a low, eager tone. "I've been on the look-out. Excuse me, my dear, but I really feel as if I must kiss you once more. We're going to be relations, you know."

"Relations! I should think so!" groaned Church Torrington, taking the kiss as a child would a quinine powder. Miss Serepta patted him on the shoulder.

"Then go in," she said, nodding mysteriously toward the door beyond.

"Go in—where?" stammered our bewildered hero.

"Why, to Violet, to be sure!"

"To Violet! Was it Violet that you meant?"

"To be sure it was! Who did you suppose I meant—me?"

This last suggestion, hazarded as the wildest improbability by Miss Serepta, called the purple color up into Church's cheek.

"Miss Purple, pardon me," he said; "but I've been a stupid blockhead. Don't be angry, as you say we're going to be relations."

And he took the spinster in his arms and bestowed upon her a kiss which made its predecessor appear but the shadow and ghost of kisses—a kiss which sounded as though Mr. Church Torrington meant it.

Do behave yourself!" cried Miss Serepta.

"Yes, I'm going to," said Church, and he walked straight into the drawing-room, where little Violet was dreaming over an unread book of poems. She started as he entered.

"Mr. Torrington, is it you?"
"Yes, it is I," said Church, inspired with new courage. "Violet, darling, I love you—will you consent to be my wife?"

"Are you in earnest, Church?"
"Y—yes, I'm in earnest. It's what I've been waiting to say to you for the last six months, but I have not dared to venture. Come, you will not send me away without an answer. Say yes, darling."

"Yes," Violet answered, so faintly that only true love's ears could have discerned the faltering monosyllable. And Church Torrington felt as if he were the luckiest fellow in all the great metropolis that night.

When Aunt Serepta came in, looking very unconsenting, to light the gas, Church insisted upon another kiss, greatly to that lady's discomposure.

"For you know very well, Aunt Serepta," he said, "you set me the example."

And Aunt Serepta did not look very angry with him.

So they were married with all due flourish of trumpets, and Violet does not know to this day how instrumental the old maiden aunt was in securing her happiness.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

What would I do without "the boys"? How often have they been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from the other. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls the bus driver by name, and orders him to get out of this now, as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name, and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps over the register again, and watches the clerk assign me to ninety-three. "Ninety nothing," he shouts. "Who's in fifteen?"

The clerk says he is saving fifteen for Judge Dryasdust. "Well, he be blowed," says my cheery friend, "give him the attic and put this gentleman in fifteen." And, if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me fifteen himself, and then he calls the porter, and orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in fifteen, and then in the same breath adds, "What time will you be down for supper, Mr. Burdette?"

And he waits for me, and seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, that the waiters do not neglect me; he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of good stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars, and overflows with "thousand-mile tickets;" he knows all the best rooms in the hotels; he always has a key for the car-seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the wood-box or stand outside to accommodate a lady, and he will give up his seat to an old man. I know him pretty well. For three years I have been traveling with him, from Colorado to Maine, and I know the best far out-weighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him. I am glad he is so numerous.—Burdette.

A PITCAIRN ISLANDER.

The islander is a very docile and pleasant man, who submits to an interview with a spirit of true Christian resignation. He described the manners, customs and enjoyments of the ninety-six persons inhabiting the islands. From his account, their life discounts in simplicity the sojourn of the exiled Duke in the forest of Arden. There is no such thing as money in circulation on the islands. As an example, if one islander has two shirts and another has none, the one with two cheerfully gives one shirt to the other. Then if the man who had two shirts wants any sweet potatoes, yams, or a fowl, he goes to the place of the other man and supplies his want. The people wear English styles of clothing. They get garments of various kinds from whaling ships and other vessels touching at the island, and give in exchange oranges, bananas, limes, sweet potatoes, coconuts, pumpkins and fowls. In exchange of this kind, the sailors generally get the best of the bargain. The islanders dwell in houses made of boards, sawed from timber grown on the island. All of the natives profess the Christian religion. The principal charm of life on that tropical isle consists of singing hymns like those which Moody and Sankey sing. On Sundays there is service in the church morning and evening, and Sunday-school in the morning. There is prayer-meeting Tuesday evening, and Bible-class Thursday evening. There are week-day schools where instruction in English is given.

ASUNDER: He escorted his sweetheart to the gallery one day, and had her picture taken. She selected the impression she liked best, and a few days afterward a dozen photos were sent home to her. When Charles called in the evening, he asked her how she was pleased with them. "Pretty well," she answered, "only they're so awfully pale; they don't show the color of my skin at all." "Oh, never mind about that," encouragingly added Charley; "I've got some yellow ochre home and will touch 'em up for you." Then a big gulf seemed to open between them, and it remains open yet.

WARM AND COLD BATHS.

The physiological effects of warm and cold baths are thus noted by a writer in an English medical journal:

Warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that which is brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and, although the dilation is followed by a contraction, this contraction is seldom excessive, and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened in the cold bath.

The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and, by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, it decreases the call which is made upon certain of the vital processes, and enables life to be sustained with a less expenditure of force.

While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles if continued too long, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The final effect of both hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, is the same, the difference being, to use the words of Brann, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important difference between the cold-water system and the thermal mode of treatment."

A LANGUAGE OF OUR OWN.

Charles Dudley Warner, speaking of American literature and its individuality says: "In the novel of a distinguished Englishman, which was recently published it is not by a first-class English literary man, for Disraeli is not a first-class English writer, there is found a dialect which I cannot understand. In 'Tom Brown at Rugby' there is also a dialect, there are expressions that no American can appreciate. Hence it need not be thought surprising that an Englishman cannot understand our peculiar expressions. We must go on and produce what we can. We must have a national literature. It will be only gained as thus developed. We expect a peculiarity in the French and German literature. Why not in ours? Their literature is impregnated with monarchial ideas. Ours should teach republicanism. Our House of Representatives, which is not so friendly to the literature of the land as it is to the steel trade, might take a hint from this thought. Those wise men at Washington, from whom we take our manners, and who mold our laws, should remember that for fifty years this country has been swayed and affected by the literature afforded it. That literature has been essentially English. Through its teachings has grown up some infidelity to the Declaration of Independence. Is it not worth the while of our Representatives, even at some pecuniary cost, to foster a literature which shall encourage free institutions?"

DREAMS PRODUCED BY OPIUM.

The Chinese, both at home and abroad, are, it is well known, much addicted to the use of this powerful narcotic for producing sleep with dreams. The Indo-English Government all but subsists by this infamous traffic, which they forced on the Celestials by the bayonet. But among the millions of people who have resorted to the use of this drug Thomas De Quincy is the only writer who has given the world a description of the sensations he experienced. He found that time became annihilated, as did also space; dead persons became alive again, and intense heat was transformed in a moment into Arctic winter. Animals are liable to have revelations in their slumbers, and after eating heavily they are seen to start up in their sleep as if undergoing the horrors of some terrible nightmare. Music has been composed during sleep, as Tartini's "Devil's Sonata," and the same may be said of poetry.

THE LAMENT OF THE ANCIENT JOKE.

Whither art thou traveling, venerable Joke? The way is rough, the air is chill, and thy strength is well nigh spent and thy habiliments are threadbare and torn. Come, rest thee; thou hast lived long, thou hast visited many climes, thou hast acted well thy part. And the Joke replied, "Nay, I was present in the garden; I beguiled the tedious confinement of Noah and his family during the deluge; I have appeared in all languages in all ages and among all peoples. I have one duty to perform ere I die. I have only to appear in the Harper's 'Drawer.' Then may thy servant depart in peace." And the venerable Joke tottered slowly away, mumbling a prayer that strength might be given it to reach the asylum for superannuated witicisms before laying itself down to the sleep that knows no waking.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. H. P. HUBBARD, of New Haven has prepared a "Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World," in which the newspapers of the world have, for the first time, been classified. From the advance sheets it is learned that there are published 34,274 newspapers and periodicals, with a circulation, in round numbers, of 116,000,000 copies, and an annual aggregate circulation reaching 10,522,000,000 copies, or about six and one-half newspapers per year to each inhabitant of the globe. Europe leads with 19,577, and North America follows with 12,400, the two together making over nine-tenths of all the publications in existence. Asia has 775, South America 699, Australia 661, and Africa 132. Of all these 16,500 are printed in the English language, 7,800 in German, 3,850 in French, and over 1,600 in Spanish. There are 4,020 daily newspapers, 18,274 tri-weeklies and weeklies, and 8,508 issued less frequently.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Woman's Noblest Mission.
"Our populace and our Philistines must have more civilized conceptions of life before they can learn to cook, and they must learn to cook before they can understand life."—Saturday Review.

Lady mine, since you are rich in charming culinary lore,
Let me enter, too, the kitchen,
Where I never was before.
Teach me the art of frying, boiling—
How to make the perfect jam;
I shall be contented long,
There with you.

Teach me to dress dainty dishes,
Scapes and curries with their rice—
How to crisp those little fishes
Known as whitebait in a trice.
You make omelets that would lure a
Hermit into wild excursions;
You're a neat hand at a purse,
All contents.

Men may come, and also men go,
As the Laureate has told,
But with fowl "a la Marseilles"
Will affection never wax cold;
Well may we say "a la Marseilles"
Sweetbread of the tender lamb on
" Sauce supreme!"

Better far than arts esthetic,
Crested-walk and peacock fans,
Are these studies dietic,
Carried on 'mid pots and pans.
This is woman's true position
Herat into wild excursions;
And a lady's noblest mission
Is to cook.
—London Parlor.

Dr. Schlemmer's Courtship.

"It is now twelve years," he says, "since I met my wife in the house of her parents in Athens. In the course of the conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The young 18-year-old girl, as she talked turned upon the lid, recited for me a long piece from that work with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the same day I was able to tell her, 'Next Thursday will be our wedding day.' And Thursday was our wedding day, for important business called me at once to Paris. We made our wedding journey thither. Then came the time for learning. I recited Homer to her and she repeated it after me. During our married life we have not had a single falling out—not even our Agamemnon and his sister. The only dispute we ever had was when we had different ideas about the rendering of a passage in Homer."

Debt and Credit.

"Let bygones be bygones," said she, after she had managed to quarrel with him on the way home from the circus. He reflected awhile: "And is this the end?"
"Y—yes, if you say so."

"I did then; I don't now."

"And you want bygones to be bygones?"
"Y—yes."

"Who's to pay for all the ice-cream?"
"Leave me, mercenary wretch! Name your price for your valuable services, and I will see it paid."

Next morning's post brought her the following:

MISS SMITH TO MR. SCHLEMMER, DE.
Dr.
To six rills, \$1 each, including ink, 6.00
To 15 order books, 7.50
To 15 sappers at church festivals, \$1.50 22.50
To 15 hatches at church festivals, \$1.50 22.50
To 42 tickets to the circus, 42.00
To 10 bottles (10¢ each), 1.00
To suit of clothes (per intimidation), 50.00
To 100 secretaries, 100.00
To 46 broken promises, .25
To one broken heart, 500.00
By 100 secretaries, 100.00
To raising my hopes, etc., 5,000.00
To firing me out after the circus, 1.20
Total, \$5,009.95

By going with another fellow (4), 8.00
By breaking broken heart (3), .45
By hugging me (400), 400.00
By sitting on my lap, 1,000.00
By extinguishing hopes, .75
By 22,450 kisses and hugs, 1 cent. 2,245.00
Balance due, \$5,009.95

Total, \$5,009.95
She met him at the door. "Come into the parlor, Charley," she said, "and I'll pay you." An hour afterward she was contracting a fresh debt at the ice-cream saloon near by.

HUXLEY ON THE INFERIORITY OF WOMEN.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, we accept the inequality of the sexes as one of nature's immutable laws; call it a fact that women are inferior to men in mind, morals and physique; concede all that the labored arguments of scientists and theologians have sought to prove. How or why should this settle or materially affect the subject of so-called woman's rights? Would such inferiority be a valid reason for denying to women freedom and opportunity to improve and employ whatever talents they may possess? Would it even be a sufficient reason for refusing them representation in a Government like ours, where neither "race, color nor previous condition of servitude" precludes citizenship? On the contrary, would not this very inferiority be a reason why every advantage should be given the weaker sex, not only for its own good, but for the highest development of the race?

AN AUTOGRAPH FRENDS DODGE.

An autograph-hunter, finding his efforts to obtain signatures unavailing, hit upon a notable plan. He wrote a letter to various eminent men setting forth that he was a ship-owner; that he was about to launch a fine vessel, and that he proposed to confer upon it the name of the person he had the honor to address, but before doing so he felt bound to inquire if he had any objection. Every one wrote to protest that he only felt highly honored, and his signature at the foot of the letter was forthwith transferred to the ingenious gentleman's little book. Carlyle was one of the persons thus victimized. The request came to him late in life, and he was much pleased at this evidence of the far-reaching influence of his works, and spoke kindly to more than one of his visitors of "this foolish ship-owner," who, it turned out, was not quite so foolish as he seemed.

REFORM THE LANGUAGE.

The idiosyncrasies of the English language are no better illustrated than in the following doggerel which is sailing around the newspapers:

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not axes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
The plural of goose isn't geeses nor geoses;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, and not mooses.
Mouse, is it true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses, not hices;
And foot it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

THE SNAKE DANCE.

Horrible Religious Rites of an Arizona Indian Tribe.

Lieut. Bourke, who was sent out by Gen. Sheridan to make investigations among the Indians, gave a graphic account of a curious and horrible religious ceremony practiced by the Moquis, a remarkable tribe of Indians living in Northern Arizona. "I will say in as few words as possible," (writes the Lieutenant to Gen. Sheridan) "that the Moquis had a procession, divided into two parts—one of the chorists and gourd-rattlers, the other of forty-eight men and children, twenty-four of whom carried snakes and the other twenty-four acted as attendants, fanning the snakes with eagle feathers. The horrible reptiles were carried both in the hands and in the mouth.

It was a loutish sight to see a long file of men carrying these simious monsters between their teeth, and tramping around a long circle to the accompaniment of a funeral dirge of rattles and monotonous chanting. After a snake had been thus carried around the circle it was deposited in a sacred lodge of cottonwood saplings covered with a buffalo robe, and its place taken by another. Thus it was not hard to calculate the number used which was not far from one hundred—rather over than under—and half the number were rattlesnakes.

The procession entered through an arched opening in the line of the arrow-heads, four times around the circle, embracing both the sacred lodge and the sacred rock, and then formed in two single ranks, the chorists facing toward a precipice, and the dancers facing the sacred lodge. The "high priest," as I call him, took a station directly in front of the sacred lodge, and between it and the sacred rock, which latter is a grim-looking pile of weather-worn sandstone, twenty or thirty feet high, having a slight resemblance to a human head. At the foot of it is a niche in which is a piece of black stone bearing a rattlesnake, and at the same time many votive offerings to propitiate the deity to send plentiful rains. As the procession files round the little plaza, the "high priest" sprinkles the ground with water, using an earthen bowl and an eagle's feather as a sprinkler. A second medicine-man twirls a peculiar sling, and makes a noise like the falling of copious showers. When the two lines are halted, facing each other, the dancers, who are at first provided with eagle-feathers, wave them gently downward to right and left, while the chorists shake their rattles, making a noise like a rattlesnake, and at the same time sing a low and not unmelancholy chant. When this is finished the high priest holds the bowl toward the sacred lodge, utters a low but audible prayer, and sprinkles the ground again with water. The singing and feather-waving are repeated and the first scene is over.

Nothing at all horrible has occurred as yet. But no time is lost before the second part of the ceremony commences. The chorists remain in their places with the "high priest," while the dancers, two by two and arm in arm, tramp with measured tread in a long circle embracing the sacred lodge and the sacred rock. Your blood chills as you see held by the men on the left snaks of all kinds, wriggling and writhing, while the right-hand man keeps the reptile distracted by fanning its head with eagle feathers. There is no discount on this part of the business. The snakes are carried in the hand and in the mouth, and, as I have already said, some of the rattlesnakes were so large—over five feet—that the dancer could not grasp the whole diameter in his mouth. As the procession filed passed the squaws, the latter threw corned before them on the ground. They snaked when thrown to the earth showed themselves in most cases to be extremely vicious and struck at any one coming near. In such an event, a little corn meal was thrown upon them, and the assistants, running up, fanned them with the eagle feathers until they cooled up, and then he quickly seized them back of the head. After all the snakes had been put under the buffalo robe covering the sacred lodge, there was another prayer, and the second scene ended.

The third scene commenced almost immediately, and was as follows: The snakes were placed in one, two, and half dozens, and thrown into the circle, where they were covered with corn meal. A signal was given, and a number of feet young men grabbed the snakes by handfuls, ran at full speed down the almost vertical path in the face of the men, and upon reaching its foot, let them go free to the north, the south, the east and west. The young men then came back at full run, dashed through the crowd and on to one of the estuvas, where, we were told, they had to swallow a portion to induce copious vomiting, and to undergo other treatment to neutralize any bites they might have received.

In one corner was an altar, which I carefully sketched, while behind it was a loathsome mass of not less than 100 snakes of different varieties, carefully guarded by two old fellows, who seemed to be under the influence of a narcotic, I couldn't learn what. In front of the altar was a covered earthenware basin. I asked permission to withdraw the cover, and saw that the vessel contained four large sea-shells and a liquid of some unknown composition, of which the men who were to handle snakes drank freely.

The Duke of Connaught and the Irishman.

All classes in Ireland are fond of grandeur and circumstance, and the establishment of a royal residence there would have a most beneficial effect. During the stay of the Duke of Connaught in the country, he was, as usual, very affable, and won golden opinions among rich and poor. I was told that one day when he was standing at the door of a hotel, a tatterdemalion came up to him, and with native assurance called out:

"Welcome to Ireland, your Royal Highness! I hope to see your Highness well."

"Quite well. I am much obliged to you," replied the Duke.

"And your royal mother, the Queen?" continued the man. "I hope she is also enjoying good health?"

"Yes, thank you," returned the Duke; "the Queen is very well."

"I am glad to hear it, your Royal Highness. And how are your royal brothers?"

"Get along there, fellow!" said one of the aides-de-camp, who happened to come up at that moment.

"What are you interfering with me for, sir?" retorted the tatterdemalion, much affronted. "Don't you see that I am holding a conversation with your Royal Highness?"—London Society.

Forty per cent. of English gold is so light as to be no longer a legal tender. The Bank of England sends gold coin to the mint for recoining at the rate of £1,000,000 sterling a year. The last calling in of gold coin was in 1842.

WORKING THE TRAINS.

Men Who Make Their Living by Swindling Railroad Passengers.

"They give us a little while once in a while now," said an old Erie railway conductor to a New York reporter, "but we've got 'em down so fine that they can't work our trains with much profit. Ten years ago were the flush times with our monte men and confidence operators."

"It's a funny thing, but it's a fact, that these swindlers are not experts from New York and other big cities, as they would naturally suppose them to be, but are natives of the towns along the road. Waverly, Oswego, Elmira and Binghamton are the places from which they usually come, and I think that these country sharpers can discount anything that comes from the big cities. They presume on their knowledge of the country and their acquaintance with railroad men. They are generally what we call 'low-down' fellows. They don't care for money, and will go further to do any one a favor than I do. I've seen a fellow who started a subscription for a brakeman's family. He was killed at Susquehanna, and left a wife and four children without a cent. I had the paper in Binghamton, where quite a number of the boys were, and was talking about it to some one in the room I could hear. A preacher-looking sort of a fellow was on the platform waiting for a train. He came up to me and says: 'I guess I'll help this brakeman's wife a little.' He wrote down: 'Cash, \$50,' and gave me the money. Who do you suppose he was? John Bailey, the worst confidence man that ever worked a train. He got an even \$100 out of a granger from Allegany county on the 'busted stock-raiser' business. The granger got on to the swindle at Addison. He just necked the fellow, shoved him down the aisle of the car to the platform, and in the struggle Bailey fell off. His father was a county judge in one of the northern counties of Pennsylvania, and they sent his remains home."

"Emigrants ten years ago were big game for the three-card-monte men and other swindlers. It was impossible to watch them because the trains were so long. They could get through with their business and off the train before we knew anything was wrong. 'Big Jersey,' one of the quietest fellows you ever saw, was the boss worker of emigrant trains. He could talk all the languages there are.