

Brazil boasts of receiving 131,000 immigrants last year.

The fisheries of Maine are reported to be on the decline.

Among the American Indians there are 28,663 church members.

California has 187,500 homesteads of 160 acres each that have not been applied for.

The United States occupies one-third of the entire space devoted to machinery at the Paris Exposition.

It is estimated that the Protestant churches of the United States contribute annually \$11,250,000 to foreign missions.

Standard oil and electric lights have combined to make Cleveland, Ohio, the richest city of its population in the world.

According to the officials of the United States Mint there are 100,000,000 of the old-fashioned copper cents still out but not in circulation.

It has been decided that we are to pay high for our sugar this year, but we are likely, says the *Commerical Journal*, to get our biscuits cheap.

The Legislature of Missouri at its recent session passed a bill which prohibits the marriage of first cousins, and declares such marriages absolutely void.

The Government printing office at Washington has not yet been able to turn out in book form all the statistics which were gathered in the census of 1880.

The *Somerville (Mass.) Journal* has noticed that people always fight shy of the young lawyer. He knows altogether too much about law to be of any practical use.

Rye is the bread-grain of eastern and central Europe, and Russia alone produces many more bushels of this than the United States produces of wheat and rye together.

Egypt employs 2500 convicts upon its public works at a very small cost to the country. When the plans of Dr. Crookshank, Director-General of Prisons, are completed, the time of 4000 other prisoners will be profitably employed.

The "scramble for Africa" still continues. According to an announcement in the *London Times*, a number of leading financiers of England and the Cape are about to apply for a charter for a commercial company to take possession of the Central Zambesi Basin.

A Chicago woman has appealed to the courts to protect her against a money shark who is charging her forty-five per cent. interest on a loan secured by a chattel mortgage. In Cincinnati poor women have been known to pay 120 per cent., alleges the *Atlanta Constitution*, without complaining.

A Kansas paper relates that a man in Saline County sowed wheat on the same land for three successive dry years without getting a head of grain. A few years afterward, according to the veracious chronicler, the wheat began to grow, and he has harvested immense wheat crops three successive years without ever plowing or sowing.

The municipality of Berlin intends to create a new establishment for epileptics at Bisdorf, a village near the city. It is intended to hold 700 patients, but may be enlarged to receive 1000, and is to have a farm or ample grounds attached to it. It will consist of a central building and a number of cottages, each with a garden road to it.

Everyone who takes the slightest interest in natural history will be sorry to learn that the kangaroo is in danger of being extinguished. Its skin is so valuable that large numbers of young kangaroos are killed, and high authorities are of opinion that, unless the process is stopped, Australians will soon have seen the last specimen of this interesting animal.

The Dunkards, or German Baptists, at their recent annual meeting at Harrisonburg, Va., agreed upon a sweeping reform. They decided that hereafter the wearing of gold watches should be held good cause for expelling the member so offending. A like punishment is to be meted out to those who attend places of amusement, and no user of tobacco can be placed on a standing committee.

Chile offers a premium of \$4000 American gold to the successful competitor in a trial of flour milling machinery, to take place in Santiago, Chile, in November next. As there are 809 flour mills in Chile, which is the great wheat raising State of South America, it will be seen, observes the *San Francisco Chronicle*, that the successful competitor not only makes \$4000 but opens a good trade for himself.

A man in Boston employed in an electrical establishment accidentally fell and instinctively clutched hold of the positive and negative wires of an electrical battery, receiving through his body a full current of 1500 volts. He was picked up for dead, but subsequently recovered, and is now in as good health as before. As this is a more powerful current than the electricians propose to give condemned murderers, muses the *Chicago Herald*, there arises another objection to the substitution of electricity for the rope.

## JEYPORE.

### PECULIAR SIGHTS IN INDIA'S FINEST NATIVE CITY.

The Houses and Shops—Camel Caravans—Elephant's and Hump-shouldered Bullocks—Curious Street Scenes

The province of Jeypore, says Frank G. Carpenter, is in the northwestern part of India. It is a day's ride from Bombay, not far off from the borders of Afghanistan and some distance south of Cashmere and the Himalaya Mountains. It has a population about as large as that of Ohio, and its Rajah's income amounts to \$2,000,000 a year. The capital is the city of Jeypore, in which I am writing. It is said to be the finest native city of India, and it is certainly like no other city I have ever seen. It is bigger than Omaha, Denver or Kansas City, and is laid out as regularly as the city of Washington. Its main street is two miles long and 120 feet wide, and this is intersected at right angles by other streets of the same width and the whole is cut by narrow streets into rectangular blocks. The roads are better macadamized than those of any city in the United States. They are as hard as stone and as smooth as a floor.

The houses on the main streets are regularly built, and some Rajah of the past laid out the city and made the property-holders build after fixed regulations. It is more like a Spanish city than an Indian town. The houses come close to the sidewalks and they have balconies over the second stories above arcades which run below from house to house; they are almost altogether two-story buildings, and the painting of the whole is a delicate pink. Imagine miles of pink houses with lattice-work windows, through which you may now and then see the eyes of high caste Hindoo damsels. Let nut-brown fingers here and there clasp the lattice-work and through a larger hole let here and there an arm peep out. In some of the balconies you see turbaned men and boys sitting dressed in the richest of garments and beside them Hindoo maidens, their faces covered with shawls and their eyes peeping out through the cracks.

Below in the decades are shops in which, sitting cross-legged with goods piled around them, are merchants selling the thousand and one things used by the people, and out in the street rushing here and there, moving along leisurely, now chatting and now talking business, is the



A CAMEL RIDER.

most wretched of native men and beasts you will find in any city. There is a little caravan of camels—long-legged, gaunt, humped animals ridden by bare-legged men in turbans who bob up and down as the camel rocks its way along. Many of the camels are led and the drivers ride them with a rope fastened into their noses. They sit on the hump and pound the camel with a whip or a cloth. There is one camel ridden by a woman. Here is one carrying stores. Great long flags are tied on both sides of his hump and he goes along with his lip down, pouting like a spoiled child. Here is another being loaded with lumber and as the rafters one after another are tied to his back he blubbers and cries like a baby, and as you look at him you see the tears rolling down from his proud, angry eyes. Here is one with a turbaned soldier on his back and there is another ridden by a boy.

On up the street you see an elephant. It belongs to the Rajah, and its rider is one of the servants of the palace who is taking the beast out for exercise. Here are thousands of bullocks with humps over their shoulders, the sacred cows of India doing duty as pack horses. Their backs are loaded with panniers, and they are carrying along hay, stoneware and merchandise. Here is one ridden by a turbaned Mohammedan, whose long beard and long shoes turned up at the toes attract your eye as he goes by. Here are horses which prance along. They came from Arabia, and among them are some of the best steeds of the world. As you look at them and their riders you have no doubt of Jeypore being a rich city. What gorgeous costumes! These riders wear gold embroidery enough to fit out the diplomats at one of our President's receptions. There are gold chains on their necks, and their arms and fingers are heavy with gold. They have gold embroidered turbans, costly gold vests, and the bits of their horses are often of silver. They sit very straight as they ride, and by the stirrup of each runs a groom now clearing the way for his master and ever present for fear he might want something. Here is a herd of donkeys loaded down with panniers so that only their legs peep out, and the loads seem to be walking away bodily. They are no bigger than Newfoundland dogs, and their drivers, bare legged, pound and yell at them in Hindostance as they drive them along without either bridle or rein.

The crowd on foot is as gay as that on horseback, and your eyes grow tired in trying to catch and distinguish the strange characters you meet. Here comes a party of singing girls dressed all in red and gold, singing strange songs as they dance through the streets. They are not bad looking, and their limbs are loaded with anklets and bracelets. Here come some Mohammedan maidens. They are fine-looking women, but their dress is hideous. There are working women, and in some places these splendid roads are being repaired. Here low caste women are breaking stones, and there you see a dozen of them going along with baskets of broken stone upon their heads. They throw it upon the road and a corps of brown-skinned men are crushing it into bits with stamper. As they do so a water-carrier with a skin full of water upon his back, and his hand on the mouth of the bottle, throws a clear stream upon it and the whole becomes a mortar, which, when dried, is as hard as the floor of a cellar. You see these water-carriers everywhere in India, and they water the streets of the country. They carry the

water for natives and peddle it from house to house. You may see dozens of them here at Jeypore, with their bottles, made of the whole skin of a pig, and as they pass you think of the scenes of the Scriptures.

The best time to see Jeypore is in the evening. The sun at midday blazes here with tropical brightness and everything glazes with its splendor. As it sinks toward the west the air becomes cool. The people come out and the whole city hums. Along this wide street for two miles booths are erected, and upon the sidewalk itself hundreds of merchants come forth and spread out their wares.



A JEYPORE CARPENTER.

Different classes huddle in groups. Here for a block there are nothing but shoes and turned-up slippers of the Mohammedan and footwear of satin embroidered in gold is spread out for sale. Here is a score of brass merchants, and there is a block taken up with the sellers of vegetable. Out on the side streets you see carpenters sitting and sawing, and walking through long aisles of Hindoos who are selling the gaudiest cottons you come to the cashmere cloth merchant and huddle for the price of a shawl. The merchant has his wares spread out on the ground and dressed in his turban and gown he squats with his boy clerk beside him. His stock includes shawls worth thousands of rupees and some which can be bought for a few dollars. He asks three times what he expects to get, and in case you object is willing to throw up a coin and let head or tail decide the bargain.

Most Americans buy shawls in this part of India, and after a sale is made the merchant invariably demands that you write a recommendation for him in his note book. This he shows to future travelers, and I find scattered over India the autographs of noted Americans. At Delhi I found Grant's autograph, and the merchant who had it under a recommendation stating that his wares were good told me he had been offered 100 rupees for it, and that he would not sell it for 100,000 rupees. James Gordon Bennett states that he finds a certain man's shawls good and he supposes they are cheap, and the merchant who owns the book tells me that Bennett bought a dozen cashmere shawls, saying he wanted to use them for making undershirts. These were of the kind called ring shawls, so fine that you can pull a whole shawl through the wedding ring of a lady. It must be nice to have an undershirt which you can pull through a ring, and in the case of a man who travels with his extra clothing in his hat I can see where the advantage comes in.

The Rajah's place is in the centre of his capital. It covers a great area and the palace garden with its flowing rivers of water, formed by fountains spurting out of a stone bed, would be large enough for a farm. His Majesty is now in Calcutta, but arrangements had been made for my visit, and a note from the English Secretary, Major Hendley, gave me a dark-skinned palace guide and I was shown through court after court of marble and taken through room after room furnished with rich Persian carpets and with satin-covered chairs and divans of European make. In one palace there was an immense billiard-room and in this and the room adjoining the skins of tigers and leopards were scattered about by the hundred. They lay in great piles on the floors. They were hung on the walls and some of the divans were upholstered with them. I went through room after room filled with such skins, and I was told that the beasts were all killed by the Rajah, who is very fond of tiger hunting and who is an excellent shot. I was shown the outside of the palace containing the harem, and the arrangements for keeping it cool struck me as rather peculiar. Outside of the main hall and running along one length of the palace was a series of great spinning mills not unlike those used by the American



A HINDOO WATER-CARRIER.

farmer. These were turned by men, and they thus kept pumping up draughts into the rooms beyond.

The inconsistency of our War Department is seen in allowing Col. Walker to be in the cavalry and Capt. Kider in the infantry.

### A Military Term.



"Falling in."—Life.

### Her First Biscuit.



—New York Herald.

### LAND OF STRAWBERRIES.

BY O. L. C.

It was not a good type of the Cantor Seminary students, but he was one of them who at table set for ten, but occupied by only about half so many, by intrigue and misrepresentation of facts, succeeded in having all the surplus strawberries passed to him, and with a vocacity that mind, devoured all.

That night, when he came to Dreamland, he found it flooded with strawberries. There were great cities in which people did nothing but eat, buy, and sell strawberries. Many stoned him with strawberries. He fled, and in fleeing, he ran into a garden of strawberries. His feet became entangled in the vines and the vines became serpents that coiled about him and devoured him. And again, he was running across a great plain and a huge strawberry fell from the heavens and crushed him. But he came into existence again and found himself fleeing before a frightful monster. Horrors! It is overtaking him—the earth suddenly vanishes beneath him—he is falling, falling, falling, until he lands in a pit of strawberries. He writhes and struggles and sinks in strawberries, and finally is smothered in strawberries.

But no amount of horror can annihilate his individuality, and he died a thousand and ten horrible deaths. Finally the great day of reckoning comes and he is condemned—to eat strawberries forever.

### Dust-Counting Apparatus.

A singular device has been submitted to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Scotland. It consists of a dust-counting apparatus by which its inventor is able to count 88,346,000 dust particles in a cubic inch of space near the ceiling of a room, and 489,000,000 in the same space of the gas from a Bunsen flame. There are, therefore, as many dust particles in a cubic inch of the air of a room at night when the gas is burning, as there are inhabitants in Great Britain, and in three cubic inches of the gas from a Bunsen flame there are as many particles as there are inhabitants in the world.

### A Telephonic Church.

The idea of a telephonic church is being carried out at Turnbridge Wells, England, where the pulpit of a Congregational church is connected with sixteen subscribers. We are told that "these included doctors and apothecaries, clerks working in various parts of the town, an invalid lady who has been obtaining consolation from the telephone for several months, and some lazy club men, who went into the thing presumably more from a spirit of experiment than devotion."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A man by the name of Bensen has just died in Hocking county, Ohio, aged 64 years, who never walked nor talked. A sister, a few years younger, is similarly afflicted. It is caused by some affection of the mind.

### A Salt Lick.

From a log two feet or more in diameter saw a block two and one-half or three feet long. Stand it on end and bore, gouge or burn out of the top a hollow space, into which salt or grain can be put for stock to lick. The advantages of this arrangement are that horses and cattle cannot upset it, hogs and poultry cannot reach it, and it will not be used for other purposes and left out of place.—*Farm and Fireside*.

## A DEN OF DEATH.

A WIRE CAGE WHICH CONTAINS 200 RATTLESNAKES

A Man Enters and Fondles the Reptiles—Their Deadly Breath—Feeding and Washing Them—Once a Week

I was taken to a Dime Museum on Eighth avenue, says Nym Crinkle in the *New York World*.

It was one of those shows of which we have altogether too many. A collection of human monstrosities, human frauds and human evils, with a fringe of museum and an attempt at performance.

But in one corner on the second floor, where no sunlight ever came, and abutting the little stage where disease stalked in tinsel and to which morbid visitors came with delight, there stood a wire cage about eight square, with a movable lid, and by its side sat a rather spare young man with a turban on, made of a dirty American flag. In this cage, coiled, interlocked, writhing in convoluted masses, and darkly moving about were the two hundred rattlesnakes. They were the unmistakable crotalids, and represented every variety of the animal that is known to our land, from the lively and ravenous prairie rattler to the scaled beast that seldom sees except in the rocky retreats of the Alleghanies, the Catskills or the White Mountains.

The wire cage in which they were placed was not over three feet high, and when the lid was lifted it was open across one-half its top. Presently the floor-walker of the museum, who conducts the crowd from freak to freak and explains the wonders with provincial rhetoric, approached this end of the room, and as he called the attention of the sight-seers to the den of snakes, the man with the star-spangled turban, who had been sitting on a box by the side of his cage, got up and with the utmost sangfroid lifted the lid and stepped over the wire side into the box. I noticed that he was very careful where he put his moccasined feet, the toes of which went down very gingerly in the narrow space where there was no snake. But the moment he put his hand upon the lid to lift it the occupants of the box showed a curious activity, and there rose from every serpent the whirring cicada sound of rattles. There was an unmistakable endeavor on the part of each snake to get himself into the concentric position, which is most favorable for striking, but so interlocked and massed were they that it was not an easy matter.

The exhibitor seated himself in the centre of the box. Its inhabitants were now in a most lively condition. They squirmed and rattled, but not one of them struck at him. He picked them up, regardless of their attitudes and warnings, and then one upon the other across his knees, put them about his neck so that the little black scaly heads came together in his chin, and hung two of the smallest over his ears, and presently he was pretty well covered with a writhing mass.

I noticed that he exercised a great deal of dexterity in picking them up. That is to say he picked them up gently, and at the same time attempted to do it carefully. His one great care was obviously not to irritate the snake. In putting down his hands to feel for them on the floor of the cage he could not turn his head to direct the motion of his hands with his eyes, as his writhing neckerchief interfered. He therefore groped dextrously with his fingers, now collecting a snake by the head, now by the tail, and nearly every one that he lifted kept up the rattling, rather, however, in an automatic than in a vicious manner.

He remained in the cage just two minutes and thirty seconds by the watch. When he disengaged himself and slipped out he was in that condition called "a dripping perspiration," and his pulse was abnormally high. The crowd paid attention to him and passed on to the other wonders. So I had him alone.

I found him to be an intelligent Irishman (O'Connell is his name), and he told me that he could not stay in the cage over three minutes, because "the breaths of the snakes overcame him."

I asked him in what way he was affected. He said it made him "weak."

This is a curious and interesting point, and I am inclined to believe that this man suffered from an unconscious fear. He has been struck three times, and has escaped so far, but he never steps over the wire without a sub-consciousness that it may be the last time. That this affects him in some way I have no doubt.

Mr. O'Connell told me that he had no fear of snakes, and never saw one that he could not handle. But this only amounts to the statement that he was not aware of my fear, and I have heard the boast before about handling serpents. Once a week he washes his pets and rubs them off gently with a white broom, after which they shine, he says, like a morning star. What is still more interesting, he feeds them on raw meat, and has to open their mouths and put it in, the snake of course not being disposed to seek food that is not animated. He has to put this meat into their throats, so to speak, before the act of deglutition begins.

All the information that he gave me concerning the crotalids was correct enough. I asked him why he did not extract the fangs, and he said they would grow in again, which is true, for behind the developed fangs are the rudiments of others, sometimes as many as five. I have seen an expert Indian boy jerk the tooth out with a piece of canvas which the snake had struck. Mr. O'Connell insists that the rattlesnake never strikes unless it is irritated.

I believe this to be true. So flat a head is that of the crotalid leaves them without any upper brain whatever. They have not even the cerebrum of a porgie. It is idle, therefore, to look for volition in his serpentine system. He furnishes the best example of the muscular automaton in the chain of animated nature and would have delighted Descartes. He is a creature of pure irritation. The whirl of a bird, the sharp crack of a lough, the tramp of a heavy foot sends the nervous current along that spine to the alarm. But the sleeping beauty might harbor him in her bosom if she were quiet.

Mr. O'Connell appears to know this from experience. Better philosophers than Mr. O'Connell have advanced it out of their inner consciousness. The crotalid are subject to rhythm. This is the explanation of serpent charming and the explanation of Mr. O'Connell's success. The Hindoo uses the rhythm of sound. The Irishman uses the rhythm of motion. He is like a serpent himself in his motion and gesture.

### A Man-Eater and Her Victim.

The notorious Jousnar man-eating tigress has at last been killed by a young forest officer. This tigress has been the scourge of the neighborhood of Chakrata, India, for the last ten years, and her victims have been innumerable. On one occasion she seized one out of a number of foresters who were sleeping in a hut, carried him off, and deliberately made him over to her cubs to play with, while she protected their innocent gambols from being disturbed. His companions were eventually forced to take refuge in a tree from her savage attacks. Here they witnessed the following ghastly tragedy: The tigress went back and stood over the prostrate form of her victim and purred in a catlike and self-complacent way to her cubs, who were romping about and rolling over the apparently lifeless body. She then lay down a few yards off, and with blinking eyes watched the gambols of her young progeny. In a few moments the man sat up and tried to beat the young brutes off. They were too young to hold him down, so he made a desperate attempt to shake himself free, and started off at a run; but before he had gone twenty yards the tigress bounded out and brought him back to her cubs. Once more the doomed wretch had to defend himself over again from their playful attacks. He made renewed attempts to regain his freedom, but was seized by the old tigress and brought back each time before he had gone many yards. His groans and cries for help were heartrending; but the men on the tree were paralyzed with fear and quite unable to move. At last the tigress herself joined in the gambols of her cubs, and the wretched man was thrown about and tossed over her head exactly as many of us have seen our domestic cat throw rats and mice about before beginning to feed on them. The man's efforts at escape grew feebler. For the last time they saw him try to get away on his hands and knees toward a large fir tree, with the cubs clinging to his limbs. This final attempt was as futile as the rest. The tigress brought him back once again, and then held him down under her forepaws, and deliberately began her living meal before their eyes.

It was this formidable beast that the young Coopers Hill officer and a student attacked on foot. They were working up her trail, fifteen yards apart, when suddenly Mr. Osmaston heard his younger companion groan, and turning round saw him borne to the ground by the tigress. Mr. Osmaston fortunately succeeded in shooting her through the spine, and a second ball stopped her in mid-spring. Meantime his companion rolled over the hill, and was eventually discovered insensible a few feet away from his terrible assailant. He is terribly mangled, and now lies at the Chakrata Station Hospital, where hopes of his recovery are entertained.—*London Times*.

### Counting-Out Rhymes.

The following are a few of the many rhymes used by boys to decide who shall take the first inning in many minor games.

Ann, man, moon, milk;  
Baxylon, beam, strikes;  
Care, ware, frow, frank;  
Hallic, ballico, woe, wack!

This, also, is subject to countless variations; "Barcelona" becomes "tuscation," etc. One form ends in:

Hulny, gully, boo, out goes you.  
Ann, man, pipery Dick;  
Dolly, dolly, Dammick;  
Hiltsa, hiltsa, dominitcha;  
Hon, pon, tush.

In some districts the third line is given as "Houtcha, poutch, dominitcha," and in others "Hotecha, potcha," etc. "Tush" may also become "tush" or "tusk."

### THE COUNT OUT.

Haley, naley, tippy fig;  
Tiney, toney, tombo, nig;  
Coat, throat, country note;  
Tiney, toney, fig.

Eatum, pentum, penny pie,  
Baxylon, beam, strikes;  
Stand you out therey.

Beside rhymes of the character of the above—that is, consisting of a mixture of gibberish with disconnected words—there are many rhymes containing no uncouth words, but possessing in general a jingle easily recognizable:

One, two, three,  
Nanny caught a flea;  
The flea died and Nanny cried  
Out goes she!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,  
Eating grapes of a plume,  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

This is given also "in place of grapes," and "garden gate" for "cottage gate." When "cottage door" ends the second line the counting stops at "four" to satisfy the rhyme.—*New York World*.

### Improved Redskins.

Major Baldwin, the Indian Agent at the Piegan Agency, was asked the condition, prospects and general progress of the noble red men under his care. Said the Major: "The Piegan Indians are in good condition; they have bright prospects and are making steady progress. They have quit horse-stealing. Not a deprecation claim for loss of property has been filed against them for an act committed within the past three years, although numerous claims are pending for robberies prior to that time. The Piegans have wholly abandoned the medicine lodge, or annual gathering, one of the worst institutions of Indian life and the cause of much crime. They have built six miles of fence about their homes and farms, none of which existed two years ago. They banded all their own freight from Port Benton last year, and were paid in cash for doing so. They are more honest, industrious and enterprising than they ever were. We distribute meat (from twenty to twenty-six good beef steers) among them weekly. When I took charge of the agency only eight steers were killed weekly. As to animals, they are all better off. We received recently ten fine Norman stallions, and 100 good American mares, so as to improve their stock. They have now plenty of machinery, mowers and reapers, and are qualified to take care of them. The best men in this country bear witness to their improved condition. Many of them have taken up lands in severalty, although a year has been allotted them as yet. The wish for such allotment tends to break up their tribal relations."—*Great Falls (Montana) Tribune*.

### About Mustaches.

One afternoon a barber started me by saying that he knew a thing that would irritate society in general from basis to battlements if it were known, writes Hepburn Jones in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. Naturally it took some persuading to extract this charge of moral dynamite from his cartridge, as it were. But it was out at last.

Said the barber: "If you will observe the mustaches of the men you know, you will discover nine cases out of ten that one side of the mustache always flourishes better than the other. Most men are aware to some extent of this peculiar phenomenon, but I do not believe that any one who is the victim of it can explain it to you off hand. Yet the reason for this difference in the opposite section of the mustache is simple enough. This is the secret: The side the man sleeps on most often will always be found to correspond with the side of the mustache which does not grow properly, is straggling and very often bleached. Naturally, you see, the pressure of the face on the pillow brings about the falling out of the hair, and the tendency of the saliva to flow from the lower corner of the mouth during a man's sleep doubtless assists in the process of disintegration.

"I have noticed some singular phenomena in this field of inquiry, and I remember that when I was in the Palmer House barber shop in Chicago I discovered that the right side of Mr. Fuller's (now Chief Justice Fuller) mustache was not so heavy and glossy as the left."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is not selfish to be correct in your dealing.

The value of a thing depends on our use of it.

Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning.

A true man never frets about his place in this world.

Conscience, dead as a stone, is a heavy thing to carry.

Love cannot enter the heart without bringing with it a train of other virtues.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.

The crown of conceit in man is often overcome by the cackle of importance in woman.

Ability is as worthless as hard coal when it is so deep as to be confined to its own bed.

The wise man who knows how to keep silent will always say something when he loses speak.

If there is any one thing that will discourage a man it is to try to act aristocratic naturally.

The great men of the ancients understood how to reconcile manual labor with affairs of State.

There is not a particle of "free speech" in an expression or an idea a person may be taught to utter.

A person always exposes their pretended virtue by taking offence when another differs with them.

A man will progress in proportion to his courage to seek knowledge, that can only be taught by experience.

### Counting-Out Rhymes.

The following are a few of the many rhymes used by boys to decide who shall take the first inning in many minor games.

Ann, man, moon, milk;  
Baxylon, beam, strikes;  
Care, ware, frow, frank;  
Hallic, ballico, woe, wack!

This, also, is subject to countless variations; "Barcelona" becomes "tuscation," etc. One form ends in:

Hulny, gully, boo, out goes you.  
Ann, man, pipery Dick;  
Dolly, dolly, Dammick;  
Hiltsa, hiltsa, dominitcha;  
Hon, pon, tush.

In some districts the third line is given as "Houtcha, poutch, dominitcha," and in others "Hotecha, potcha," etc. "Tush" may also become "tush" or "tusk."

### THE COUNT OUT.

Haley, naley, tippy fig;  
Tiney, toney, tombo, nig;  
Coat, throat, country note;  
Tiney, toney, fig.

Eatum, pentum, penny pie,  
Baxylon, beam, strikes;  
Stand you out therey.

Beside rhymes of the character of the above—that is, consisting of a mixture of gibberish with disconnected words—there are many rhymes containing no uncouth words, but possessing in general a jingle easily recognizable:

One, two, three,  
Nanny caught a flea;  
The flea died and Nanny cried  
Out goes she!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,  
Eating grapes of a plume,  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

This is given also "in place of grapes," and "garden gate" for "cottage gate." When "cottage door" ends the second line the counting stops at "four" to satisfy the rhyme.—*New York World*.

### Improved Redskins.

Major Baldwin, the Indian Agent at the Piegan Agency, was asked the condition, prospects and general progress of the noble red men under his care. Said the Major: "The Piegan Indians are in good condition; they have bright prospects and are making steady progress. They have quit horse-stealing. Not a deprecation claim for loss of property has been filed against them for an act committed within the past three years, although numerous claims are pending for robberies prior to