WHEN JACK IS TALL AND TWENTY.

[Frederick Langbridge in Good Words.]

When Jack is tall and twenty,
We know what Jack will do,
With girls so sweet and plenty,
He'll find him one to woo.
And soon the lovers' twilight
Will hear a story told,
And Jack will die or fly sky high
For sake of hair of gold.
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
'Tis fools are sold for locks of gold,
For gold will turn to gray.

But Jack, if truth be spoken,
Is simple Jack no more:
If gold his heart has broken,
'Tis scarce the gold of yore.
He wots of dower for daughters
Not all in ringlets rolled;
To beauty steeled, his heart will yield
To stamped and minted gold.
Hearken Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
If gold bath wing, as poets sing,
Then gold may fleet away.

When Jack goes forth a-wooing,
If Jack has heart or head,
And would not soon be rueing
The hour that saw him wed,
He will not pine for graces,
Nor crave for wealth to hold,
But strive and dare by service fair
To win a heart of gold.
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
The gear will fly, the bloom will die,
But love will last for aye.

WITCHCRAFT IN THE WEST INDIES.

The Strange Power of the Obeah Man—Singular Negro Superstitions.

[Jamaica Cor. Chicago Herald.]

Obeah, in the West Indies, is a two-fold art—the art of poisoning, combined with the art of imposing upon the credulity of ignorant people by a pretense of witchcraft. The Obeah man or woman is one of a great guild or fraternity of crime.

Hardly a criminal trial occurs in the different colonies in which he is not implicated in one way or another. His influence is unbounded, the credulous peasantry holding him as prophet, priest and king of the district over which he holds sway. If a negro maiden wants a charm to make her lover "good to her," if a man wishes to avenge a wrong, or to know the secrets of his future, the Obeah man is at hand to supply the means and to proffer his assistance and advice.

Under the title of "bush doctor" he wanders from place to place at the cost of his dupes; supplied with food by one, with money by another, denied nothing. His pretensions are high; but he has means at hand to enforce them. He declares himself powerful to cure all diseases. He can protect a man from the consequences of a crime; he can even reanimate the dead.

His knowledge of poisons is immense. Every bush and tree furnish weapons for his armory. Unfortunately, in too many instances, more effective agents are not wanting to his hand. How many planters have had poison administered to them in their coffee; how many bookkeepers have come to an untimely end by the mixture of ground glass in their food may be seen in the records of the slave courts of the different colonies—Barbadoes and Jamaica especially. Next to cholera and yellow fever, Obeah was the greatest danger which every white man connected with the administration of a sugar estate had to encounter.

There is something indescribably sinister in the appearance of the Obeah man, which is readily observed by persons who have mixed much with the negroes. Sometimes, as an outward and visible sign of his trade or calling, he carries about with him a staff or wand, with serpents wreathed about it or the rude likeness of a human face roughly delineated on the handle. Lizards' bones, cats' claws, ducks' skulls, grave dirt—that dirt taken from the grave of a freshly buried corpse—hang in a bag at his side. He has his cabalistic book (albeit he can [illegible] characters, [illegible] diagrams [illegible] to consult [illegible]

[illegible] happened to be in a [illegible] the trial of a notorious [illegible] noted one of these gentlemen [illegible] a very dirty handkerchief [illegible] tightly round his head, and from [illegible] shaggy brows I could see a pair of [illegible] all, cunning eyes which never took their [illegible] from the face of the judge. The prisoner was undefended, and was finally convicted, but I was afterward told that instead of employing a lawyer he had retained for his defence this Obeah man, and had actually paid him the sum of 3 guineas for his services. The wizard had undertaken to "fix the eye" of the judge, and had persuaded the miserable dupe that this would infallibly insure his acquittal.

A Clergyman's Mania.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

"I had a curious case last year of a minister who was afflicted with an imperious passion for dancing. He had a queer impulse to dance jigs even on the most solemn occasions. His only explanation—which he gave me with tears in his eyes—was that it seemed to relieve his mind. His brother who was a somewhat rough Connecticut farmer, begged me to give him something strong for it, or he might lose his job. 'Only last night,' he exclaimed, 'my reverend brother excused himself from the company at his house, and five minutes later I found him down-stairs in a corner of a room, looking mighty solemn, and putting in a little private jig on the dead quiet. It appeared, also, that a deputation of his parishioners had waited on him to inquire into this habit.'

"I learned that on this occasion the old gentleman took down his Bible and read from II. Samuels, vi: 14:—'And David danced before the Lord with all his might.' This silenced the deputation, but the good old man felt the need of advice. I recommended him to saw wood and adopt a milk diet. In time he was cured."

In Favor of Cannibalism.

[Chicago Times.]

A Boston paper says: "Sandwich islanders formerly had the soundest teeth of any people on the globe, but their teeth have now begun to decay rapidly." This soundness of teeth once characteristic of the Sandwich islanders was remarked by Capt. Cook and other early travelers who visited the islands. As the natives were then habitual cannibals, the rapid decay of their masticators since is a strong argument in favor of cannibalism. If people would learn to subsist on the members of their species, instead of upon the animals now used for food, there might be much less toothache, fewer sets of false teeth, and a great reduction in the sum total of dentists' bills.

Knew He Could Get It.

[Evansville Argus.]

A colored man was hunting a house to move into. He was talking to some parties, when one of them spoke up and asked him if he had paid his rent to his former landlord. "Yes, sah," he said, rather hesitatingly. "Can you get a recommendation?" "Oh, yes, sah, I can get Mr. Smith, my landlord, to give me a recommendation." "How do you know you can?" "Oh, I know I can, 'cause he wants me to get out."

Gold Mining by Electricity.

Power for stamp batteries and other operations may be cheaply obtained in mining regions where waterfalls abound by converting the motion into electric force. A Philadelphia electrical engineering firm is now carrying out a contract for this purpose in New Zealand. The scene of operations is a gold mine in a mountainous region, and the power to run a stamping battery of twenty heads is transmitted from a waterfall by a copper wire of the same size as an ordinary telegraph wire. This is suspended from telegraph insulators in the usual manner, and the wire is carried a distance of two miles and over a mountain 2,000 feet high.

I WANT MY MAMMA.

[Tom Addis.]

The red October sun had disappeared behind the distant hills in the midst of glories indescribable, and deep-brooding night hung over the quiet valley.

Toward the north, the thick clustering lights of a town sent up by a puny challenge to the radiant stars massed overhead.

Toward the south, stretching down the valley like the tail of a little comet, the lights in hundreds of suburban villas peered like curious eyes into the outer darkness.

The entire scene was one of peace and repose. In one of the villas the upbrawn curtains reveals a pretty sight. A beautiful lady sat in a chair in the center of the drawing-room, and from opposite corners two manly little fellows were making repeated onslaughts upon her, their apparent object being to see who should gain the chair first and be rewarded for his prowess with a kiss from its fair, sweet occupant.

A gentlemen seated at one end of the room glanced up now and then with a sort of frowning smile as peal after peal of boyish laughter disturbed his calm communion with his favorite evening paper; but he had not the heart to put a stop to this improvised game, so it went merrily on.

Meanwhile outside a wee figure was toiling up the road from an adjacent house. She was evidently a fugitive, for she was hatless, and her stockings had fallen down from her knees and were rolled about her diminutive shoes, leaving the little white legs exposed to the chill autumn air. A mass of tangled golden curls floated back in the breeze, and the sweet violet eyes were welling over in great tears, which rolled down the ruddy cheeks and splashed upon the little hands holding tight to her breast a ragged doll.

Great sobs convulsed the tiny creature as she half ran along the dusty road.

"O Dod, tell me where my mamma is," the baby voice implored. And ever and again that plaintive little cry broke forth—"Oh, Dod, tell me where my mamma is."

No one had yet missed her from home, so there was no pursuit.

Presently she arrived at the house with the upturned curtains. It was only a few rods from her own home, but to the weary little feet the distance had been tremendous.

She paused at the gateway, and hearing the sound of laughter within, and attracted by the brightly lighted windows, she toiled up the steps to the piazza, and approaching the nearest window sat down and looked in.

Something in the merry scene within seemed to bring a fresh sense of desolation to the little heart without. The golden head leaned heavily against the bright pane, and a wail—"O Dod, I want my mamma, too"—burst from the quivering, rosebud mouth.

"O Dod, I want my mamma, too." The game ceased suddenly, for the words seemed to cut through the clear glass to the ears within.

One of the boys ran to the window, but drew back, quickly, and with amazement and pity in his voice cried out:

"Oh, mamma, come quick! There's a poor little girl outside."

The beautiful lady came swiftly to the window. For one moment she gazed, motionless with pity, on the tiny creature lying huddled up against the pane; then, quickly raising the broad sash, she put out her arms and gathered the little girl lovingly into them.

"It is little Grace Meredith!" she exclaimed, in wonder. "Why, darling, how did you come here all alone?"

The lady pressed the child to her warm mother breast, and seating herself in a chair, wiped away the tears from the sweet eyes.

"I want my mamma," was all little Grace could say.

The tears sprang suddenly to the lady's own sweet eyes.

"John," she whispered to her husband, who had left his paper and was regarding the group with curious emotion. "John, go over, please, and tell Mr. Meredith his little girl is with us, safe and sound. And," she added, as the gentleman was about to leave, "ask him, please, to let her stay with us to-night. It will do her good to be with the children, poor motherless little darling."

The child looked from the gentleman to the lady with grave, questioning eyes, but said nothing. Her mother had been buried the day before and her little heart was filled with longing for the dear caresses she had lived and thrived upon.

"I want my mamma" she said again, in tones that seemed to imply they could give her what she so much desired.

"Yes, dear," said the lady soothingly, tears dropping from her eyes upon the golden head. "Yes, dear, you shall have mamma one of these days, one of the beautiful, distant days when God in His goodness shall give the child back to its mother, and the mother to her child. Hush, darling, hush. Mamma is waiting for you way, way up beyond the shining stars, and you shall go to her, dear, when God has made you ready for the change."

And so they soothed little Grace, and sang to her, and the boys brought out their playthings for her, and all were so good and gentle to her that for a time she forgot the soreness in her little bosom and was happy.

But that night after the golden head had sunk wearily there and the tiny white-robed form lay still in the crib that had been found for it, the beautiful lady's eyes again overflowed as a tremulous sob reached her ear, and in her sleep little Grace again murmured her baby petition:

"O Dod, I want my mamma too."

How Hotels Are Robbed.

[Mail and Express.]

A reporter was talking to the clerk of an up-town hostlery the other night, when a bell boy rushed up to the counter and called for "Key to No. 147." Just as the clerk was about to hand the key to the boy he stopped and looked at the address in the box.

"Who wants the key?" he asked the youth.

"Lady in a hurry."

"Where is she?"

"In the parlor."

"Just go and ask her name. No. 147 is not her key."

In a moment the boy returned.

"It don't make no difference," he said. "The woman says it is a mistake—and she's gone."

The clerk smiled and turning to the reporter said: "This is a new scheme, and women generally work it. They go into the ladies' parlor, ring for the bell boy, and send him in a matter of fact way for the key of some room. He asks the clerk for it and if he is busy or thinking of something else, he hands it out without question. Then the female sharper goes through the room in a hurry, trusting to thieves' luck that the occupant will not return before she gets away. The hotel is responsible for the loss."

A New Soldering Fluid.

[Chicago Herald.]

A new soldering fluid for tin, recently invented in England, consists of lactic acid, one part; glycerine, one part, and water, eight parts. By the application of heat the acid is decomposed, and it is claimed that no corrosive salts are left to injure the metal, which is one great advantage over the common zinc chloride.

The Cremation Coffin.

[illegible] Norway iron built to withstand 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit has been received for the New York crematory. It is not the coffin-cradle as placed in the furnace, which is very ornamental in its character. It is expected that this one will be used for at least twenty incinerations. The one used at Lancaster withstood the heat of twenty-three cremations before repairs were necessary, and then only the bars which supported the heaviest part of the body, from the shoulders to the hips, had to be replaced by new ones. The highest degree of heat attained at Lancaster was 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit.

A SCARED COCKNEY.

A RATTLING WAGON. STONY ROAD RECKLESS BOYS AND—DYNAMITE.

An English Clubman Wants to See His Transatlantic Cousins at Home and Observe Their Peculiarities—He Observed.

["Halston" in New York Times.]

He was an English clubman, and he came to this country with the best of intentions to see his transatlantic cousins at home and observe their peculiarities. He was here just one week; then he sailed back straight for England. He had seen enough of America. It wasn't his fault that he chanced to do a young American a substantial favor one night in London a month or two ago; it wasn't his fault that he happened to meet the same young gentleman on the deck of his steamer on his passage out. It was fate. The American was grateful for past services and urged his English friend to visit him at his home up in a little Connecticut town. The clubman was not backward in accepting the invitation, which promised him full opportunities to see the Yankees around their own hearths. A day or two spent in New York after the steamer reached this side, and the Englishman was speeding along in a hot, dusty railroad train which left him finally at the station of the village where was his friend's home. Here more fate came in. The American was laid up with a sprained ankle, and the task of entertaining John Bull fell to the rest of the family, including a younger brother.

Bright and early one morning this boy proposed a swim in a lake a mile or so distant. His proposition was accepted, and in half an hour a man of the world and two small boys were riding over a stony country road in a wagon built chiefly to withstand hard usage and furnished with springs that did everything but spring. The strange boy had something in his pocket and on his mind. He carefully drew from under his coat what looked like a big fire-cracker, covered with yellow oiled silk, and furnished with a yard of rubber tube dangling from one hand. Over the rough road along went the wagon pitching recklessly, and the Englishman for a long time ignored the fire-cracker, having time to pay attention to little else than the gymnastics of that wagon, ricocheting here and there all over the roadway, and threatening momentarily to dump its whole cargo on the rocks and brambles over the highway fences; but pretty soon he did give an ear to the conversation of those two high-spirited companions of his.

"How much is in it?" asked his friend's brother, addressing the other small boy and tenderly caressing the yellow sick packet, while that youth with evident pride, answered: "About half a pound."

"Sure it will go off?"

"'Corse; there's half an inch of fulminate in the cap."

Fulminate! Somehow that had an unpleasantly familiar sound. "Ah, what's fulminate for?" asked the queen's loyal subject. "To kill fish!" came from the twain in one breath. That was reassuring, somewhat. Yankees were so ingenious, he had heard, and this was probably some novel sort of a reel. "But how does it work?" he persisted. "Easy enough," was the response, "just light this fuse and chuck it in where the water's deep."

"Light the fuse! Who, what is in it?"

"Dynamite," calmly chorused the youngsters. Then there was fun—for the small boys. Out of that wagon went their distinguished guest pell-mell. Half a pound of dynamite! A rattling wagon, a stony road, and a pair of reckless boys! What a fate! And he howled and he ran. But those small boys were not to be sat upon in that way. They called for him to come back; he didn't come; then out the little scallawags started in close pursuit, threatening that if he did not halt they would throw the whole caboodle fair and square for his head. There was no hope but in surrender, and he surrendered; then those wicked Yankee lads put that firecracker shaped affair into his own hands, coaxed him up into their wagon again, and with persuasive tones such as the youth of a certain age is best master of they rattled on toward their destination. They had no fear. Yes, it was real dynamite they assured him; dynamite, and enough too to blow up a country or two if it were given half a chance.

It was perhaps because he was new to the climate that the gentleman from over the water perspired freely, while the youngsters kept quite comfortably cool till the journey ended, as most journeys do, and the good man was given a little exhibition. Those boys had not been fooling him; that fuse was lighted, and over into the water it went with a little splash that developed in a minute or two to what sounded like an exploding parliament house, as safe behind a big tree he waited and trembled and listened. A big stream of water had shot up into the air, and fish dead or stunned so that they could readily be picked up lay over a wide surface of the lake. Then the lads—having done what hosts of "sportsmen" all over New England do daily—went swimming; but they went alone, for the man behind the tree had been quite content to hurry back over that road altogether satisfied to bear himself company, and it was the very next train to New York that brought him from Connecticut.

"It's all very well, of course," he explained, "when you are used to it, but I haven't been brought up on dynamite at home, you know, and I'd rather a blarsted sight take my chances with the Fenians than any of your fool youngsters who try to be funny." This is a true story. That gentle cockney was fairly prostrated. He had seen quite enough of the states. And away he sailed.

Running into a Turtle Roost.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Along our road the track skirts a stretch of boggy, swampy territory, and by the side of the tracks is a sluggish stream. That place is alive with turtles, and they will crowd out upon the logs and sticks at the bank by hundreds to sun themselves. One day I noticed the wheels of my engine skipping and we could not make any time. Finally I discovered the cause. The rails were resting places for the turtles, which gathered on them so thickly as to actually impede the progress of the train. When the wheels ran over them they slipped, and that kind of greasing had gotten the track too slippery for the driver wheels to do business on.

The Family Represented.

[New York Sun.]

Jones (at the circus)—Hello, Smith, you here?

Smith—Yes, I had to come to take care of my little boy.

Jones—Where's the boy?

Smith—He was taken sick at the last moment and couldn't come.

The Latest Hotel Trick.

[Chicago Herald.]

The latest trick ascribed to the hotels in a summer hotel is that of seating guests at a table where the waiter instructions to work very hard so they will be certain to ask for another table, and pay the increased rate.

JOHN H. STE[illegible]

KATE JUDD'S ESCAPE.

The Smartest Woman That Ever Broke from Jail.

Hartfort Times: "Kate Judd," one of the best-looking, most modest-appearing and altogether seductive but desperate and ingeniously wicked young woman ever sent to prison, has once more broken jail—this time escaping from the granite walls of the Rhode Island state prison at Cranston, near Providence. She got away on Sunday, October 11, and has evidently got off indeed this time. She was not, like the other women, permitted to sleep in the dormitory, but was confined in a private cell and closely watched by the matron. She was not allowed to march out of the dining-room with the other women, but taken to a seperate cell, where her clothing was removed after she got ready to go to bed, and kept until it was required next morning. Kate was bolted into her cell while the matron went to supper. Coming back, the matron found the cell door open and the bird flown. The main door of the building leading to the yard was also found open. A piece of lattice-work which had served as a walk to one of the prison out-houses in the yard was found to have been used for a ladder to enable the fair prisoner to get up on the top of the 16-foot-high stone wall. It reached within four feet of the top, and she had scrambled up and got off—placing a stout stick between two capstones on the wall to hold by, and to this fastened a rope, by which she had let herself down into the arms of some confederate—probably some former prisoner whom she had made her friend—for she won all hearts—and he doubtless drove rapidly off. Of course she had aid, or the bolt of her cell door would not have been shot back, and the prison officials feel sure they know the woman prisoner who did that. "Kate" had also mysteriously obtained a skeleton key, with which she silently and quickly opened the main door into the prison yard. Her outside accomplice had probably conveyed to her, in some way, the rope.

Kate had always said she would get out—and no prisoner was so closely watched. She once got partly out, but was caught hiding in a bin of potatoes in the cellar. Another attempt was was very near a success. Once she hid a case-knife at the table, took it to her cell, and in some way succeeded in making it into a little saw, with which she very nearly succeeded in sawing off the iron bars of her cell—she had quietly and very patiently cut them two-thirds through, when he little game was detected. At another time she dug a hole nearly through the solid wall.

This remarkable young woman—she must now be not quite 29—was sentenced in the spring of '83 to a term of twenty-five years in the state's prison, for setting on fire and burning down, in March, 1883, the house in which she was employed, a fashionable Newport cottage on Bellevue avenue, owned and occupied by Mr. John G. Weaver. In her trunk (about the only thing saved) was found $1,000 worth of silks, satins etc., belonging to Mrs. Weaver and her lady friends in the family. Kate (who is said to be a native of Canada) was well known to the Boston police. Before the Newport performance, and when she was living in the family of Mr. Stanwood, of Topsfield, Mass., the house was fired much as Mrs. Weaver's was. The woman was suspected, and a quantity of Mrs. Stanwood's clothing was found in her trunks. While serving five years in the Lawrence jail for this offence she aroused the interest of one Deacon Ambrose, a philanthropic visitor, and as she constantly declared her innocence and behaved well, he recommended her, on her discharge, to a Mr. Osgood as a domestic, though it does not appear that he acquainted him with the girl's history. She left his employment in a short time with some suspicious accompaniments, and the developments in the place where she next found service were such that Deacon Ambrose was taken to task for recommending such a person. A fire was set at this last place, and a quantity of clothing was missing, and although nothing could be found in the girl's trunks the Boston detectives were vigorously following her up from Amesbury. In fact, a detective had intended to be at Mr. Weaver's house on Monday, the day before the fire. The next morning, while the ruins were still smoking, Detective Chapman and Mr. Risteen of Amesbury, who last employed the girl, arrived in Newport, and Kate was brought before him. The recognition was instant, aided perhaps by the fact that she was dressed in one of Mrs. Risteen's missing robes. The next day Kate confessed to having burned another Newport cottage, Mr. Reeve's. She was bound over for trial, and put in Newport jail. There she gave the keepers a lively dance. It proved afterwards that she was engaged on the foot-thick brick wall which separated her cell from the vacant one next east, chipping out little fragments of brick and mortar, and daily enlarging a hole which was to release her. On the evening of the 8th of March, while the jailor was getting water for another prisoner, she slipped through the hole she had made, 8½ by 9½ inches in size, into the entryway and drow celler. Then, when all was still, she made her way up, found the keys, released another prisoner, George Rounds, a burglar, whose acquaintance she had made in jail, and both escaped by the back door. Both were captured, and Kate got her sentence—but it seems that no Rhode Island prison can hold her. "Kate Judd" is a woman of perhaps 5 feet 2 inches in height, of slender build, weight about 130 pounds, and is attractive in face and appearance. Her appearance, and a retiring, modest style that she possesses, while also the ability to look straight into the eye of the person she is talking with, win her many friends.

A Revolving Jail.

Omaha is building a new jail, the construction of which is novel and interesting. Its peculiar feature, which marks it as different from any other, is that the cells are arranged in the form of a great iron cylinder, which only revolves about so that one cell is at the opening at any one time. This cylinder is three stories high, there being ten cells on each floor. Its weight is forty-five tons, and this ponderous weight is hung from above instead of turning on a tack below. The strangest part of the arrangement is that the great cylinder can be turned by a simple crank with very little force, a man with his left hand moving it readily. When it is complete it is the intention to have a little water-motor in the basement, and then by simply moving a lever the cylinder will be set to rotating. It is suggested that when there are prisoners who, it is feared, may be trying to cut out the cylinder, can, by a motor, be easily kept moving all night, so that the prisoners do not remain long enough in one place to do any mischief, or even to crawl out if they had made partial break. It seems that prisoners have little chance for escape from the new jail. A cage of iron bars completely surrounds the cylinder in which the cells are. The entrance on each floor is guarded by two doors. The officer standing outside does not have to unlock even the first door, but can swing the cylinder around until the cell appears in which is the desired prisoner, and then by a simple movement the inner door is opened and the prisoner can step out of his cell. Then the officer can open the other door and let the man out, but the other prisoners are away beyond the reach of the officer, and it is impossible for them to make any break on him while he is taking a man out or putting one in. He can handle any number of men in the same way, and they cannot reach him until he choses to let them.—Omaha Bee.

Is it not rather odd that after all this outcry against Southern wrongs against suffrage, the only places where frauds against the ballot-box are so notorious as to excite the citizens to resist them in the courts are Cincinnati and Chicago?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ADVANCE IN PASSAGE.

The price of emigrant passage ticket during the year has been very cheap. About $25 from Ireland to St. Paul, and even as low as $23 by some lines; but now advices come from New York that the railroad companies intend to advance their European fare from New York to St. Paul to the former prices—$22. This will make the through rate

We advise all who may wish to send out a passage to a friend to take advantage of the present low rates, and send $12 by calling immediately, and secure the passage before the advance takes place. We are always willing and anxious to save money for our customers, and give this timely warning in regard to passage tickets. We issue drafts for £1 and upward, payable everywhere in Ireland.

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