THE JOURNAL.

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HE WANTS TO BE A MUFF.

Beneath her chin, her bangle pin
Reflects each glancing wave of light,
As if some charm lay far within
The little dots of metal bright.
And faith! they seem to take delight
In nestling there. Is envy sin?
I'm sure that I am envious quite
To be the pin beneath her chin.

Her little muff is wee enough
To grace a Paris doll's trousseau,
And yet her hand and snow-white cuff
Seem quite content in there to go.
It holds her hand quite tight, I know,
And when the wind is blowing rough,
As on we walk through drifting snow,
I wish my hand could be—her muff.

—*Washington Hatchet.*

A STRAIGHT DIAGNOSIS.

An Attack of "Malaria," and What Caused It.

"The doctor says it is malaria."

"How did you get malaria?"

"Oh, Aunt Mary, just as if one could tell anything about malaria! It is like the wind. It cometh from no one knows where, and bloweth where it listeth;" and the invalid turned her pretty flushed face on the pillow with a movement of unmistakable irritation.

"Blanche, dear, have the kindness to look at me a minute," said Miss Mary Harrington, firmly but kindly. "We don't want to make any mistakes to start with. You know I am very blunt, and you know that I have opinions—"

"And I know there is nobody in all the world like you when one is ill," the young lady interrupted; "and that is why I begged and prayed mamma to send for you."

"That is very pleasant and encouraging as far as it goes," said the lady, "but I can remain, Blanche, as your nurse, only on the condition that you obey me. I am ready to unpack and stay, or put on my hat and go."

Miss Harrington's gray eyes were tender and smiling, and her whole face was aglow with active benevolence; but the broad brow and the firm mouth had also much to say of careful study and strength of character.

"Why, auntie, I should give up entirely if you disappointed me now," the invalid replied, with quivering lips. "I have just lived on the thought of your coming."

"Well, will you obey me?"

"Yes, auntie, and I hope you'll remember that obedience is not my strong point."

"But I have your promise, and that will do," said the nurse, cheerfully; "and now we'll see."

"Nineteen years old," Miss Harrington said to herself, "and confined to her bed eight weeks with malaria? Bosh! A bad tongue, feverish, more emaciated than I had expected to find her, pain in her side, intermitting pulse, constant oppression of the chest, backache, acute headaches, cold extremities and no appetite. And this is malaria? Bosh again! I wonder what the doctors did before the word 'malaria' came into use. I must ask this physician his reasons for calling this a malarial attack."

Miss Harrington was as good as her word, and forcing her opinions and her doubts quite into the background, started on her tour of investigation with an appearance of implicit faith in the ability of the medical man to answer her questions.

"Is there anything the matter with the plumbing?" the lady inquired.

"There isn't a sanitary precaution that your brother has not taken," the doctor replied.

"Do you know of other cases of malaria in this locality?"

"Oh, yes; malaria is by no means a rare product in this neighborhood."

"But it is very high and dry, and constantly swept by sea-breezes."

"Yes; very high and dry."

"And very gay?" Aunt Mary suggested, demurely.

"Yes; exceptionally gay."

There was a comical twinkle in the gentleman's eye that told of a quick appreciation of his companion's remark.

"And late hours, and thin shoes, and low necks, and salads, and souffles sometimes induce malaria, I suppose?"

"Without doubt."

"Well, why don't you say so, then?"

Aunt Mary had kept her claws sheathed just about as long as possible.

"A physician can not safely meddle with the private life of his patients except in extreme cases," was the unruffled response. "If I were to take the broad platform which you recommend," the gentleman added, "I should not only not do the least bit of good, but I shouldn't have a patient left. My reputation would be simply that of an old busybody and an old fool. But, madam, this is an excellent field for you, and I am sure we can work together with the utmost harmony."

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Harrington, thoughtfully, "but I don't exactly see it. Of course, if your patients are all idiots, that settles it."

"You would scarcely call your niece an idiot," said the doctor, "and she is as fair a representative of the class as I could name."

After a few days of Aunt Mary's efficient nursing, her patient felt able to sit up, and her maid was directed to get together the necessary articles of wardrobe. Among the first things presented were a pair of black silk stockings and a pair of kid slippers.

"What are these?" Miss Harrington asked.

"Why, they are the newest style of slippers, auntie," said her niece.

"Paper soles, and three-inch heels tapered down to a cherry pit in the middle of the foot. I presume you wear these all the time you are in the house?"

"Why, of course, auntie."

"In the dead of winter as well as in the dog-days."

The young lady laughed merrily at her companion's old fogyism. "Certainly. Just see how pretty they look with the silk stockings."

"How many corns have you, Blanche?"

"Oh, only too or three little bits of ones. I send for a chiropodist once in awhile, and then I'm all right for ever so long."

"A girl of nineteen with her feet in a chiropodist's hands!" said auntie, with a wry face.

"That isn't anything. Why, almost all the girls—"

"Not the slightest doubt of it," the lady interrupted. "You have nothing else, I suppose, to put on your feet but these things?"

"No, auntie, and I wouldn't wear any others if I had."

"I have now accounted for your backaches, Blanche," said Miss Harrington, "and we will proceed to eliminate the spinal column from the charge of malaria; it is perfectly innocent." And now the nurse examined the other articles laid out for use. There wasn't an inch of flannel to be seen; nothing but the finest and most elaborately beruffled and embroidered linen.

"And do you not own a flannel petticoat, Blanche?"

"What in the world do I want with flannels? You know I almost always go out in the carriage, and there are lots of warm robes."

"It is about as I supposed," Miss Harrington remarked, sadly. "Your break-down is due to perfectly plain and natural causes. There is nothing in the least mysterious about it. You have deformed your feet, weakened your spine, and consequently your whole nervous system, by the shoes you have worn. By a series of exposures you have reduced your vital force to such an extent that reaction was impossible without further prostration and a complete cessation of irritating causes. Here are your corsets. How much do they measure, please?"

"Nineteen inches, auntie,"—the young lady was almost ready to cry now—"and they are a whole inch larger than most girls of my size wear."

"What is your size? Here is a tape measure, and I will soon tell you. You have lost considerable flesh, and I shall have to allow for shrinkage. Twenty-four inches just as you are, Blanche. Think of it! A twenty-four inch waist squeezed into nineteen inch corsets! We will now clear the heart and lungs from the charge of malaria. Your irregular pulse, the cutting pain in your side, your uneven and most inadequate respiration can be traced directly to tight lacing. Now I have this to say, my child. I shall not permit you to wear one of these articles as long as you are under my care. If you will accept a pair of my quilted slippers, and allow me to wrap you in blankets till you have some clothes suitable for a convalescent to wear, all right. If not, you must find some ene else to take care of you. My time is altogether too precious to throw away. This may seem very cruel, Blanche; but I really think it would be far better for you to die now than to be nursed back to the old shameful conditions. There is nothing before you but a life of invalidism if you decide to go on as you have begun."

"But how can I wear horrid old shoes and old scratchy flannels, and have a waist like a washerwoman's?" the girl inquired, between laughing and crying. "You haven't said anything about goloshes and leggings yet, but perhaps you'd like to have me wear those?"

"Shall I get the blankets and my quilted slippers, Blanche?" Aunt Mary inquired.

"Yes; bring the gun-boats and the flannels," her companion replied. "And if you can find a few hen's feathers to stick in my hair, the resemblance to a Sioux squaw will be still more striking."

After this Miss Blanche had some lessons in physiology and hygiene, and very interesting and profitable topics they proved to be. She learned the reasons of things, and had sense enough to accept and utilize them. —*Eleanor Kirk, in Harper's Bazar.*

THE WEATHER.

The Reason Why Sudden and Marked Changes Occur.

Good old New England weather of the kind that delighted the hearts and added years to the lives of our ancestors seems to be a thing of the past. We manage to get about the same amount of heat and cold, of rain and drought as formerly, but they are not distributed as evenly. Weather comes in streaks of intense heat and piercing cold, making our usually even climate like that of Europe several hundred years ago.

The records of former times tell us that vehicles crossed on the ice in the Thames for weeks in 1003, 1607 and 1717, and the forest trees of England split open with frost. The frosts were so severe in Flanders in 1544 that wine froze and was chopped out with hatchets, and in February, 764, the Black Sea was covered with ice that extended one hundred miles from the shore.

These sudden changes are not pleasant to healthy people, while those of weak constitutions find them very hard to endure. In Boston this winter the thermometer has varied fifty degrees inside of twenty-four hours. A climate that handles the temperature so carelessly is wrong and should be remedied. Residents of the country towns feel it more keenly than in larger places, and the complaint of social scientists that the rural districts are becoming depopulated and the cities overrun may be accounted for on the theory that people flock to the cities from an instinct of self-preservation.

It is all very well to muse and speculate on these things and quote the "oldest resident" in support of our theories, but after this is done the question comes up, Can humanity do anything toward effecting a change? According to science the earth is gradually cooling off, preparatory to shutting up shop entirely; but as the reduction of its temperature has been only one-tenth of a degree in the past two thousand years it can not cause all our trouble. Besides intensely warm spells are as common as cold ones. From this we infer that some human agency is at work on the machine. The artificial heat produced is increasing every year. Most of this is obtained from coal, hoarded up millions of years ago as a part of the sun's surplus currency. This, too, must be counted out. And now we come down to the last and most plausible theory of man's agency, that he has so modified the surface of the earth that it can offer no barrier to break the shock of rapid changes. He has stripped the hillsides and meadows of their forests, and turned the land into pastures and tillage that present open surfaces to the action of the sun and wind. Water that was retained for weeks among the roots of the trees runs off now in a few hours, and droughts follow in the wake of deluges, converting our country into a camping ground for blizzards and other violent meteorological demonstrations.

To obviate this we should plant trees and more trees, we should put them by the roadside and fences, on the rocky hills and along the brooks, in short, at every place where a tree will grow and nothing else will. A little attention to this matter during the life of one generation will add beauty to our barren landscapes and do much toward taming down the fierce elements that sadly perplex us now.—*Boston Globe.*

Catching an "Express" Train.

Several men were at Wabuska the other day to say good-bye to one of their number who was going North. Just as the train was fairly under way the departing vaquero shouted back that he had left his overcoat. A short search resulted in finding the article, and a hurried discussion arose as to the best way of restoring it to its owner, when it was suggested that, had they been quick enough, one of them might have caught the train on his horse. The suggestion was like a flash of fire to powder. One glance after the fast-disappearing train and Dan Farley was in the saddle, plunging both rowels in his steed and away and away, over ditches, through the sagebrush, up the hills and down the hollows, riding as though for dear life, like a madman or, more reckless still, like a thorough-blooded cowboy. It was a hard run, but in a mile and a half Dan overhauled the train and the conductor slackened speed so that he could deliver the coat. It is needless to say that Dan rode a good horse.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

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—The letters posted annually in the world are 5,200,000,000.

KHARTOUM.

Description of the City in the Soudan For Many Months Held by General Gordon.

On a barren, stoneless and wide plain on the western bank of the Blue Nile, and about a mile above its junction with the White Nile, is situated the now famous city of Khartoum. Its river frontage is about one and a half miles; its depth inward from the river about a mile. As its site is somewhat lower that the point reached by both rivers when in flood, a dyke fifteen to twenty feet in height has been made along the banks of the Blue Nile, and another somewhat lower, immediately at the back of the town, to protect it against overflow of the White Nile. When at their lowest point both streams are from six hundred to eight hundred yards in width, and have several islands, which are cultivated. The White Nile is unfordable, except in one or two places far up the river, but the Blue can be forded in many places above the town. When in flood, the White Nile increases its width to a very great extent, but not so the Blue Nile, as its banks are much steeper. Around Khartoum are several small villages. Both above and below the town are small plantations of date palms and plantains, also a number of vegetable gardens. According to the old custom, or privilege, none of these gardens pay any taxes. With the exception of the river banks the country is bare and treeless.

During the hot season, which lasts from the beginning of April to the middle of November, the heat is severe, averaging in the shade from ninety to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit. The rains generally begin about the middle of July and last till September. They are, however, said to be very irregular, and sometimes there is little or no rainfall. In the rainy season the barren ground stretching between the two rivers is covered with grass, affording very good pasture. The rivers begin to rise on the 1st of June, and reach their highest point about the beginning of September. They remain stationary at that point till about the 15th, and then begin to fall. The cold weather begins about the middle of December, and lasts till the middle of February. From November to March high north winds prevail, and during the remainder, south. In the winter the thermometer sometimes goes down as low as forty-six degrees Fahrenheit; except in the regular rainy season there is no rain. The unhealthy season is during the months of June, July, October and November, when typhoid fevers and dysentery are prevalent. The winter is the healthy season.

The resident population is generally estimated at from fifty thousand to fifty-five thousand souls, of which two-thirds are slaves. There is also a floating population estimated from one thousand five hundred to two thousand souls, and consisting of Europeans, Syrians, Copts, Turks, Albanians and a few Jews. The free resident population are mostly Makhass or aborigines; Dongolawees, from Dongola; Shaghiyes, from a district along the Nile, north of Khartoum, and the Rubatat, a district north of the Berber. The slaves belong mostly to the Nuba, Dinka, Sulook, Berta and other negro tribes. Both the free population and the slaves are Mohammedans of the Maliki school of divinity, and are also followers of either the Rufai, Kadri, Hamdi or Saadi sect of dervishes. They are very superstitious. Their political creed is to side with whichever side is the strongest. The free inhabitants are mostly engaged in trade or commerce, and the slaves in agriculture, or else hired out as daily laborers by their masters. But few are employed as domestic servants. It is said that a master always makes a point of marrying his slave as soon as possible. It is also reported that slaves born in the country improve greatly in appearance as compared with the parent stock. Of the floating population the Copts are mostly employed in Government service or trade. The Turks, Albanians, etc., are generally irregular soldiers or loafers. The European element is represented by about one hundred individuals, mostly Greek. There are also some Italians. The chief export and import trade is in the hands of the Europeans, Copts and Syrians.

Except the manufacture of mats, cotton cloths, a rope made from palm leaves and some filigree silver-work, there is no manufacture worth speaking of. The bazaar is of considerable size, and is tolerably well supplied with Manchester goods, cheap cutlery, etc. The export and import trade is considerable, and, besides numerous caravans, is said to employ over three hundred boats of various size. A considerable trade in grain is also carried on with Sennaar and Karkotsch. These districts are practically the granaries of the Soudan.

In shape Khartoum is very irregular. Its appearance is also poor and miserable. Except the Government house and one or two other buildings, there is hardly a house worthy of the name. The houses are mostly built of sun-dried brick, generally without an upper story, and nearly all surrounded by court yards with mud walls. To prevent these crumbling away during the rains, they are every year plastered over with dung before the rainy season commences. This plastering process is doubtless the cause of a good deal of illness. As the town is so low, there is no drainage, and the consequence is that during the rains the whole place is deep in water, and it is almost impossible to move about. As there is no stone throughout the whole district, the streets are full of dust during the summer and mud during the rains. The chief buildings are: (1) Government house and office, large brick buildings on the banks of the Blue Nile; (2) arsenal, with smithy, carpenter's shop, smelting-furnaces, stoves, etc.; attached to this arsenal are some fourteen steamers for the navigation of the rivers, and also boats of various kinds; (3) a large commodious hospital built by Colonel Gordon; (4) a mosque or jami built by Kurshid Pasha; (5) a sibil or small mosque, provided with a well, and some rooms for the convenience of travelers and poor people; (6) a large barrack of mud without an upper story and a large barrack square; (7) powder magazine and workshop for the refilling of cartridges; (8) a large Roman Catholic missionary building, established in 1848, a stone building with garden, church, etc.; (9) a small Coptic church.

As to the attitude of the population, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart wrote on January 16, 1883: "Of the fifty or fifty-five thousand inhabitants (including thirty thousand slaves) of Khartoum, if I am to believe what I hear, I must consider the majority as unfriendly to the Government. I have been assured that many Government employes, and nearly all the native traders, are secret partisans of the Mehdi, in the hopes that he will re-establish the slave trade. It is questionable how far these statements are justified, but perhaps I shall not be far from the truth in saying that the majority will take whichever side they see is the strongest.—*Chicago Times.*

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—The daily milk supply of the city of Philadelphia averages about 200,000 quarts, or one-fifth of a quart to each man, woman and child composing its 1,000,000 of inhabitants. To produce this vast daily supply requires the maintenance of from 35,000 to 40,000 cows. —*Philadelphia Record.*

STOCK SPECULATION.

The Fascination It Possesses for the Average Mortal.

"Yes, I suppose there is a kind of fascination about stock speculation at first," observed a veteran stock operator, as he fished up on the end of his knife the crisp fragments of fried oysters from his plate in the manner of a man who had lunched well, and is, therefore, rather disposed to be leisurely. "I suppose you have had some experience in the market," he added, as he glanced up at the *Star* man, who sat on the opposite side of the table. The conversation which had begun while the waiter was filling the orders, had yielded to the superior attractions of the lunch, and then was resumed with the toothpicks and contentment, which follows a well-ordered meal. "Nearly everyone has a little episode of this kind in the course of his life," continued the operator, "perhaps several, depending a great deal on the disposition of the man and his occupation. It is rather an interesting study for one situated as I am to look back over the past and notice the changes which have taken place in my business. I don't know as I should use the past tense, for the changes are going on daily. New men come in; old ones drop out. I say drop out; to use the parlance of the street, 'squeezed out' would be the proper term. No one ever goes out voluntarily—that is, very seldom. I don't mean that they wait until they have lost all their money. Very few go into stocks to that extent. Ordinarily a man does not linger in a fight until he has been knocked down three or four times before he realizes that he is whipped. Some men, however, never know when they are whipped. It is a good deal the same way in the stock market. Stocks are very perverse. They usually act in an exactly opposite way from that which the astute judgment of the operator has defined. A man may not be convinced that he is wrong by appeals to his reason, but when his bank account is dwindling away he is liable to have his eyes opened. One of the most beautiful spectacles in my business is to see a man who is new to the market. He has probably made his first venture on a point given him by a friend. It proves to be a success. He is then at once firmly of the opinion that he is a great financier. What he does not know of Jay Gould, the freight business of the railroads, and the various causes which affect the stock market, is not worth knowing. He takes a newspaper for the quotations, he haunts the stock-room, and he talks of nothing else. He is not satisfied with giving orders to his brokers, but he must run down two or three times a day to see how the market is going. Then, after awhile, he seems to lose his interest in the stock market, and he probably announces confidentially to his friends that he has given up stock operations. He has been 'squeezed,' that is all.

"Some one else steps in to fill his place, however," said the operator, after a pause, "and so the world moves on. Speculation in stocks has never been more general than it is at present. I remember the time, and it is not more than three or four years ago, when there were only two places in the city where direct daily quotations from the New York stock market were received. Now there are at least five establishments where the quotations are received by special wire and a regular business done, besides about ten places which we call bucket-shops. All these places seem to be well-patronized, but the class of customers is constantly changing. A man will deal at one place for a time, and then, when he meets with a loss, will conclude that the brokers are not dealing square, or something of the kind, and will go to some other place."

"What class of men are interested in stocks?" asked the listener.

"All classes and all kinds," was the reply, "and women, too. It seems that everybody goes on the market at one time or another. But, generally speaking, the department clerks are most largely represented. Just now, however, business is dull, as people, especially those in office, seem to be inclined to save their money. I have never been in a faro place, but I imagine that the fascination of that game must be something like that which is associated with the stock market. Of course stocks are not a dead open and shut thing, but, like all speculation, there is more or less chance connected with it. A man who is in the market all the time loses more than he makes. I guess there is no doubt about that. Seven-tenths of those who speculate lose."

"The secret of successful stock speculation," remarked the operator, as if he was stating an every-day fact known to all men, instead of being what all men want to know, "is to go on the market only occasionally. That is my rule, although," he added, with a shade of regret in his voice, "I don't always live up to it. But it is a good rule. Go in occasionally. Put your money in when there is a favorable opening, and when you have made a reasonable profit get out, and stay out until you get another chance. I get caught, of course, sometimes, but I expect that. I never get excited. It is foolish in the first place, and, in the second place, you are apt to lose money. With these few simple rules I think that you would be able to get along in the stock market," added the operator with a smile.—*Washington Star.*

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The Value of Lemons.

The value of lemons is thoroughly appreciated in the South, and now that lemons and oranges from Florida are as common and almost as cheap as apples, their use can not be too much insisted upon. A leading physician recommends that the way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much cold water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency without any of the weakening effect of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after awhile; but properly diluted so that it does not burn or draw the throat it does its medical work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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—A jet of melted lead recently lodged in the eye of a French workman without doing any damage to the organ, and the case was investigated by Dr. Perrier, who ascertained that the immunity was due to the lead entering into the "spheroidal state" in presence of the moisture on the surface of the eyeball. The temperature of the lead was found to be higher than 170 degrees centigrade, which is the point at which the "spheroidal state" takes place, and hence the moisture was evaporated and formed a cushion round the lead, keeping the latter out of contact with the flesh. The phenomenon is a case similar to that of a person plunging his moist arm into melted lead with impunity.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Bank of England now covers three acres of ground.

—In Paris a benevolent society called a "Mouthful of Bread" has been organized, the object of which is to render temporary assistance to those out of employment.

—An Un-anniversary Society is the latest English invention, founded for the express purpose of not celebrating Christmas, New Year's Day or other notable occasions.

—Russia makes annually 126,000,000 wooden spoons for the Central Asia market. The common grades are made from birch and poplar, and the best qualities from boxwood.

—"I never allow business of any kind to enter my chamber door," said Mr. Gladstone recently. "In all my political life I have never been kept awake five minutes by any debate in Parliament."

—Two human monsters—a man and a woman—have been arrested in France for enticing two boys of eight and ten from their homes, and then subjecting them to tortures, in order to make cripples of them for begging purposes.

—One can hardly imagine an Englishman dining on a leg of mutton which came frozen from Buenos Ayres, but the thing can be seen any day now. Shipping frozen carcasses of sheep is now a regular business, and as there are 100,000,000 sheep in the Platte district, it is likely to grow.

—Some men of France keep two or three hundred fowls simply on the oats gathered from between the stones where they are dropped by the horses at the cab-stands, and Mons. Imbert mentions one collector who not only supplies his poultry yard, but sows annually two or three acres of oats by this means.

—A singular example of method in madness was afforded in Yorkshire recently. A railway signalman went out of his mind suddenly, so far as those about him could judge, and departed from the scene of his duties. Before doing so, however, he had put all the signals at "danger," and thus rendered an accident impossible.

—A chemist in Munich has, it is stated, succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder which, as far as regards its action on the human system, can not be distinguished from quinine, except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficiency in reducing fever heat is represented as quite remarkable.

—An old country 'Squire, who never looked at newspapers, came up all the from Cornwall recently to attend way the sexcentenary of his college at Oxford. As he entered the college gates he was politely presented with a bill for goods that had been supplied to him as an undergraduate forty-five years previously. He turned on the dun with indignation, not altogether speechless. "God bless you, sir!" he roared. "Lord love your heart! do you think I come up here once in every six hundred years to be dunned?"

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INDIAN DANCES.

Something About the Old Custom of the Aborigines of Yucatan.

From time to time, during such festivals as the Izamal fair, Carnival, and the like, an opportunity offers itself for learning something about the old customs of the aborigines. The Indians still remember some dances of their ancestors, as well as a few ceremonies, which they perform on the sly, because formerly the Spaniards punished them for what they called idolatrous and superstitious rites.

One of their dances, called *Ixtol*, is especially interesting, being a vestige of sun-worship. Men and women take part in the dance; provided the number of each is equal, it matters not how many. All have on masks, anciently well made, to-day mere square pieces of deer-skin with three holes cut for eyes and mouth. Often these holes are so much awry as to produce a most ludicrous appearance, and none can guess what the features beneath may be like. All wear sandals. The women have necklaces, principally of large red beads, and ear-rings, formerly noose-rings too, but since the conquest these have been prohibited. The chief, or *master*, as they call him, wears a circular cap, stuck all round with peacock's feathers, making a lofty, waving head-dress. In front of him, from his waist, hangs a representation of the sun. In its center is an eye, inclosed by a triangle, from which depends a large tongue. All these things are symbols of a most ancient freemasonry. One carries a white flag with a sun painted on it and a man and woman worshipping it. Another has a *sacatan*, a kind of drum, used also in Africa; another a flute; another a *sistrum*, a sacred instrument among the ancient Egyptians. With the sistrum he beats time for the dancers. In the other hand he has a small three-tailed whip, calling to mind the Egyptian *flagellum* of Osiris. This is to chastise the dancers if they step badly. A necklace of large sea-shells hangs half way to his waist.

Each dancer has in the left hand a fan made of turkey feathers, with the bird's claw for handle. In the right hand each has a sistrum, not quite like those used by the Egyptians, but exactly like those of Central Africa, as described by Du Chaillu. Those in Yucatan are made of small calabashes, ornamentally painted, and secured to the handle by pieces of bamboo; they have pebbles inside to rattle. The flag is held upright by the bearer or planted in the ground. Beneath it sits the drummer, cross-legged, his drum on the ground before him. Close to the flag-staff stands the master, the conductor, and the flute-player. With the flag for center, the dancers go round three times, bodies bent forward, and eyes on the ground, as if groping in the dark; the drum meanwhile beats a peculiar quickstep. Then the flag is unfurled—the sun appears! All draw themselves up to their fullest height, and raise eyes and hands with a shout of joy. Then the dance commences round and round the flag with various steps and motions, at the same time energetic and solemn, imitating the course and movements of our planet, among other things. Meanwhile the chief sings, and the people answer in chorus, over and over again the same thing, in Maya tongue.

CHIEF. "Take care how you step."
DANCERS. "We step well, O master."

The melody is both mournful and stirring. The rattling of the sistrum is very effective, now imitating the scattering of grain, now, by a sudden movement of every arm, giving forth one mighty rattle as of a sudden rainfall and clap of thunder, together with a shout raised by the dancers after each chorus is sung. The fans are kept in motion as symbolical of the wind.

There is a *pig's-head* festival, now much fallen into disuse. At a certain season of the year the head is cooked, decorated with many-colored ribbons and flowers, and, with an orange between its jaws, placed upon an altar prepared for the occasion by a man who dances meanwhile. In this manner it is borne by a procession of people to some chosen individual. Various other presents are also given, such as fowls, cigars, sweet-bread, and so forth. The more numerous the gifts, the worse it is for the recipient, because on the following year he is expected to give just twice the amount received.—*Alice D. le Plongeon, in Harper's Magazine.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Vermont has [illegible] Baptist churches, with [illegible] members and 106 ordained ministers.

—So many valuables are annually stolen from churches in the south of France during the midnight service at holiday time that those services have been ordered discontinued in the future.

—The principal of one of New York's many "finishing" schools where young ladies are presumed to get the final touch of polish to fit them exquisitely for society, includes in her course of lectures one on the art of slumbering presentably.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The following statistics are given concerning the Catholic Church in this country: Cardinals, archbishops and bishops, 76; priests, 6,835; churches and chapels, 7,763; seminaries, colleges and academies for both sexes, 708; asylums, 294; hospitals, 1,390; communicants, 9,000,000.

—Bishop Lyman, of North Carolina, takes exception to the statement of Dr. Thompson, Bishop of Mississippi, that negro rectors are not desirable in the Protestant Episcopal Church through the South. He says that ten blacks in his State are satisfactorily ministering to congregations of their own color, and he would not like to see any other system tried.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The value of chewing gum as a factor in education has been settled at last. A Macon (Ga.) schoolmarm had six bright scholars come to school provided with gum and six without. Then she threw twenty-nine problems at them with astonishing results. The chewers of gum correctly answer twenty-one, while the gumless six had mastered only eight. This is another vital educational problem solved.—*St. Louis Post.*

—President Eliot, of Harvard University in an address before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association the other day, said that it would be much better for two or three towns to maintain one high school adequately equipped, rather than for each one to maintain a weak and poorly equipped high school. The only thing that stands in the way of such a union is local jealousy, and the sooner that is set aside the better.—*Boston Journal.*

—The will of the late Governor Abner Coburn, of Maine, bequeaths the bulk of his property to the cause of education in the South. To Coburn Classical Institute he bequeaths $75,000; to Colby University, of Waterville, $200,000, which, with other amounts for the benefit of the university, make his entire bequests thereto over $300,000. The State Agricultural College at Orono receives $100,000, and the Maine General Hospital in Portland $10,000.

—The New York *Sun* is discussing the grammar of the family prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." It pronounces it all right. It undoubtedly is; but, grammatical or not, it has gone up to the great judgment seat freighted with the sweetest confidence and trust that only infantile humanity can understand. That simple petition will endure as long as Christianity prevails, and will be familiar to more hearts and lips than probably all other prayers combined. Few English-speaking men and women but learned it at mother's knee and few wholly forget it.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An Ohio girl, while out riding with a young man, got out of the buggy and killed herself with a pistol. He probably persisted in driving with both hands. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Well, now, that sticks in my crop!" remarked the old farmer, as a customer showed him over six bushels of twigs and branches extracted from a ton of his best hay.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Bachelors can breathe easy again. For three years they need not blush and start coyly and timorously when the fair maidens tell them they have something to say in confidence.

—"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily, "but what am I to do with my nose?"

—At the rink:

A daring young man named McCollum,
Who was long and lank, and looked solemn,
Hit the floor with his head,
And the words that he said
Would fill a long newspaper column.
—*Norristown Herald.*

—It was just after the tiff. "I wonder," snarled Romeo, "if we shall know each other in heaven." "I'll remember you, of course," replied Juliet, with tender emphasis, "but, of course, I couldn't know you without meeting you," and a period of silence as long as a centennial poem crept into the room. —*N. Y. Herald.*

—Business has been rather dull in Texas this year. A Galveston drummer who had made a tour of the State, on his return to Galveston was asked by his boss: "Well, did you get any orders?" "I should smile. I don't think I went into a single store, that I wasn't ordered out by the proprietor himself."—*Texas Siftings.*

—When Mrs. Oleo, the boarding-house mistress, was told that the inspector of provisions had seized 468 pounds of veal, ninety-two pounds of poultry, fifty-two pounds of bear meat, thirty-seven lambs, six barrels of peas, and 200 boxes of herring, she remarked: "Pretty good appetite; but nothing to some of my boarders. You'd ought to see them when they're good and hungry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Smith, how is it that you always get such good bargains?" queried Jones. "Because I was taught in my infancy habits of thrift, patience and economy," replied Smith. "My father was always drumming it into me to 'wait a little while and you'll purchase cheaper. Why, even my mother used to sing 'bye-low, baby,' before I could walk." Jones was perfectly satisfied with the explanation.—*Boston Courier.*

—At a restaurant the other day the antics of a green-looking customer, who was twisting up in his chair, and turning round in all sorts of contortions, attracted attention. Approaching him, finally, the restaurant man asked in deep perplexity: "What do you do that for? For heaven's sake! what is the matter? Was it the lobster?" "Lobster be blowed!" growled the victim, with well-feigned anger; "I'm only taking my dessert." "Your dessert?" "Yes; look at your bill of fare." We threw our eyes over it. It enumerated some dozen good things for dinner, and at the bottom were printed in fair large type the words: "For dessert turn over."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Bryant's Tender Confidence.

The following very pretty anecdote is told of the late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates the good man's simplicitiy of heart. Says the narrator: "One morning many years ago, after reaching his office and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked: 'I can not get along at all this morning.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'O,' he replied, 'I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite, but I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him.'" This tenderness of conscience went far toward making the poet the kindly, noble, honorable, and honored man that he was, whose death was felt as a loss throughout the land. —*Philadelphia Record.*

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