THE SNAKE DANCE.

STRANGE CEREMONY OF THE MOKI INDIANS, IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The Performers March About Holding Live Snakes in Their Mouths---Handling Deadly Reptiles Like Skeins of Yarn.

In a description of the Moki Indians' annual snake dance in the Southwest, a writer in Harper's Weekly says:

At a signal from the leader, Kopeli, they entered the plaza in single file, on a rapid walk, and after circling the plaza, ranged themselves in a slightly curved line before the tent of cottonwood boughs in which the snakes were placed, and on each side of which the fifteen Antelope-priests stood in line singing a wild and guttural chant.

A wilder hum arose, a portentous, guttural, sparling sound, which passed soon to a strong, manly, marching chant; full of sudden, deep-falling, stern cadences. Then Kopeli, the Snake-chief, and the one second to him joined arms and danced slowly down before the kisi. They stopped, and when they rose Kopeli held in his mouth a snake. His companion placed his left arm over the Snake-chief's shoulders, and together they turned, circling to the left. The snake hung quietly from the Snake-priest's mouth. It was held at about nine inches from the head. Behind him walked the third man, the snake-gatherer. They passed with a quick, strong step, one might almost say with a lope, in time to the singing.

Immediately behind came another group, the snake-carrier holding an entire snake in his mouth, the head protruding about an inch. These two were followed by a third man, the snake-gatherer; and soon the entire line of thirty-three Snake-priests had broken into eleven groups and were circling the plaza, one man in each group carrying from one to three snakes in his mouth. The singing continued, stern and swift like a strong stream, and although at times the dancers lost step to the music, in general they may be said to have retained throughout all the rush of movement a tolerable accuracy of rhythm. A group of women stood near, and threw sacred meal upon the men as they passed. They kept far from contact, I observed. The excitement of the spectators increased. I pushed close to the circle of dancing priests to study their faces.

One man passed with an enormous bull snake in his mouth. Its tail hung down to his knee. Each snake-carrier danced with his eyes closed and his chin thrust forward. The reasons for this were obvious. The little snakes were the most vicious, and struck repeatedly at the eyes and cheeks of the priests.

One man went by with two large rattlesnakes in his mouth. Another held a rattlesnake and two larger bull snakes between his lips; and a third priest, to silence all question of his superiority, crowded into his mouth four snakes! The gatherer who followed him held in the fingers of his left hand six or eight snakes, strung like pieces of rope. In fact, they all handled the snakes precisely as if they were skeins of yarn, with the single exception of the moment when they snatched them from the ground.

Once or twice there was a brief struggle between the snake-gatherer and the fallen snake. In every case which I observed the snake-gatherer brushed the snake with the feathers of his snake-whip until he uncoiled and straightened out to run. After the gatherer picked him up he was as helpless as if dead.

As the dance went on, the excitement grew. The clink of metal fringes and the patter of rattles filled the ear. The snakes dashed into the crowd, shouts and screams and laughter rose, but the wary snake-gatherer in every case caught the snake before it passed out of reach. In one or two instances when a rattlesnake ran toward the women with their basket plaques of meal, they broke into wild screams and ran. Evidently they feared the rattlesnakes quite as much as any of the white women. At last, so deep was my interest to see, I lost all sense of hearing. They all moved like figures in a dream.

During all this time, whatever the outeries among the spectators, whatever the screams or laughter among the women with the meal, the Snake-priests, intent and grave, showed no trace whatever of excitement. It is absurd to speak of hypnotism or frenzy of any kind. They were not in the slightest degree moved either to fear or laughter, or even to the point of being hastened or retarded by the presence of the white man. They had a religious duty to perform, and they were carrying it forward, intent, masterful, solemn, and perfectly silent. Incredible, thrilling, savage and dangerous as it appeared to us, to them it was a world-old religious ceremonial.

The movement of the cotton mills to the cotton fields is the logical result of the increased economies that have been enforced on business of every description, and this is a movement that must continue to increase.

Venezuela has two hundred million acres of forest, in which grow all the varieties of ebony, as well as rosewood, satin wood and mahogany

LAKES OF VITRIOL.

Workers in Its Manufacture Take Their Lives in Their Hands.

The whole world is said to owe gratitude to Widnes, that strange little town on the banks of the Mersey. It is the home of the trade in chemicals.

In Widnes men spend their lives under the most terrible conditions that many of the chemical compounds familiar in commerce may be produced, and a chemical factory is simply an inferno on a small scale.

In some of the workshops the fumes are something awful. They grip the nostrils and throat of the intruder, and he feels that he is being choked and tortured; yet in such atmosphere the daily tasks of thousands of men are carried out.

For instance, in the manufacture of muriatic acid, which is produced by mixing common salt and sulphuric acid, the vapors produced are almost unendurable.

The acid seizes the soda in the salt and liberates the muriatic gas; this flies up glass tubes into water tanks, where it is dissolved into acid. It is then distilled in platinum retorts, worth thousands of pounds; platinum alone will serve for such a purpose, as earthenware would break and other metals dissolve.

Vitriol is made there by burning sulphur and saltpetre together in long brick furnaces; the weird, bluish flames dart out of the doors when they are opened, and it is the duty of the men to face the awful heat and breathe the vapors while attending these fires.

Vitriol, carbonate of lime, coal dust and common salt are mixed and burnt for some hours, and the white glare given off is almost blinding.

The stuff has to be raked frequently while it burns, and the workmen have to control the process of burning continually. And what is the result? Merely carbonate of soda, the stuff your seidlitz powder is partly made of, the material also which is used in soapmaking, glassmaking and other trades.

When it has been burned it is put in a bath, and flame is blown on it fiercely, so that the impurities are carried up a flue, and the soda is thrown down in crystals.

But one of the most fearful of all the processes in the conditions it produces is the making of bleaching powder.

You see a lot of men, indifferent, apparently, to the biting, suffocating atmosphere, and neither gasping nor blinking, as the visitor does, stir up a mixture of hydrochloric acid and manganese.

These materials, operating on one another, produce chloric gas, which is caught and led into chambers partly filled with powdered lime.

The gas acts on the matter, and in course of time transforms it into chloride of lime, or bleaching powder.

The enormous quantities of chemical products issuing from Widnes are scattered to all parts of the globe, and there is always enough vitriol stored in the town to swallow up and consume it.

It is kept in great leaden vats—large enough, as seems, to make a mansion of, and the cheerful person who may, as a great favor, expound the mysteries of the works will certainly remind you that to remain in the neighborhood of these receptacles is to be in constant danger of death, and that to be burned to death by vitriol is very horrible.

One little crack in a vat, or the yielding of a weak place, and the awful liquor would find an exit, and gradually force its way out, until as a torrent it flooded the neighborhood, burning and corroding all it touched.

There is a theory that all the fumes produced at Widnes are deodorized and made innocuous before they leave the flues. But trees find it hard work to grow round the town still, and the odor of a Widnes fog is perceptible at Garston, several miles away. And at that, after a hasty intrusion into the vapor-filled torture chambers, no one need wonder.

The life of the soldier on active service is one of safety and luxurious ease compared with that of the Widnes workingman; yet the latter goes about his work cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

Increasing the Issue of Books.

The cheapening of devices for printing has had the effect of increasing the issue of books to a figure never before attained or probably never dreamed of by our ancestors. In 1894, for instance, there were issued in the United States 4,484 new works, while in Great Britain during the same period the new books numbered 5,300, while there were 1,185 new editions of books previously printed, a total of 6,485, and for the two countries of 10,969. It is quite probable that not less than 1,000 copies were printed of each work, and it is more probable that of the whole number not ten will be remembered, even by name, in 1904.

Five years ago Mrs. Katherine G. Reed, of Sistersville, W. Va., was a poor widow, her only possession being a farm considered worthless. Oil was unexpectedly found upon it, the flow was immense, and she has just died, worth over $1,000,000

THE YOUNG FOLKS

ONE WAY TO GROW.

What's the use, I'd like to know,
Of a boy who is quiet and prim,
If a boy must mind his p's and q's
He'd ought to be her instead of a him.

It's the girls that should sit still and straight
That's what they're made for, don't you know;
While boys must jump and shout and race—
It's noise and fun that makes us grow.

They say "You're like your mother, Bob,"
But that's a great mistake, you see,
For she likes gentle, quiet boys,
While I—why I like boys like me.

The more we fellows shout and jump,
The more we race and tear and climb,
The bigger men we'll grow to be—
If you will only give us time.

SELFISH FAULT-FINDING.

How easy it is for little people, and elder ones, too, we fear, to find fault with everything that interferes with their especial enjoyment. The shower which puts a stop to the fun you have had planned, is welcome to the farmer whose crops need rain; and some of the hot days over which you fret, are just what is needed to ripen the grain. Don't forget about other people and complain because everything is not just as you like it best.

THE MYTHICAL CROWNS.

The idea which most children have of a King is that he goes around with a crown on his head and wrapped in royal robes or riding a splendid steed. This is not true, of course, as some of you may know. The only ruler of Europe to-day who is ever seen wearing a crown is King Oscar of Sweden. The Emperor of Germany owns a beautiful crown, which, it is said, he has never put on his head. The crown is the emblem of kingly rule, but it is kept for state occasions only, and then it is more often borne into the state chamber resting on a cushion than on the brow of the man who is entitled to wear it.

BLOWING THE BAG.

When you breathe into a paper bag to puff it up, and then burst it with a blow to produce an explosion, do you ever ask yourself anything about the extent of the force of your breath thus imprisoned? Great scientists nowadays, you know, are talking about compressed air taking the place of even steam and electricity as a motive power. To give yourself some sort of an idea of this force, take a bag quite long and narrow, and made of strong paper. Lay it flat upon the edge of a table, the opening toward you, place a weight upon it, and puff it well by blowing. Gradually increase the weights and continue blowing, and you will be surprised at the amount your breath will lift. To make two large, heavy volumes fall one over the other will seem the lightest kind of play, so easily can it be accomplished.

SWITZ'S BABIES.

Sylvia was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"My dear little daughter," said mamma, "it is impossible to have so many kittens around under foot. You may pick out just one for a pet."

"I want 'em all," sobbed Sylvia. "Oh, mamma, don't have them drowned, please."

"Listen, dear; the kittens are very young, only a day old, and it is a great deal better to drown them now before their eyes are open than later, for they will have to go some time. It will not hurt them, because they are too little to know what water is. Be mother's good little maid, and dry your eyes."

It was very hard to do, but mother knew best, of course, so Patrick put them in water and then Sylvia and Douglas buried them under the old gnarled apple tree, and shed more tears at the funeral. Only one dear, ugly, soft little ball of fur was kept to wait until its eyes opened to be their playmate.

Slyvia and Douglas were not the only distressed ones; Switz, the old St. Bernard dog, watched the proceedings with wet eyes and stayed behind to guard the grave when the children went in to supper.

For a couple of weeks Switz behaved in a very strange manner, and he and Mrs. Tabby became very intimate, often sauntering off together. One day Douglas followed them and he came back in a great state of excitement, inviting the whole family to follow him down to the old ice house. Finally he succeeded in persuading mamma, papa, Aunt Nell and Sylvia to go, and what do you suppose they found?

Nothing more nor less than Switz contentedly washing three playful little kittens, while Mrs. Tabby sat on a ledge near by, watching the happy family in the straw, and purring contentedly.

Loving old Switz had not left the poor babies in their grave, it was his nature as a St. Bernard to save life, and he had dug the kittens carefully up, and with his soft, warm tongue had licked them back to life; then he had told Mrs. Tabby all about it, and she had thanked him and let him adopt them and keep them safe in the straw in the old ice house, where no one would be likely to see them and take them away again.

And no one ever mentioned getting rid of the kittens again, for Switz brought his family up well, and kept them where they belonged.

A PLAY RANCH IN NEW MEXICO.

The writer recently made a trip through a part of New Mexico where the natives gain a livelihood by farming in a very primitive manner. The boys there at the age of eight or ten years are sent out with flocks of sheep or goats, and they herd in the hills and mountains all day long from daylight till sundown, when the flocks are driven into corrals and the children get their second meal for the day, the first meal they get at daylight. As they never take any dinner or lunch or any kind of toys with them, the long days would be very dull if they did not possess the capabilities, common to all children, of self-amusement.

During a trip among the hills where the sheep and goats are pastured, we came upon a miniature ranch, which some of these young herders had made for their own amusement. The grease-wood had been broken off and cleared away, and the ground stirred with a pointed stick in imitation of plowing. A canal and headditch brought imaginary water from a nearby gulch, and a system of irrigation ditches and cross furrows had been made to carry water to all parts of the field. All had been done with the same regard to grade and slope that their fathers bestowed upon their real farms. Nor was this all, for upon a slight eminence close to the cultivated fields of this imitation ranch, a mud (abode) house had been built by bringing water from an irrigation ditch one-fourth of a mile away. With this mud, mortar had been made, and then the outer walls of the house were shaped in an oblong form. After the walls had dried a short time, sticks of greasewood were laid across from wall to wall on these small branches, and weeds were laid, and then the whole covered with mud. At regular intervals near one edge of the roof, lumps of mud had been worked into block-like forms for chimneys, and a finger-hole made in the top of each one for a flue. Openings in the walls for doors and windows had not been neglected. The whole structure was about two feet long, one foot wide and eight inches high.

The boundaries of the little farm were marked with tiny wooden crosses, the same as the big farms, thus showing a disposition, that is shared by boys and girls everywhere, to imitate their elders in religion as well as in other matters.

A HORSE DIES FROM GRIEF.

The emotional life of a horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instant is called to mind, which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged, and he was made as comfortable as possible.

He ate his food, and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless, and tramped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ear caught the signs of the retiring wagons he would rush, as best he could with his injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted.

Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased, his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of his body. Finally the stableman went to the house, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had had charge of the injured horse returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead.

The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The veterinarian who was recalled remarked after the circumstances were told him that unquestionably the horse died from grief. If it is possible for all the mental faculties of the horse to become abandoned to grief to such an extent as to cause death, how much more does he appeal to the sympathy and regard of mankind.

Curious Glimpse of Family History.

A curious glimpse of family history has been opened up by the death of M. Tallien, which occurred the other day in Guatemala. Towards the end of last century there flourished at Malaga, in Spain, a French merchant named Grevignee. The latter had two daughters, one of whom married Count Mattieu de Lesseps and became the mother of that Ferdinand de Lesseps who constructed the Suez canal, while the second daughter of M. Grevignee married a Scotchman, Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, British consul at Malaga, and bore a girl, who in due time married the comte de Montizo and became the mother of Empress Eugenie and of the late duchess of Alba. Ferdinand de Lesseps had a sister named Adele, who espoused Dr. Tallien, grandson of that celebrated beauty Mme. Tallien, who played so great a role at the beginning of the century at Paris as Egeria and belle amie to many of the principal men of the day, including the dictator, Barras. The son of Ferdinand de Lesseps' sister Adele, Julien Tallien, was sent by Napoleon III as charge d'affaires of France to Guatemala, and when he lost his office through the fall of the empire in 1870, he decided to settle down there and to make his home in Guatemala, where he has died

THE [illegible]

[illegible] OF THE PRESS.

Trouble Ahead--Too Much to Eat--Material Mind--The Hourly Question--Tests at the Asylum.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

He: I fear the worst.

She: What's happened, George?

"Your father has paid back the money he borrowed."

CORRECT.

Teacher—Tell me a few of the important things existing to-day which did not exist a hundred years ago.

Tommy—Us.

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

Guest (facetious)—The cheese seems to be active. it has already reached the second end of the table.

Host (startled)—Waiter, stop the cheese!

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

Dukane—Didn't I lend you $30 about six months ago Gaswell?

Gaswell—Well, if you can't remember a thing like that, you can scarcely expect me to jog your memory.

FORTUNATE.

Restful Raggles—Yer don't know how it is ter lose a good husband, do yer, ma'am?

Mrs. Farmer—No, sir.

Restful Raggles—I'm glad ter hear it. I'm sick uv havin' his ole clothes given to me when I ask fer grub.

A MATERIAL MIND.

"Isn't it sweet, Tom dear," she said, "sitting here in the moonlight listening to the crickets and the tree toads?"

"Humph!" retorted Tom. "Who cares? aren't tree toads and crickets cheaper than trolley!"

APPROPRIATE.

Tourist—I notice that in the distribution of your crops you have an eye to the appropriateness.

Farmer—Yes? How's that?

Tourist—Why, if I'm not mistaken you've planted corn on the foothill.

THE HOURLY QUESTION.

Applicant—I understand, madam, that you desire to employ the services of a chaperon for your daughter?

Mrs. Croesus—Yes. I do. Can she ride a bicycle?

HIS REMAINS.

Stranger—Well, boys, how's the game go to-day?

Boys—We lost.

Stranger—What have you got in the bundle?

Boys—The umpire.

HER SACRIFICE.

"Did Mrs. Jones give up her bridge to please her husband?"

"No; her pug dog wouldn't come to her when she had them on."

WARNED.

"I guess I had better give the results to the first tramp that comes," said Mrs. Hunnimune, with candor.

"No," exclaimed her husband, hastily, "don't do that. He might poison them at the dog!"

THE LESSER EVIL.

Mrs. Newlywed (reading)—"A poor fellow arrested for manslaughter the day before he was going to be married."

Mr. Newlywed—Well, some fellows are born lucky.

THE MEAN THING.

"When Smith died it was discovered that he hadn't a cent's worth of insurance," said Jones to his wife.

"Poor Mrs. Smith," she said pathetically, "and they're all in taffeta silk now at half price."

Jones canceled his policy and left.

AT THE ASYLUM.

Visitor.—I suppose most of the patients are quite rational on many points.

Doctor.—Oh, yes! Some of them quarrel about the different merits of wheels just as if they were quite sane.

OFF COLOR.

Lemonade Vender (to his Assistant)—Everybody is buyin' dere lemonade but dat bloke over dere; we ain't got a drop, an' we's got de purtiest red I ever struck. What's de matter?

Assistant.—Why, de Sons of Shamrock is visitin' th' circus in a body to-day, an' dat felly is sellin' green lemonade.

EASILY ANSWERED.

"Papa," cried little Willie from his father, who was reading, "won't you listen to me, papa?"

"Don't bother your father, dear," said his mother, "What is it you want to know?"

"Why do sailors trim their beards?"

"To make them look pretty, my child," replied the mother. "Whenever you want to know anything just ask me."

CLEVER POPKINS.

"Popkins is a clever fellow."

"What has he done now?"

"He's put a spring gun in his yard, a burglar alarm at every door, an electric mat at each door, and a dog in the kitchen. It cost a lot, but he accomplished the purpose at last."

"What was that?"

"He's got the hired girl so badly she's afraid to stay out late nights."

A farmer in Topeka, Kan., on Sunday clothes had been [illegible] horse rubbing against them. The horse sank his teeth into the coat. At the same instant the horse [illegible] passed his head in the air and the man's jaw in three places

[illegible] of the world's supply of camphor comes from Formosa and Japan. [illegible] years the demand has begun to [illegible] the supply, says the Youth's [illegible], and the question has arisen [illegible] the latter can be maintained. One [illegible] reasons why camphor is becoming dearer and dearer is said to be that [illegible] extensively used in the manufacture of celluloid. At present camphor [illegible] only produced from the so-called [illegible] tree, which attains a gigantic [illegible] in Japan, one specimen recently [illegible] being 115 feet tall and having a trunk over 14½ feet in diameter. [illegible] is common in China, but as the production of camphor in that [illegible] is very limited. The camphor [illegible] a member of the laurel family, [illegible] related in genus to the cinnamon. It is said that camphor can be [illegible] from other species of [illegible]. In Borneo a very aromatic [illegible] is obtained from the natural [illegible] of gum on the trunks of a species indigenous to that island [illegible]. Borneo camphor is rare [illegible].

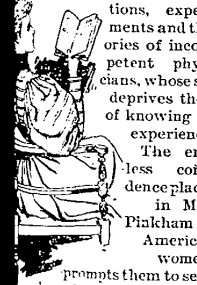
[illegible] of frog in Borneo has very [illegible] and these are webbed to the [illegible] can leap from a high tree, [illegible] ages, and is thus supplied [illegible] little parachutes, which enable [illegible] descend. For this reason [illegible] called "the flying frog."

[illegible] WANT TO KNOW.

[illegible]OM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES?

[illegible]an Answers "To Me"—Anxious [illegible]ies Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.

[illegible]n regard it as a blessing that [illegible] talk to a woman who fully [illegible]ands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and theories of incompetent physicians, whose sex deprives them of knowing by experience. The endless confidence placed in Mrs. Pinkham by American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly.



Female diseases yield [illegible] E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Inflammation, ulceration and displacement of the [illegible]varian troubles, spinal weakness, kidney complaints, all have [illegible]ptoms, and should be "nipped [illegible]." Bearing-down pains, backache, nervousness, pains in [illegible]situde, whites, irregularities, [illegible]impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc.

[illegible] testimony right to the point: [illegible]doctors told me that unless I [illegible]he hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had [illegible]largement and ulceration of [illegible]

[illegible] in constant misery all the [illegible]back ached; I [illegible]s tired. It [illegible]ssible [illegible] walk [illegible]ed long [illegible] I was [illegible]

[illegible] three bottles of Lydia E. [illegible] Vegetable Compound, and [illegible] packages of Sanative Wash, [illegible] now almost well. I am [illegible] healthier than I have ever [illegible] life. My friends and neighbors [illegible]ke doctors are surprised at [illegible] improvement. I have told [illegible] what I have been taking."
[illegible]ETTA BICKMEIER, Bellaire, [illegible], O.

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sider the enormous [illegible]
and money involve[illegible]
man beings to pla[illegible]
enjoy cool air, it is [illegible]
that there is not a [illegible]
the man that shall [illegible]
on the opposite sid[illegible]
cool air to human b[illegible]

Profesor Ball, th[illegible]
of Ireland, and one [illegible]
astronomical writer[illegible]
has just finished a [illegible]
on the distance to [illegible]
"fixed stars." The [illegible]
spired by a visit t[illegible]
Lancashire thread [illegible]
erintendent of one [illegible]
pected by the ast[illegible]
he star-gazer that [illegible]
ut of the various [illegible]
factories was 155 [illegible]
thread per day! T[illegible]
certainly enough t[illegible]
unless it should be a [illegible]
Lesser Ball has long [illegible]
oint where he expr[illegible]
string of figures wh[illegible]
billions of miles. [illegible]
stunned at the thre[illegible]
paralyzed the manu[illegible]
filaments by telling [illegible]
factories in Lancas[illegible]