

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Behold the palace reared by daedal Jack.
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack.
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark where the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores, in John's pavilion laid.
Anon with velvet steps and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides;
Grimalkin grim, who slew the fierce rodent,
Whose teeth insidious Johan's sackcloth rent.

Lo, now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault.
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall.

That rose complete at Jack's creative call.
Here stalks the impetuous cow, with crumpled horn.
Whereon the exasperating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that snarled.

The rat prodaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn damsel, crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dug, who drew
Of that cornuculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn.

The baying hound, whose braggart bark and snarl
Arched the spine and raised the indignant fur
Of puss, that with her vermicidal claw
Struck the wierd rat, in whose insatiate maw

Lay reeking malt, that erst in Ivan's courts
We saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Kronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man, whose amorous lips incline

Full of young Eros' oculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lactabie hands
Drew albu-lactie spoils from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn

Distort, to realms ethereal, was borne
The beast catleian, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old moroseous rat, that dared devour
Anteocedaneous ab, in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here of hirsute honors defied, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands, the man unshrifit
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift.

Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
That in fierce wrath the canine torturer
skied.

Who dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat, that robbed the palace Jack
had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last.
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament

To him, who robbed in garments indigent
Excoquates the aural lechrymose,
The emulgator of the brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
that kilt

The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the
house that Jack built.

Indian Arrow Poison.

How Deadly Weapons are Made from Snakes, Insects and Putrid Meat.

Of the three poisons prepared by the Moqui of Arizona the first is called Ti-ki-le-li-wi-poison ointment. Poison given internally to cause death, whether in powder or liquid, has no definite name beyond its being "bad medicine." The "poison ointment" is prepared in this wise: A rattlesnake is tormented until it bites itself, when the priest of the "Snake Order" dips the arrow point, as well as a short portion of the shaft, into the blood obtained from the serpent. It is stated that a wound from such an arrow will cause death in from three to four days under ordinary circumstances, and in a much shorter time if the victim had been fasting for a day or two, a condition in which an Indian is frequently found even in time of peace. The second variety is prepared from the "Humble Bee," which, after being maddened by being disturbed in the nest and struck at by withes and branches, is killed. The insects are then gathered and crushed in a primitive stone mortar, where the mass is thoroughly macerated, after which the arrows are anointed in a manner similar to the preceding. Wounds are not liable to cause dangerous results, although they become exceedingly inflamed and very painful, the effects being attributable to the presence of formic acid. The third variety is prepared by crushing a number of large red ants—a variety found all over the northern elevated areas—in a similar manner as the preceding, and in which the arrows are dipped. This poison is not necessarily a fatal one, though instances have been given on "Indian authority." The present writer has treated wounds caused by this insect in several instances, when great constitutional disturbances resulted in a short time, followed by inflammation in an aggravated form and sometimes accompanied by delirium.

The Apaches occupying the habitable areas of Arizona, immediately south of the Moqui Pueblos, prepare a poison composed of the venom of the rattlesnake mixed with the decomposed liver of a deer or antelope. The modus operandi could not be ascertained in detail, though it is probable that the method may be similar to that formerly practiced by the Teton Dakota, among whom the writer has witnessed the ceremony. A rattlesnake was searched for at one of the prairie-dog towns, and when discovered was secured to the

ground by means of a forked stick so as to prevent its escape and yet not to injure it. An assistant would then pierce a deer's liver, which had been procured for the purpose, and upon inserting a short pole would thrust it toward the serpent, who would repeatedly bury its fangs. In this manner the venom was secured, and when the snake refused to bite again, it was destroyed.

The liver was then placed upon a tall, upright pole, where it was allowed to decompose, after which it was crushed in a small dish, when the arrows were dipped into the mass and allowed to dry. Poisoned arrows were carried in double quivers and tied together with a black band or piece of cloth to distinguish them from the harmless ones. Serpent venom was employed by the Siris of Western Senora. After a small excavation had been made in the ground a cow's liver was introduced together with centipedes, scorpions and a rattlesnake. After teasing these creatures for a while with the hope that the liver might receive most of the venom discharged during their angry struggles it was removed and crushed into a jelly, into which the arrows were dipped.

Apache arrows which have been properly besmeared with poison are readily distinguished from the ordinary weapons by the dark reddish brown coating over the anterior portion of the shaft immediately back of the arrow head. The latter also presents the same appearance at times, though were this the only portion to which poison had been applied there would be difficulty in identification, as the arrow points are generally secured to the end of the shaft by the liberal application of mesquite gum, after which the sinew threads are applied for greater security.

The Pah-Utes, just south of the Shoshones, remove the heart of a large mammal and place it into a corresponding cavity in the ground. Rattlesnake fangs, with the poison-sacs, are then ground into a pulp, with a horned toad or two, which mass is then emptied into the cavity of the heart and allowed to decompose. The whole mass is said to dry into a tough mass resembling caoutchouc. This is finally cut into small pieces. In poisons prepared by the combination of serpent venom and decomposed organic matter it is not positively known which if not both of the substances acts as the toxic agent. Cases thus far observed or recorded have resulted in septicemia and death. One in particular, a mere scratch upon the shoulder blade, died in great misery in less than a week, though not before the flesh had literally dropped from the back as far down as the hips. It is probable that the septic poison of the organic matter remains active for a greater period of time than the serpent venom, being favored by immediate drying in the drier atmosphere of the extreme Western plateaus. Dr. S. Wier Mitchell's experiments do not demonstrate to what length of time serpent venom may be kept in a dried state and retain its virulence. The active principle (crotonine) may remain active under favorable conditions for an indefinite length of time, but then the symptoms would be exhibited in a manner strikingly similar to those after a fresh wound inflicted by the serpent, which thus far has not been observed. Professor F. V. Hayden and Colonel James Stevenson have both observed the Blackfoot and Assiniboine Indians procure the pure serpent venom by causing a secured snake to bite a clean piece of bark. The arrows were applied directly to this without the admixture of any other substances.

Clips.

The *Union Medicale* states that the attempt at acclimatization of the tea plant in the Loire Inferieure is successful. Grafts on the camellias have borne well. At Messina, Sicily, the 3-year-old plants are very vigorous and have an abundance of leaves.

The deepest mine in the world, according to Professor H. Hoefel, is the Przi bram silver mine, in Bohemia. The lowest depth is 3300 feet below the surface.

Observations upon Russian railways show that for the period of six months 77 per cent. of the fracture of tires occurred when the temperature was below zero, 4 per cent at zero, and only 19 per cent at higher temperature.

Governor Ireland, of Texas, has advised in a message to the Legislature that vaccination be made compulsory in that State.

It is proposed in Paris that a medical service be formed for the purpose of ascertaining what chronic or constitutional diseases affect the teeth, eyes or ears of the pupils in the public schools, and of devising suitable remedies for the ailments.

Hell Gate is to be lighted by electricity from a tower 250 feet high at Hallett's Point, and containing lights of 29,000 candle-power, which are to be displayed from sundown to sunrise.

For the Fair Sex.

CRIMPING PINS AND CURL PAPERS.—Sir Arthur Helps, in one of his delightful books, remarks "that we all ought to make a point of duty to look our best for those at home." And, of a truth, we all ought to take more pains than we do to be beautiful in the eyes that see us every day.

In Hannah More, and Miss Edgeworth's stories, the untidy young lady is always represented as appearing in her family with her curl papers like a bristling forest about her head. As ringlets are out of fashion, in the place of curl papers we have crimping pins almost universally adopted by the young ladies of our generation. "But," says one, "who is to see me? Who is to notice or care for what I have on or how I look?" "See?"—"notice?"—"care?"—why, the dearest eyes in all the world. Suppose we try how much pleasure we can bestow in our own homes by special efforts to look beautiful. Did you ever notice that most people are more amiable when they are becomingly dressed, than at any other time? It is certainly so; and whatever the hidden cause of it, it is a great deal easier to be good when one looks pretty well. Sophie May, in one of her nice stories for girls, makes her heroine put on her blue merino when everything is going wrong, on the principle that "matters won't be helped by my looking hateful."

GRILS ON THE FARM.—A great deal has been said and written concerning the rights of farmers' boys, but nothing about the girl. It is a common thing for farmers to pay their sons fair wages for their work; yet the daughters do not receive a dollar from month to month. Why should this difference exist between the farmers' girl and boy? The former is quite as much entitled to a reward for services as the latter. In truth, the farmer's girl is frequently the more valuable of the two. She is expected in many cases to arise very early, get breakfast, clean up the house and prepare the other meals required through the day, or if not, to at least largely aid in all these household duties. In addition, she is looked upon by father, mother and brother, to entertain company—to act the hostess, at least, as a creditable second to the mother; and while she may be the pride of the family, and regarded as a sort of privileged character, yet much is expected from her in ten thousand smaller features of home life. Why, then, should she not be encouraged with at least as much pay as the boy? In addition to that, the farm house should be made as attractive as possible—with a piano, plenty of books, newspapers and pictures; cultivate a taste in the girls for flowers, etc. These features, with a moderate amount of work, should produce a happy and contented home farm life.

Big Lumps of Gold.

Nuggets That Were No Pocket-Pieces Found in Sierra County, California.

The following is a list of big nuggets that have been found in this section on the 18th of August, 1860, a large piece of gold was taken from the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra Buttes, which weighed 1506 ounces troy, the value of which was estimated at from \$21,000 to \$30,000. The nugget was sold to R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, for \$21,636.52. A fine specimen was taken from the rainbow quartz mine, Chipp's Flat, in 1881. It was taken from a depth of two hundred feet. The specimen was on exhibition in San Francisco. Later it was shipped to London and worked there. It yielded \$22,000. In 1855 a nugget was found at French Ravine that weighed 532 ounces and was worth \$10,000. It contained considerable quartz which is not calculated in its weight. In 1851, at French Ravine, a nugget was found which weighed 426 ounces and was valued at \$8,000. A nugget is reported to have been found at Minnesota valued at \$5,000. In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French Ravine which contained 263 ounces of gold, worth \$4893. At Smith's Flat, in 1866, a piece of gold was taken from a claim which was worth \$2716, and weighed 146 ounces. At Smith's Flat, in 1864, a nugget was found weighing 140 ounces and worth \$2605. At Little Grizzly Diggings, in 1869, a nugget worth \$2000 was found. A nugget weighing 94 ounces and valued at \$1770 was found at the Hope claim, four miles below the Mountain House. At French Ravine, in 1860, a nugget was found worth \$2767 and weighing 93 ounces. At Smith's Flat, in 1861, a nugget was found which weighed 80 ounces and was valued at \$1509. From 1854 to 1862 twelve gold nuggets, ranging from 30 to 147 ounces, were taken from the Live Yankee claim at Forest City. From 1856 to 1862 a number of gold nuggets, varying from 30 to 100 ounces, were found in the Oregon claim at Forest City. A specimen worth \$5000 was taken from the Oriental (Gold Gate) quartz mine. The total of Golden Gate mine is estimated at \$200,000. The mine has been worked to depth of only 300 feet.

Aids to Digestion.

Scene in a doctor's office:—"How long will it take you to cure me, doctor?" "Well, Mr. Blank, I think you can get back to your desk at the bank in about a month, but you will have to remain under treatment for several years." "But you mistake; I am not Mr. Blank, the banker, but Mr. Blank, the letter-carrier." "Oh, that alters the case. There is nothing the matter with you but a little biliousness. You will be well in a week."

She wept, the poor laundress, on returning five shirts, when her patron had entrusted her with six, and confessed that she had burned a big hole in the sixth while ironing. "Never mind," says her customer kindly, "Christmas comes but once a year, and that'll be all right. How much do I owe you?" "Six shirts at 12½ cents each—75 cents." "But, I say, you burned one of 'em up." "Well, suppose I did; hadn't I washed it before I burned it! Go along wid you, trying to chate a poor, disconsolate widow."

A Nevada man who was carried half a mile by a snow avalanche amused himself during the journey by calculating the pressure to the square inch that he was subjected to. He must have been some relation to the man whose wife in a moment of conjugal frenzy pelted him with the contents of the coal scuttle. As he neither resisted nor spoke, she became all the more exasperated, and finally in a climax of passion exclaimed: "Well, why don't you say something?" "Because, my dear," he replied calmly, "I was busy thinking whether those coals ain't broken up finely enough to be used in the kitchen stove."

Lounging through the corridors of the State Capitol one day was an old farmer to whom came a female suffrage canvasser with a petition, politely asking him if he would sign it. He eyed the document suspiciously awhile, and then asked: "What is it?" "A petition in favor of the woman's movement," she responded in her most insinuating tone of voice. "Then I'm agin' it," said the agriculturist, with the emphasis of a man who had some domestic infelicity. "A woman whose allus movin' is allus gettin' in trouble. If you've got anything to keep her sot, then I'll sign it."

An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud and some isn't—pends on wa'at you axes fo'; just arter de wah, we'en it was mighty had scratchin' fo' de culled bredden, I 'barved dat w'enber I pway de Lov'd to sen' one o' Marse Payton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dare was no notice took ob de partition; but we'en I pway dat he send de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was 'tended to befo' sun up nex' mornin', dead sartin'."

Going Out of Existence.

The recent death at Philadelphia of Coffin Colket, a railroad official calls to mind a remark frequently made in railroad circles, to wit: that "no public railroad has ever gone out of existence, and ceased to be." Officers might die, the owners become bankrupt, the corporation, in fact, be destroyed; but the road itself remains.

Mr. Colket was a contractor on the road from New Castle, Delaware, to Frenchtown in Maryland, a link in the line of travel between Philadelphia and Baltimore. Passengers took steamboat from Philadelphia to New Castle, railroad thence to Frenchtown (16 miles, we believe), and at the latter place took steamboat again to Baltimore.

The New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad has ceased to exist. No man under forty ever saw it, and very few of any age know, in fact, that it ever existed.

Very many of our lay readers are unaware, perhaps, of the origin of "ballast," signifying broken stone, gravel, etc., used under and between the ties of a railroad for surfacing and steadying the track. This old road revives our boyhood recollection.

In former times, vessels coming to Philadelphia "in ballast," discharged it near New Castle; and when the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad was completed, so far as laying the track was concerned, the large piles of ballast near the former place was utilized on the road; and from this circumstance, stone so used has passed into a technical term in railroad engineering, to signify the material used in railroad construction for the purpose aforesaid. —*Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Home News.*

It is said that the finest sleeping cars in the country are those which run into New Orleans, and that fully four-fifths of them are equipped with paper wheels, costing \$90 each, or \$1080 a car.

It is true that a dog is a mighty grateful animal, but he'll move much quicker for a frown than he will for a smile.

Pious Sentiment.

Star light is better than no light. A little knowledge is better than great ignorance.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think.

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.

In spite of all man's sin, the world does prosper marvelously, miraculously; in spite of all, God is stronger than the devil, life stronger than death, wisdom stronger than folly, order stronger than disorder, fruitfulness stronger than destruction; and they will be so more, till the last great day, when Christ shall have put all enemies under his feet and death is swallowed up in victory, and all mankind in one fold, under one Shepherd Jesus Christ, the righteous King of all.—*Kingsley.*

No Tears in Heaven.

I met a child his feet were bare,
His weak frame shivered with the cold;
His youthful brow was knit with care,
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have not wherewith to lay my head:
Oh, I am lone and friendless now!
Not friendly, child; a friend on high
For you his precious blood has given:
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry—
"There are no tears in heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young wife's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon?"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," I cried, weep not,
"Weep not?" in accents wild he cried,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
"Forgotten? No! Still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above
And dry thy tears in heaven."

I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she pressed
An infant, seemingly asleep.
On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
"Fair one," I said, "pray weep no more."
"Sobbed she, 'The idol of my hope,
I am now called to render up;
My babe hath reached death's gloomy
shore."
Young mother yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief—
"There are no tears in heaven."

Poor traveler o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair;
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud,
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud,
Then trust in thy Redeemer's love,
Where'er the lot in life be cast.
Whate'er of toil or woe be given—
Be firm, remember to the last:
"There are no tears in heaven."

"Give me A Single Line."

The *Detroit Free Press* tells the following pathetic story of a wasted life and a "turned rule." "About three months ago the wreck of a man staggered into the office of a weekly paper in Eastern Michigan, and asked for money to buy whisky. Strangely enough, the publisher was an old schoolmate. They were apprentices in the same town; they worked side by side as finished compositors. One had sobriety and thrift—the other had a good heart and an open hand. Twenty years made the one rich and influential—the other a drunkard, who slept in the gutters as often as in a bed. The one had made use of what God had given him, but the other had deliberately made himself a wreck. The meeting called up a host of recollections, and the contrast between their situations was so great that the old drunkard was sobered as he realized it. He was offered work, but he had become too broken. The stick and the rule were no longer for him. He was offered a temporary home, but he looked at his rags and felt his shame for the first time in months. When money was handed him he waived it back and said: "I shall not want it. I ask, in the name of olden days as a fellow craftsman, one little favor." "It shall be granted." "When you know that I am dead then turn a rule and give me a single line." The promise was made and the old wreck floated out again on the current of time, borne here and there, and feeling that death was to be the end. Recently a copy of the weekly reached the *Free Press* with a proof that the editor had fulfilled his promise. He had turned the rule for the poor wreck, and had given him the line as follows:

"Died, Sept. 27, 1882, George White."

Government Profit on Coinage.

Some Curious Facts Relating to Unredeemed Obligations of the Government.

A considerable source of profit to the United States Government is the amount of paper money and coin, which is never presented for redemption. Much of this is destroyed by fire; some of it is buried and hidden in places known to no persons alive. A large quantity of the coin is melted to make sterling silver ware. Considerable amounts of both paper money and coin are exported, never to return. Not long ago a United States bond, issued about 1819, was presented at the sub-treasury in New York city. The interest on it had

ceased over fifty years. It had come back from Europe through Barling Brothers. The outstanding principal of the public debt of the United States last year was nearly two billions of dollars, chiefly represented by bonds and Treasury notes. It would be, of course impossible to say how much of this will never be presented for redemption, but some idea may be formed from the fact that \$57,665 of it was issued so long ago that the date of it is not recorded. It appears in the report as "old debt," that may safely be put down as profit. There is an item of \$82,525 of Treasury notes issued prior to 1846. Some of them were issued nearly fifty years ago, and will not, in all probability, ever be presented for redemption. One thousand one hundred and four dollars of the Mexican indemnity fund of 1846, has never been claimed. The last of the fractional currency was issued under the act of June 6, 1864, yet although nearly twenty years have elapsed, \$7,077,247 has not been presented for redemption. Some of this is held as a curiosity. Some of it is still used by banks and merchants for transmitting small sums by mail. Several New York banks have considerable sums of new fractional currency which they distribute for the accommodation of their customers.

As to the coin the Government derives a considerable profit from it. The silver in one thousand silver dollars costs on average about \$803.75. The coinage of a silver dollar costs about 1½ cents. The total cost of one thousand silver dollars to the Government is therefore \$816.25.

Since the organization of the Mint, in 1793, 127,190,618 silver dollars have been coined, on which the Government has received a profit of over \$23,000,000.

In the same period, \$122,758,510 was coined into half dollars. At the same rate of cost for coinage the profit was \$19,395,769 on these. The total silver coinage of the Government since 1793 is \$347,766,792. Estimating the profits on the halves, quarters, and subsidiary coins at the same rate as on the dollars, the total profit received by the Government on its silver coinage has been about \$64,000,000.

In the coinage of the five cent nickels the Government reserved to itself the liberal profit of nearly fifty per cent. This gave to the Government last year the handsome revenue of over \$100,000 from nickels alone.

The wide margin between the intrinsic value of the five cent nickel and its face value, led to extreme counterfeiting. Several years ago an assay was made of some of the counterfeit nickels, and it was discovered that the counterfeiter had put into their coins more valuable metal than the Government uses in making the genuine coins.

Plantation Philosophy.

I would rather go through an ordinary spell ob sickness den to be trapped on by a calf.

A man ain't kalf so skeered in de darkness jes' afore day as he is in de darkness jes' arter night.

It generally takes a man about fifty years ter believe that he's a fool, an' de balance ob life ter know dat he is.

Originality in nature ain't allers rated higher den imitation. De meckin' bird brings a higher price dan de crow.

De preachers what is always complimentin' de dove don't remember dat he is a bad han' at pullin' up young corn.

It is mighty strange ter me dat a man will stoop lower to git a nigger's vote than he will ter git the vote of a white man.

De sweetness ob dis life am't confined ter de graceful shape. De muley cow is monstrous ugly, but she gives powerful fine milk.

A great deal of harm is sometimes 'complished in doin' good. De martin makes war wid de insects, but he includes de yellow-bee in his bill of fare.

Don't guage honesty by polished manners, young man. De mole is mighty slick, but he's one ob de most underminin' members ob de animal kingdom.

His Grace and His Honor.

Justice Huddleston, who tried the recent libel case of Belt, the sculptor, in London, began life as a schoolmaster, went to the Bar, entered Parliament as a conservative, was always "chafed" as a "tuff-hunter," married a lady of title, got a Judgeship, and is even now declared to be unduly impressed with the overwhelming importance of aristocratic society. The clubs are fastening upon him a characteristic anecdote. Going out to dinner recently he learned that an illustrious Duke was to be of the party. As he encountered the butler to the hall he slipped half a sovereign into his hand, saying: "I have a few special words to say to the Duke; contrive that I sit next to him." "Thank you," said the butler, returning his money, "his Grace has just given me a sovereign to place you at the other end of the room." The Duke knew his man.