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No. 2.

THE SNAKE DANCE.

DIVERSIONS OF THE MOQUIS

First Lieut. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, U. S. Army, Aide-de-camp to Gen. Crook, was one of the officers selected by Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, some months since, to make investigations into the habits, etc., of the Indians living within or contiguous to the Military Division of the Missouri. The district assigned to Lieut. Bourke was the northern portion of the division, the northern portion being allotted to Capt. W. P. Clarke, of the Second Cavalry. Bourke has penetrated into a country never before traversed by a white man, and has written to Gen. Sheridan a long letter, which contains a graphic account of a

Curious and Horrible Religious Ceremony

Among the remote and almost unknown Indian tribe, the Moquis, of Northeastern Arizona, a people whose identity has been preserved since they were first seen, and partially described by Spanish Catholic missionaries in 1536. The rite referred to is

The Snake Dance.

Lieut. Bourke says the Moquis had a procession divided into two parts, one of the choristers and gourd-rattlers, the other of forty-eight men and children, twenty-four of whom carried snakes, and the other twenty-four acted as attendants, fanning the snakes with eagle feathers. The horrible reptiles are carried both in the hands and in the mouth. It was a loathsome sight to see a long file of naked men carrying these sinuous monsters between their teeth and tramping around a long circle to the accompaniment of a funeral dirge of rattles and monotonous chanting. After a snake had been thus carried around the circle it was deposited in a sacred lodge of cottonwood saplings, covered with a buffalo robe and its place taken by another. Thus it was not hard to calculate the number used, which was not far from one hundred, rather over than under, and half the number were rattlesnakes. The procession entered through an arcade, marching in the line of arrow heads four times around the great circle, embracing both the sacred lodge and the sacred rock, and then formed in two single ranks, the choristers facing toward the precipice and the dancers facing the sacred lodge. The "High Priest," as I called him, took station directly in front of the sacred lodge, and between it and the rock, which latter is a grim-looking pile of weather-worn sandstone, twenty or thirty feet high, having a slight resemblance to a human head. At the foot of which is a niche in which is a piece of black stone bearing a vague appearance of the human trunk. At the base of this idol are many votive offerings to propitiate the deity to send plentiful rains. As the procession files around the little plaza

The High Priest

Sprinkles the ground with water, using an earthen bowl and an eagle's feather as a sprinkler. A second medicine man twirls a peculiar sling and makes a noise like the falling of copious showers. When the two lines are halted facing each other, the dancers, who are at first provided with eagle feathers, wave them gently downward to the right and left, while the choristers shake their rattles, making a noise like a rattlesnake, and at the same time singing a low and not unmusical chant. When this is finished the High Priest holds the bowl toward the

sacred lodge, utters a low but audible prayer and sprinkles the ground again with water. The singing and feather waving are repeated and the first scene is over.

Nothing at all horrible has occurred yet. But no time is lost before the second part of the ceremony commences. The choristers remain in their places with the High Priest, while the dancers, two by two and arm in arm, tramp with measured tread in a long circle, embracing the sacred points already mentioned.

Your Blood Chills

As you see held by the men on the left snakes of all kinds, wriggling, while the right hand man keeps the reptile distracted by fanning its head with eagle feathers. There is no discount on this part of the business. The snakes are carried in hand and in the mouth, and as I have already said, some of the rattlesnakes were so large, over five feet, that the dancer could not grasp the whole diameter in his mouth. As the procession filed past the squaws at S, the latter threw corn and meal before them on the ground. These snakes, when thrown to the earth, showed themselves in most cases to be

Extremely Vicious

And struck at any one coming near. In such an event, a little corn meal was thrown upon them, and the assistants running up fanned them with the eagle feathers until they coiled up, and then he quickly seized them back of the head. After all the snakes had been put under the buffalo robe covering the sacred lodge, there was another prayer and the second scene ended. The third scene commenced almost immediately, and was as follows:

The snakes were seized by ones, twos and half dozens and thrown into the circle at E where they were covered over with corn meal. A signal was given and a number of fleet young men

Grabbed the Snakes in Handfuls

Ran at full speed down the almost vertical paths in the face of the mesa, and upon reaching its foot, let them go free to the north, the south, the east and west. The young men then came back at a full run, dashed through the crowd and on to one of the estafas, where we were told they had to swallow a potion to induce copious vomiting, and to undergo other treatment to neutralize any bites they might have received. Of one thing I am assured, the Moquis medicine man knows more about snakes than any people on the earth, the Asiatic snake charmers excepted.

The Sky as a Cemetery.

"I have been watching the star called the Winking Demon," said the astronomer, as he extended his hand to pull the reporter up on the roof. "These autumn mornings are a little chilly, but the air is so deliciously pure and clear that one doesn't mind if it bites a little. Besides, it is worth the risk of catching cold to see the Demon wink. You are just in time to watch him as he gradually reopens his eye. If you had come a few minutes earlier you might have seen him shut it."

"Where is this remarkable demon star?"

"There, almost overhead at this hour. If you want to point him out to your friends you have only to observe that he is a little south of that bending row of stars that marks the constellation Perseus, and that there is a little group of smaller stars near him. Now, you see, his light is pretty faint, but

not so faint as it was a few minutes ago. In three or four hours his eye will be wide open again, and he will shine as a star of the second magnitude. These winkings of Algol, or the Demon, occur a little oftener than once in three days."

"What causes them?"

"Ah, now you come to the strangest thing of all. Is there anything in the appearance of the sky, all glittering with stars, that suggests to your mind that it may be a vast cemetery? No, ridiculous! you say. Very well. You will not dispute that the earth we tread is, from one point of view, only a great burying ground, which contains the remains not only of countless generations of men, but whole races and tribes of various animals and plants. Just so in the heavens above us the dead are mingled with the living. It is to my mind the most suggestive discovery of modern astronomy that the universe is full of dead suns—suns whose light has gone out, whose fires have been extinguished, and which no longer shed life-giving and life-preserving rays upon the worlds that may be imagined yet circling in coldness and gloom about them. What has this to do with the Winking Demon? Why, everything. I believe it is generally conceded, though Prof. Newcomb seems to dissent, that the variations in the light of Algol are caused by some huge dark body revolving around at a frightful rate of speed. There are other variable stars whose phenomena can be accounted for in the same way. In the case of Algol there is evidence that the dark body is approaching the star, drawing nearer with every circle. When it strikes, who can picture the extent of the catastrophe? Then, indeed, that mysterious dark body will become visible, blazing with the light of a hundred suns, and unable to escape from the fiery destruction that it has brought upon the star."

"Are there any other dark bodies like this known to astronomers?"

"Oh, yes; the great star Sirius is accompanied by a huge body of the kind. It is not altogether dark, for with large telescopes it can occasionally be seen glimmering faintly close to the star. Astronomers knew it was there before they got a glimpse of it, for it caused disturbances in the proper motion of the star. Another of these dark bodies which astronomers are sure exists, although no human eye ever saw it, is dogging the star Procyon, one of the brightest in the sky. You may see the star now low down in the east, north of Sirius and below the Twins. The invisible body that hovers about it is evidently of large size, for it causes considerable perturbations in the star's motion. It may once have been a sun as brilliant as Procyon itself, but now not a ray comes from it. Still, astronomers can point out the changes in its position, as its attraction pulls the star now this way and now that."

"If space is filled with these mysterious dark bodies, collisions between them and living, or light-giving, suns are not impossible. You know that our sun is in rapid motion, carrying his family of worlds along with him in his flight. So all the stars are instinct with motion. Our lives are so short and their distances are so great that we can hardly appreciate these motions, yet they are swift beyond comprehension. Some of the stars are approaching, others receding, all moving in some direction. The constellations whose forms are so familiar to us are

falling to pieces like card houses. In a few thousand years there will be no Great Dipper, no Orion with his club, no Southern Cross. The heavens would look like a new universe to one of us who revisited the earth in the ten-thousandth century. Now, if we suppose that there are as many dark or dead suns as there are living ones, it is not difficult to believe that occasionally there might be collisions between them. Of course, the chances against any such collision would be very, very great, and yet some of the cases of stars that have suddenly blazed out with astonishing brilliancy and then disappeared may be accounted for in this way. To show you that there is no exaggeration in what I am saying about the multitude of dead suns in the universe, see what John Lubbock said in his inaugural address at the meeting of the British association in August last:

"The floor of heaven is not only thick inlaid with patches of bright gold, but studded also with extinct stars, once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be some 17,000,000 years hence."

"But we need not wander off in space in search of the sky's untombed dead. We have right at hand, circling about our own earth, not an extinct sun, but a dead world. The moon is dead, and has been dead these million years. There the astronomer, if he fancies himself the world's surgeon, may study the effects of a malady that no surgery could cure. Even worlds and suns, like men and women, grow old and die; but unlike men and women, they have no grave but the open and boundless heavens."—N. Y. Sun.

Graveyard Insurance.

Whist and piquet are said to have been invented in France; chess in India; poker on a Mississippi river steamboat, and keno in Chicago, but Pennsylvania has the honor of originating the new game known as "graveyard insurance," which, like all things of that sort, is spreading to other states. The game may be played by any number of persons, the larger the number the better. It consists in betting in favor of the chances of old and invalid persons dying within a short time; the man or men holding policies upon these persons live within the amount of the policy. The money is chiefly supplied by outsiders, who are not admitted to the game. Their duty is to pay five or more dollars assessments whenever they are advised of the death of these persons. Of course, since people over 80 years of age die very rapidly, these outsiders soon get tired of the sport and refuse to pay their assessments. Those persons therefore, whose "risks" are not dead at the time, are "kenoed," but in that consists the chances of the game. The person whose "subject" dies first, takes the prize, just as the lucky winner gets the pools put up on a horse race.

In Maryland and Pennsylvania the excitement has run so high that farms have been mortgaged to pay these assessments. Instances have been known where insurance policies have been issued on the lives of persons who were already breathing their last breath; the object of each insurer being to get the most precarious and feeble lives it is possible to obtain. In Carroll County, Maryland, a negro named Watson, aged 78, is living in luxury and supporting his children and their families by signing policies of insurance on his life in

favor of speculators who paid him \$20 to \$100 per policy. Watson is partly paralyzed, and suffering from rheumatism and heart disease. The policies on his life aggregate \$200,000. He has signed 100 policies and more are being taken out. The daily premiums on these policies are enormous, some companies charging \$100 per week for \$1,000. These premiums are ruining holders of policies. This is only a sample of dozens of cases in Western Maryland. In some cases there is good reason for believing that obstinate lives which have not ended as speedily as they promised to when the policy was taken, have been cut short by foul means. The temptation to win such large fortunes, by the simple act of anticipating by a few days or weeks the death of an old and feeble person, when by delay, the money may go somewhere else, must be terrible strong, if not quite irresistible.

There are even professional frauds in the game—men who pretend to be decrepit or enfeebled by disease, who offer themselves as "subjects" for policies, are well paid for allowing policies on their lives to be taken out, and then suddenly grow young and well, and with well-filled pockets, depart to play their game on some other agents. This trick is to the original game, what sending boxes of sawdust instead of counterfeit money to those who offer to buy the "duer" is to counterfeiting itself. It is a rogues' within a rogues, an amateur rascal smarter than the professional one.—Detroit Free Press.

Peruvian Bitters.

The Count Cincel, the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1830. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1832, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Linnaeus called it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinchona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroy. We guarantee the ingredients of these bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the best known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and we willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order it.

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