

FERNANDO DE NORONHA.

60 Soldiers Guard and Keep Order
Among 1,800 Convicts.

At the time of our visit to this Brazilian island there were 1,800 convicts in settlement. Of these 1,000 are divided into 10 companies of 100 each, under command of a sergeant, himself a convict. They live in outlying villages, and are employed at work in the fields and plantations and tend the sheep and cattle. Some live in the town and are engaged in different handicrafts in the workshop, such as in catamarans, the native Brazilian canoe, too roughly built to attempt to sail in, being merely two or three logs lashed together and propelled by sail or paddle.

All have to work for their food and clothing, which they obtain from the government stores in proportion to the work performed. Some of the convicts themselves are allowed to keep private stores, and their fellows are allowed to purchase any little extras they require beyond these necessities of life. Convicts of good behavior are allowed to have their families on the island, should they be willing to come.

There are two schools, one for the children of the officers and soldiers and one for the children of convicts. The masters in both cases are convicts. At the age of five the sons of the convicts are sent to a military school at Pernambuco. The girls are allowed to stay on the island with their parents if they wish to do so.

To maintain order among these 1,800 convicts there were at the time of our visit only 60 soldiers in garrison. Little difficulty, however, is experienced in their management, punishment for ill behavior being detention in the penitentiary, flogging or, in extreme cases, banishment to the island, a small, uninhabited island about a mile long at the northeast of Fernando, where its occupant would have to keep himself alive by fishing.—Chambers' Journal.

Death Called the Hand.

Four aces and a joker killed a tough, hearty Yuma Indian named Orisia A. Quahue in the county jail here. This is not the first time that four aces have brought about a tragedy, but probably the first time that it has been caused just this way.

Quahue was one of Chief Miguel's band of rebellious Indians who, with their leader, were in the county jail for a month or so awaiting their trial on a charge of assault. Quahue was a pretty good Indian and was allowed considerable liberty. He became acquainted with the turnkey, and being a jolly fellow was made a sort of comrade by the petty officials.

Quahue was playing a game of poker with Walter Scott, a fellow prisoner. Scott dealt the cards, and Quahue picked up his hand. It was a pat one. Quahue looked at his cards and stretched out his hand to raise the ante, when Scott was startled at seeing his fellow player's face change in a ghastly way. He swayed in his chair a few seconds and fell over on the stone floor dead. An attempt was made to give him medical care, but it was unavailing, and the doctor pronounced it a case of bursting a blood vessel leading to the aorta.

A spectator noticed that the Indian, though dead, still clutched his cards in his hand, and on extricating them from his death grip they were found to consist of four aces and the joker. Quahue evidently thought he held five aces, and it was more joy than he could stand.—Los Angeles Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

His One Cigar.

Sir Andrew Clark was so ardent in his crusade against overeating and overdrinking, and so firm in his belief that in a large majority of cases diet will do far more than drugs, that he was a little too much inclined to take it for granted that his patients were self-indulgent to the ruin of their health. Among the many anecdotes to which his views gave rise the following is one of the most amusing:

A patient came to consult him and was at once overwhelmed with directions on the subject of the life he should lead and the diet to which he should adhere. "Now, remember, only one glass of wine at each meal," the physician concluded, "and just one cigar after dinner won't hurt you. Good morning. Be sure you keep strictly to the one cigar."

"One cigar!" exclaimed the patient.

"But?"

"My dear sir," broke in Sir Andrew somewhat testily, "I must insist. If I am to treat you, you must follow my directions. I know quite well you will find it hard, but it is absolutely necessary for your health."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "All right, Sir Andrew; since you insist I will do my best. Good morning."

He went his way, but his health did not improve, and at the end of a few weeks he returned to the physician's consulting room.

"No better?" said the doctor, surprised.

"But have you followed all my directions?"

"Absolutely," replied the visitor. "I must admit that the cigar was rather hard work at first, and in fact made me feel very ill, but I soon got used to it, and now I rather like it."

"Good heavens!" said Sir Andrew, on whom the truth dawned, "do you mean to tell me?"

"Yes, I had never smoked before."—New York Sun.

Himalayan Kownee.

A traveler in the Himalayan mountain region has discovered that the natives of that country cultivate a grain hitherto unknown in civilized agricultural operations, which has something the look of wheat, but has very much longer ears, and which has a peculiar inward curve. The shiny, brown grain, unlike wheat, is, on the other hand, much smaller than wheat grains should be for so large an ear. But the interest is that a cereal of this character should yield such heavy crops in so high an altitude, where the seasons are necessarily short and the temperature low. The natives call the grain kownee.—Exchange.

Ridiculous.

There is no character, however good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, however poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance, his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar (Mark Twain in Century).

A Bishop's Method.

A letter written with one's own hand is considered more respectful and courteous than any other. Bishop Barrington, whose handwriting is execrable, wrote to a correspondent, "Out of respect I write to you with my own hand, but to facilitate the reading I send you a copy made by my amanuensis."—Louisville Western Recorder.

The Man With a Plan.

He was a brave man, for he attempted to carry a large pane of glass across State street when the afternoon rush was at its height. For a few moments he hesitated at the edge of the sidewalk, and then he cut in between two delivery wagons and reached the cable track. He waited for a train to get by, and then he waited for a hansom cab, and a big truck brushed him from behind.

Presently there seemed to be an opening. He had crossed the two tracks. Several persons had stopped at the corner to see how he would manage it.

After he had crossed the tracks he shifted the pane of glass to another position. It stuck up a foot above his head. A dray loaded with barrels had shut him off. The dray moved slowly, and the man with the glass became indignant.

"Hurry up there, will you?" he shouted.

He was paying so much attention to the dray that he did not see the florist's wagon wheel up from behind. The large damp nose of an overworked horse caught him in the shoulder. He stumbled forward against the hind wheel of the dray, and it was all over.

The man had a small jagged piece of glass in each hand. The policeman and the drivers laughed in a sympathetic way, and that was as much satisfaction as he ever got.—Chicago Record.

An Irish Warning.

Rev. Dr. Marshall, who was a well known convert to Rome, and who was a very large man, weighing about 20 stone, once took a covered car from Dublin to Drumcondra. Before he got into the car he asked the driver to tell him what the fare was. "I have that to you, your reverence." "But how much is it?" "Whatever your reverence pleases." "That won't do. I shall not get into the car till you tell me the fare." "Get in at once, your reverence, for if the horse turns and gets a sight of you the devil a step he'll go at all."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of 60 miles weighs only 3½ pounds.

It took four months for four men to do seven inches of a cashmere shawl one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day; so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost nearly \$500.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that, 40 years ago, wild pigeons were found in myriads in New York state, but in late years they have been rapidly disappearing.

The Granville Cigar Co., Ltd., Vancouver, capital stock \$50,000, has been incorporated. A. W. Draper and J. M. Leithead, of Vancouver, and A. Leithead and A. L. Draper, of Montreal, are the incorporators.

An ingenious little machine, attached to a typewriter, counts and records the words as fast as they are printed.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National, of Paris. It contains 1,400,000 volumes.

Worth recently made for a Parisian belle a gown which cost the wearer \$30,000.

The thread of a silkworm is one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Y AT HALF MAST.

Blanchard and One Mother
Grew Faint.

They were looking through
at the vessel coming in.
poke almost at the same
"Mother! Mother!"

He had been looking, too,
up the wharf. He never
ill he broke, breathless,
low and weather-bustled,
with seaweed, under the
"Mother! Mother!"

ming! she's coming! the
an, making bread, then
her head and shoulders
her hands on her apron
he boy.

as already on the wharf
ether by the common
d, won from the deep
arer ties of husband
and fathers on board
were there. They saw
rom the crafty sea and
all her white sails were
g. The sun of the clear
one on her clean deck
gleamed like diamonds
e water, an earnest of
thousands—of barrels

got a good fare this
vorn woman. "We've
ing on our mortgage
had any new clo'es for

rew bigger, and while
f watched, she came
light left every face
—no one made a cry
pressed nearer the edge
e women, white faced
rank back and drew
was fixed on the ve
re the stars and stripes
he topsail had hidden
wel came about.

waiting till the Jock
The woman from the
d trembling, held her
o her came the cap-
head. His blue eyes
r that, though salt,
ie tried to speak, but
hid her face in her
took the boy by the
n about the woman's
a home.—Donahoe's

His Species.

drought I sat in the
man who seemed to
iden. He never tired
a blessing it would
ficial rain could be
"he excitedly re-
ly tried everything,
p in a balloon and
er with a watering
have no means of
scent quantities of
rther, a fountain,
it into the air and
in all directions,
unions to perforate
em explode are not
fact, useless when
it!"

rupted, "you wish
of the human race,
agricultural popu-
l proprietor, I pre-
umbrella maker!"
as the largest city
Province.