

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE AVERAGE YANKEE BOY.

What do you think of this alphabet of a boy, sketched and set in type by the funny man of an American newspaper? If many of the Yankee youths are like him, they will grow up as queer as the funny man himself :-

A's the green apple with bites all around. B is the bell that is lost on the ground. C is the cigar. D is the dog. E is the egg. F is the fish. G is the game. H is the hooky from school. I is the Indian. J is the jack-knife. K is the kite. L is the linkings for lessons. M is the marble and melons. N is the novel that cost him a dime. O is the old man with a strap by the gate. P is his top pistol, which settles his fate. Q is the quarrel which bloodthirstiness. R is the rum he makes to his clothes. S is the swimming, skates, snowballs and sled. T is his top and his toys. U is the uproar he makes when he's tann'd. V is his vim when he's leading the band. W is the whine he shrill. X is his X-penses when Y is the yell he Z is the zeal that

FANGED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Botanizing in one's vacation is not always as enjoyable as some persons might imagine. The noted botanist and pharmacist, Dr. Edward Cornell of Williamsport, Penn., whose weight does not exceed ninety pounds, while searching for some rare plants near his summer residence at Paducohi, in a mountain gorge near Pine creek, in western Pennsylvania, had a most remarkable adventure with a large rattlesnake several days ago. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times gives the following account of Dr. Cornell's thrilling experience with the venomous reptile :

"I was stooping down to pull up a plant when a rattler gave the alarm, and before I could locate the reptile he made a spring at me and struck me on the right arm near the elbow. Fortunately I wore a heavy flannel shirt, and his fangs became fastened in it without penetrating the skin. He was unable to dislodge himself, and hung suspended from my arm."

"What did you do?" "Acting under a sudden impulse, I grasped the reptile with my left hand about two inches back of the head and held him tight, thinking I could prevent him from striking again."

"How did you succeed?" "Well, I never had such an experience in my life, and hope I may never have anything like it again. The snake was one of the largest. He was fully four feet in length, dark, ugly and venomous. The moment I tightened my grasp on him he commenced winding around my arm, and rattling wickedly all the time. My sensations were peculiar. As he contracted his folds I could feel the pressure on my arm, and a sickening sensation came over me. I dared not relax my grasp, for he would surely strike me. His mouth was wide open and I could see his glistening fangs."

"Why didn't you draw your knife and cut his head off?" "Bless you! I couldn't reach it with my

hand, because it was in the opposite pocket of my pants, and my only safety was to hold him firmly."

"How did you succeed?" "Well, I had a rough time. I held that snake fully forty minutes. He rattled all the time and coiled so tightly round my arm that the circulation stopped, and I felt a numbness up to the shoulder. His eyes glistened like diamonds. I would have given my share in this cottage to have been relieved. While I held the snake he really was master. I dare not let go. I could find nothing to crush his head. The situation was becoming alarming, I assure you, and at one time I felt that I would be bitten. Finally, as I was about to give up, relief came."

"How?" "A friend came down from the mountain where he had been gathering huckleberries, and hearing my cries rushed to my relief. He directed me to lay the head of the reptile on a hemlock stump, when he soon crushed it with a stout stick that he carried."

"After being relieved from your perilous situation, how did you feel?"

"A peculiar, sickening sensation followed, and I partially swooned. But I soon recovered and made my way to the cottage with the assistance of my friend, when I took some stimulants and in an hour I felt much better."

CAJEME, THE YAQUI CHIEF.

CAREER OF THE SONORA OUTLAW WHO DEPIES THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

It is somewhat extraordinary that so little is heard of the doings in Mexico. The following story of the life of a great chief, which we have summarized from a long account that appeared in a Mexican paper, will give some idea of the feuds which are going on there almost continually.

Cajeme, chief of the Yaqui and Moyo Indians, was born in 1842, in the tiny town of Torio, on the banks of the silent Yaqui river, which creeps to the Pacific from Sonora's heart of forests. From earliest boyhood Cajeme took to the chase and refused to work on a farm when he could scour the deep forests with his bow and arrows. When thirteen years of age he ran away from home, and from that day his life was a constant, restless march.

In 1872, when the governor of Sonora, Ignacio Pesquera, started out to assist the governor of the neighboring state of Sinaloa against a revolution, Cajeme joined the state troops. During the campaign he gave proofs of great valor and of uncommon military skill, and was made a colonel in the Mexican army. During leisure moments of the campaign he learned to read and write, for as he never would go to school he did not even know the alphabet when he entered upon this exciting period of his life. When peace was established Cajeme returned to his home, preceded by an uncommon fame. At that time Julio Moroyocqui, nicknamed the Jagura, ruled the Yaquia. He was one of the most sanguinary chiefs of Mexican history and known as the American Nero.

Little by little Cajeme acquired popularity, and the Indian camps soon became too narrow a theatre for two such men. One day Cajeme with ten picked men, surrounded the palace of the Jaguar, and, going in, assassinated him and was immediately proclaimed his successor, a place he has since held.

When in Navajoa he solicited in marriage the hand of a dark-eyed belle of that town, the daughter of a rich planter. His suit refused, Cajeme "retreated in good order,"

and went back to the Yaqui river, thinking that time would ameliorate his suffering. Afterward he made up his mind to see the girl, Juana Narvaez, and he started on a dark night and in disguise to visit her. On the way he was ambushed by R. J. Castro, a brother chief, who was his rival for the possession of this Mexican Helen. Cajeme proved to be a successful Paris. Single handed he killed Castro and three of his men, besides wounding another, and arrived, bleeding from several wounds, at the feet of Juana Narvaez. She fled from her home in his company. Since that time Cajeme has led a fugitive life, with his band of Indian warriors, and has defied the power of the Mexican republic, among the mountains and marshes of Senora.

Cajeme is well built, has herculean muscles, regular features with a savage air impressed upon them, and has a brusque, abrupt manner. He is a splendid horseman, has saved his life on several occasions by his fleet running and excellent swimming qualities. He has an unconquerable will, a presence of mind which never deserts him, and unlimited courage.

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

A suggestive little story concerning the Duchess of Edinburgh has found its way into print through a Leeds journal. The Duke took occasion not long ago to reason with her upon the peculiarities of manner and general carriage which prevent her from being popular like her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales. A royal row ensued, but wound up with the announced resolve of the daughter of the late czar to model her comportment in future after that of the Danish princess.

"It happened not long after," says the chronicler, "that the Princess of Wales attended a charity fair given in aid of an old woman's home. The amiable Alexandra, out of the goodness of her heart, went round the room speaking a kind word to each of the unfortunate women. Now, the Princess of Wales is slightly lame; and the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was present and determined to carry out the suggestions of her lord to the letter, went round the room behind the Princess and mimicked her, lameness and all! As may be supposed, matters were not at all mended."

KEEPING HIS BALANCE.

There is a story, told among the Tartars which has a moral for the civilized men of the present day. It is to this effect; Robo, cousin of the Great Mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swordsman in the empire was provided for the execution, and the Great Mogul and his court were present as spectators.

The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke.

The executioner's work was so deftly done that though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing.

"What, Robo, are thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the Great Mogul.

"My Lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right, my head will not fall off."

The Great Mogul was placated, a bandage was put on Robo's neck, and he recovered. He afterwards became a loyal subject and was made Cashier of the Empire, because, as the Great Mogul remarked,-- "He knows that if he keeps his balance right his head will not come off."

HOW TOADS LIVE.

Dr. Buckland, says Chambers' Journal, made some experiments in regard to toads which are claimed as conclusive. He placed twelve toads separately in twelve holes cut in blocks of hard, flinty sandstone. They were firmly sealed in. The imprisoned animals were buried three feet deep on Nov. 26th, 1825. At the same time four toads were deposited in holes cut in the heart of an apple tree, and the opening securely plugged. Four others were also placed in plaster of paris, covered with luting. On Dec. 10th, 1829, all the buried toads were examined. All in the hard stone and in the tree and two in the plaster of paris were dead. The remainder were dying, some placed in a softer stone were in tolerably good health, and some were actually fatter than when placed in the holes. From this it would appear that in positions where water can penetrate toads may live, and even thrive, although buried at a considerable depth, entirely away from the light, and any visible means of subsistence.

THE DUDE OF 1800

This is the kind of dude they had in 1800. The pantaloons of a beau went up to his arm pits; to get into them was a morning's work, and, when in, to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as the satirist of that day truly wrote, as if he had been fighting an old-fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief, and the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

- 1.—M. M. M. M. + Is the name of a river in Germany.
2.—My first is a conjunction.
My second is a preposition.
My third is an interjection.
My fourth is the abbreviation of a firm.
My whole is a river in South America.
—From a Reader of the Weekly Messenger.

CHIPS.

To lock the door of a house in Norway and remain inside is deemed absurd. A theatres and other public places wraps are left outside without being checked or even watched by an attendant, and the people are said to be so honest that none are ever lost or stolen.

Napoleon: Use dispatch. Remember the world only took six days to create. Ask me for whatever you please except time; that is the only thing which is beyond my power.

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