

THE SNAKE BITE WAS FATAL.

And the Red-nosed Man Went on to Tell How the Venom Got in His Work.

"It's all humbug, this talk about rattlesnakes being so deadly poison!" said a red-faced man in the smoking car. "I've lived among 'em. They used to be so thick out where I live that you had to be mighty careful where you put your feet down if you didn't want to hurt a rattler or two every time you stepped. My bed was never any more than big enough for me and the easy conscience I always slept with, but I've woken up more times than I've got fingers and toes and found that two or three rattlesnakes had managed to find room with us. They were plenty, I tell you, out where I live. But daddy! Pooh! Why, I've known scores and scores of people to be sicked, and sicked deep, by rattlers, and I never knew of but one instance where a rattler's bite was fatal. Never but once, out of more cases than there's pimples on a goose.

"Bill Bulger was the man that was bit that time—a great, big, rough scuff of a log chopper that didn't look as if a whole den of rattlers could raise as much as a flea bite on him. But he went to teasing a big black rattlesnake that had come down to camp to look around one day, and the snake just threw his upper teeth against Bill a couple of times, and every drop of poison he had emptied into Bill's wrist, Holler? Great Jesus, how Bill did holler! We grabbed him and hustled him over to the Pig's Ear shebang on other side of the camp, and began to decant him into him, and it wasn't long before Bill looked as if he was glad he was bit. Everybody said he'd die, though, sure, sure, because that buck rattler must have unloaded into him close on to three fingers of the best poison he had. Consequently folks were surprised more than you can think when they got around next morning and found Bill on deck as chipper as a red squirrel and sound as a white-oak knot.

"What!" exclaimed the man in the next seat, "I thought you said that bite was fatal?"

"It was, sir," replied the red-faced man. "Bill got blind, crazy drunk on the strength of that snake bite and killed the bartender."

Moorish Cure for Rheumatism.

In Fez there are five doctors who sit in the more frequented streets waiting for rheumatism patients. Each doctor has a little furnace, a pair of bellows and a number of curiously-shaped iron rods before him. When not operating, he solemnly and incessantly reads a book of one sentence:

"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

When a patient appears the doctor lays down his book, blows up his fire with his bellows and sticks into the coils several of the rods, which are about two feet long and have queer knobs and hooks on their heated ends. While waiting for these to get hot he constantly repeats his one sentence.

When all is ready the patient pays his fee, lies down on his face and draws his clothing up on his back. "In the name of God," says the fire doctor, and passes a red hot iron with great deliberation over various parts of the back. It makes a "sizzling" noise, a smell of burned flesh fills the air. Meantime a crowd of men have collected to witness the operation. They incessantly pass their finger through their beards and praise God and Mohammed.

Frequently the patient, after one operation, lies still for awhile, perhaps waiting for another twinge of the disease. It comes he perceives that he is not quite cured, and demands another installment of the treatment, for which he pays another fee.—*Youth's Companion.*

Man and Parrot Working Together.

A man whom I can name has a parrot for a partner—at least I think so. The man keeps a railroad restaurant, and quite a number of travellers patronize it. I had been up town and saw the few customers for my line of goods that the place contained, and concluded I would have a nice hot dinner at the depot. Half a dozen persons were at the lunch counter when I mounted my stool for a "quick hot roast beef." I had just about started on the delicious meal when I heard the ringing of an engine bell and a voice at the door shout:

"Hurry up, you damn fools; train's ready!"

I jumped from the stool and with the rest rushed for the platform at the end of the depot, and there found only a dummy engine. When we returned to the counter the dishes had been removed! We were all mad when we discovered that the warning came from a trained parrot which the proprietor had placed in a cage over the door leading to the platform. I have always thought since then that the owner of that restaurant and the parrot were in " cahoots" on crackers and beefsteak pie.

Then Outspoke a Voice.

Among the funny things of the week at the Columbian Exposition was a little incident at the single tax congress while A. H. Stephenson, the single tax leader of Philadelphia, was making an eloquent onset upon Henry George, his Chinese restriction ideas. He had just referred to the doors being shut against the Chinese, and with impassioned voice asked: "Where did we get those doors? Did the Creator give them to us? Who gave us this country, anyway?" To this question a voice in the crowd promptly called out, with great damage to the flow of eloquence: "We stole it from the Indians."

LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes turn red on maple and elm leaf, When sorrowful winds waft through the rushes, And all things whisper of loss and grief, When close and close the frost approaches To snatch the blossom from Nature's breast, When night forever on day encroaches— Oh, then I think that I love you best!

And yet when winter, that tyrant master, Has buried autumn in walls of snow, And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her, Lies crumpled Nature in helpless woe, When all about the pleasures of four walls center, And hide by side in the snug home nest, We list the tempest that cannot enter, Oh, then I say that I love you best!

But later on, when the siren season Estrays the trust of the gentle king, And glad earth laughs at the act of treason, And winter dies in the arms of spring; When buds and birds all push and flutter To free fair Nature so long oppressed, I thrill with feelings I cannot utter, And then I am certain I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly summer Reigns over the earth and the skies above, When Nature kneels to the royal corner, And even the sun flames hot with love; When pleasure basks in the lucid weather, And care itself to theeward to rest— Oh, whether apart or whether together, It is then I know that I love you best! —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Cheerful Even to Death.

At a dinner some time ago a jolly old astronomer related the following story about a departed friend, Mr. F.: Mr. F. was such a good natured man that the approach of death itself could not disturb his peace of mind and appreciation of humor. He lay dying, and his poor wife was nearly worn out with anxious watching. She was so tired that by mistake she gave her husband instead of the doctor's medicine a dose from the castor oil bottle. When she discovered her mistake, she was almost frantic. She summoned the doctor at once and awaited his coming with tearful eyes and bitter self reproach. The doctor came and assured her that no particular harm could have been done; that her husband was dying, and medicine could not save him now. Still the poor woman wept and grieved.

The doctor tried to comfort her, but to no purpose. If she had only given the medicine and not the oil, perhaps her dear husband might have got better. She had killed her dear husband—killed her dear husband. The doctor began to argue, when the dying man spoke up: "Never mind, doctor. I've had my oil. Let her have her blubber."—*Washington News.*

The Story of "David Copperfield."

Some interesting facts connected with Dickens' "David Copperfield" have been revealed by Charles Dickens, the younger. "I have," he says, "my mother's authority for saying—she told me at the time of the publication of Mr. Foster's first volume and asked me to make the fact public after her death an opportunity should arise—the story was eventually read to her in strict confidence by my father, who at the time intimated his intention of publishing it by and by as a portion of his autobiography. From this purpose she endeavored to dissuade him, on the ground that he had spoken with undue harshness of his father and especially of his mother, and with so much success that he eventually decided that he would be satisfied with working it into 'David Copperfield.'"

A Great Salt Lake in Siberia.

The great salt lake at Obdorsk is 9 miles wide and 17 miles long, yet except in a few places it is solidly roofed over with a deposit of salt which is getting thicker and thicker every year.

Our guide, who is an old man, said that he could remember when the salt crystals first began to gather upon the surface of the water. Year by year, owing to the evaporation of the water, the crystals became more numerous and then caked together till this great roof formed.

In 1878 the water beneath this salt crystal roof found an underground outlet into the River Obi. This lowered the lake's surface about three feet, leaving that distance between the water and the roof.

Looking down through one of the openings made for the purpose in the roof, we saw a low sided small boat.

Our guide put us on a time into the boat. We lay flat on our back and looked up at the curiously beautiful salt ceiling overhead. We propelled the boat by pushing with our hands against the irregularities of the roof.

The guide held a long rope attached to the boat to prevent our going too far and getting lost—a thing he said it was easy to do.

Many springs surround this lake. Their water flows over the roof and evaporates there, and thus continually adds to its thickness. After many years the springs will probably become clogged with their own deposits, and then the whole will gradually become covered with earth, and so a great salt mine will be formed—a treasure for the Siberians hundreds of years to come.—*Cor. Geographical Magazine.*

People Who Whistle.

"Most people look upon whistling as a nuisance," said Herbert C. Sutcliffe, "but there is no doubt that a whistling man has a good deal to recommend him. I have a friend who is a warden in a large penitentiary, and he states that in all his long experience he never knew a habitual whistler condemned to a term in the institution, and he says, moreover, that although the rule is to quiet and order are frequently broken by never remembering to have heard an attempt at a musical whistle within the terrible looking walls of the institution. Whistling seems to be the natural safety valve of good spirits and satisfaction, and this grumbling man couldn't whistle if he tried."

"I had a man to work for me once who was a model in every respect except that he kept my tools constantly on edge by a series of whistling solos of anything but a cheerful character, although the good man was evidently trying to reproduce the latest operatic hits. I broke him of the habit by continuous scolding, but the man became so idle and indifferent in consequence that I was very glad to encourage him to resume a habit which at first had given me so much annoyance. I try to get out of the way when the spirit moves him to announce in whistling tones some important or romantic event, but I am perfectly certain that as long as he whistles he will work as hard as his hands and arms will let him."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Let your charitable gifts be any money gifts. These have the double advantage of suppressing at once ingratitude and abuse.—*Alexander Dumas.*

LET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

How a Widow Made Use of What She Heard Railroad Directors Say.

A few years ago a widow and her daughter were occupying a section in a Pullman sleeper on the Missouri Pacific railroad. The section next to this lady happened to be occupied by a couple of the directors of that railroad. The partition between the two sections was so thin that it was not difficult for a conversation carried on in one section to be heard in the other. The lady traveler heard the two directors discussing a plan of consolidation whereby the stock of the Missouri Pacific was bound to be greatly enhanced in value.

It was then worth but 2 or 3 cents on the dollar. She was on her return trip to her home in Hartford. The conversation of the two directors proved on her mind. She resolved it over and over again until her home was reached, about which time a \$5,000 note due her was redeemed. She sent for her attorney, detailed to him the conversation she had heard and said she was almost resolved to invest the \$5,000 in Missouri Pacific. The attorney, mistaking her announced resolution for irony, laughed, but the woman of wealth persisted.

"It is but \$5,000," she said, "and if I lose I shall have just as much to eat as I have always had and just as much to wear. If the plans betrayed by these two directors work out, I shall make a good deal of money buying Missouri Pacific."

The attorney obeyed the instructions of his client, invested the \$5,000, and in less than a month the proposed consolidation was consummated, and the Hartford widow realized for her \$5,000 investment \$250,000. At the first blush this incident is set down as proof of luck.

It was simply an unexpected exhibition of what in Wall Street vernacular is termed "nervy" on the part of a quick eared and quicker witted woman. Not one person in 10,000 would have given any heed to the conversation referred to, and not one of a thousand who might have heard and heeded and who happened to have the money, as the widow had it, would have dared invest it. These incidents and illustrations might be expanded until volumes were filled. The evidence would be cumulative that eyes and ears and brain make what the thoughtless term luck.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Walter's Good Job.

The party at the corner table had ordered four beers and a thin one and invited the waiter of the German restaurant to "have one yourself." Walter, the hospitality, and the jokesters that followed, Jacob felt bound to reciprocate. "I will tell you a good story," he said, "von dot did happen true mit mine self here der oder day. Dere was a veller gomes in here mit some jag on und sit him down at dot dable und say, 'Vat haf you? I say 'showder,' und he say, 'Pring me some, den den he leas pack in der schin to sleep mit himself.' 'I yell 'showder!' to der cook, und ven it comes oop und I carries it to der man he was zound asleep. I say, 'I haf some fun,' und I dakes der empty bowl der some oder veller had und set in front of der veller mit der jag. Eretty soon he wakes oop und looks at der bowl und say, 'Gif me a beer, und how mooch was all?' 'Twenty cents,' I say, und he say: 'Ees dot all? Vell, dot was agoot showder as I derf derf.' 'Und I laff like a man ven you gif him some beer for nodings und jokes mit him. Den I say to der veller: 'Dot vas all right. You haf anoder showder on me eef you like it. Dot was a goot von.' 'Und I laff eef since. It was a goot choke, you bet.'—*Boston Herald.*

They Might Walk Back.

"I went up to the White House recently," said Representative Kilgore, "and of course I had a Texan in tow. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'this gentleman is a good man. He wants a consulate in Mexico.'"

"The president said, 'Phew-w-w!' 'Why do you whistle?' I asked. 'Because he wants a consulate in Mexico,' said the president. 'You know very well that I dislike to appoint Texans to those positions.'"

"Now, Mr. President," I said, "you will excuse my speaking plainly, but this prejudice against men from my state holding federal positions in Mexico is the most confounded nonsense on record. I grant that it might apply to the candidate for minister, but a consul is nothing more nor less than a business man. His official acts are entirely of a commercial character. Texans are constantly doing business with Mexico. The trade relations of the two countries are very close."

"Well," said the president, "I didn't make this prejudice, but it exists, and we are compelled to defer to it. Your friend must widen the scope of his application. Let him make out a list of the consulates he would be willing to take, naming the cities in the order of his preference, and I will see what I can do."

"It's a singular thing," added the congressman reflectively, "that nearly all of my people who have come to Washington want consulates—they won't have anything else—and they generally apply for places to Mexico, which they can't get. Their anxiety to be located in the sister republic is explicable, I suppose, upon the ground that it is near home, the Rio Grande is shallow, and if they go broke they can walk back."—*Washington Letter.*

Every body remembers the invention of the telephone. In 1892 there were in this country 512,497 instruments in use, the capital of the Bell Telephone Company was \$80,000,000, and its rentals in that year were \$2,127,783.

General Advertisements.

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Also, received ex Australia, 2600 ass'd Elect. Lamps, Hose, Butcher Knives, Carvers, Carriage Gloss Paint, Sulphur Bellows, Scissors, Shoe, Paint and Varnish Brushes; Buckles, Picture Cord, Furniture Nails, Tape Measures, Jennings Bits, Yale Padlocks, Oilers, galv'd Swivels, White Shellac, Gold Leaf, Leather Washers, and at last our fine assortment of Wostenholm Pocket Knives and Razors has got here.

We were almost out of those fine swing Razor Strops, but have a new lot this steamer. We have a full line of Electrical Goods, and can wire houses for Electric Lights on short notice. Now is the time to leave your order for wiring, as in a few months the current for lights can be furnished and then everyone will want lights at once, and those whose houses are wired will of course get lights first.

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I have also got a new stock of COLLARS and CUFFS, and above all do not forget that I am making SHIRTS TO ORDER in all styles, and that I am the sole agent for the Dr. G. Jaeger Sanitary Underwear. Your physician recommends it for the health.

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