

SHED AND EAT THEIR COATS.

Interesting Proceedings of Two of the Largest Snakes in America. The two large pythons which were imported from India for the zoological garden have made themselves at home in their new quarters. They are said to be the largest reptiles in this country and naturally attract considerable attention. They had only been here two weeks when both snakes underwent a change. They became droopy, and it was seen that they had begun to shed their skins.

The shedding process is about at an end now, but the manner in which the snakes accomplish the greater part of the job is wonderful. The greater python measures 16 feet and the other 12. They are males and have mouths like cellar doors, that are filled with fangs. On Monday last the big snake, which had eaten nothing for three weeks because he was shedding his coat, got a move on himself and climbed up on the small trees and coiled all around the limbs. Then he rubbed his head and neck violently against the branches in every direction and gradually loosened the old cuticle from around his head, mouth and neck.

In the meantime the other snake was not idle. It, too, coiled around the tree, and raising its head took hold of its big brother's neck, and by careful manipulation loosened the skin from the head and neck for about a foot down. Then it took hold of the loosened skin, and the keeper and spectators who were watching the proceedings saw what was going to happen. With its head and neck from the big snake could help in the shedding operation, and it twisted around the tree near the top and began to pull away from the smaller snake at top speed. Inch by inch the old skin was released and the bright colors of the new cuticle came in view. It took nearly an hour to get about half of the body free from the old covering, and then both snakes rested. The skin was pulled back just as one would turn a glove inside out, and gave the reptile a peculiar appearance.

When the snakes resumed their job, they employed different tactics. The larger snake climbed higher, and the other made itself fast lower down the tree. The smaller one took hold of the skin and pulled for all it was worth until all of the covering, with the exception of about two feet from the big snake's tail, was loose.

Then a most wonderful thing happened. The big snake's head was at the top of the tree, and he had been paying much attention to the goings on at the other end of his body. When the smaller snake stopped pulling, the big one looked down and saw that something was wrong. His eyes glistened, and reaching down he grabbed a mouthful of his own covering and proceeded to finish the job. It was done with dispatch and ease. The big snake seemed proud at his new suit and wriggled all around the case and admired himself for some time. Then, to the astonishment of the watchers, the smaller snake climbed the tree and went through the same performance, assisted by the larger one.

After both reptiles were free from the old skins they made a meal of them, and each drank about a gallon of water to wash down the repast.—Philadelphia Press.

The Boy King and the Brigand.

The meeting between the robber chief Dragics and the young king of Servia was more romantic affair than as originally reported. The king, attended by a strong escort, went for a drive on Saturday over the well wooded mountains to Uscize, when suddenly a man armed to the teeth darted out of the dense forest, and holding out a pistol, stopped the horses of the king's carriage. This was all done so quickly that there was no time for any one to be able to prevent the man shooting at the king and his escort. Before the king could draw his sword, however, had sufficiently collected themselves to seize the man he threw away his weapon, and sinking on his knees exclaimed: "My lord and king, I am the robber chief Dragics, upon whose head thy government has set a price of 3,000 francs. Up to the present they have not been able to catch me. Now I voluntarily lay my life in thy hands."

The king was much startled and gave orders that the man, who in the meantime had been seized by the royal escort, should be liberated, but told him to go and give himself up at the next gendarmerie, adding that he might count upon the royal clemency.—London Standard.

Some Moon Myths.

Many superstitious beliefs as to the "influence" of the moon still remain, even in this last decade of the nineteenth century. In some localities it is believed to be unlucky to be empty handed when one first beholds the new moon, and among the same people having silver in the hands or gold in the pockets is a "good sign." If one is about entering upon an important undertaking, he had best defer proceedings until the moon is "waxing"—that is, until some time between "new" and "full" moon.

All English-speaking people refer to the moon as "she" and the sun as "he"; in Hindoo mythology, however, the "goddess of night" is a male deity, supposed to be the son of the patriarch Atri, a young man who was transferred to the realm of space because he was too good to associate with other human beings. The Malays, Siamese and several classes and castes of the Chinese, speak of the moon as a great milk curd or butter ball which arose from the primeval sea of milk when it was churned by the gods to procure the much prized "beverage of immortality."—St. Louis Republic.

Where Gladstone Failed.

A Unionist member of parliament who has just come back from Montenegro tells a good story. Before his departure he was entertained by the prince to a farewell banquet, which in its way was a very state affair. The prince paid himself on his intimate knowledge of Englishmen and affairs, and in the course of the banquet he remarked that he had one great reproach to address to Mr. Gladstone. The member pricked up his ears, anticipating some deliverance on home rule. "Yes," proceeded the prince, "Mr. Gladstone has been long in office, and he has done nothing to discover Jack the Ripper!"—London Spectator.

Her Youngest.

A candidate for parliamentary honors—who, by the by, is not a family man—wishing to ingratiate himself with the wives of the electors, made a round of visits and came across a woman with a very numerous family. He professed great interest in her children, making various inquiries as to their ages, etc., and just as he was going pointed to a 3 months' old baby in the cradle and asked: "And is that your youngest child, madam?"—London Tit-Bits.

Didn't Wish to Marry Him.

She—Papa has had bad luck lately and says that if you marry me now you must take me just as I am. He—Ah, my angel, he does me injustice. I am not one of the selfish, inconsiderate, now or never kind. I can wait.—New York Weekly.

Professional Advice.

Mrs. Gimme—Oh, doctor, I've swallowed my false tooth. Dr. Allopath—Excuse me, madam, I can't draw a tooth with a stomach pump. You'd better go to a dentist. Two dollars, please.—Detroit Free Press.

To Be Remembered.

Tramp—Madam, I am willing to work for my dinner. Lady—Very well. There is the woodpile. Tramp—Thank you. I shall bear it in mind. What I want now is a breakfast.—Truth.

THE FAIR'S WHITE ELEPHANT.

What Is to Be Done With the Beautiful Buildings When the Show Is Over?

In lump figures \$10,000,000 went into the construction of the World's fair buildings, and the preparation of the grounds for the exposition. The point that now interests the stockholders, and incidentally the whole city and country, is how much can be realized from that \$10,000,000 worth of time and material.

It is safe to assume that the time is dead waste. It is safe to say also that a large— a faithfully large—proportion of the material will have to go by the board.

In the early days of promotion it was figured that \$3,000,000 could be realized from the sale of the buildings and the materials. Since then there has been a slump in the expectations, and today it is a tossup where there will be enough salvage to pay for the tearing down of the buildings, the removal of the materials and the restoration of the park to the condition in which it was before it was turned over to the Exposition company.

The South park commissioners fear that the fair corporation will forfeit its \$100,000 bond and abandon the buildings rather than attempt to tear them down and restore the grounds to their original condition. John C. Flemming, Chicago representative of the Carnegie companies, which furnished about two-thirds of the iron entering into the buildings, says that "a very large part of the iron at Jackson park will have to go into the scrap pile."

That means that it will have to be sold for old iron and at a price which may not pay half or a quarter of the price making it available even for that disposition. There are 7,000 tons of iron in the Manufacture building, costing about \$70 a ton to put in place, nearly \$500,000 in all.

There are nearly 30,000 tons in the several buildings, representing a cost of over \$1,500,000. Illustrative of the cost of taking down iron work, it may be stated that the architect of Steele Mackaye's skeleton Spectatorium estimates that it will cost \$43,000 and every dollar that can be realized from the sale of material to pull down and remove that unsightly monument of yet other ill-fated promotion moments.

The owners of the Ferris wheel expect to pay \$83,000 to responsible contractors to take down, transport and set up that wonderful piece of work on another site. Emil Philipson says it will cost \$100,000 over and above the salvage to tear down and remove the Manufacture building. Diligent inquiry among wrecking firms and contractors failed to uncover any that would consent having any intention of bidding upon the destruction of the White City, or that would admit they knew of anybody who had a definite purpose in that direction.

No matter who has the work to do, there is going to be great trouble and expense in disposing of the waste and rubbish. Where to put it will be a tough problem to solve. It cannot be dumped haphazard into the lake, so much of it would be washed back upon the shore by the action of the water. The authorities would not allow that disposition to be made of it. There will be between 10,000 and 12,000 carloads of waste material to be hauled away from Jackson park, according to the calculation of a prominent contractor—that is to say, between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 cubic yards of rubbish. There will be some thousands of carloads of stuff alone to be carted away.

There is no hope or prospect of filling up in transportable distance of Jackson park. A suggestion has been offered that the waste material be used for the creation of an artificial mountain at the southeast corner of the park. In the long run it will be in vain, carried from the grounds the waste material will make a pile 1,000 feet square and between 15 and 50 feet high. The surface area of such a creation would be about 25 acres.

It was said while the buildings were of several erected that the iron framework of several of them would be sold to railroad companies to be used as stations. All the roads running into Chicago have fine stations, and there seems to be no chance to dispose of the iron frames here. The question the officials want answered is, What shall be done with the buildings and the rubbish?—Chicago Cor. New York Times.

Two Obstinate Women.

When a woman wants a thing, she wants it with all her heart. On Tuesday last one of the city's largest business houses advertised that a certain number of women's suits were to be disposed of at bargain prices. At 9 o'clock two women appeared almost simultaneously at the counter where these suits were displayed, both bent upon the same errand. Unfortunately there was but one suit of their size, and both insisted on having that suit.

One secured the jacket and the other the skirt. Neither would surrender to the other, though the newswoman tried her best to interest them in something else. They kept up their struggle in a good natured way until nearly 6 o'clock in the evening, when the floorwalker brought about a temporary cessation of hostilities by taking the suit and announcing that the one who appeared first at the counter on the following morning could have it.

With the opening of the store the following morning both women appeared on the counter, entering by different doors and reaching the counter together. There being every indication that neither would yield, the contest was ended by the withdrawal of the suit from the sale.—Philadelphia Record.

A Prudent Maid.

"Henry," she began in a sweetly timorous voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?" Henry, who read the papers and was about as thoroughly ignorant on the subject as everybody else, plunged in bravely, but she stopped him. "I don't want to know that," she faltered, "but is gold getting so awful scarce?" "Awwful scarce," echoed Henry dimly. "And is it all being taken away?" "It is," said Henry.

"And if they continue to take it away there won't be any left in this country by and by, and we'll have to use silver?" "Yes," sighed Henry.

"Henry," she whispered, "I told you that I would give you my decision in the winter—but I repeat. It is yes, Henry. Don't—don't you think," she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?"—Harper's Bazar.

Fitted For Each Other.

Stranger (uncertain about the music)—That sounds familiar. What is he playing? Can you tell me? Columbian Guard—I think it's a cornet. Oh, thank's. Thanks.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Hers. Among the hills, the Berkshire hills, I loved a maiden fair; Her eyes were blue, just tinged with gray, And sunny brown her hair. I drove her all about the town To let the fellows see How sweet a maid would smile upon My village cart and me. We wandered through the lovely lanes; I told her all my love, But never swore to cherish her, Nor called her "little dove." I shall not ask her to be mine, Though she's a priceless pearl; The very simple reason is— I am another girl.—Vogue.

Lossing His Balance. Three lanky fellows from Uphreecreek went into the Agricultural building the other day through the principal entrance on the east side and stopped a moment in the doorway, as if bewildered by the magnitude of the display before them. "Jerry," said the tallest, who seemed to be the leader of the party, recovering himself and speaking with businesslike briskness, "you go down that aisle on the right. Hank, you take the one on the left. I'll take the middle aisle, and we'll see the whole blamed thing."—Chicago Tribune.

Disillusionment. The orange-outrag was doing everything but talk to the delight of the assembled hundreds. It was a hot evening in the show. The laughing hyena was rather perfumery in his merriment, fluting comparatively little to appeal to his sense of the ridiculous. The box constructor sighed deeply. His peculiar figure enabled him to do so very readily. For the fifty-seventh time the infant phenomenon had been asked the number of her years. "Nearly 5," she rejoined wearily. "Well, you're big for your age. It was the voice of the skeptic abroad in the land. "If you don't believe me, you can ask my pa." And the infant phenomenon gestured without a smile in the direction of the bearded lady, while all the listeners stood against.—Cassell's Journal.

Something to Eat. The tramp was getting desperate, for he hadn't had anything to eat for a day and nothing to drink for twice as long. "Can't you give a hungry man something to eat?" he inquired of the girl who opened the kitchen door. "No, I can't. We don't feed tramps here," she responded crossly. "But I'm dreadful hungry," he urged. "I don't care if you are. You deserve to be, and if you don't get out I'll set the dog on you." "Got a dog?" he asked anxiously. "Yes," we have. "Is he big?" "He's big as a calf." The tramp began rolling up his sleeves. "Set him on," he said eagerly; "I'll eat him," and the girl yielded and gave him his dinner.—Detroit Free Press.

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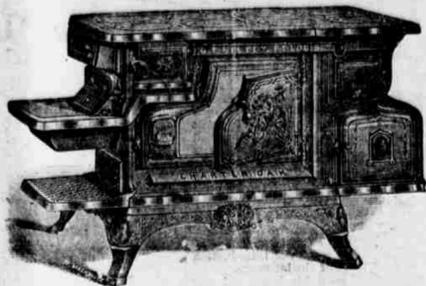
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New Goods received by every Packet from the Eastern States and Europe. Fresh California Produce by every steamer. All orders faithfully attended to, and Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Island Orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Post Office Box No. 145. Telephone No. 92.

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