(Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

Two crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jemima's pale face when she heard the gate latch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and as he entered the room she bent lower over her work, her crochet needle flew faster and she coughed a slight, nervous cough. But she did not look up.

She knew, without looking, that her brother brought in a pile of valentines in his hand, and that when presently he should have finished distributing them to his eager sons and daughters, her nephews and nieces, he would come and bring one to her—or else? he would not do this last. It was this dread that brought the crimson spots to her cheeks.

If there was one for her he would presently come, and, leaning over her shoulder, he would say, as he dropped upon her lap the larger, handsomer one than all the others: "This looks mighty suspicious, Sis' 'Mimie," or "We'll have to find out about this," or, maybe, as he presented it, he would covertly shield her by addressing himself to the younger crowd after this fashion:

"Ef I was a lot o' boys an' girls, an' could not git a bigger valentine from all my sweethearts an' beaux than my ol' auntie can set still at home an' git, why, I'd quit tryin'—that's what I would."

There was always a tenderness in the brother's manner when he handed his sister her valentine. He had brought her one each year for seven years, now, and after the first time, when he had seen the look of pain and confusion that had followed his playful teasing as he had presented it, he had never more than relieved the moment by a passing jest.

The regular coming of "Aunt Jemima's valentine" was a mystery in the household.

It had been thirteen years since she had quarreled with Eli Taylor, her lover, and they had parted in anger, never to meet again. Since then she had stayed at home and quietly grown old.

Fourteen years ago she had been in the flush of this, her only romance, and St. Valentine's day had brought a great, thick envelope, in which lay, fragrant with perfume, a gorgeous valentine. Upon this was painted, after the old Dresden china pattern, a beautiful lady with slender waist and corkscrew curls, standing beside a tall

"This looks mighty suspicious, Sis' 'Mimie."

cavalier, who doffed his hat to her as he presented the card that bore her name, so finely and beautifully written that only very young eyes could read it unaided.

By lifting this card one might read the printed rhyme beneath—the rhyme so tender and loving that it needed only the inscription of a name on the flap above it to make it all-sufficient in personal application to even the most fastidious.

This gorgeous affair was so artfully constructed that by drawing its pictured front forward it could be made to stand alone, when there appeared a fountain in the background and a brilliant peacock with argus-eyed tail, a great rose on a tiny bush and a crescent moon. The oldest children had been very small when this resplendent confection had come into their home. Some of them had not been born, but they had all grown up in the knowledge of it.

There had been times in the tender memories of all of them when "Aunt 'Mimie" had locked her door, and because they had been very good let them take a little peep at her beautiful valentine, which she kept carefully locked away in her bureau drawer.

They had on occasions been allowed to wash their hands and hold it—just a minute.

It had always been a thing to wonder over, and once—but this was the year it came—when her sky seemed as rosy as the ribbon about her waist—Miss Jemima had stood it up on the whatnot in the parlor when the church sociable met at her brother's house, and everybody in town had seen it, while for her it made the whole corner of the room beautiful.

But the quarrel had soon followed—a foolish lovers' quarrel—Eli had gone away in anger—and that had been the end.

Disputes over trifles are the hardest to mend, each party finding it so difficult to forgive the other for being angry for so slight a cause.

And so the years had passed.

For ten long years the beautiful valentine had lain carefully put away. For five years Jemima had looked at it with tearless eyes and a hardened heart. And then came the memorable first anniversary when the children of the household began to celebrate the day, and tiny comic pictured pages began flitting in from their school sweethearts. The realization of the new era was a shock to Miss Jemima. In the youthful merriment of those budding romances she seemed to see a sort of reflection of her own long-ago joy, and in the faint glow of it she felt impelled to go to her own room and to lock the door and look at the old valentine.

With a new strange tremor about her heart and an unsteady hand she took it out, and when in the light of awakened

The Fountains of Her Sorrow Were Broken.

emotion she saw again its time-stained face and caught its musty odor, she seemed to realize again the very body of her lost love and for the first time in all the years the fountains of her sorrow were broken up and she sobbed her tired heart out over the old valentine.

Is there a dead-hearted woman in all God's beautiful world, I wonder, who would not weep once more, if she could, over some of life's yellowing symbols—symbols of love gone by, of passion cooled—who would not feel almost as if in the recovery of her tears she had found joy again?

If Miss Jemima had not found joy, she had at least found her heart again—and sorrow. Her life had been for so long a weary, treeless plain that in the dark depth of the valley of sorrowing she realized, as something only from sorrow's deeps poor mortals may know it, the possible heights of bliss.

For the first time since the separation, she clasped the valentine to her bosom and called her lover's name over and over again, sobbing it, without hope, as one in the death agony. But such emotion is not of death. Is it not the rebirth of feeling? So it was with Miss Jemima, and the heart-stillness that had been her safety during all these years would never be hers again. There would never again be a time when her precious possession would not have a sweet meaning to her—when it would not be a tangible embodiment of the holiest thing her life had known.

From this time forward, as an offset to the budding romances about her, Miss Jemima would repair for refuge and a meager comfort to that which while in its discolored and fading face it denied none of life's younger romance, still gave her her own.

The woman of forty never realizes her years in the presence of her contemporaries. Forty women of forty might easily feel young enough to scoff at the bald head, and deserve to be eaten by bears—but thirty-nine with a budding maid for fortieth scoffer—Never!

Miss Jemima, in her suddenly realized young-love setting, had become to her own consciousness old and of a date gone by. "Aunt Jemima" was naturally regarded by her blooming nephews and nieces, as well as by their intimates who wore their incipient mustaches still within their conscious top lips or dimples dancing in their ruddy cheeks, quite in the same category as Mrs. Gibbs, who was sixty, or any of their aunts and grandmothers who sat serenely in daguerreotype along the parlor mantel.

But there is apt to come a time in the life of the live single woman of forty—if she be alive enough—when in the face of even negative and affectionate disparagement, she is moved to declare herself.

Perhaps there be some who would say that this declaration savors of earth. Even so, the earth is the Lord's. It is one thing to be a flower pasted in a book and quite another to be the bud a maiden wears—one thing to be Today and another to be Yesterday.

One thing, indeed, it was to own a yellow, time-stained valentine, and quite a different one to be of the dimpled throng who crowded the Simpkinsville post office on Valentine's day.

"I reckon them young ones would think it was perfec'ly re-dic'lous ef I was to git a valentine at my time of life," Miss Jemima said, aloud, to her looking glass one morning. It was the day before St. Valentine's of the year following her day of tears.

"But I'll show 'em," she added, with some resolution, as she turned to her bureau drawer.

And she did show them. On the next day a great envelope addressed to Miss Jemima Martha Sprague came in with the package of lesser favors, and Miss Jemima suddenly found herself the absorbing center of a new interest—an interest that after having revolved about her awhile flew off in suspicion toward every superannuated bachelor or widower within a radius of thirty miles of Simpkinsville.

It had been a great moment for Miss Jemima when the valentine came in, and a trying one when, with genuine old-time blushes, she refused to open it for the crowd.

How she felt an hour later, when in the secrecy of her own chamber she took from its new envelope her own old self-sent valentine, only He who has tender knowledge of maidenly reserves and sorrows will ever know.

There was something in her face that forbade cruel pursuit of the subject when she returned to the family circle, and so, after a litttle playful bantering, the subject was dropped.

But the incident had lifted her from one condition into quite another in the family regard, and Miss Jemima found herself unconsciously living up to younger standards.

But this was ten years ago, and the mysterious valentine had become a yearly fact.

There had never been any explanations. When pressed to the wall, Miss Jemima had, indeed, been constrained to confess that "certainly every valentine she had ever gotten had been sent her by a man" (how sweet and sad this truth!).

"And are all the new ones as pretty as your lovely old one, Aunt 'Mimie?"

To this last query she had carefully replied:

"I ain't never got none thet ain't every bit an' grain ez purty ez that one—not a one."

"An' why don't you show 'em to us, then?"

Such obduracy was indeed hard to comprehend.

If, as the years passed, her brother began to suspect, he made no sign of it save in an added tenderness. And, of course, he could not know.

On the anniversary upon which this little record of her life had opened the situation was somewhat exceptional.

The valentine had hitherto always been mailed in Simpkinsville—her own town. This postmark had been noted and commented upon, and yet it had seemed impossible to have it otherwise. But this year, in spite of many complications and difficulties, she had resolved that the envelope should tell a new story.

The farthest point from which, within her possible acquaintance, it would naturally hail was the railroad town of—let us call it Hope.

The extreme difficulty in the case lay in the fact that the post office here was kept by her old lover, Eli Taylor.

Here for ten years he had lived his reticent bachelor days, selling plows and garden seed, and cotton prints and patent medicines, and keeping post office in a small corner of his store.

Everybody knows how a spot gazed at intently for a long time changes color—from red to green and then to white.

As Miss Jemima pondered upon the thought of sending herself a valentine through her old lover's hands, the color of the scheme began to change from impossible green to rosy red.

The point of objection became in the mysterious evolution its objective point.

Instead of dreading she began ardently to desire this thing.

By the only possible plan by which she could manage secretly to have the valentine mailed in Hope—a plan over which she had lost sleep, and in which she had been finally aided by an illiterate colored servant going there, to return next day—it must reach her on the day before Valentine's.

This day had come and gone—and her valentine had not returned to her. Had the negro failed to mail it? Had it remained all night in the post office—in possession of her lover? Would she ever see it again? Would her brother ever get through his trifling with the children and finish giving out their valentines?

PART II.

Miss Jemima had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age, before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction.

"Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever for Aunt 'Mimie this time—looks to me like," he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

"Don't reckon it's anything extry—in particular," she answered, not at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it; not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper bell. Then she took it, with her work basket, into her own room, and, dropping it into her upper bureau drawer, turned the key.

The moment when she broke the new envelope each year—late at night, alone in her locked chamber—had always been a sad one to Miss Jemima, and tonight it was even a sadder ordeal than ever. She had never before known how she cared for this old love token.

As she sat tonight looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them. It was, indeed, a meager little embodiment of the romance of a life, but such as it was, she would not part with it. She would never send it out from her again—never, never, never.

It was even dearer now than ever before, after this recent passage through her lover's hands. At this thought she raised it lovingly and laid it against her cheek. Could he have handled it and passed it on without a thought of her? Impossible. And since he had thought of her, what must have been the nature of his thoughts? Was he jealous—jealous because somebody was sending his old sweetheart a valentine?

This year's envelope, selected with great pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jemima sat enjoying the luxury of nearness to her lover that the unopened envelope had brought her before she felt inclined to confront the faraway romance typified by the yellowed sheet within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hairpin carefully in the envelope, ripping it open delicately on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to its frail perforated edges. Then carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

And now—

Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all He knows—and sees.

How Miss Jemima felt or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, when, instead of the familiar pictured thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful brand new valentine.

It was certainly a long time before she recovered herself enough to take the strange thing into her hands, and when she did so, it was with fingers that trembled so violently that a bit of paper that came within the valentine fluttered and fell beyond her reach. There it lay for fully several minutes before she had strength to move from her seat to recover it.

There was writing on the fluttering fragment of paper, but what it was and why Miss Jemima wept over it and read it again and again are other trifling things that perhaps God does well not to tell.

The details of other people's romances are not always interesting to outsiders.

However, in this particular case, it may be interesting to know that the woman who took charge of the old lover's room in Hope, and who had an investigating

She Raised It Lovingly and Laid It Against Her Cheek.

way with her, produced seven or eight torn scraps of paper collected at this period from the scrap basket, on each one of which was written in slightly varying terms bits of rough sketch of a note in which occurred broken sentences like the following: "—sending you this new valentine just as hearty as I sent the old one eighteen years—"

"You shan't never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—"

"If you want the old one back again and me along with it."

One of the lowest things that even a very depraved and unprincipled person ever did is to collect torn scraps from anybody's waste basket and to read them. To print them or otherwise make them public is a thing really too contemptible to contemplate in ordinary circumstances. But this case, if intelligently considered, seems somewhat exceptional, and perhaps it is well to do so, for, be it borne in mind, all these scraps, without exception, and a few others too sacred to produce even here, are the things that Eli Taylor, postmaster, did not send to his old sweetheart, Jemima Martha Sprague.

Miss Jemima always burned her scraps, and so, even were it well to condescend to seeking similar negative testimony from her concerning her laboriously written reply, it would have been quite impossible. Certain it is, however, that she posted a note on the following day, and that a good many interesting things happened in quick succession after this.

And then?—

There was a little quiet, middle-aged wedding in the church on Easter Sunday. It was the old lover's idea to have it there, as he said their happiness was a resurrection from the dead, and belonged to the Easter season, and there was no one to object.

Miss Jemima showed her new valentine to the family before the wedding came off, but in spite of all their coaxing and begging, she observed a rigid reticence in regard to all those that had come between that and the old one, and so, seeing the last one actually in evidence, and rejoicing in her happiness, they would only smile and whisper that they supposed "he and she had been quar'lin' it out on them valentines, year by year, and on'y now got to the place where they could make up."

The old man, Eli, in spite of his indomitable pride, had come out of his long silence with all due modesty, blaming himself for many things.

"I ain't fitten for you, Jemimy, honey, no mo'n I was eighteen year ago," he said, his arm timidly locking her chair, the night before the wedding, "but ef you keered enough about me to warm over the one little

"I ain't fitten for you, Jemimy, honey."

valentine I sent you nigh twenty year ago, and to make out to live on it, I reckon I can keep you supplied with jest ez good ez thet, fresh every day an' hour."

"But befo' I take you into church, I want to call yo' attention to the fac' thet I'm a criminal, li'ble to the state's prison for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so, why, I'll haf to go."

"Well, Eli," Miss Jemima answered, quite seriously, "ef you're li'ble to state's prison for what you done, I don't know but I'm worthy to go to a hotter place—for the deceit I've practiced."

"Well," said Eli, "I reckon ef the truth was told, the place where we jest nachelly both b'long is the insane asylum—for the ejoits we've acted."

"When I reflect that I might 'a' been ez happy ez I am now eighteen year ago, an' think about all the time we've lost."

"Well—"

"How comes it thet Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?"

(The end.)

He Put It Frankly.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"I got a quarter here," said the red-nosed wanderer, "and I calculate to git me dinner wit' it."

"What's that to me?" asked the citizen whom he had stopped in the street.

"Jist this. I'm goin' to git a regular meal—table dote, see?—and I thought that maybe if you would lend me a dime to git a drink, I could git a good enough appetite to eat my money's worth."

Singular, Isn't It?

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Miss Northside (to her brother)—"Do you know, Fred, that no fewer than four men want to marry me?"

Fred—"All right, sis, may the best man win!"

Miss Northside—"You don't know much about such things. A bride does not marry the best man."

DELICIOUS BON BONS

A Peep Into a Shop Where Dainty Sweets Are Made.

DEFT FINGERS MOLD AND TAKING FORMS

Some of the Articles Used in the Manufacture of Candy.

ACTUALLY BY THE TON

THERE ARE MILLIONS in the business of making and marketing candy. Refined sugar, the basis of it, costs less than 4 cents a pound. Candy sells to the consumer all the way from 20 cents to $1.50. The difference represents labor, enterprise and invention. It must be a churl, indeed, who grudges them their reward.

Few city sights are more interesting than a great candy store—especially just before a holiday. There is such a suggestion of Aladdin's palace about it that you do not wonder at the eddy that it makes in the human stream rushing along the pavement. Every moment the big crystal doors swing in or out at the touch of all manner of humankind. Women, of course, predominate—for the most part young women, hardly past girlhood. The older ones have usually a child in charge. They are aunts or grandmothers—or bonnes, in cap and apron, leading solicitously the heir or heiress of millions.

The masculine molety of it may be divided roughly into grandfathers, bridegrooms and beaux, whose attentions rarely mean intentions. The old men, you see, buy such big generous boxes—almost more than their hands will hold, cumbered as they are with cane and kerchief. The smiling bridegroom chooses the most luscious of melting sweets; while the beaux spend their sheckels for dainty little bonbonieres, full of yet daintier and smaller bon bons, that some fortunate young woman may eat without loss of caste all through the tears and laughter of the play.

All and several they have a liberal range of choice. The long counters are full of silver trays, heaped with all sorts and conditions of candy. Here are satinettes of every color, breathing out the fragrance of rose or jasmine or heliotrope; peach pits, natural as life; filberts, chestnuts, acorns in and out of shell; chocolate in every conceivable shape and combination; fairylike "blown candy," that looks as if it had been spun from sweet sounds and odors; green peas in the pod, lemon and orange slices, tiny button onions, nut creams and caramels, nut-bar, nougat—and fifty sorts beside.

Inside the brilliant cabinets on both sides of the shop are other silvered trays upon plateglass shelves, wherein you see rose buds, or orchids or lilies, shaped from pink or yellow almond paste with calyxes of pistache green. They are so lifelike it seems vandalism to eat them—even if you have paid $1 for half a pound of them.

Dipping Chocolate Creams.

They keep in countenance the candied strawberries, cherries, violets and rose leaves that are but one-half as costly—selling at the same rate as the familiar glace fruits—and the unfamiliar "caprice," which looks as though scented red or amber wine had been frozen into hail.

So much the casual customer sees. One who inquires into the reasons and processes of the shop will find after a little questioning that the owner of it is a big manufacturer as well, and that there is very much more to this fairy merchandise than what immediately meets the eye. As, for example, the pattern maker. He stays at the very top of the building—where he has a factory in miniature. Usually he is a Parisian, and always an artist of the first water. Often he speaks no English; but he hardly needs it, so eloquent are his eyes and fingers. His domain is a pattern of cleanliness. The copper kettles shine, the marble molding slab is immaculate, and so are the great man's big apron and white starched cap.

From his flavors, sugar, fruits and nuts he is forever evolving new colors and combinations. His experiments are sent into the snop and, if they "take," the pattern and formula go at once to the factory for wholesale use. Yet pronounced successes are rare; and it is not too much to say that the inventor of a taking and entirely new sweet would receive from the candy makers more than the Roman emperor offered for a new pleasure.

Meanwhile our artist stands beside the molding slab with two or three knives handy. They are sharp and short, of various curve and temper. In front of him, above the slab, is a long-hooded gas jet, or rather an iron cylinder, through which shoot needles of flame. It is perhaps a foot above the slab, and heat from it keeps the candy there workably warm without melting. It is just now a long roll of pea-green, which the pattern maker is turning into young peas half open. He cuts off a bit from the end, rolls into a ball as big as a marble, flattens it and sets other smaller balls in a row along the middle. A deft wrist motion turns the edges of the flattened bit toward each other—and, behold! there is your pea pod to the life, opening delicately to show the fruit within.

The peas are an Easter fashion; they will be passe before Thanksgiving. Fashion, you see, has very much to do with the success or failure of such wares. That comes to you more than ever forcibly when you step into the stock room and note the array of fancy baskets, bags and boxes, the cost of which runs up into the thousands; yet this ultimate value wholly depends upon their catching the fancy of the buying world. This is particularly true of the things of lace and satin and fine paper made up for holiday seasons.

Still these are hardly so interesting as the big, squarish, commercial-looking paper boxes one finds a little further on. First rosy young women fine them generously with fine waxed paper; then they go to others, who fit into them divisions of stiff paper folded at various angles. For truly fine candy is delicate. It cannot bear even its own weight without crushing, and is packed barely one layer deep with these immaculate fenders between the various components.

Next the boxes go to the fillers—brisk young women, each with a silver tray holding one particular sort of bon bon. They pass up and down the tables where the boxes are set, putting one piece, neither more nor less, from the trays they carry into each subdivision of the box. The candy must be handled delicately, and for the most part with tongs. Then the waxed paper is folded over, the top put on, and the box wrapped and tied. After that it is sealed and stamped with the maker's name and guarantee.

Once upon a time the process of candy making was summed up with two words—sugar and skill; but candy in these end-of-the-century days means very much more. Whatever the world yields of flower or fruit, of nut or spicy essence, has been laid under tribute for the sweets of our time.

A candy factory has very much the look of any other factory—except that it is, in every part, kept scrupulously clean. The machinery, too, may look a thought more incomprehensible than the ordinary bands and pulleys and shafts and cog wheels. But there is no mistaking the use of the big, deep, beautifully polished copper kettles. Sugar is put into them, a barrel at a time, with more or less water, according to its ultimate purpose. A steam jacket comes two-thirds up the side of each kettle, and steam cooks the contents thereof without the least possibility of burning or scorching. If the syrup is to be creamed—as it is three times in five—it goes from the kettles straight to the creaming mill, where big curved iron arms beat and twirl it into a white, light, foamy mass.

Next the cream is packed down in big tubs and set away to await making up. That is perhaps two years ahead—since cream improves wonderfully for good keeping. The big candy makers have tons and tons of it always in storage. But that is not surprising when you remember that a single factory in the height of its season uses daily more than half a ton of pure chocolate for flavoring its goods.

To make up the cream, girls sit about a steam table in which a dozen or twenty small kettles are sunk flush with its face. In them the cream is heated, and worked

It Looks and Tastes Fit for a Fairy's Feast.

smooth and semi-fluid. Then it is ready for the "dipping," which the girls do by means of a bit of twisted wire. The walnuts or dates, or whatever is to be dipped, are piled at the dipper's elbow. She sets one in her wire loop, plunges it below the surface of the cream, lifts it out and drops it lightly upon a coarse sieve. Each nut is now a shapeless oblong, with the yellow of the skin showing through a sparse pink coating. A second girl sets one of them in her wire, thrusts it again into the pink cream and brings it up about doubled in size. With a quick, indescribable wrist motion she sets it upon white paper, where already there are other pink sweets a-row. But she does not abruptly withdraw her looped wire. Instead she draws it up one side, and to the top, shaping the warm candy as it passes into two fine, slightly curled horns, which give an artistic finish.

But three times in five, no matter how they begin, candies end by becoming chocolate of some sort. Chocolate dipping is much like the creaming process—with the difference that while it is possible to mold cream candies of some sorts, nothing yet invented can take the place of the ten fingers for chocolate.

One of the most interesting sights is the making of the "blown candy," which looks and tastes fit for a fairy's feasts. Men are the workers here. They take a lump of hot candy bigger than one's head, toss and twist it hither and yon, and end by flinging it across a big hook, against which they pull as frantically as though life depended on it. They double the extended mass, redouble it, fling it high in air, draw it back and play such fantastic tricks before high heaven that one cannot wonder that the stuff is so full of grain, though it seems miraculous to note the transmutation of motion so violent into the gay, glistening ribbons of sweetness.

Rose leaves and violets are crystallized by dropping them one minute in very hot candy, skimming them out and spreading thin, then shaking hot sugar over them. It is a tedious process—but hardly so much so as the making of fruit glace, which must first be boiled in sirup until it is clear, then spread, sugared and dried with infinite care.

A word as to flavorings. Though for cheap candies all sorts of villainous substances abound, and in spite of the undeniable excellence of many latter-day chemical flavorings, every first-class manufacturer will show you in his store room extracts and fruit juices by the gallon which are derived from nature alone—and were expressed from her choice products into the bargain. It is much like a perfumer's shop; indeed, even musk, the basis of scents, is not lacking, though in use there is a delightful paucity of it.

SNAKES FOR BEDFELLOWS.

A Belgian Naturalist's Night in the Toltec Ruins of Quemada.

From the San Francisco Call.

"When I was collecting specimens of plants and animals in Zacatecas," said the noted Dr. Maximilien Schumann, "I had an experience with rattlesnakes which came near being the death of me."

The doctor had just returned from Sacramento, where he had been for a couple of days on a hunting trip. He is the Belgian explorer and naturalist who went through Africa, and is now bound to Thibet for the Baron de Rothschild and the Institution of Natural Sciences of Luxemburg. In telling of his adventures he said:

"I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas to the southeast to examine some old Toltec ruins there. These are known as the Quemada ruins. They are very extensive. I got there late at night. I had shot a couple of doe on the way, and had thrown them across my pack animal.

"On my arrival within the ruins I lit a fire to get my supper, after which I spread my blankets and lay down. In the morning when I woke up I threw my hand outside of the blanket and it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake. I escaped by the merest chance. Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see rattlesnakes all over the blankets. There were no less than six of them besides the one that had missed my hand.

"The reptiles were not the Crotalus horridus or diamond crotalus known in California, but the Crotalus milarius, found in the hot regions. They are very poisonous. When I had lit my fire in the evening I could not see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls.

"The altitude of Zacatecas and the old ruins is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, and it gets quite cold at night. My fire was what undoubtedly attracted them. When they got out toward it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled up on them and went to sleep. I have always thought it was almost miraculous that I escaped being bitten. As I did not want the snakes, having already all I wanted, I killed them and nailed them all to the adobe wall, with my card on each.

"The lizards and other reptiles which I got there I salted away in casks and forwarded to Europe. It is a general belief among the Indians, notably among the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws in Indian territory, where I was for a time, that if one is bitten by a rattlesnake, all he has to do to prevent fatality is to eat snake. But I never discovered any virtue in this. The best remedy is to immediately bind a thong above the wound, so that the poison cannot circulate higher. Then cut an incision below the wound and squeeze out as much blood as possible. Then, if to the wound is made an application of potash or any alkali, there is almost no danger.

"I got the best collection of reptiles from Mexico and forwarded them to Europe that has ever been seen there. The rattlesnakes were so plentiful that they could be seen by thousands and thousands."

They Snowballed the Fire.

From the Paducah (Ky.) Standard.

The citizens of Smithland adopted a novel method of extinguishing a fire a few days ago. A blaze started in a residence, and when the usual impromptu bucket brigade arrived at the scene it was found that no water was to be had, every available supply being frozen and the ground covered with snow. Finally a bright idea struck some one in the crowd, and the suggestion was made that the party should use snow to subdue the flames. The excited citizens divided and one company rolled up snowballs about a foot in diameter, and passed them on to others, who heaved them over on the rapidly consuming structure. The house, being on the hillside, made this an easy matter, as they secured a good vantage ground on the hill above the house, which rendered it an easy matter to throw the snow over with accuracy and effect. To make a long story short, the fire was extinguished before it gained any headway in the main building, and the floors in one or two other rooms were saved. The people in Smithland are still talking about how they put out the fire.

A famous remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SKUNK HUNTING IN NEW ENGLAND.

Material Profits of the Chase in Supplying Skins, Which Are in Demand.

From the Springfield Republican.

Throughout the hilly farms of New England another skunk skin crop has now been gathered in. It isn't a harvest which is mentioned in the regular agricultural statistics, but it is an important one, nevertheless, and a very large proportion of barns, especially among the meadows of Connecticut and central Massachusetts, are now rejoicing in their store of garnered skunks. In fact, the skunk skin is the most important thing in the line of fur which is still exported from the more civilized parts of New England. The mink skin is more valuable, but it is now quite rare, and the muskrat, though plenty, is so cheap as to be hardly worth the catching; but the skunk is both quite valuable and still fairly plenty, increasing and multiplying in a riotous, six-fold geometrical progression that would let it inherit the earth in half a dozen generations if it were not for the intrepid pursuit of the small boy and the farmer. Besides, it furnishes an exhilarating sport for all in search of adventures afield. But by a certain delicacy of our sporting writers much has been left unsaid which might be said of the dangers, disasters and hairbreadth escapes of skunking. This cannot be looked on otherwise than as a loss to literature.

How important a side issue this skunk catching, in many cases, is to farmers can be seen by the fact that it is estimated that from 15,000 to 25,000 skunk skins, averaging about fifty cents apiece to their captors, were sent out from the state of Connecticut alone last year. The skins were nearly all sent abroad, the prices being governed by three big sales in London, one in January, one in March and one in June. At last January's sales there were 150,000 skins disposed of. Of these a great proportion are said to go for use as caps in the Russian and other continental armies. With these data, we cannot refrain from remarking with surprise the neglect of the skunk dog as a factor in European warfare.

THE WICKEDNESS OF SLEEPING.

Some of the Notions Which Were Entertained Years Ago.

From the Spectator.

That idea was almost dominant in religious society sixty years ago, and sometimes assumed forms which, if not ridiculous, were at least quaint. It was, for instance, held to be wrong for any but the aged to sit in easy chairs, not, as is now vainly imagined, from any ignorant idea as to the injury done to the figure, but because "lolloping" betrayed a blameworthy tendency to ease and self-indulgence. That was the origin also of the extraordinary prejudice against taking any extra sleep. The old knew well that sleep, when sleep is not needed, is to the young the most wearisome of all obediences, but nevertheless they believed that to wish to sleep more than a strictly regulated time, which, according to modern hygeists, was too short, was a mark of sluggish self-indulgence, and it was visited, therefore, with moral reprobation.

Early rising was extravagantly praised, not because it lengthened the day, for the early risers went to bed early, but because it was disagreeable; and some curious rules of diet—for example, abstinence from sugar—were defended in part upon the same principle. We have known girls cut off their curls avowedly because they were proud of them, and men go about in shabby clothes, because, as they averred and believed, it was well by diminishing comfort to promote serious reflection.

An Icy Revenge.

From St. Paul's.

1. "What a doosid pretty girl! May I have the pleasure?"

2. "Snubbed, by Jove! Try again!"

3. "What a cold beauty! But I will be even with her yet!"

4. "Ha, ha! How does this style suit her?"

RAILROADS.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

THROUGH THE GRANDEST SCENERY IN AMERICA. ALL TRAINS VESTIBULED, ELECTRIC LIGHTED, STEAM HEATED. ALL MEALS SERVED IN DINING CARS. STATION SIXTH AND B STREETS.

Schedule in effect November 17, 1895.

2:25 P.M. DAILY—Cincinnati and St. Louis Special—Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change. Parlor cars Cincinnati to Chicago.

11:10 P.M. DAILY—F. F. V. Limited—Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville without change. Pullman sleeper to Virginia Hot Springs, without change, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sleepers Cincinnati to Chicago and St. Louis.

10:57 A.M., EXCEPT SUNDAY—Via Richmond for Old Point and Norfolk. Only rail line.

2:25 P.M. DAILY—For Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Staunton and for Richmond, daily, except Sunday.

Reservations and tickets at Chesapeake and Ohio offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station.

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent.

ja28

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Station corner of 6th and B streets.

In effect January 6, 1896.

10:30 A.M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.—Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10:30 A.M. FAST LINE.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

3:40 P.M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Chicago.

7:10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago, and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Car to Chicago.

7:10 P.M. SOUTH-WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars to St. Louis, and Sleeping Car Harrisburg to Cincinnati.

10:40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7:50 A.M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Niagara Falls daily, except Sunday.

10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport daily, 3:40 P.M.

7:10 P.M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Buffalo.

10:40 P.M. for Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, Sleeping Car Washington to Elmira.

FOR PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND THE EAST.

4:00 P.M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED," daily, all Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore. Regular at 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00, 10:00 (Dining Car), 10:05 (Dining Car) and 11:00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) A.M., 12:45, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00, 10:05 (Dining Car), 11:00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) A.M., 12:15, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. For Philadelphia only, Fast Express 7:50 A.M. week days. Express, 12:15 week days, 2:01 and 5:40 P.M. daily. For Boston without change, 7:50 A.M. week days, and 3:15 P.M. daily.

For Baltimore, 6:25, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 9:00, 10:00, 10:05, 10:30, 11:00 and 11:50 A.M., 12:15, 12:45, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 4:36, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, 11:15 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05, 7:20, 9:00, 9:05, 10:05, 10:30, 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 1:15, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40 and 11:35 P.M.

For Pope's Creek Line, 7:20 A.M. and 4:36 P.M. daily, except Sunday.

For Annapolis, 7:20, 9:00 A.M., 12:15 and 4:20 P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9:00 A.M. and 4:20 P.M.

Atlantic Coast Line. "Florida Special" for Jacksonville and St. Augustine, 10:48 P.M. week days. Express for Richmond, points on Atlantic Coast Line, 4:30 A.M., 3:46 P.M. daily. Richmond and Atlanta, 3:40 P.M. daily. Richmond only, 10:57 A.M. week days.

Accommodation for Quantico, 7:45 A.M. daily, and 4:25 P.M. week days.

For Alexandria, 4:30, 6:35, 7:45, 8:40, 9:45, 10:57, 11:50 A.M., 12:50, 1:40, 3:20, 4:25, 5:00, 5:37, 6:15, 8:02, 10:10 and 11:39 P.M. On Sunday at 4:30, 7:45, 9:45 A.M., 2:45, 6:15, 8:02 and 10:10 P.M.

Leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:05, 6:43, 7:05, 8:00, 9:10, 10:15, 10:28 A.M., 1:00, 2:15, 3:00, 3:23, 5:00, 5:20, 6:13, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10, 10:52 and 11:08 P.M. On Sunday at 6:43, 9:10, 10:28 A.M., 2:15, 5:30, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10 and 10:52 P.M. Ticket offices, corner 15th and G sts. and at the station, 6th and B sts., where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and resid