

# A MAD MARRIAGE;

## The Heiress of Lawrence Park.

STORY OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

BY MRS. E. B. COLLINS.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### TRAPPED.

Meanwhile Mark Alleyne was moving about the brilliantly illuminated rooms like a ghost, a very skeleton at the feast.

This sudden launch into fashionable society had been without his approval. When Gabrielle had revealed to him the danger of the situation his plan had been to be married at once to Adele and leave for Europe, with all the money and valuables that they could lay hands upon, upon the first outward bound steamer.

But Adele would not listen to this. She must see a little of the world of fashionable society, no matter what risk she ran; and then the thought of marrying Mark Alleyne so soon, or at all, was horrible.

"I will fight it to the last," she muttered sulkily, alone in her own room; "and I shall never yield. I will die first!"

But of this Mark never dreamed. He was aware that she did not love him; but the full extent of her detestation, hatred, he could not imagine.

It would have been incredible to him. Then, the great reception was planned; and he had begged Adele and her mother to permit the engagement to be announced at this very reception.

"I will not consent to such a thing!" Adele had declared, with flashing eyes. "You are very selfish, Mark, to ask such a thing!" she panted. "Why, you would spoil all my pleasure—all my triumph. I am bound to be a social success," she went on, her beautiful face flushing like the heart of a June rose. "I shall be the most admired, flattered and feted woman in the whole city!"

And Mark had turned away, with a dark frown upon his face, and his teeth set sharply together under the shadow of his heavy black mustache. "She is enough to drive a man mad!" he muttered shrilly. "I could kill her! I may some day!" he added sulkily.

And there was a look in his dark eyes that was bad to see. But Adele had her own way, all the same. There was no hurried wedding and departure for Europe; no announcement of the hateful engagement, and Mark Alleyne was forced to witness all her triumph.

His eyes followed the radiant vision in white, as she floated through the dance, or promenade with different admirers, whose name was Legion. He wandered out into the spacious, moonlit grounds at last, wearied intensely of the gay, bright scene within; and turned his steps in the same direction that Adele had already taken.

He was full of bitter thoughts; his heart was heavy with a vague sense of defeat. "If I could only believe her!" he said to himself as he moved slowly down the long walk; "if I could only believe that she really means to marry me, I could bear all her coldness and indifference! Once she is mine I will teach her to love me—my beautiful, darling!"

He came to a frightened halt, a cry of horror passing his lips, at the sight upon which his startled eyes rested. There, at his feet, prone upon the ground, in the pure, pale light of the moon, her white face upturned to the opal tinted sky, lay the woman he loved, Adele St. Cyr—with the red blood flowing from a ghastly wound in her side.

For a time Mark Alleyne stood staring down upon the awful sight, trembling, panting, unable to utter a word. With a mighty effort he drew close to her side, and stooping, laid his hand upon her heart; it beat faintly.

"She is not dead, my darling, my darling!" he panted rapturously; the reaction almost more than he could bear; the sudden change from inconceivable sorrow to the wild joy of living hope.

Then with a swift, furtive glance around to make sure that no unseen assassin was lurking in the thicket near, he lifted her head upon his breast and drawing a flask of brandy from his pocket, held it to her lips.

A slight gasp, a slow moan, and the dark eyes flared open, and stared wildly up into his face. "Mark," she moaned feebly, recognizing him at once, by the pale, clear moonlight. "I am dying."

"No, no!" he cried wildly, his heart sinking with an awful fear. "You will not die, my darling. You will live to be happy in my love. But tell me, Adele, if you are able, who did this fearful deed?"

A shudder passed over her slender frame like a chill. She closed her eyes. "I do not know," she panted; "I—I heard no report of firearms—no sound; saw no living creature; but, all the same, there is a bullet in my side, Mark. All at once I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my side, followed by a numb sensation, and that was the last I knew. But, Mark, I have seen a spirit!"

He started, with a cry of horror. Was she delirious? "What do you mean, Adele?" he asked. "I have seen a spirit," she reiterated, calmly. "Listen, Mark. Over yonder, peering from behind the osage hedge, I saw the face of Arthur Wynne."

"Nonsense! Arthur Wynne is dead—or supposed to be—and the spirits of the dead never come back." "How do you know?" she faltered. "But he had no answer ready."

Then Gabrielle went below to break the sad news to her assembled guests. Miss Lawrence had been carelessly handling some weapons in the library; among them a small pistol had chanced to be loaded. It had been accidentally discharged, inflicting a severe wound in her side.

This was the story that she told, and in horror and consternation the guests received the news, and hurriedly took their departure, leaving much condolence, and hoping that Miss Lawrence would soon recover.

When the last guest had departed, and Gabrielle saw the outer door close behind them, she turned with a sigh of relief and went up stairs to Adele's bedside.

When the physician arrived the mysterious affair was explained to him as far as possible. He looked mystified. "Some enemy has done this," he observed, quietly. "Had Miss Lawrence such a thing possible?" with a glance of admiration towards the beautiful white face upon the pillow before him.

When the physician had taken his departure, the girl, Maggie Willett, made her appearance and begged so hard to be allowed to nurse poor Miss Adele that Gabrielle at last consented.

Could she have seen the baleful look in Maggie Willett's black eyes, and the murderous expression upon her sallow face when she was left alone with the patient, Gabrielle would have revoked her consent. But she neither saw nor suspected; she was utterly ignorant of the true state of affairs; and so Maggie Willett was duly installed as nurse, and the days went by.

Mark scarcely left the house, so great was his anxiety, but hovered around the door of Adele's room, waylaying all who left it with questions in regard to the sick girl's condition.

Only there was one very significant fact; he never once asked a question of Maggie Willett. She kept at her post, her eyes full of a wild, wicked light, and under her breath she would mutter, over and over, "I will be revenged! I have failed once, but I shall not fail now!"

And so the days drifted by until Adele was pronounced out of danger and convalescent. And then a strange thing happened. At least it seemed strange, passing strange, to Mark Alleyne.

He received a penciled note in Adele's handwriting which contained these words: "DEAR MARK: My illness has brought reflection, and I see things now with clearer eyes, and appreciate your love. I will be your wife at once, if you wish, on condition that no one—not even mamma—shall know of the marriage until after the ceremony is performed, when you can break the news as soon as you like."

I am still a prisoner in my rooms, but to-morrow night, at eight precisely, mamma will be absent, and I will be in my sick-room; I am undermining her health. I shall be in my boudoir at the hour of eight. You may bring a clergyman and two witnesses privately to the house, and to my boudoir, which is connected with the sick-room, and I will be ready to become your wife. If the plan meets your approval, write me a line at once. Your own forever, ADELE.

When Mark Alleyne had read those written words, his heart leaped up in his breast with wild, mad delight. "Can it be true?" he panted wildly. "Can it be possible that Adele has relented and is willing to marry me at once? To no longer postpone our marriage, as she has seemed to take a delight in doing; so that I had begun to fear that she would never become my wife? Oh, this happiness is more than I can bear."

But people seldom die of joy; and Mark, reading the precious letter over for the hundredth time, began to realize the truth; that the great boom—as he believed it—of Adele's love, was really his own; and that, in a few short hours she would be his "to have and to hold forever."

"If the plan meets your approval," said the little perfumed note in his hand. "If! Great heavens! the girl was teasing him even now! She knew (none better) that to be assured that she would be his wife, and in so short a time, was enough to make his brain reel with ecstasy."

He read the little note once more; and pressed it to his lips with all a lover's rapture. Then he seized a pen and hurriedly wrote a few lines. "MY DARLING! It seems too good to be true! I am so happy, that it makes me afraid. I must lest the bright vision that beckons me on may vanish, and leave me to grope in the night of despair, I beseech my own darling for her decision. I will be at your boudoir door at eight to-night, with a clergyman and necessary witnesses. If you can scarcely wait for that hour to come, your own, MARK."

Folding the note, he slipped it into an envelope and sealed it, lest other eyes, for whom it was not intended, might learn the contents. Then he hastened up stairs with light, springing footsteps, his heart so full of wild, mad joy that it seemed as if it would burst.

At the door of Adele's chamber he halted; then, after a moment's indecision, rapped lightly upon the door. It opened slowly; he stood face to face with Maggie Willett.

Mark started at sight of the girl. He had quite forgotten that she had been installed as nurse to Adele, and the sudden surprise was quite a shock to him. But he laid the letter in her hand.

"Maggie," in an insinuating tone, "you will give this to Miss Lawrence, will you not?" Maggie's black eyes stared into his eager face with such a strange expression in their sullen depths, that Mark Alleyne recoiled in surprise.

"What is the matter?" he added, impulsively. "A strange smile touched Maggie Willett's sallow face. "Oh, nothing, nothing at all!" she made answer. "By the way, Mark, I am waiting still for—hush! Miss Adele will hear us! Come in here for a moment!"

And she led the way across the hall into a closed, deserted room. Much against his will, Mark followed her. "Now, what do you want?" he demanded, rudely, when she had closed the door of the room behind them. Her eyes glittered wildly. "I want to know when you are going to make me your wife!" she answered, boldly.

He started as though she had struck him a blow, and into his dusky eyes a gleam of hatred crept. "Never!" he panted, angrily, throwing off the mask at last, and feeling sure of Adele. "I never intended to marry you! From first to last you have been a dupe, Maggie Willett; a dupe—a victim! Do you imagine for one moment that I would marry you, a common servant girl? You must be out of your senses, to believe such a thing!" She stood glaring into his angry

face, with wide open, dark eyes, which held a look not good to see. "You mean this, Mark Alleyne?" she faltered, slowly. "I mean it! From first to last I have fooled you, duped you, deceived you! Good enough for you, since you, a common servant, were silly enough to believe in the vows and protestations of a man in my social position! Never do it again, Maggie!" he went on, insolently; "it does not pay!"

"And no gentleman in his senses would think for a moment of marrying a poor servant girl, and with a face like yours!" He had stabbed her in her most vulnerable point—her vanity—and he knew it. Now, too, now completely he was in this woman's power; but he seemed possessed of a taunting devil which would not let him go.

She stood still—still as death—her eyes set, and staring into his eager, triumphant face. Twice she opened her lips to speak. At last: "Are you not afraid?" she asked, with a sarcastic sneer. He started. In his exultation over the certainty of making Adele his wife, he had forgotten his own dangerous position.

"Bah!" he muttered, under his breath, "she'll never do it!" Then, aloud, he added: "Afraid! That is rather a bold word to use to me, Marzzie!"

"Think of what you have said to me," she panted, angrily; "but no matter. I can bear it all. Only I have one word to say, Mark Alleyne; it is this: For all the suffering you have done me, you shall yet suffer—suffer beyond words to the extent—suffer so that you will long for death. Don't forget that, Mark Alleyne!"

She turned swiftly and flashed from the room, the letter for Adele still clutched in her trembling hand. Mark darted into the corridor after her. "Maggie!" She glanced swiftly into his pleading face.

"You will deliver the letter to Adele to the rightful owner?" he asked, softly. She smiled; but somehow Mark Alleyne shrank from that smile. "Yes, I will deliver it to the rightful owner," she made answer.

Then she entered Adele's room and closed the door in his face. Mark turned away. "She will do it," he muttered, slowly. "She will not dare destroy it, or disobey me. She will give it to Adele, and to-night my darling will be my own forever. My beautiful wife!"

And he turned away with a heart full of exultant triumph at thought of the bright future which arose before his vision like a star of hope. To him the love of Adele St. Cyr meant more than a hope of heaven.

Eight, chimed from the nearest church steeple. Eight, repeated all the neighboring clocks in concert. And up the stairs leading to Adele's boudoir Mark Alleyne led the way, while a clergyman followed after, and with him two young men who had agreed to act as witnesses. The minister had been duly informed that the secret ceremony was only a whim of the invalid's; that she was of age, and her own legal mistress; therefore no objection could be made.

Mark tapped lightly upon the boudoir door; it opened, and they crossed the threshold. The shaded lamp, upon a tiny table, was turned so low that the objects in the room were scarcely visible. The door which led into the adjoining sleeping-room was closed. An elderly woman, who introduced herself as a professional nurse, received them.

"The young lady is feeble yet," she said, in a sleek, oily tone; "and the light hurts her eyes, so that she cannot bear to have it bright in the room. I hope the gentleman will not object?" No, Mark did not object. Nothing seemed of any importance compared with the fact that in a few moments' time Adele St. Cyr would be his wife.

Reclining upon a silken sofa, in a flowing white wrapper, daintily trimmed with lace, her head draped piously in lace, lay a slender form. Mark sprang to her side, and stooping, pressed his lips to her hand. "My own darling! Heaven bless you for this," he murmured.

"Are you ready, sir?" intervened the clergyman. Mark stood erect beside the drooping figure. "Yes, yes!" he cried. "The lady had better remain in a reclining position," observed the clergyman. "It will be all over in a moment. You desire a short ceremony, sir?" "Yes; as short as possible, for she is unable to endure excitement and fatigue," Mark returned.

The clergyman advanced to the side of the sofa; Mark stood near, with the hand of his bride in his own. The clergyman began, and in exactly two minutes the ceremony was said, and "I pronounce you man and wife" fell upon the silence of the room.

According to the particular form used by the clergyman, there was no record to be signed, only the preparation of two solemn oaths, duly delivered to the bride. Then, without a moment's delay, the clergyman and witnesses took their departure.

Mark saw them to the outer door, saw it close upon them, then he turned and went upstairs again. Was it all a dream? He opened the boudoir door and entered. His bride still reclined upon the sofa. He flew to her side and caught her in his arms.

"My darling wife!" he panted eagerly. Even as he spoke the nurse came into the room, and turned the lamp up to a bright blaze, which illumined the room in an instant. Mark started to his feet, falling back with a wild, mad cry a cry which echoed throughout the silent house, his eyes full of horror, fell upon the face of his bride. Trembling with triumph, she arose to her feet, and faced him boldly.

It was Maggie Willett! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Shah of Persia spent a long time in the Louvre in Paris, sketching the crowns of Louis XV. and Napoleon I. and studying the diamonds and brilliants. He also watched the painters at work copying from celebrated paintings, and patted some of the artists on their shoulders, saying, approvingly: "Very well done! very good!"

In a lecture in Kansas City, Robert Ingersoll, the infidel lecturer, in trying to explain his faith, said: "What do I believe in? I believe in what I see before me. I believe in these two thousand people at \$1 a head." That was, without doubt, a bit of truth that slipped out unawares.

## SNARES AND TRAPS.

### VARIOUS DEVICES FOR CATCHING GAME ALIVE.

#### Bird Snares—The Set Lines—Box Trap for Animals—Dead Falls and Figure Four Trap—Fish Snares.

Now that the breech loading shot gun and rifle are in such general use the old fashioned methods of snaring and trapping game are seldom practiced. Still the demands of the bird fanciers and others for live specimens of rare birds and of the fur market for uninjured furs keeps alive the art of properly constructing snares, traps and dead falls.

First and foremost among the simplest snares made is that known as "set lines." To begin with it is essential to find a spot most frequented by the birds you wish to snare. The spot selected should be for a limited space at least fairly smooth. Provide yourself with a jackknife, some strong cord, a quantity of horse hair, and two bits of hard wood. Make the two small stakes about six inches long and drive them down into the ground at a distance of fifteen feet apart. Run a strong cord taut and fast on the ground from one stake to the other, taking care to securely attach it at either end. At intervals of a foot or more bind securely to the main cord little branching slip nooses of horsehair. These nooses when spread out should be about six inches in diameter. In the loops sprinkle some grain seeds. The snare is now set, but if you wish to take the birds alive the set lines should be carefully watched lest the snared birds in their exertions to get away should beat themselves to death against the ground.

The partridge snare is more scientific in construction, but not at all intricate. The snare proper is simply a slip noose made of strings, but when properly constructed it is very effective. Familiarize yourself with the haunts and habits of the partridge. Bear in mind that partridges and other game birds rarely fly over an obstruction if it is possible to find an opening through which to pass. In constructing the partridge snare begin by erecting a wall of sticks, stones and mud about two feet high and six inches thick. It should be as long as necessary to inclose a given place, relying on the undulations of the ground or some other natural cause to complete the rest of the inclosure about the partridges' haunt.

Build a few arches in the apertures in the wall. The arch should be a bent piece of wood like a croquet wicket in shape. It should extend to the top of the wall and should be about seven inches wide. Make a slip noose of a strong piece of cord just big enough to hang in the arch. Make the free end fast to the top of the arch, spread the loops apart and keep them in this position by catching the strings lightly in either side of the arch. The noose should be one inch from the ground and three inches from the top. The partridges in seeking their usual feeding place will naturally walk into the semicircle and in endeavoring to get out will poke about until they come to one of the archways. In going through they will be caught in one of the nooses.

Another method of catching small birds is in vogue among the Indians to this day. Get a reed, or better still, a bamboo pole about twelve feet long. Plant one end in the ground so that the pole will lean sideways. Cut a birch twig about two feet long with plenty of leaves on it and place it crosswise on the top of the pole, at the same time binding it on securely. Place a horse-hair noose lightly over the leaves. Pass the end of the horse hair down through the pole and out through a hole bored a foot from the bottom. Tie this end of the horse hair to a strong cord.

Perhaps the simplest trap made is the box trap for squirrel and rabbit. Get a box about fifteen inches long, eight wide and eight inches deep. The ordinary salt box will answer. Halve the box by removing the top and one end. Hinge the top on to the end from which it has just been removed—leather hinges will do very nicely. At the same end nail in an upright position a stick twelve inches high; bore a half-inch hole through the middle of the same end of the box and put through it a trigger of a figure four trap; run a string from the top of the opening end of the box; over the rear stick, down to the trigger; at this end of the string tie a two-inch sliver of wood set in a notch in the end of the box an inch higher than the hole through which the trigger extends. The box is now open and your trap set. Bait the trigger with sweet apple or an ear of corn. The rabbit or squirrel enters the trap, nibbles the bait and loosens the trigger. With a snap the cover falls and you've bagged your game.

For all large game the familiar snap steel traps cannot be improved upon. In a wild trap you have to rely, in a large measure, on the natural stupidity of the bird. A four-sided pen of proportions best adapted to ground on which you elect to erect it is built of twigs and grasses. The walls should be about two feet high. For a roof use pine or hemlock boughs and weight them down securely; leave one very small opening in your wall and in it leading into the pen stretch corn. The turkey eats its way in. Once inside and having consumed all the food the bird looks for an egress, but in turkey fashion endeavors to get out through the roof. The opening in the side is small and the intrenched twigs prove an effectual barrier. He never thinks of trying to crowd out the way he came in, and is, therefore, a close prisoner until released.

Fish snares, not meaning nets, are hardly worth the while wasted on them, but one of the simplest made can be described in a few words. The pickerel which in turn is fastened to a rock. The trap is now set and when the bird alights on the top of your pole his feet will invariably draw the noose tight around them and he is caught in very short order.

The spring snare is a very simple contrivance, but an excellent method of catching birds. Cut a switch about five feet long and of good thickness. Bend it in the form of a lawn tennis racket—that is, two feet of the small end of the switch should be curved and fastened to the body. Place this flat on the ground, make a low arch, somewhat smaller than the partridge arch, and drive into the ground over the handle of the switch at a point one foot from the base. The arch should be driven down to within three inches of the switch. Two inches from the arch and toward the bend of the switch make a notch and drive a little peg lightly into it. To a small sapling, which should spring from the ground a few inches immediately back of the big end of the switch, attach a strong cord. Bend the sapling and attach the free end of the cord to the peg of the handle on the switch, the cord first passing under the arch. The tension should be strong enough so that the least twitch from the bent sapling would free the peg. Now, about midway on the cord connect-

ing the peg and the top of the bent sapling attach a light strong string. This runs out as far as the bend in the switch, where it forms a slip noose. The slip noose is spread over the curved end of the switch; grain is strewn about and all is ready for the birds.

A very simple snare is made by weaving a net of silk or horse hair in running nooses. Spread it on ground frequented by birds and fasten it down with pegs. Throw some grain about and your snare is complete. Rabbits may also be caught in this same snare.

Dead falls are effective if properly constructed in killing anything from a bear to a ground squirrel, and, as the name suggests, carries with it instant death. The simplest dead fall is made with a flat rock and four hard-wood sticks. The weight of the rock depends on what game it is expected to kill. The sticks are put together in the form of a figure four and support the rock. Whittle out four sticks of oak or ash. The first is the trigger stick, and if intended for a mink fall should be twelve inches long, gradually tapering off to a point at one end. It should be at its thickest part one inch through. In the very middle a sixteenth of an inch notch should be cut and at the thick end on the same side two notches close together. The second stick is the ground support. This should be six inches high and an inch through. One end of it should be small and come to a half-inch top. The third stick is the perpendicular post and should be three inches high, one inch thick and come to a half-inch bottom at the small end. The fourth stick is the oblique prop and should be eight inches long, placed off at either end to angles for supporting the rock and fitting into the notch. The flat stone should be as heavy as the figure four will support. To set the trap the following directions should be observed: Place the ground support in an upright position; on top of it at right angles place the trigger stick so that the part just below the middle notch shall rest on the ground support; fit the oblique prop into either of the end notches; in the middle notch of the trigger stick place the small end of the perpendicular post, the oblique prop resting on the other end of the perpendicular post. Your trap will now be ready; the free end of your oblique prop will easily support the heavy stone. Bait the trigger stick with odorous bait, and all is in readiness. The animal seizes the bait, loosens the prop, and the rock falls on him.

Another dead fall is made by drawing two parallel lines of stakes on either side of a heavy log so as to completely fence in an inclosure save at the ground end of the log, where a little opening is left for an entrance. At one end the log should be elevated and supported by a figure four trap. Put strong bait on the trigger and await results.

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gills give a quick jerk, and nine times out of ten you will land your fish. The handiest kind of an eel pot, and one which can be easily constructed, is made of barrel hoops and strips of wood. Get the ordinary barrel hoops, place them at a distance of one foot apart and nail over them strips of wood. The strips of wood should be an inch wide and half an inch in thickness. Nail these strips on longitudinally half an inch apart. The object of this is to have these apertures of sufficient width to permit the water to freely pass through, but yet not wide enough to allow the eel to escape. At the ends invert your strips to an imaginary point twelve inches within the middle of the pot. When the sticks come to almost a point leave an opening just large enough for the eel to squeeze through. The trap is now complete. Bait it with small fish and anchor it. Attach a float to a line which connects the trap to a float on the surface of the water. This marks where your eel pot is set.—*Clarence Hyde, in Washington Star.*

A Mammoth Bone. Frank Elverson, who lives on Point Lobos avenue, between First and Second, was somewhat startled two days ago when a burly looking excavator stopped a wagon opposite his place and lugged out a huge mass carefully wrapped up in a cloth.

The object was carried to the doorway of Elverson's house and proved a big load for the bearer, weighing over eighty pounds. Having removed the wrapping, Mr. Elverson saw what he admitted without hesitation to be the biggest bone he had ever seen in his life. The excavator, who had been doing grading work in the sand dunes farther down the avenue,

was not anxious to haul the bone to town, so a bargain was struck whereby Mr. Elverson handed over six bits and a drink in fee simple for the prize.

A Chronicle reporter was invited to view the specimen, its nature not having yet been determined. It was manifestly the head of the femur or thigh bone of a prehistoric elephant—the mammoth (elephas primigenius). The sand drift in which the bone was discovered belongs to precisely the geological epoch which is usually associated with the remains of fossil elephants.

A tape measure passed around the "knob" at the broadest portion showed that it was forty-three inches in circumference. Transversely the measurement was thirty-nine inches. The shaft of the bone at its narrowest portion was twenty-seven inches in circumference, or larger than the thigh of a stout man. The length of the fragment was nearly three feet. Assuming, on the principles of comparative anatomy framed by Cuvier, that the proportions of the original animal were on the elephantine order, the owner of this thigh bone must have been from fifteen to eighteen feet high at the time it walked on the earth.

The cancellated structure of the bone is well shown in portions where fragments have been chipped off. The head of the bone is tolerably well protected by a deposit of siliceous matter, but the probability is that unless carefully and quickly preserved by sealing up the pores from contact with air this interesting relic of a prehistoric age will speedily crumble to pieces.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

In Dublin, a small town in Laurens County, Ga., there lives a blue man. He is a Caucasian, but instead of being white is a greenish blue, and is known as "Blue Billy." His whole skin is blue, his tongue and the roof of his mouth are blue, and where his eyes should be white is seen the same glistening blue color.

Snakes on the Egg Shells. A wonderful freak of nature, resulting from the charming of a hen by a huge rattlesnake, is reported by Major Scheller de Buol, who resides just south of this city, on the line of the Burlington road. The Major states that he had occasion to search for a favorite hen belonging to his coop of rare fowls, and he found her near a pile of brush, trembling like a leaf, and gazing with strained eyes and neck transfixed at a huge rattlesnake, which lay coiled not four feet away, with head and tail up, ready for his fatal spear. Major de Buol had a hoe in his hand at the time, and lost no time in despatching his snakeship. He then attempted to "show" the hen to the barn, but she could not be made to stir, and he accordingly picked her up and carried her in his arms to the coop. The strange thing about the incident above narrated is that for three successive days thereafter the hen laid an egg, on the large end of which was an exact representation in miniature of the rattlesnake, the flat head, short, thick body and button tail of this species of reptile being strikingly apparent. Otherwise the eggs were perfectly formed and of ordinary size. The coils or representations of the snake are raised a quarter of an inch from the shell, and are singularly formed on the inside, showing conclusively that it was the work of nature. The eggs were brought to this city and presented to Dr. E. R. Kittle by Major de Buol, and are now on exhibition at Siziger's drugstore, where they have been seen and examined by hundreds of people.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mending Extraordinary. In these days stockings cost so little, and time has become so valuable that it pays better to replace the old with new ones soon as the former begins to show signs of wear; and so, stocking mending has nearly gone out of fashion. But there are still situations where it may be necessary. Listen to the ingenious way in which a South American traveler contrived to mend his hose without taking a stitch. In the Brazilian woods are quantities of a tree called the Mangaba, the milk or sap of which has many of the properties of that of the true India rubber tree, and may some day be used in its place. By spreading some of this thick milk on a piece of cloth slightly larger than the area of the hole to be repaired, filling the stocking with sand or sticking the prepared cloth over the hole, and then coagulating the milk by the addition of a little acid, the rent place has been rendered stronger than any other part of the stocking, for it will never come off. Clothes of all kinds, including boots and rubber cloaks, are patched in the same ready and serviceable way.—*American Agriculturist.*

Value of a Life. Before our Civil War the money value placed upon the working force in a slave, a young negro field hand, was \$1000 and upward, and upon a skilled mechanic over \$3000. Dr. Farr and Edwin Chadwick, both eminent sanitarians, practically confirm these estimates. Dr. Farr says that in England an agricultural laborer, at the age of twenty-five years, is worth, over and above what it costs to maintain him, \$1191; and that the average value of every man, woman and child is \$771. Edwin Chadwick says that each individual of the English working classes (mere children work there, we must remember) is worth \$890, and at forty years of age \$1780. These values in this country are much greater. Take the probabilities of our length of life from the insurance tables, and put our labor on the market for that term of years, and you will find that we are worth to the community.—*Medical Classics.*

Utah has a colony composed of natives of the Hawaiian Islands.

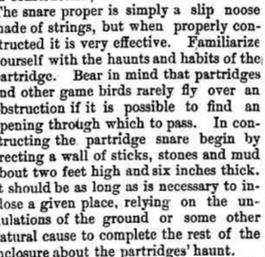
SUSANVILLE, Nev., boasts a citizen who has been sunstruck, struck by lightning, frozen until he lost consciousness, and yet is as "healthy as ever."

We have often wondered how houses, which always stand, can show their seating capacity.

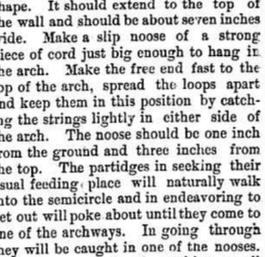
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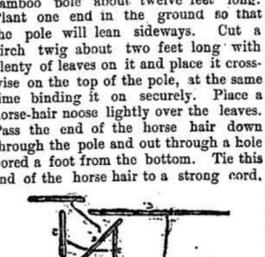
THE PARTRIDGE SNARE.



THE BOX TRAP.



THE FIGURE FOUR TRAP.



FISH SNARES.



THE BONE SET ON A CHAIR.

