IN THE CLOSING HOUR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

very hard to arouse the voters and get them to go to the polls on Tuesday, issued the following address last night:

To the Voters of the City of Richmond:

In several days a great political contest will end, and a government, which has ever prided itself upon being just, will again be submitted to the consent of the governed. Happily, no member of either great party has yet denied the wisdom of this frequent recurrence to the source of civil authority, as to the United States proper. In the light of recent events, it is not impertinent to ask, How long shall this time-honored principle go unchallenged, and how soon will it be that the balance of power, even in our own country, will be held against the consent of the governed, or by a consent extorted under duress of one form or another?

But in spite of broad hints at wholesale discharges, and predictions of national disaster, every man still has the right to express his personal convictions, and the exercise of this right is not only a privilege, but a duty. No citizen is justified in repudiating that obligation, unless he is too weak to have convictions. Doubt is not a sufficient excuse for any man who has the intellect to decide.

PARTY ORGANIZATIONS.

From time immemorial the right of suffrage has been exercised through the medium of party organizations, based on the principle of representation. Such organizations are composite in their character, and it is unreasonable that any man should expect to find all of his individual features in the resulting policies. It is for him to choose the party which has reproduced most of his own likeness. The history of pure Democracies is a colossal monument of failure. In a Republican government the less must bow to the greater, and the principle is just as essential within parties as between parties. It is passing strange that many who applaud submission to the majority in matters social, religious, and financial should deny its wisdom in politics. If there is anything stranger and more inconsistent it is the attitude of those who, having accepted honorable office at the hands of a political organization, seem to consider it almost an insult when they are requested to merely shout a word of encouragement to other candidates of the party who are struggling outside of the bomb-proof.

But, some will say, none of the parties suit us, and what must we do? We answer at once, as we have already intimated, do the best you can. The man who sits in sublimated criticism on all candidates and all platforms is apt to be more of a caviler than a patriot. There are now seven national tickets before the people, with policies ranging from socialism to plutocracy, and with candidates filling the gap between McKinley and Bryan, Roosevelt and Stevenson. He must be an individualist, indeed, who cannot find on this long pathway a spot of ground clean enough for his feet, or a candidate worthy of his company. Fellow-citizens, for one day let the harmless partridges, and squirrels and old hares enjoy their native freedom; and, on the 6th of November, direct your ammunition against some political evil and in favor of some civil good. Even wild ducks can safely and properly be let alone!

We make this appeal for attendance at the polls, irrespective of party lines, not because we are non-partisan, but we realize that this election is to be decided between the Democratic and Republican parties, and we believe that an honest, intelligent, and unintimidated investigation will convince every patrotic citizen that the Democratic policies and candidates should prevail. Even those citizens, who find something in each party to condemn, should make a choice of evils, and not allow the body politic to suffer the ravages of a fatal malady, because, perchance, it is menaced by a toothache.

THE PRINCIPLES OF JEFFERSON.

From the founding of our nation two principles of government have struggled for the mastery. Alexander Hamilton favored a liberal construction of the Constitution, the artificial division of society into classes of high and low degree, and a titled nobility. He saw in the great mass of the plain people a danger, rather than a bulwark, to the State. His preference for aristocratic ideals too soon caused him to forget the struggle that the Colonies had just waged against the principles of the English throne. He wished to mould the new government in the old pattern, and create a privileged class, from whose bounty the blessings of civilization should descend to all below.

Opposed to this system was that of Thomas Jefferson, who favored a rigid adherence to the Constitution and the principles declared in the Declaration of Independence, the equality of all men before the law, and the consent of the governed as the only proper basis for the exercise of civil authority. Jefferson contended that the individual citizen was the unit of political power, and that the State would be contented and prosperous just in proportion as her rights were respected.

The principles of Jefferson prevailed, and have been perpetuated by the Democratic party. The Republican party itself has not heretofore denied them in the letter, although it has frequently violated them in spirit.

STAND BY THE PRINCIPLE.

The theories of Hamilton and Jefferson are again squarely at issue in the present campaign. The Democratic party once more appeals to the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, and calls upon every man who believes in those immortal documents to rise in their defence. If the principles which they enunciate were worth the blood of patriots in 1776, are they not worth the dollars of patriots in 1900? And even conceding that Messrs. Carnegie, Rockefeller & Co. have full dinner-pails, is not that question a sufficient argument for all who believe that those principles should be maintained? Of course, we do not expect or ask for the vote of any man in the city of Richmond who honestly believes that the policy of the administration is in accordance with the Constitution but, before he arrives at that conclusion we have the right to ask that he give that instrument an intelligent reading. In fact, it would not be amiss if all of us would take time to read the Constitution and Declaration carefully before we go to the polls on the 6th instant. Perhaps we would find some articles of our national faith to which we have paid too little attention in recent years.

The Republican party seems to think that the doctrine of equality before the law has been fully satisfied when every man receives like treatment from the judicial branch of the government. This is not a correct view. The principle is much broader. It involves not only the law in its restricted sense, as administered in the courts of justice, but embraces the entire exercise of civil authority vested in all three departments of our government. It is hardly an exaggerated estimate to say that legislation touches the citizen ten thousand times more frequently through the executive than it does through the judiciary. This is forcibly illustrated in the imposition and collection of taxes. It is the right of every citizen not only to equality before the law in the protection of life, liberty, and property, but also in the enjoyment of all the advantages which the government has to bestow. The Democratic party contends for this larger equality, which is as free from partiality in the halls of legislation as it is in the courts. The Republican party does not say in so many words that equality shall not extend beyond the judiciary, but it does worse. It is constantly enacting some laws, and failing to execute others, in such a manner as to make that equality impossible.

AN APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

The Republican party makes no serious attempt to justify its departures from the Constitution, or the inconsistencies of the present administration. Its first, last, and only argument can be summed up in the words of old Trapbois, as he closes his bony and covetous fingers over the coin, exclaiming in tremulous apprehension of its escape, "Me gold, me darling gold." And again we say, if there is any man in the city of Richmond who thinks that a full dinner pail and a fat pocket-book (conceding that both exist) are a sufficient price for broken faith and national dishonor, let him vote the Republican ticket, but, before he reaches that conclusion let him justify it before the bar of his conscience.

It is conceded by many republican Democrats, and a respectable number of democratic Republicans, that trusts, the spirit of conquest, the Philippine war, the treatment of Porto Rico, increased taxation, and a large standing army are all great evils. We have attempted to show that some of them are fundemental in their character, affecting the very framework of the government. No one believes that our institutions are in imminent danger of collapse, but we have the highest authority for saying that "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." To those who advocate the correction of these evils at some indefinite time in the future, we would say that such a course is illogical and unscientific in the extreme. What would an architect think of a mason who deviated from the perpendicular in the foundation, hoping to correct his error at the fifth story? And who does not know that the best way to deal with an epidemic is to prevent its appearance? There is but one right way to treat evil, and that is, to contest its first step.

FREE SILVER NOT AN ISSUE.

There is only one argument advanced by our opponents against a prompt repudiation of the Republican policies—Mr. Bryan's views on the money question. That threadbare scare-crow is fast losing its last vestige of respectability. In 1896, it barely served its purpose, and, no matter what may be the result of this election, it will hardly deceive those who intend to use it in 1900. It is pitiable to see men who were in a frenzy of delight at the success of Mr. Cleveland's tariff policies now going Mr. Harrison and Mr. Reed one better and upholding, either actively or passively, not only the McKinley protection tariff, but the Republican Porto Rican tariff. It is almost inconceivable that men who have given their blood, their money, and forty years of unremitting toil in protest against the violation of the Constitution should now be willing to turn it over to its despoilers. It is useless for them to try and make Mr. Bryan the scapegoat for such radical changes. They do him too much honor when they give him credit for controlling the sober convictions of a lifetime. The whole truth is that the spirit of sordid commercialism is invading the South, and many, who desire to go over to the Republican party because of its class legislation are using Mr. Bryan as an excuse for transferring their allegiance. If the Republican party is worthy of any confidence, it can safely be trusted to enact such financial legislation in the next Congress as will allay the fears of the most timid—laws which Mr. Bryan has pledged himself to enforce. If it is unworthy of confidence, it should be defeated. We have no word of criticism for those who have become convinced that Democratic principles, as we have defined them, are wrong, and that Republican policies, as they are openly manifested, are right; but we do say that such a change of sentiment demands a frank disavowal of Democracy, and an equally frank acceptance of Republicanism.

Fellows citizens, if you love the sacred institutions of the country, rebuke the party that is dragging them in the mire, and cast your ballots for Bryan, Stevenson, and Lamb.

Now, a word to all true Democrats: For the next four years our representation in State and district conventions will be based on the vote that is cast for Bryan and Stevenson in this election. We should constantly strive to increase the number of our delegates in those conventions, and give to the city of Richmond the influence to which it is entitled. The only way to do this is to get every Democratic voter to the polls, and we appeal to you to put forth your whole strength.

Respectfully,

JAMES W. GORDON,
Chairman City Democratic Committee.

THE TOWER.

Mighty Volume of Monday Bargains Will Crowd This Store TO-MORROW.

Mail orders accompanied by cash or money will receive prompt attention.

No Matter What Values Other Stores Offer The Tower Undersells Them.

75c. Gray Homespun Cheviot, 54 inches wide, to-morrow, as long as it lasts, only two shades to select from, for 59c. yard.

CURTAIN MUSLIN. White Dot Swiss Curtain Muslin, worth 25c. yard, for 12 1-2c.

TABLE LINEN. Turkey Red Table Linen, sold at 39 and 50c. yard, 58 inches wide, for 25c.

BUTTERMILK SOAP. To-morrow we will sell 4 cakes for 25c.

SILKS. Taffeta Silks, 50c. grade, for 35c. yard.

FRENCH FLANNELS. 59c. French Flannel, all wool, perfect goods, for 39c. yard.

PERCALES, yard wide, dark grounds, 12 1-2c. grade, for 7 3-4c.

LIGHT OUTINGS. 3,500 yards Light Outings, that sold for 12 1-2c. yard, to-morrow for 8 1-3c.

BLEACHED COTTON. Yard-Wide Bleached Cotton, 6 1-4c. grade, for 4 7-8c.

BUFFET SCARFS. 1,000 Colored Centre Buffet Scarfs, worth 39c.; to-morrow for 21c.

UNION SUITS. Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fleece Suits, worth 50c., for 25c.

Boys' Clothing.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MONDAY'S SALE TO CLOSE OUT THIS DEPARTMENT.

50 Boys' Wool Suits, that sold from $1.50 to $2—sizes 7, 8, and 9 years old—special for 85c. Suit.

35 Boys' Odd Coats, that sold from $1 to $1.50—sizes 7, 8, 9, 11, and 13—to be sold for 35 and 45c. apiece.

A Carpet Sale.

Odds and Ends in Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, in lengths 1 to 15 yards, that sold from $1 to $1.25, for 50c.

A Towel Sale.

TWO SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TO-MORROW.

50c. Satin-Damask Towels, extra large size, 25c.

Pure Linen Huck Towels, a bargain at 17c., for 12 1-2c.

Children's Reefers.

All-Wool Children's Reefers, in Blue and Red, large sailor collars, and trimmed in White braid, for 98c.

Ladies' Kid Gloves To-Morrow at 75c.

EXTRAORDINARY MONDAY VALUES.

Ladies' Prince quality Kid Gloves at 75c.; made of selected skins to our own order and imported directly to us, enabling us to sell them at this remarkably low price; perfect fitting, soft, and pliable, two-clasp, all sizes and all the shades; really worth $1.25 a pair; special price..... 75c.

THE NEW WEAVES IN

DRESS GOODS.

SPECIALLY PRICED.

All-Wool Venetian, in all shades, including Black, 50c.

All-Wool Imported Black Zaza Serge, worth 75c. yard, for 50c.

Heavy Black Cloth, 11-2 yards wide, to make without lining, would be cheap at $2, for $1.25.

Full line Golf Plaid Skirtings, $1 to $2 yard.

Reed's Lansdown, in all shades, for waists and dresses, $1.25.

New line Heavy Kersey, for rainy-day skirts, $1.25 yard.

French Flannels, in new designs, for 69c. yard.

Special sale of Priestley's Black Goods, almost one-half prices.

White Bed-Spreads.

REMARKABLE VALUES FOR MONDAY'S SALE.

69c. White Bedspreads, 11-4, for 39c.

$1 White Bedspreads, extra large size, hemmed, for 75c.

$1.89 White Bedspreads, extra large size, hemmed, for use, to be sold for $1.

Special sale of White Spreads at $1.19, $1.50, and $2.

Ask to see $1.25 Spreads.

Ladies' Petticoats.

Black Merino Petticoats, 75c. value, for 46c.

Colored Petticoats, sold for 89c.; special to-morrow for 59c.

Grand Bargains in Petticoats at $1 to $3 for Monday's sale.

Ladies' Waists.

Flannellette Waists for 50c.

Ladies' All-Wool Cloth Waists, in Blue, Red, and Black, 98c.

French Flannel Waists, in all shades, for $1.79.

A Shirt Sale.

250 Men's Madras-Bosom Shirts, that sold for $1 apiece, to-morrow for 39c. each—all sizes.

Men's Pure Linen-Bosom White Shirts, sold for 50c., to-morrow 42c.

The Souvenir White Shirts, sell everywhere for 89c.; here to-morrow for 50c.

Lace Curtain and Portiere Sale.

REMARKABLE VALUES FOR MONDAY.

Damask Portieres, in Roman-stripe patterns, extra wide and long, $5 values, for $3.89.

Damask Portieres, in Persian designs, worth $8 pair, for $5.10.

$3 Damask Portieres for $2.50 pair.

$2.75 Damask Portieres for $2.19 pair.

Sample sale of Lace Curtains at one-half prices. Come and see what bargains we will offer you.

Blankets and Quilts.

REMARKABLE VALUES FOR THIS WEEK'S SALE.

$3.25 Wool Blankets to be sold for $2.50.

$5 All-Wool Blankets, well made, for $3.48.

Special values, 50c. to $10.

$3 Quilts, feel like down, for $2.19.

Hosiery Sale.

Special sale to-morrow in Boys' and Girls' and Ladies' for 12 1-2 and 25c. pair.

Umbrella Sale.

$1 Gentlemen's Steel-Rod Umbrellas for 69c.

$3 Ladies' and Gentlemen's English Taffeta Silk Umbrellas, steel rod, Paragon frame, $1.

A Wool Underwear Sale.

MEN'S, LADIES', AND CHILDREN'S. There are especially good values here that you want to know about them.

Corset Cover Underskirts, wool, to be worn over corsets, 75c.

Ladies' Scarlet Wool Vests, sold at $1; special, 87c. Pants to match.

Ladies' All-Wool Union Suits for $1.

Ladies' White and Gray Shirts, wool, real value $1, for 75c.

Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Fleeced Shirts for 25c.

Special sale in Ladies' Wool Vests and Pants at $1.

Men's Natural Gray Wool Vests, 75c. value, for 50c.

Men's Canton Flannel Drawers for 25c.

Infants' Wool-Fleece Wrappers, 25c.

Infants' All-Wool Wrappers, 50c.

Misses' Heavy Ribbed, Fleeced Shirts, 25c.

Men's Wool Ribbed Shirts, 50c.

Boys' Extra Heavy Cotton Gray Shirts, 25c.

Boys' Extra Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Pants, 25c.

Natural Wool and White Wool Shirts will have a special sale to-morrow.

Men's Heavy Fleeced Shirts and Pants, 50c. value, for 39c. each.

Men's Extra Heavy Fleeced Underwear, sold elsewhere for 69c.; here for 50c.

Special sale in Men's White, Gray, and Red Underwear at 75c. and $1—worth nearly double.

Men's Natural Gray Double-Breasted Wool Vests, real value $1.50, for $1.

CLOKS, SUITS, FURS, AND SKIRTS.

New Swell Styles at Great Sacrifices.

See for yourselves. Note a few very special bargains to be had Monday:

$7 Tan Kersey Coat, the new collar and sleeves, for $4

$12.50 Tan Short Coat, in the newest style, for $8.50.

$5 Black Beaver Coat, this season's style, $3.50.

We will offer to-morrow special values in Coats at $5, $8, and $10, in Black, Tan, Gray, and Blue.

Shirt Sale.

$2.50 Black Beaver Rainy-Day Skirts, $1.48.

$3.75 Mixed Oxford Rainy-Day Skirts for $2.19.

$5 Oxford Walking Skirts, $3.69.

Children's Cloaks.

$2.50 Children's Jackets, in Red and Blue, large sailor collars, trimmed in braid, for $1.75.

Special values in Children's Coats at $2 to $5.

Handkerchief Sale.

100 dozen Ladies' 20c. Linen Handkerchiefs, 50 styles, worth 20c., for 12 1-2c.

100 dozen Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, 10c. value, for 5c.

Tailor-Made Suits.

Remarkable values we will offer to-morrow at from $7 to $15.

A Fur Sale.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY FURS.

To-morrow we will put on sale some special values—$2.50 to $10—which it will be impossible for print to tell about.

A Really Good Thing Can't Be Said Too Often.

There is good judgment when you buy a Piano of

Standard Make,

rather than some Piano that has not been manufactured but a few years, and has no reputation for durability. You can't afford to run any risk. You will hardly have to buy but one Piano, and it will therefore be money in your pocket and satisfaction all the time when you buy one of such Pianos as

STEINWAY—KNABE—HARDMAN,
KIMBALL—STANDARD—HAINES.

Let us show you these Pianos and give you our prices, then compare them with prices asked for Pianos not half so good.

We have a good stock of those wonderful piano-players,

THE PIANOLAS.

Call in and be convinced, and at the same time ask to see those most interesting MUSIC BOXES,

THE REGINAS.

We have them from $14 to $400. Some of them will certainly interest you, even if you do not wish to buy. We will be pleased to show them.

WALTER D. MOSES & CO.'S
MUSIC EMPORIUM,
103 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

no 4-Sun,W,&F

These Shoes offer to the feet, to tread on, soft cushions on ball-bearing principles, which, giving to pressure, afford perfect protection from the hard sole-leather and stones, which naturally injure the feet. These cushions, which are indestructible, and impervious to heat, cold, and wet, are used between the inner and outer soles in place of the felt, paper, or leather in all other shoes, which is so unsatisfactory, as they hold heat, cold, and wet, and make the shoes stiff, hard, and odorous. Price, $4.

W. E. DREW & CO., Sole Agents,
'Phone, 1232.—Fine Shoe Repairing. Main and Eighth Sts.

no 4-Th,Su,Tu

SNAKE-CATCHING.

How Professor Calmette Secured Venom for His Experiments.

(Cornhill Magazine.)

The country around Delhi, with its hot and humid climate, its rocky ridges, and numerous ruins (relics of by-gone glory), is as well fitted perhaps as any in India for the habitat of Ophida of all kinds. To those who know when, where and how to catch them, like the remarkable man whose daring exploits with poisonous snakes I am about to give some description, quite an easy and honest livelihood is to be made, and it is not surprising that Delhi should have become the home of many a professional snake-catcher.

With a view to procuring snake venom for Professor Calmette, Major Dennys employed, at a monthly wage of £1, the master snake-catcher of the district, a low-bred Mahometan of the name of Kullan. For this small pay Kullan undertook to supply the doctor with about one hundred living venomous snakes weekly, and to extract their venom from them.

Kullan was a powerfully built little man, aged about 35 years. His name was well known in the neighborhood for his skill and daring in the profession of his adoption. It was generally supposed that he possessed some kind of magic powers over the reptiles that he handled daily, and from the capture of which he earned his precarious livelihood.

A room was specially fitted up at the hospital for the purpose of these experiments. The floor was of polished Portland cement. This was considered an essential, as the polished surface on which the snakes were placed rendered them extraordinarily helpless, and enabled the snake-catcher to handle some of them in a manner that he would not have dared to do otherwise. Snakes are scarcely able to make any progress on a polished surface.

A SACKFUL OF VIPERS.

On the particular day when I was first introduced to Kullan and his methods the doctor ordered the three snake-catchers to bring their crawling burdens into the laboratory. Kullan headed the procession, carrying over his shoulder an ordinary canvas sack, which was literally heaving and swaying about with the movements of some sixty or eighty vipers which were confined therein. The two other men carried several small "gharas," or earthen pots, their mouths being closed by pieces of rag tied over them. These "gharas" each contained two, three, and sometimes as many as four snakes, either cobras or keraits.

It seemed almost incredible that the three men, who now sat in the laboratory, surrounded by about a hundred venomous snakes, had really been able to catch them all alive during the last week, as they stoutly alleged they had done.

Major Dennys was anxious to satisfy himself on this point, and said: "If the process of catching wild snakes is such an easy matter, Kullan, would you be willing to take me or one of these sahibs with you some morning and show us how you do it?"

Kullan hesitated for a moment.

"Your Honor thinks we breed these snakes? Sahibs have often charged me with that before, but your Honor is welcome to come to our home and search the place, and, if he finds any signs of what he suspects, put us into prison, sahib. This humble one assures your Honor that snakes cannot be bred in captivity. In years gone by this slave kept a number of cobras and other snakes with a hope of being able to breed them, but it was a failure. They are too timid, and he has never succeeded in breeding them in captivity. Your slave admits that he has sometimes taken cobras' eggs and kept them till they hatched. He has also kept in captivity a female viper who appeared heavy with young. After a time she presented your slave with eleven young ones, and so he got the reward for twelve vipers instead of one. But this is quite a different thing from breeding snakes, sahib."

"But," said the doctor, in a conciliatory tone, "I have no wish to prevent your earning your living by catching snakes. If you do not breed them, and are able to catch them, as you assert, you have a perfect right to the rewards you receive, and I will help you by making it known to district officers that there is no doubt that you do not breed them. But you must let me satisfy myself first that you catch them, as you say you do."

"Very well, sahib," said Kullan, "if you are prepared to come with this humble one some morning he will show your Honor how he catches snakes."

A SNAKE HUNT.

A short time after this Kullan demonstrated in the most unmistakable manner his marvellous power of finding snakes in their natural homes. Major Dennys told Kullan to meet him on a given morning at the hospital and accompany him to a spot previously unknown to the snake man. The doctor then took him to the Delhi jail garden and set him to work to try to find venomous snakes.

Kullan smiled a grin of satisfaction when he realized what was before him. He admitted before he commenced his work that he had poached this very garden for snake some years ago, and that he had made a great bag; but he had been caught trespassing by a jail warder and chastised, hence he had not been there again.

The man then set to work, followed by a little knot of spectators, consisting of jail officials only. He first approached an orchard of lime bushes armed, as he always was, with a small stick, two feet long, with an iron hook at the end. It must be understood that up to the last moment Kullan had no idea whither the doctor was going to take him.

After a few minutes of searching, he called out: "Look here, sahib," and he pointed out a small viper (Echis carinata) coiled round the twig of a lime bush, apparently fast asleep, for it was quite motionless. He told the spectators to stand well aside, and then, with a dexterous and lightning-like movement, he planted the hook between the snake and the twig on which it was coiled, and jerked the reptile to the ground. The vicious little viper, about a foot in length, immediately coiled itself into a little knot, and began slowly rubbing its coils against each other, producing thereby a hissing noise, not unlike the hiss of an angry cobra.

Kullan's method of securing these reptiles after he has brought them to bay on the ground is peculiar, and quite different from the way in which he deals with other snakes. The Echis carinata is a small viper, seldom more than eighteen inches in length, and is the most deadly, aggressive, and ferocious of all venomous snakes in Upper India, with the exception of the Russell viper. The latter, however, is seldom found in the neighborhood of Delhi. Owing to the knotlike condition into which the Echis coils itself when on the defensive, it is quite impossible for even the dexterous Kullan to seize it by the tail, as he fearlessly does the cobra and the kerait. Then again, the Echis keeps its head almost hidden from sight among its coils, and only shoots it out when it strikes at its adversary or its prey. It also has the power, when coiled on the ground, of propelling its whole body forward to a distance of a foot or more with a sudden jerk. Kullan, knowing the habits of this viper so well, begins by dangling a dirty rag in his left hand, just out of striking distance, and so engrossing the creature's attention in that direction. In his right hand he holds the hooked stick, but this time with the hook toward him. He waits patiently till the viper exposes his head for a moment from among his coils, and then, in an instant he pins the head to the ground with the butt end of his stick, firmly, but not sufficiently roughly to injure the reptile. Then, in another half second he seizes it by the neck between his thumb and index finger. He then catches hold of its tail with the other hand, and while an assistant holds open the mouth of the canvas sack, he jerks the viper to the bottom.

Having proved, by finding two or more during the next 10 minutes in the same lime orchard, that to him the finding of vipers was an easy matter, Kullan proceeded to search for some other snake.

GROPING FOR SNAKES IN A WELL.

Presently he came to an old dry well, one of those wide stone masonry structures so commonly found around Delhi, which were constructed generations ago, in the time of the Mogul emperors. He looked into it for a few moments, and then asked one of the jail officials to take off his "puggee," or turban, and let him down into the well. It was only about ten or twelve feet deep. At the bottom Kullan remained for a few minutes, examining the earth most carefully.

He peeped into every crevice and corner, and pushed his stick into many holes. Eventually he howled, "Send me down a ghara, some one, will you?"

"The ghara was let down attached to the end of a turban. Then began a most exciting spectacle. Kullan was to be seen at the bottom of the well, inserting his hook gently into a hole between two stones and then jerking it out again. At last, with one of the outward jerks, he managed to bring out about four or five inches of the tail-end of a dark-colored snake, which he grasped at with his hand. The snake was, however, too quick for him, and withdrew itself before Kullan could seize it. The contest commenced again, and eventually Kullan managed to get a grip on the serpent's tail, and in another instant was dangling a large kerait in his left hand. Every time the creature tried to raise its head to get at the fingers that gripped its tail and suspended it the man gave it a jerk and knocked the head down again. He then lowered the head gently down into the mouth of the ghara, and the snake, being only too anxious to get out of sight and harm's way, began to coil itself up inside the vessel, Kullan mean time slowly lowering the tail till the reptile had vanished. A bit of rag was then tied over the mouth of the vessel.

Kullan could no doubt have found many more snakes that morning in the jail garden, but time would not permit.

Let us now return to the laboratory and witness the process of venom extraction from the hundred odd venomous snakes the three snake-catchers had brought.

Kullan had taken four large cobras from their receptacles by gently placing his hook round the thickest part of their bodies and drawing them slowly out. He threw them on the ground in front of him. Each snake immediately raised its head to its utmost height, spread out its hood, and, facing the intrepid snake-catcher, began to hiss furiously, its beady eyes flashing and its forked tongue darting incessantly in and out of its mouth.

PETTING COBRAS.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them so long, as he did nothing to annoy them. He talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood, and begin to try and wriggle away. Whereupon Kullan would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick, and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic spell over these cobras, or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method, I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic, and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same. He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' head. He then stroked them gently on the back of their necks, speaking all the time in the most endearing of Hindustani terms. The serpents appeared spellbound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still with heads uplifted, and seemed to rather enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks, about 3 inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely round the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders, and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no further effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other; and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.

On one occasion he made the on-lookers' blood curdle by taking up a large black cobra by the neck and placing its head toward his open mouth. The inclination of these snakes is to crawl quietly out of sight into the first hole they can find, and so the reptile began to crawl into his mouth. He waited his opportunity, and then suddenly closed his teeth firmly on the serpent's head. This, it is needless to say, was violently resented by the snake, but it was powerless for harm, and could only show its indignation by desperate wriggling of its body, while the man maintained a firm grip of its head between his teeth, at the same time letting both hands drop to his side. After a few seconds he seized the snake firmly by the neck and released its head from between his teeth.

He never had the smallest difficulty or hesitation in seizing any cobra by the tail.

EXTRACTING THE VENOM.

A cobra, when thoroughly roused to anger, is by no means the same gentle creature as those I have just described, which allowed the man to handle them with impunity. He is now a most formidable beast to approach, striking out desperately at every moving thing within, and even out of his reach. But even in this condition Kullan had no difficulty in seizing the largest of cobras. He would hold up and shake a rag in his left hand. On this the infuriated reptile would rivet its gaze. With his right hand, from behind, the man would then suddenly seize it round the neck, about three inches below the head, and an assistant would fasten firmly onto its tail to prevent it winding round Kullan's arm. His right hand would then slide forward till he had fastened his fingers round the neck just behind the jaw. He would then insert the rim of a watch-glass between the jaws, the grip on the neck would be slightly relaxed, and the serpent would viciously close its jaws on the watch-glass, and in doing so squirt the whole of its venom through the tiny holes of its fangs into the concavity of the glass.

In this manner snake after snake was made to part with its venom into a watch glass. Often between sixty and a hundred snakes were so dealt with in the course of a morning.

The watch glasses were then placed on small glass stands in a plate swimming with melted beeswax. Large glass bell jars were then heated so as to drive out most of the air in them, and these were inverted over the plate on to the wax. The entire plate was then placed on a shelf, and the venom allowed to dry in vacuo for seven days. At the end of that time the dried venom (a flaky yellow powder) was scraped on the glass with a sterilized knife, the powder was hermetically sealed up in a small glass tubes, the tubes labelled showing the species of snake and date on which the venom was extracted, and the whole supply forwarded weekly to Professor Calmette. In this condition the desiccated venom maintains its virulence for months.

BITTEN BY A VIPER.

It must not be supposed that even in the dextrous hands of a man like Kullan the manipulating of snakes and collecting of venom were unattended by considerable danger. The man nearly lost his life on two occasions during the above operations. On the first occasion I was present while the cunning of his hand was outdone by the agility of a particularly ferocious echis. I shall never forget my horror when I realized that the man had been outwitted and had been fairly bitten on the tip of his finger, nor can I express my admiration of the calm fortitude that he showed on that occasion. Whether it be that he really had no fear or whether he was ashamed to show it I know not. It happened thus: He had placed a large, active, and very aggressive viper on the polished floor, and was proceeding to pinion it in the usual way. The snake seemed to comprehend his tactics, and for a considerable time Kullan's efforts were foiled. The little creature made many futile attempts to attack its aggressor by springing forward at Kullan's naked feet, but owing to the slippery floor it was unable to make good its attack. At length, after repeated failures, the man succeeded in pinning the viper's head to the floor, and his left hand siezed the neck. The moment he did this the snake coiled itself vigorously around his hand, and before the assistant could get a grip of the tail it had slipped through Kullan's fingers, and in doing so drove one fang (fortunately there was only one fang prick) into the fleshy part of the man's middle finger, just below the nail. In a second he had dashed the reptile to the ground and was sucking with all his might at the bitten finger. The doctor in another instant had placed a ligature around the base of the finger and another just above the elbow.

The doctor then pulled out a scalpel and was about to amputate the last bone of the finger, but Kullan would have none of it.

He smiled placidly and said: "Do not frighten yourself, sahib. I shall be all right. There's no necessity to prevent my earning my living by cutting off my finger. I have been bitten many times before and am still alive, and I'm not going to die this time, either. Just take that knife and cut my finger open, deeply, right down to the bone, over the spot where the fang entered," and he held out his finger to the doctor, who promptly did as he was bid, while Kullan stood there and scarcely winced at the operation.

"Now, sahib, kindly tell them to bring me a leech," said Kullan, all the time sucking hard at his finger.

In a few minutes a leech was made to fasten firmly on the bottom of the wound.

"Enough!" ejaculated Kullan. "Now I will ask but one more favor, sahib, and that is to excuse your slave doing any more work with the snakes to-day. I will return next Wednesday, as usual, with plenty more snakes."

On the following Wednesday Kullan, true to his boasting promise, turned up as usual with his two assistants, and though his bag was not as large as usual, he had brought with him enough snakes to kill a whole regiment. His hand was in a sling, he had removed the ligatures, and the arm was much swollen, but he was otherwise well, and only complained of feeling rather weak. He said that three or four hours after the bite he felt very ill, and thought he was going to die. His friend sent for a fakir (a holy man), who fumigated him with a strong incense of sorts and repeated incantations, and in a short time he began to feel better. The next day he was out catching snakes again.

On another occasion, about a month later, Kullan, having extracted the venom from a large number of vipers at the laboratory, took the creatures to the district magistrate to receive the usual head money. The custom was for him to decapitate all the snakes he brought, and then to count the heads in the presence of an official. The heads were all lying about, and Kullan was placing them in little heaps according to the different species. While he was doing this one of the heads (which retain mobility for some time after being severed from the trunk) fastened its two fangs into the loose skin of Kullan's hand between the thumb and index finger. The official present immediately placed a ligature on the arm above the bite, and with a pocket-knife freely incised the skin over the punctures. What Kullan did after this I know not, but he was apparently little the worse for the bite, and turned up the following week with a good supply of snakes. It is possible, of course, that the decapitated viper on this occasion was not very virulent, for it had had all its venom extracted the day previous, and even if more venom had meantime been secreted, it is a question how far a decapitated head of a snake would be capable of injecting venom through its poison fangs. It is more than probable also that the man Kullan, who had survived the bites of so many snakes, had by this time become more or less immunized, like Professor Calmette's horses.

He Was Suspicious.

(Exchange.)

"Dear Sue," he whispered, "do you think, if I married you, your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted, softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live sumptuously on?"

"I am sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly, he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside, coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said, hoarsely. "Your father is too eager to get you off his hands."

Drawing the Line.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"The young girls of Boston are said to go to school bareheaded."

"Well, I'll bet they don't carry their immodesty so far as to leave off their spectacles."

"Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening."

"In what way?"

"He lent me an umbrella."—Tit-Bits.

"Is he as attentive to Blanche as ever?"

"No."

"What's the trouble?"

"He married her."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. A.: My husband was delayed all night by a washout.

Mrs. B.: My brother was there, and he said it was a blowout.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Special Sale of Wool Flannels at The Tower.