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A Snake Story.

"Some years ago a professor of natural history from an Eastern university was sent to the southern part of Yucatan to investigate the snakes of that section. One afternoon while walking over a desert he heard a peculiar rattling sound that seemed to come from under a pile of rocks. He at once made an investigation and was rewarded by the discovery of a mastodon rattlesnake, over which the rocks had so fallen that a portion of the snake's body was badly mangled and torn. The professor lifted the rocks and the delighted and thankful creature wriggled over to him and rubbed his leg with a grateful air that was bound to last. The professor was moved by this exhibition, and, having some cotton in valise, he bound up the wounded part, and when he took up his march again the snake followed him and even insisted upon getting in the wagon and becoming a regular occupant.

"The devoted pair finally got back East, and it was a common thing to see the naturalist walking out in the road with his snake gliding along beside him. Well—now here comes the real point of the story—one night after the professor had retired and left the snake downstairs in the dining-room, he was suddenly awakened by the crash of glass, followed by the falling of a heavy body. He rose up in his bed, only to hear a groan and the crushing of bones. In a flash he bounded into his dressing gown and repaired to the room whence came the sounds of strife. Imagine his horror on striking a light to see his pet snake coiled around a man's bleeding body, which it had lashed to the stove and was hugging violently. On the floor was a burglar's dark lantern and a kit of tools, while the snake, in order to display its presence of mind, had his tail out of the window—"

"What for?" inquired a listener in breathless excitement.

"Rattling for a policeman."—Louisville Courier Journal.

America Makes England's Flags.

A curious feature of the American commercial invasion of Great Britain is this: That a large portion, if not the majority, of the flags with which that country is decorating itself, in honor of the close of the South African war and of the coming coronation of King Edward, are manufactured in the United States. This applies not only to the cheap printed flags of all sizes, but to the finer ones made of bunting as well. The Pioneer Press is in receipt of samples of the product of one house, in Cincinnati, which has for several years past been shipping such flags to England by the car load, at shorter and shorter intervals. Following the plan so successfully adopted in other lines, it has so equipped itself with special machinery that no English house can compete with it except by putting in an equally expensive plant—and even then, where are the workmen? It tickles the American to see Johnny Bull waving his Cincinnati-made flags as he sings "Rule Britannia!"

A good old deacon in central Missouri is entitled to boast that he told them so. He was laughed at several months ago, when he protested against robbing the interior of the earth of its oil. He said the Lord put it there to oil the axis of the earth, and predicted dire calamities from hot boxes, otherwise known as volcanoes.

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GOT REVENGE IN UNIQUE MANNER

How a Man Got Even with a Neighbor and Evaded a Libel Suit.

A curious story comes from Kansas of a man who wanted to tell a neighbor what he thought of him without laying himself open to a suit for damages. So he hit the plan of sending him a postal card with only one word written on it in a large hand, in addition to the date obscurely tucked away in a corner. The person receiving the cards recognized the handwriting, and suspecting something, kept them until they stopped coming, when he read them consecutively in the order of their reception. What he read was, "Ridiculous old Bill Jones is the meanest cuss in town," and he at once instituted a suit for slander against the sender. The latter's lawyer, however, called attention to the fact that the postal card containing "ridiculous," though mailed first, was dated the date after the card having the word "town." Moreover, a careful inspection would show that after the word "ridiculous" was an exclamation point, and after the word "town" was an interrogation mark, so that the series of postal cards might be made to read, "Old Bill Jones is the meanest cuss in town? Ridiculous!" He claimed, therefore, that instead of slandering the plaintiff his client had defended him from slander, and this plea was sustained by the court. But all the same, everybody insisted that the first reading of the cards was the correct one, so that the writer attained his object.

VON MOLTKE AND THE EMPEROR

Great Soldier Was Actual Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

Gen. Schofield, speaking in favor of the new army bill before a committee in Washington the other day, gave the following illustration: "Von Moltke is probably the best illustration in modern times of what the military chief of staff may be and should be. He was the chief of staff of the German emperor. A report would come in, for example, from the crown prince. He had had a terrific fight and he would say: 'Such and such is the military situation; what are the orders?' Then Von Moltke would read that dispatch to the emperor, and after reflecting for a few moments—or, rather, giving the emperor a few moments in which he might seem to reflect—he would turn to him and say: 'In view of what the crown prince reports, your majesty will doubtless order so and so.' The emperor would say, 'Ya, ya,' and Von Moltke's order went out at once, and was delivered and executed as the order of the emperor, the commander-in-chief of the German army. Everybody knew that it was Von Moltke. Otherwise they would have been very anxious. But he had all that power of the German emperor behind the order and it was Von Moltke's order and he was the best soldier in the world."

Lively Capture of Fish.

While Arthur Moore, aged 14 years, and his brother, Charlie, aged 12, were rambling along the banks of the Ohio river near their home at Beaver Falls, Pa., they came across a pond in a ravine which had been left by the receding waters of the river at the time of the high water a couple of weeks ago.

In this pond were two immense catfish, their exit to the river having been cut off when the water fell. The boys tried to capture them by driving them ashore with sticks and stones, but failing in this both plunged in and grabbed a fish. A terrific struggle ensued, and for some time it was a question whether the boys would capture the fish or the fish drown the boys, but finally the boys prevailed, each bearing triumphantly a big, writhing fish in his arms. One of the fish weighed forty-two pounds and the other twenty-three pounds.

How He Was Handicapped.

He was a Broadway policeman and a tremendously large one. He loomed up like a huge Chinese elephant, and as the lady waited on the corner near him for a car, she couldn't help saying something about his size, he looked so good natured. She rather inclined to believe that it was in the way.

"Well, no'm," he said, "it comes very handy when I've got to push and shove through a crowd, or to reach around and help a lot of ladies over the street, or to catch a runaway and swing onto him, but ma'am," and he sighed, "when it comes to buying pants, ready made, it's h—"

The conclusion rather startled the lady by its unexpectedness, but the big man was so innocent about it that she could only laugh.—New York Herald.

"We Literary Men."

Ex-Judge Augustus Van Wyck at the dinner of the Georgia society told a story of Willis Jones, a colored janitor of the university of North Carolina. Judge Van Wyck's alma mater. Willis left the college, securing a position in the manufacturing town of Durham. At the close of the year he returned to the university and said to the president: "This commercial life is not intended for me. We literary men are not fit for that sort of work."—New York Times.

Remembered the Text.

A little scholar in a Sunday school greatly amused her teacher by her recent interpretation of a familiar Bible verse. The teacher was in the habit of giving out Scripture verses each Sunday, which the little people were to memorize and recite the next Sabbath. One little girl was given the verse, "It is I, be not afraid," and the next Sunday she glibly recited:

"It's me: don't get scared at me"

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901. Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years. NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

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will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

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PUT THE REBUKE DELICATELY

Still Another Tale Told of Archbishop Ryan's Ready Wit.

When Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan of Philadelphia, who has just been appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners by the President, was a very young priest he was stationed at a parish in St. Louis, where Archbishop Kendrick presided over the diocese, says the New York Times. The latter lived in a very small, unpretentious house, scarcely in keeping with his position in the church.

One day when Father Ryan was passing the house of the archbishop, accompanied by a Chicago priest, who was visiting the Mound City, he pointed out the house as the residence of the head of the local church. The Chicago priest said with surprise:

"Why, you should see the splendid residence we have in Chicago for our archbishop!"

"Yes," responded Father Ryan, "but you should see the splendid archbishop we have in St. Louis for our residence.

The Art of Friendship.

In an article on "The Art of Friendship," in Macmillan's Magazine, the writer is rather pessimistic of to-day's friendships. He seems inclined to think that friendship is a lost art. He remarks:

"There is reason for a suspicion, if not more than a suspicion, that the art of friendship is dead among us. The friendship of the ancients, both of Greece and Rome, was very exacting. In modern times we should look a long day for such mutual regard as that of Damon and Pythias, which softened the heart of Dionysius himself. Friendship, in our crowded days, covers a wider area, but as in the case of all extensive developments it has lost intensively. It has become as Swift described it—"the friendship of the middling kind." But rarely do we see the stubborn, stoical, mutual regard which Cicero describes; self-annihilatory, seeking for excellence, priceless-rich in trust and confidence."

SENATOR FRYE CAUGHT A DUCK

But the Distinguished Statesman Was Fly-Fishing at the Time.

There was a session of the Congressional Fishing club in the coat rooms.

"Did you ever hear?" asked Senator Blackburn, "of the time Senator Frye caught the duck? It was this way: His specialty is fly-fishing, and casting from a moving canoe. Well, one day in the fall we were fishing up above, anchored under the lee of a projecting point of land.

"'Just watch me cast a minnow,' said the senator, as he sent the bait whizzing far out into the river. Hardly had the minnow struck the water until the line paid out and the reel began to sing.

"'It's a five-pounder!' cried the boatman. 'Let him run, senator, let him run!'

"Well, there was some excitement. The reel kept singing the sweetest music in the world to a fisherman. At length the line was all run out, and much to the senator's surprise the rod was pointed straight up in the air, instead of toward the water.

"The old boatman nearly fell in a fit in the bottom of the boat with laughter, for there, up in the sky, soared a wild duck, with the senator's minnow.

"'Pull up,' said the senator, in disgust, 'and let's go back to the clubhouse. I'll fish in the rain barrel off the porch with Uncle Joe Cannon and Dave Henderson for the rest of this trip.'"

Saves Sleep for His Firm.

There is a man in New York city who holds down a hilarious job. He serves a big firm in the capacity of buying entertainer. The buyers whom he entertains suppose him to be a junior partner of the firm, but he isn't. He is simply a buffer between the firm and the buyers. He saves sleep for the firm, and big heads and that morning feeling. He bears the brunt of the buyer's stored-up skittishness. The average buyer has an anticipatory glitter in his eyes from the minute that he sets foot in town. There is much that he desires to see. This buyer entertainer shows it to him. Sometimes he mets a buyer who nearly outdoes him in the high-ball home stretch about 2 o'clock in the morning; but, as a rule, he gets the buyer to his hotel in safe condition.

How He Apologized.

"He" was an elevator man, and consequently one of the mighty of the earth. Into the elevator limped a suffering mortal, who scarcely dared to set his foot down. The elevator man, just to encourage his caller to hurry, placed his foot carefully upon the little toe of the passenger. There resulted, first a groan, then a shiver, then a yell, and finally a tornado of profanity. Being of a religious persuasion, the elevator man mildly rebuked his passenger for such an outburst, and asked what was the matter. "Why, you * * * ——," said the passenger, "you just stepped square on an inflamed corn!" "Do you suffer from corns?" asked he of the elevator, blandly. "Then you have my sympathy. I know what it means."

Slightly Excited.

A bareheaded boy, carrying a tin dipper, rushed breathlessly into a Lancaster, Pa., drug store and stunned the proprietor by his excited remarks: Doctor, mother sent me down to the shotecarypop quicker'n blazes coz bub's sick as the dickens with the pipinchocks an' she wants a sinbleful of polygollic in this dipper coz she hasn't bot a gottle handy an' the kin tup's got the bine witters in it. Get any?"—Philadelphia Times.

WERE HARDLY EDUCATED ENOUGH

Smart Commercial Traveler Knew How to Get Rid of flies.

He was a smart commercial traveler visiting a small town in the middle of the summer, when water was scarce, thermometers burst, and flies alone were lively. At the hotel he took some cooling drinks and asked for a bed. The landlord said he could have half a dozen beds, because no one in the place wanted them—the flies would allow no sleep. The traveler smiled, paid for his room and retired.

In the morning he went downstairs, looking fresh as paint and whistling merrily. All round were heavy-eyed men, who envied him his brisk spirits. The landlord marveled.

"Did you sleep?" he asked.

"Like a top," was the answer, "Your flies don't know enough for me. I just closed the windows against newcomers, set a jar of honey on the floor and waited until the flies in the room had settled on it. Then I hived them with my sample box. No, your flies are hardly educated enough to beat me."

Misunderstood Senator's Sympathy.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew was visited in his committee room at the Capitol recently by a New York farmer whom he had met on one of his campaigning tours through the western counties of the state, says the New York Times.

The Senator, as is his wont, exhibited a lively interest in his constituent's health, and, thus encouraged, the visitor began to unburden himself as to his family troubles, and the warm-hearted Senator showed much sympathy when the man related how his wife drove him out of the house in her temper.

"I feel deeply for you," said the Senator in his most sympathetic voice, and he grew eloquent in his efforts to comfort the disconsolate farmer.

"Why," said the Senator's visitor, astonished at this outburst of feeling, "are you married, too!"

The Senator's mirth pretty nearly overcame his sympathy for his unhappy constituent.

"DIPLOMATIC" RECEPTION ROOM

Interesting Scenes Have Taken Place in the Apartment.

Some very interesting scenes have taken place in the diplomatic reception room, says the Washington Times. It is a long apartment, narrow in proportion to its length; tastefully but not lavishly furnished, and is decorated with portraits in oil of former secretaries of state. At one end of the room is a table on which treaties are signed. There are comfortable sofas in the room, and on one of these the secretary of state and the diplomatic visitor usually sit while discussing foreign relations. Secretary Hay converses with most of the diplomats in French, because that is the diplomatic language. Whenever some important verbal communication is made, or there is a discussion of a delicate international matter, Mr. Hay, as soon as his visitor has gone, hurries to his office, summons his private secretary and dictates what is known as a note verbal—a memorandum of the communication or conversation. Experience has shown this to be a necessary precaution. Diplomats sometimes forget what they have said, and sometimes they show a remarkable memory for what other people have said.

Gates Needs Broad Shoulders.

When the bucket shop man entered the cafe with the crush from Wall street, the waiter hurried toward him eagerly.

"I wish I had bought more of that N. G. stock," he began. "It went up all day, just as you said it would."

The broker fidgeted nervously. "I am sorry to say that the stock went back the moment your account was opened—just enough to wipe you out."

"Do you actually mean that I have lost all of my $10?"

"Every cent—and you can lay it to John W. Gates."

Just at that moment the steel and wire man entered the cafe and drifted to a table where he issued the usual signal, says the New York Times.

The waiter heaved a sigh.

"No wonder he can drink champagne," he muttered, darkly.

Right of Discovery.

There are times when differences of rank do not count, and an Irish soldier is said to have chanced upon one of them during the late war in Cuba.

He was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service.

"Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!"

The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature.

"You may be my superior officer," he said boldly, "but all the same, O'im the wan that found this hole fir-rst!"—Youth's Companion.

Knew What He Might Expect.

Three Philadelphia men determined to rob a house. On the night decided on they gathered in front of the building. One of them entered and crept up the stairs. He had his boots on, and, when near the landing, his boots made a noise on the stairs. A female voice called out from one of the rooms: "You go right down stairs and take those boots off. I'm tired of having to clean up mud and dirt after you come up here with your boots on. You march right down and take them off." The burglar fled.