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THE
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THE THREE RULERS.

I saw a Ruler take his stand,
And trample on a mighty land.
The People crouched before his beck
His iron heel was on their neck;
His name shone bright through blood and pain,
His sword flashed back their praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise,
His words were noble, good, and wise;
With the calm sceptre of his pen
He ruled the minds and thoughts of men.
Some scoffed, some praised; while many heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw,
Love and sweet Pity were his law;
The greatest and the least had part
(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart.
The People, in a mighty band,
Rose up, and drove him from the land.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"A cow-boy, Mr. Dean!"

"A genuine cow-boy, Miss Allen."

The teacher frowned, and the superintendent smiled; then she broke into a suppressed laugh, and he looked perplexed.

"Why did you bring him to me? What in the world shall I do with him?"

"What shall I do with him?" asked the tall gentleman, helplessly. "He is within the school age—nineteen, he says."

"He looks older."

"Yes; you must allow for sun and wind and rough living. He intends to live a year in this town, and he wants to go to school. I must put him somewhere. I can't buy a cage for him, and label him 'Specimen from the Wild West.'"

"I should almost think you might. What is the native locality of the 'specimen'?"

"He says," replied Mr. Dean, deliberately, "that his last range was between Crazy-Woman Creek and Bad-Water Slough."

"Oh dear! But how and why and when did he get into civilization?"

"I have no idea."

"He is so large and so old for a primary school?"

"He is very ignorant. He cannot possibly do the work of a higher grade. I brought him to you because he needs a very good teacher."

Miss Allen was really troubled. The Superintendent's little compliment failed to clear away the clouds. They had been talking in low tones, as they paced the hall, and now they paused at the open school-room door.

It was a very pretty school-room. There were pictures on the walls, flowers in the windows, vases and an embroidered table-spread on the teacher's desk. The children were neat and clean. There was an atmosphere of order and of dainty tidiness about the place, and the place suited well with the young and pretty teacher.

But this morning, looming up behind the rows of little girls in trim black stockings and short frocks; behind the little boys in scarlet hose and knicker-bocker—hopelessly big, untrained and out of place, sat the new scholar.

In his way, he was neither ugly nor awkward. He wore a flannel shirt with a red silk neck handkerchief, and he held in his hand his huge light sombrero, ornamented with a wide band of red leather, and with a gilt cord; but the rest of his dress was subdued to the standard of Eastern civilization. His complexion showed that clear, bright red which marks the pure sunshine of the great plains. This, and his light hair and keen blue eyes, broad shoulders, and lean, muscular frame, would have made him an exceedingly picturesque "subject" for an artist; but—in a primary school!

"I am positively afraid of him!" said Miss Allen. "What if he should take it into his head to scalp us all!"

"Send for me at the first flourish of the tomahawk," said Mr. Dean, with a laugh.

"But, honestly, I have no doubt that he carries pistols. Cowboys always do, they say."

"I believe so. I will look into that matter. Now, seriously," and his face became grave, "I know what a hard thing I have given you to do, but it is in the line of plain duty to do it well. This young man may be here to make trouble. In that case we shall very soon know it, and I promise you that his career shall be short. But it is possible that he comes to study and because he would like to make something of himself. If he wants a chance, it is our business, as public school teachers, to see that he has it."

"He shall have his chance, if I can help him," said the teacher, earnestly.

"I am sure of that. And how for the pistol. James! James Ferguson! Come here, please. Have you firearms about you?" he asked, abruptly, thinking to take the boy by surprise, and so get at the truth.

Jim, who had a tolerably keen sense of the fitness of things, had no more idea of taking his pistol to school than he had of presenting himself with spurs, "cuirt and shapps."

But every cow-boy feels himself in duty bound to make an impression on a "tenderfoot" whenever the "tenderfoot" shows himself ready to be impressed. Jim's blue eyes twinkled, but he gravely felt in his pockets.

"Thunder!" said he. "Taint here. I must have been rattled this mornin'. I can rustle around and got it fer you, and be back before general round up."

"No! no!" cried the good gentleman, and explained what Jim knew perfectly well before, that the pistol must not and could not come back to school. He felt that he had in some way blundered with the boy, but he did not know how.

"What do you think of the school?" he asked, kindly laying one hand on the boy's shoulders.

"Pretty slick little outfit!" replied Jim.

"Hem! Well, James, I hope you will do well. I shall advance you as soon as you can do the work of a higher grade."

As Mr. Dean and Jim stood together, it was evident that the cow-boy was not very tall. But there was a breeziness, an out-of-door roominess, that would have made him too large for any space inside of four walls.

It was not long before Miss Allen knew from Jim himself why he was there. She was told how Jim's father had left the State when Jim was only a yearling, and how he was a white kind of a man, but couldn't seem to gather on to anything. And first, Jim's mother had died, and then his father, and left him to rustle for himself. And he had done it, too, until now. But an uncle down East had just looked him up, and had offered to do something for him. This uncle had promised Jim a good team and a little bunch of cattle if he would come here and go to school a whole year.

"The very day school is out," Jim went on, "I shall start for the West. When I'm of age I mean to get a claim, and put my stock on it. Then I'll be apt to quit cow-punching, and turn sod-pelter."

All this was not very encouraging to his teacher. It was plain that Jim intended to stay the whole long year, and it was only too plain that he did not care for an education, and thought of the schooling only as a disagreeable stepping-stone to the team and bunch of cattle.

On the other hand, I am afraid that Miss Allen knew and cared as little about stock-raising in the West as Jim did about spelling and grammar. Beside, she had no idea that a "sod-pelter" meant a farmer, and she had a shadowy notion that Jim meant to devote the remainder of his existence to throwing clods of grass, like the old man in the spelling-book.

The days of that week passed rather slowly for Miss Allen. She tried hard to accept Jim's presence in a missionary spirit, but, in truth, he was a perpetual trial to her order-loving, sympathetic soul. He was not bad, but he was so big! He seemed to try to do right, but he was so utterly untrained in the ways of the school room that every motion was a blunder.

And yet, in his own sphere, Jim had a skill they never dreamed of. His grace and accuracy with horse and gun and lariat would have been a marvel to any man in that city. Perhaps he felt his present inferiority even more than his teacher did. Perhaps the days were wearily long to him, and the year seemed endless in prospect.

Miss Allen had planned a school picnic for Saturday, and on Friday the children were full of excitement about it. One of them told her that Jim wasn't going. At first she was rather relieved to hear it, but when she entered the school-room she was touched by the homesick look on the boy's face.

"James," said she, kindly, "I am afraid, our life here does not seem quite natural to you."

"I'm afraid not," answered James, dryly; and then added, with a burst of confidence: "Why, Miss Allen, in all this week I haint seen nor heard but just one thing that seemed natural to me, and that was the story you was a-readin' us about that old ranchman that pastured on the Government land."

"What!" cried his teacher, in blank astonishment.

"That had such a big bunch of sons, you know; and they was his cowboys."

"But I haven't read any such story," said Miss Allen.

"Why, yes, don't you remember?" said Jim. "And one day, when they was off on the range, the old man sent the little kid out from the home ranch to look 'em up, and find out how they was."

"No," said the young lady; "I never read you a story like that."

"Perhaps you don't 'remember," said Jim, "but I do, because it seemed natural. And the kid went on, and got where he thought they was; and he found they had moved the whole bunch on to another range. And when he did find them, they chucked the little kid into a big wash-out, and then pulled him out and sold him to the Indians."

"James!"

"That's what you said," continued Jim, respectful but positive. "I don't remember what the book called 'em, but you said they was the same as the Araps in the geography. That's what we call the Arapahoes."

"The Arabs!" exclaimed Miss Allen. "It is possible that you mean the story of Joseph and his brethren?"

"That's it!" answered Jim. "I couldn't think of the name. Poor little kid! We wouldn't treat no little kid that way. That part wasn't natural."

Miss Allen did not know how exactly the present life on the great plains is represented by some passages of the Old Testament. She concluded to postpone the matter of Biblical exegesis, and said, cheerfully: "You will get used to us in time, I hope, James."

"I don't know," said Jim, rather dolefully. "When a fellow's been a maverick as long as I have, it comes rather rough to be rounded-up and roped and branded, even if they do put him into a nice little corral like this. And then, an old ranger like me hates to trot along with the calves."

Miss Allen did not understand this speech very well, but she felt that her new pupil was homesick and lonely, and, like the good little woman that she was, she spoke so kindly that her simple words went straight to the boy's heart. He replied only "thank you," but she was astonished to see that the tears flashed into his eyes as he spoke.

With a new interest in him, she said, sincerely and cordially: "I hope you will go to the picnic to-morow, James. You will like to see something of the country, I think."

"I'll come if you want me," said Jim.

Gray's Park could hardly be called "the country." To be sure, it was a wild and picturesque little spot, but after all there were only a few acres of land, set off by the city for public recreation. The river runs by Gray's Park, playing with pebbles and trailing willow-branches like a peaceful country river; but a little farther down the stream it plunges with a mighty bustle and roar of business down a great dam. Here are clustered the city mills, and in the quietest part of Gray's Park you can hear the whir-r-r of machinery mingled with the noises of the streets.

The picnic was like other school-picnics. The children ran and shouted, brought Miss Allen a wonderful collection of flowers and leaves and pebbles, ate too much dinner, got their feet wet, and found a mud-turtle.

It was almost time to go home. Miss Allen had repacked the lunch baskets, and Jim had taken down the swing, though he climbed rather awkwardly, and declared that he "felt like a tender-foot in a tree."

He lay by the water's edge, coiling the rope upon his left arm, and handling it rather wistfully. Jim could do wonderful things with a rope. If he had been alone he would have tried a few of his old throws, although he might have found it rather tame practice, on foot, instead of on horseback, and with an old stump for a target, instead of a galloping steer.

Miss Allen sat near him, on a rustic seat made of a twisted hemlock tree.

Jim had come to like his teacher, and to want to please her, and he knew that his cowboy accomplishments made her rather uneasy. In fact, the young lady thought of the plainsman's life as an acted sensation novel.

"This is a pretty place, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," answered Jim, rather doubtfully; "but it seems shut in, sort of. There ain't no stirring in these parts, and the trees is in the way a good deal. You can't see much."

"But the rocks and the river, you like them, do you not?"

"I don't like the river much, either; I'm afraid of the water."

"But I thought you were afraid of nothing!" "I don't like the water, though," said Jim. "I never could see the use of as much as you Eastern folks have lyin' about. You could't hire me to get into a boat."

"I should not try, just here," replied the lady, smiling. "It looks quiet, but the current is very dangerous. Just a little further down, they say that no man could manage a boat."

"Would he go over the dam?" he asked.

"Yes, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. This is not a good boating river. There is a stretch of a mile or so, above this, where small craft can go, and a few of the gentlemen who own these houses keep little pleasure-boats. But above that, the channel is too shallow, and below it is dangerous."

"It don't seem a very good place for the kids," mused Jim.

"For the *children*, James."

"For the children. If you had 'em out on the prairie, they'd be safer."

"Why," exclaimed Miss Allen, "I wouldn't trust myself on the prairie, to say nothing of the children! They say there are rattlesnakes there."

"Yes," admitted Jim, "there is some rattlesmakes. But it's safer than this, I think."

While these two had been working and talking, something had happened that, beyond all question, never should have happened at all. The children knew better than to get into any boat without permission, and in this case they knew, too, that they were meddling with private property.

Nevertheless, when a party of little boys and girls, wandering up the bank, came upon a beautiful green-and-white boat snugly hidden in a tiny cove where no boat had ever been before, then all the trouble began.

First they stopped to examine and admire; and then two little boys jumped in, and began to rock from side to side, and to tell how they dared ride away down to the mill-dam in her; and next two little girls thought they would get in, too, if the boys wouldn't rock; and the boys promised, with a sarcastic side-speech about girls and 'fraid-cats; and soon all four were seated on the pretty green-and-white benches.

Then, in some way, the boat got adrift. Perhaps the boat was only drawn upon the sand, and the rocking pushed it off. Perhaps some mischievous boy untied the rope. At all events, it was caught by the current, and began to glide down the treacherous stream.

When Miss Allen heard the screams, and looked from the frantic group on the shore to the tiny boat out on the river, her very heart seemed to stand still. To stay so near, and safe and well, yet utterly powerless, while those children in her care sped on to death! Her senses swam.

The sunny sparkles on the river shone in her eyes like electric flashes. She seemed to see, already, the little faces, cold and dead, and the limbs all crushed and mangled, and she heard the reproachful cries of their parents.

And Jim—who might, at least, have run swiftly and given the alarm—what was Jim doing?

Nothing.

Or next to nothing; so it seemed.

He did not even rise at first. One glance up the river with his keen blue eyes, and he went on working at his rope. He was making a loop of on end. He did not seem to hurry, but he wasted no motion.

Holding the loop in his right hand, while the coils still hung upon his left arm, he waded through the shallow shore water to the edge of the deeper channel. His quick glance seemed to take in everything, the current, the river-bottom, and the banks. Even the light wind from the west was tested an instant, with his upheld hand. There was no hurry, no flutter, but every nerve was awake, and every muscle true to call.

The boat was moving faster now. She quivered and thrilled with the strong and dangerous current. She has floated past.

No! Look! With one supple motion, Jim has thrown his loop. It speeds through the air like a live thing, and falls, true to aim, just where the frightened children can grasp it best. Quick as thought, Jim moves with the boat, managing the rope so that it shall not tighten to soon. Above the medley of sounds rises his clear, ringing voice, and they hear and obey his rapid directions.

"Pass the rope the long way of the boat! Every one take hold! Now—hold fast."

They do hold fast. Eight little hands, with the strength of desperation, clutch the rope. With a long, steady, even pull, Jim heads the boat for the shore, and grounds it on the shallows.

Here my story might end, if Jim had known how to wade in a pebbly-bottom river. But as he laid hold of the prow, and pulled with all his strength to draw it further up, his foot slipped among the smooth, water-worn stones, and he fell heavily, and struck his head upon a sharp rock. And when, at last, some men came running to help, they found the children safe on shore, but Jim lay senseless in the shallow, while Miss Allen, with her pretty dress all soaked and clinging, held his head out of the water.

Of course, Jim was the hero of the day. He professed great chagrin because he was "fool enough to hurt himself," but he was no less a hero because he spent a few days in a sick-room.

Then the fathers of the rescued children met in solemn conclave to decide what they should do for Jim. There was talk of a subscription and a presentation, but good sense and good taste prevailed, and they decided to offer him nothing except their heartfelt thanks; but to keep the boy in sight, and when the time came, to do him substantial service.

I think that when Jim gets ready to settle on his claim, he will have as liberal a personal outfit as any young "sod-pelter" need desire,

But the mothers could not wait so long before they testified their gratitude, and Jim declares that before he left his room he had dressing-gowns and slippers enough to fit out all the Boston dudes east of the Mississippi. Long before the doctor had thought it possible, Jim was back in the school-room, very pale and thin, though, and with a long red scar down one cheek.

"I guess I got branded for keeps, that time," says Jim.—*Youth's Companion.*

The process is revived of applying strips of adhesive plasters along the margin of wounds, and by drawing the edges of the wound in apposition pass the sutures through the plaster only, thus avoiding the pits and creases left in the skin when the sutures are passed through the skin itself. The edge of the plaster along the margin of the wound should be folded upon itself, so as to keep the plaster from the raw surface.

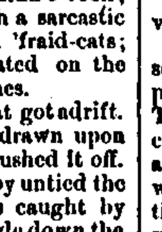
ABOUT SNAKES.

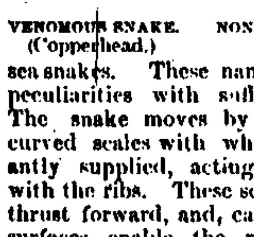
THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN VARIETIES DESCRIBED.

Venomous and Harmless Snakes—Grass Snake and Black Snake—The Copperhead and Cotton Mouth—The Rattlesnake.

According to most naturalists there are about 1,000 species of snakes in the world. In North America, principally in the United States and Mexico, 132 of these species are found. Of these twenty-two only are venomous. There are different varieties of the rattlesnake, coral snake, and copperhead family. The moccasin snake of the South and Southwest, which is also called the cotton mouth and water moccasin, is a near relative of the copperhead. The greatest number of poisonous snakes occurring in any one region in the United States are in Arizona and New Mexico. The species of venomous snakes, therefore number only about one-sixth of the whole number of varieties contained in the country. In the States north of the south line of the central tier only three species of poisonous snakes are found. These are the scale-headed rattlesnake, the plate-headed rattlesnake, and the copperhead. In the South the poisonous sorts are more plentiful. The harmless snakes, which comprise 110 of the 132 kinds inhabiting the country, are found in every State and Territory.

Herpetologists usually divide snakes into five subordinate groups, thus: Burrowing, ground, tree, fresh water and


VENOMOUS SNAKE. (Copperhead.)

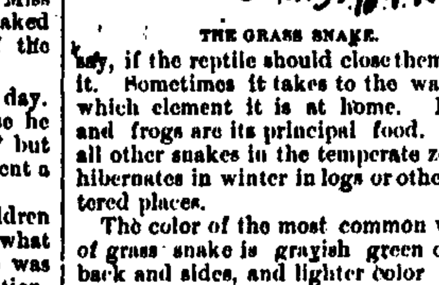

NON-VENOMOUS SNAKE. (Beaded Snake.)

sea snakes. These names suggest their peculiarities with sufficient clearness. The snake moves by the aid of the curved scales with which he is abundantly supplied, acting in conjunction with the ribs. These scales and ribs are thrust forward, and, catching on rough surfaces, enable the reptile to move, sometimes with considerable rapidity. The movement, however, is lateral and sinuous, never vertical or by an up-and-down twist of the body. The latter style of locomotion, however, is the one which is usually pictured in the illustrated papers whenever an attempt is made to show how a snake travels.

Venomous snakes can usually be distinguished at a glance from those that are harmless. There is a marked difference in external appearance between the two varieties. The venomous ones have hard scales, with head and body flattened to a considerable degree, the neck, when contrasted with the other portions, appearing to be narrow. In the harmless snakes, head and body, as well as neck, are cylindrical, and the scales are comparatively small. The tongue in the poisonous reptile is longer, and the teeth larger than in the non-poisonous. The venomous species sometimes retreat when confronted by man, although they always have a more or less ferocious appearance. The harmless ones always get out of the way as quickly as possible when a man is encountered. These distinguishing marks will hold good generally throughout the world. It is important to bear them in mind.

THE GRASS SNAKE.

The common ringed or grass snake is familiar all over the world. It is perfectly harmless. No more serious injury would result from the bite of the grass snake—which, in some of its varieties, is about the only reptile to be encountered in the woods and fields within fifty miles of any of the large Northern cities—than would ensue from the bite of a chicken. Nevertheless, its appearance outside of a cage generally provokes fear in most persons who may chance to be near it, and always excites disgust. There is about as much real cause for the one emotion as there is for the other. For it is not only as gentle as a dove, and far more harmless than a kitten, but it is difficult to imagine how any created thing could have been more beautiful and graceful. It ranges in length, when full grown, from about 1½ to 4 feet. The average length is about 2 feet 6 inches. It lives in woods, grass, and on the edges of water courses. Its teeth are very small—so small, indeed, that they would hardly penetrate the skin of the human finger,

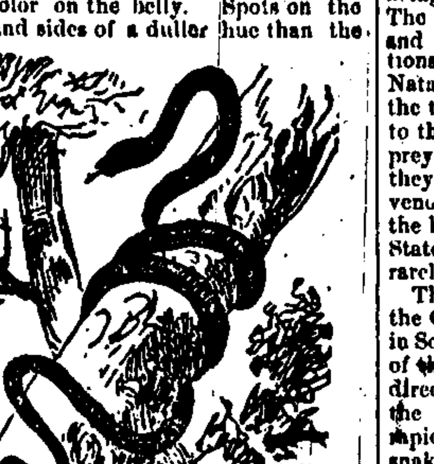

THE GRASS SNAKE.

say, if the reptile should close them upon it. Sometimes it takes to the water, in which element it is at home. Insects and frogs are its principal food. Like all other snakes in the temperate zone, it hibernates in winter in logs or other sheltered places.

The color of the most common variety of grass snake is grayish green on the back and sides, and lighter color on the belly. Along the back run two rows of small dark spots, and a row of larger and oblong spots is stretched down each side. The spots vary in shape and color on different varieties. All sorts of grass snakes are exceedingly timid, and flee on the approach of a child. The beaded snake, which is common in fields and road nrough out the country, is equally beautiful and innocent.

THE BLACK SNAKE.

The black snake is also well known in the United States, and, like the grass snake, is harmless. The average length of this reptile is about four feet, although specimens have been killed which measured six feet. Racer is a name sometimes given to it, because of the rapidity with which it can go over the ground or climb a tree. The antics of this species, especially during the breeding season, are calculated to strike terror into the heart of any person unacquainted with its powerlessness. It will shake the grass or the leaves of the branches of a tree, and fairly well imitate the whirring noise of the rattlesnake. But there is no need of any person being alarmed at this. Unlike the common grass snake, however, the black species have teeth sufficiently long to penetrate the skin and inflict a moderately severe wound, but poison is always absent. The black snake likes the edges of streams, ponds, or lakes, although in the hot weather it is often found basking in the sun. Rabbits and squirrels are a favorite article of diet with it, and its popular mode of killing these animals is by coiling around them, as the boas encircle the larger animals, thus crushing them. It preys also on the smaller birds. The color of this snake is blue-black on back and sides, and slate color on the belly. Spots on the back and sides of a duller hue than the


THE BLACK SNAKE.

general color of that portion of the body are found on some varieties. Insects and frogs are followed by this reptile into holes in the ground and in dead trees, while it ambushes the small birds and climbing animals in the limbs of trees and in shrubbery. The sides of old houses have been known, too, to be scaled by it in search of prey.

COPPERHEAD AND COTTON-MOUTH.

The copperhead and cotton-mouth are among the venomous species of snakes, and belong to the same family. The copperhead, which is sometimes locally called the "chunkhead" and "deaf-adder," is found throughout the United States from the Atlantic to the Allegheny Mountains. It is about three feet long when full grown, with a thick body, which is a light brown or copper color, including the head, hence the name. The head is flat and broad, as in all venomous serpents; the eyes are large and bright and the neck short. When angry its appearance is ferocious in the extreme. It is more dreaded than the rattlesnake, from the fact that it attacks without warning. It will not attack at all, however, unless in defense. Dark places are favored by it, although, like

THE COPPERHEAD.

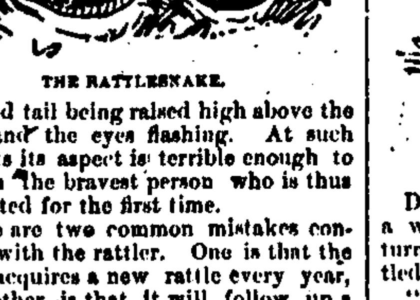
many other serpents, poisonous and other, it is often seen in the sun in pleasant weather. The poison fangs are in the upper jaw. Owing to the shortness and thickness of its body its movements are comparatively slow. It can not climb trees.

The cotton-mouth is found mostly in the Southern States. Sometimes it attains a length of four feet. It is not so "chunky" as its copperhead cousin, but is quicker in its movements, and its bite is fully as dangerous. Many persons have lost their lives from wounds given by these reptiles. It appears to be more courageous than the copperhead, and is an object of dread in the region where it abounds. There is a kindred variety of snake also known in the South which is called by the name of moccasin. Like the preceding one, it has a weakness for low grounds or swamps, and is often seen in the water.

THE RATTLESNAKE

The rattler is the most venomous of all the reptiles found in the United States. Like the copperhead and cotton-mouth, it is a native of North America. It is found all over the United States, but is most plentiful in the Southwest, especially New Mexico and Arizona. Professor Cope estimates that fifteen species of the rattler are known in this country. Those of New England differ from the varieties found in Virginia and North Carolina, and each differs from the Georgia and Florida kinds, while the varieties found in the Mississippi Valley possess peculiarities distinct from those of the other sections of the country. The viperine snakes, of which the puff adder (not known in the United States) is a variety, belongs to the same family as the rattlesnake.

The rattlesnake derives its name from the structure of its tail, which is made of segments of bone, somewhat loosely joined together. When the reptile is about to advance and bite its victim its whole body swells and shrinks like a bellows, and its tail is switched around with swiftness and strength. The motion of the tail cause the segments of bone, or "rattles," as they are popularly called, to strike against each other. This produces the dull, whirring sound which gives the reptile its name. When about to strike the snake gathers itself in a coil, the


THE RATTLESNAKE.

head and tail being raised high above the folds, and the eyes flashing. At such moments its aspect is terrible enough to frighten the bravest person who is thus confronted for the first time.

There are two common mistakes connected with the rattler. One is that the reptile acquires a new rattle every year, and another is that it will follow up a person who retreats when it threatens to strike. The number of rattles depends principally on the size of the serpent. The individual who falls back, whether in good order or otherwise, when he sees a rattlesnake about to strike, need fear no pursuit. Even if the reptile should follow, it could not go fast enough to overtake a man who walked briskly.

The venom of the rattler's bite varies with the season and condition of the reptile. It is most to be feared in the hottest months, and when the snake is large and vigorous. Stimulants, among which are alcoholic liquors, are most effective. The fatality attending rattlers' bites, however, is not so high as popularly supposed.

The rattlesnake is generally pale brown above. Dark brown bands are drawn across the back, and a number of round spots of the same hue are scattered along the sides and neck. A dark streak runs along the temples from the back of the mouth into a large spot.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

The boa constrictor proper cannot be said to be a native of the United States, but stories are told of anacondas—which are a variety of this class of serpents—being found in New Mexico and Arizona. The boas are a very numerous family, and all are natives of the tropical portions of America. The python and the Natal rock snakes, which are found in the tropics of the Old World, are related to the boas. All this family kill their prey by crushing it to death, after which they swallow it. None of the boas are venomous. There is a small species of the boa on the Pacific slope of the United States. It is called the wenona, and rarely exceeds six or seven feet in length.

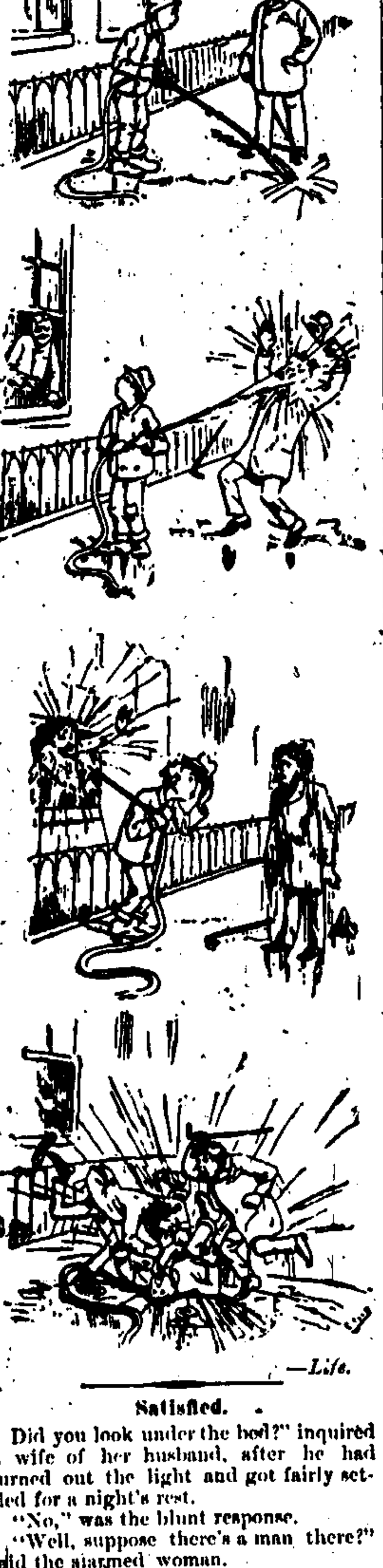
The true boa is found in Mexico and the Central American States, as well as in South America. There are four species of this serpent. Its teeth are long and directed backward. The prey is held in the teeth, while the serpent coils itself rapidly around its victim, and then the snake slowly but surely compresses it. Large animals, like lions, tigers, and oxen are crushed in this way, their bones,

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

according to the testimony of hunters who have watched the process, being snapped like pipestems. After the prey is dead the snake covers it with saliva, and then swallows it. The jaws and body of the serpent are capable of such dilation that oxen have been known to be swallowed by these snakes. After such a meal as this the serpent lies in a condition of semi-torpidity for two or three weeks, and while in this state it is readily killed.

The true boa is one of the smallest of the snakes of that class, rarely, being found longer than twelve feet. The anaconda, which is not often seen now north of Brazil, sometimes attains a length of about forty feet. The pythons of the Old World tropics average from twenty-five to thirty feet in length. The Natal rock snake is a little more than half as large as this.—*Globe-Democrat.*

The Sprinkler's Victims.


—*Life.*

Satisfied.

Did you look under the bed?" inquired a wife of her husband, after he had turned out the light and got fairly settled for a night's rest.

"No," was the blunt response.

"Well, suppose there's a man there?" said the alarmed woman.

"I don't want to see him if there is," was the answer.

"Well, get up and look; I shall not let you rest until you do."

He knew her of old, and after fumbling around, found a match, lit it and looked under the bed. Then he threw the match away, got into bed and whispered:

"My dear, there is a man under the bed."

"Oh, get out!" was the quick response. "You can't fool me. I know better."

Then she turned over, perfectly satisfied, and went to sleep. She had accomplished her object.—*Elmira Gazette.*

According to one estimate, the orange industry of Florida has increased ten-fold in five years.

TEMPERANCE.

Signs of Prosperity.

Where spades grow bright
And idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty,
And where barns are full;
Where field-paths are
With frequent feet outworn,
Law courtyards weedy,
Silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age abounds,
And youth is multiplied;
Where poisonous drinks
Are chased from every place;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace—
Where these signs are
They clearly indicate
A happy people
And a well-ruled state.

—*From the Chinese.*

A Woman's Statistics.

"A Woman" thus writes to the Fort Worth (Texas) *Gazette*: "My homeless friend, you say you have for years longed for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 square feet a gulp. Figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating land at $43.56 per acre, you will see that is just one mill per square foot and one cent for ten square feet. Now, pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down a 500-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree and see how long it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow—twenty cows."

"Sin Against the Strength of Youth."

Unless one positively sees the thing done, the young child's glass filled as a thing of course, the father or the mother sitting by unconcernedly, or peradventure rather eager than otherwise that the child shall become acquainted with the use of wines as a part of social custom and eminence—unless, we say, one sees it done, it is difficult to believe that parents so foolish and so short-sighted can be in the world, or that Providence will intrust to such the tender little souls and bodies that they are doing, even although unconsciously, their best to tarnish and destroy.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Prohibition Does Prohibit."

According to the testimony of the Governor of Iowa, it appears that Prohibition does effectually and satisfactorily prohibit in eighty out of the ninety-nine counties of that State, and is partially enforced in the sections expected from the general statement. This means that in the rural regions the practical abolition of the liquor traffic can be maintained, but that in the cities and larger towns, notably along the Mississippi River, the law is more or less a dead letter. This seems to be the general experience with prohibitory legislation. It is the story that comes from Kansas, Maine, and Rhode Island, and was the experience of Michigan. In the latter State the result of the recent election seems to have brought about a general determination to revive the local option law, and this will result in confining the liquor traffic practically to less than a dozen counties. In Georgia, under a local option law, 110 out of 137 counties have declared for Prohibition, one of these being Fulton, in which Atlanta, the largest city in the State, is situated. The local option feature of the Illinois license law also works well, having resulted in a large curtailment of the bar-room business in the country.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

It Does Not Pay.

It does not to have pay the mother and children of twenty families dressed in rags and starved into the semblance of emaciated scarecows, and living in hovels, in order that the saloon-keeper's wife may dress in satin, and her children grow fat and hearty, and live in a bay-window parlor. It does not pay to have ten smart, intelligent boys turned into hoodlums and thieves to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor. It does not pay, to give one man, for a trifle, a license to sell liquor, and then spend an enormous amount on the trial of Tim McLaughlin for buying that liquor and then committing murder under its influence. It does not pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of disorder and misery, in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a fortune.

It does not pay to keep six thousand men in the penitentiaries and hospitals, and one thousand in the lunatic asylums, at the expense of the honest, industrious taxpayers, in order that a few rich capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whisky. A saloon keeper sold a drinking man one pint of new rum, making fifteen cents clear profit. The man under the influence of that pint of rum, killed his son-in-law; and his apprehension, confinement in jail, execution, etc., cost the county more than one thousand dollars—which temperate men had to earn by the sweat of their brow. It does not pay! The loss sustained by society, morally and financially, the sorrow and suffering, the misery and destitution, produced and augmented, and what is infinitely a greater consideration than all else, the destruction of soul and body, the inevitable result of using and trafficing in intoxicating liquors—these all attest the truthfulness of the verdict—it does not pay! Reader, it does pay to lend a temperate life; to be an honest and upright citizen; to exert a pure and holy influence upon mankind and to honor God by a righteous use of all. His gifts. We beseech you, then, for your own soul's sake, and for the sake of suffering humanity, "touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing."—*Saratoga Eagle.*

Temperance News and Notes.

The Danish temperance movement has now an army of 35,000 total abstainers.

Tea drinkers are increasing in England, while liquor drinkers are decreasing.

Governor Martin says Kansas would to-day give 160,000 majority for prohibition if again submitted to the popular vote.

Fifty-two years ago Atkinson, N. H., abolished the grog-shop, and for the last ten years not a cent has been paid out for pauper support.

Mr. John Tyler, son of President Tyler, has for the ninth time been elected grand worthy patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of the State of Virginia.

The latest estimates placed Belgium at the head of the beer-drinking countries of Europe. The consumption per capita is six-tenths in excess of that of Germany.

The sum of $700,000,000 is spent annually for alcohol by the 15,000,000 drinkers of this country, and the sum of $800,000, by the 8,000,000 drinkers of Great Britain and Ireland.

The great advance in the rum power during the last few years in Egypt is indicated in some recent statistical reports from Cairo. They show that in that city there are now open over 400 liquor saloons where a few years ago there was not one.

Lately a large number of "temperance drinks" were analyzed by the chemist of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and, according to Eastern papers, the result showed not a single one free of alcohol. On the contrary, one contained 44.3 of the intoxicant, several forty per cent., and a large proportion more than twenty per cent.

The great spread of intemperance in Switzerland has led the Government to undertake the monopoly of the sale of spirits. It will raise the retail price, and from the annual profits of $2,000,000 it expects to realize, it will devote $150,000 to be spent by the cantons in efforts to repress the abuse of intoxicating drinks. The spectacle of a Government going into the liquor business would be a sad one were it not mitigated by the fact that it points out clearly that prohibitory legislation will be its natural sequence.

FREIGHT on California wine from San Francisco to New York is now $4 per hundred pounds instead of 60 cents as formerly, and many of the epicurean wine-bibbers of the East have fallen back upon the well-known champagne manufactured from the fragrant gooseberry of New Jersey.

AN INVITATION ACCEPTED.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland to Visit St. Louis in September.

A delegation of leading citizens of St. Louis, headed by the Mayor, called at the White House on Monday and extended an invitation to the President and Mrs. Cleveland to visit the Western city next fall.

The invitation was contained in a large, elegantly bound book with carved wooden covers, the carvings representing the great bridge and the principal municipal buildings of St. Louis. The clasps and edges of the book were of solid silver bearing the initials "G. C." The invitation was beautifully engrossed on satin, and is signed by over 20,000 persons.

Mayor Francis made a short address, in which he said that while the people of St. Louis would be glad and honored to receive a visit from the President at any time, it would probably afford them great pleasure if he could arrange to be in St. Louis during the Grand Army Encampment in September next. The committee, he said, desired to supplement the invitation of the Grand Army men, but if the President could not come during their encampment they would like him to come whenever he found it convenient and they would assure him a warm welcome.

The President made a brief reply in which he said that while it was absolutely impossible to anticipate the exigencies of the public service so far ahead as September, he could not now see why he should not visit St. Louis at the time indicated—about the last of September. He said therefore that he would take pleasure in accepting their kind invitation.

The committee subsequently extended invitations to members of the President's Cabinet.

BARBED WIRE FENCES.

Calvary to Aid in Enforcing the President's Proclamation.

The General Land Office has found it necessary to resort to extreme measures and has demanded of the War Department a troop of cavalry to move upon the barbed wire fence of the boundless West. Advices received in Washington from Wyoming indicate that the great cattle companies are not heeding the President's March proclamation against illegal fencing of the public domain, and absolutely refuse to remove the entangling environment of their herds. They have inclosed with each township of land which they have purchased large numbers of unoccupied alternate sections of public land. They claim the right to fence their own lands, and say they are not to blame, because the public lands are included in the inclosure. The agents of the General Land Office have repeatedly demanded that the obstructions should be removed in compliance with the proclamation, but to no purpose, and the Secretary of the Interior requested of the President the aid of the military land forces of the United States to protect persons to be sent out to cut the wire. The President has directed the Secretary of War to assign one troop of cavalry to take station at Cheyenne and act under the direction of the officials of the Land Office located at that place. It is inferred from what was said last spring by the representatives of the heaviest companies in Wyoming that they will fight sturdily for the right to keep their fences, and an encounter between the cow-boys of the companies and the cavalry forces is not improbable if this policy is pursued.

A LUNATIC'S ACT.

A Well-Known Louisiana Editor Fatally Wounded.

Mr. Busch, the overseer on the Woodland plantation, fifty miles below New Orleans, was shot a few days since and seriously, if not fatally, wounded by a crazy man named Wilson. The lunatic was armed with a double-barreled shot gun, and attacked the overseer in the field, emptying both barrels of his gun into him, breaking both of his legs. He then retired to his cabin, in which he fortified himself for a seige. Sheriff Thibaut summoned a posse to assist him in capturing the murderer. Among those who offered their services were Mr. George Osmond, late editor of the *Mascotte*; of New Orleans, and of the Plaquemine *Protector*. The party went to the man's cabin and called upon him to surrender. Williams poked the muzzle of the gun through the crack and fired, wounding Osmond fatally in the neck. The posse set fire to the cabin, and when Wilson ran out they shot him. Osmond was a man of pluck. While editor in New Orleans some months ago he was attacked by two men in his office, and killed one of the assailants—Robert Browster, State Register of Voters—wounded the other, and was himself wounded.

MILLIONS LOST.

Great Damage Caused in Michigan By Forest Fires.

The Michigan forest fires have resulted in immense losses. News from twenty-eight localities indicates diminishing fires.

At Oscers, seven miles from Houghton, 1,300 cords of wood were burned and many acres of timber destroyed. Bestman's cord-wood yard, near the village, which contained 28,000 cords, was burned.

Gillette's mill, six miles south of Marquette was surrounded by flames.

Along the line of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad west of Marquette the fires are nearly burned out from lack of fuel. Several lumber and construction camps are burned west of Michigammie. Forest fires near Calumet, Red Jacket and Houghton destroyed 40,000 cords of woods and 50,000 cedar ties. The damage is already estimated at $3,500,000, exclusive of to-day's fire at Lake Linden.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PATTI is learning to play on the zither.

GOUNOD is composing a cantata to be dedicated to the Pope.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S "Sophia" has passed its 300th consecutive representation at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.

MOZART'S piano and Haydn's baton, more recently the property of the immortal Liszt, were willed by him to the city of Vienna.

ACCORDING to the Louisiana Sunday law, liquor stores, cigar and barber shops must be closed on that day, but theatres may remain open.

MODJESKA will produce a new play next season: "The Witch," an adaptation by C. M. Rae, an English dramatist, of "Die Hexe," a German drama of six years ago.

ANTHEMS were first composed by Hilary, Bishop of Poictiers, and St. Ambrose, about the middle of the fourth century. They were introduced into the church service in 386.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S New York company has been playing with brilliant success at the Boston Museum. There was immense demand for seats for "Taming of the Shrew."

EDWIN BOOTH met his banner audience at Indianapolis. He played "Hamlet" there Thursday night, May 5, and his receipts were $4,770 from an audience of 2,119 persons. Booth was paid $2,500.

THE new Opera House at Odessa, when completed, will be one of the grandest in Europe. It will probably be opened under the management of Mr. Mapleson in the autumn. It has been erected at a cost of $1,000,000.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK, the well-known actress, a few nights ago fell down an entire flight of stairs at her hotel, in Newport, R. I., and broke an arm, besides sustaining other injuries. The accident will compel the disbanding of her company.

NEXT October Charles Dickens will begin in this country a course of public readings from the works of his father. He is about forty-five years old, with brown hair and moustache, and of nearly the same height and build as the elder Dickens, but less pronounced in dress.

SAINT-SAENS'S Opera, "Henry VIII.," was recently hissed down at its first performance at Marseilles. The manager had to ring down the curtain and announce to those who were not satisfied that they could have their money returned at the box-office if they would leave. A good many of the malcontents availed themselves of this opportunity to get their cash back, and then the performance proceeded peacefully to the end.