

Bellefonte, Pa., February 7, 1890.

A Housekeeper's Tragedy.

One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining And saw a poor woman—the picture of gloom, She glared at the mud on her doorstep, (twas raining), And this was her wail as she wielded the

Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble, And beauty will fade, and riches will flee; And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double, And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

There's too much of worriment goes to bonnet,
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you
waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts, but trouble and

In March it is mud; it's slush in December; The mid Summer breezes are loaded with dust; In Fall the leaves litter; in muggy September The wall paper rots, and the candle-sticks rust.

There are worms in cherries, and slugs in the roses, And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies; The rubbish of spiders, no mortal supposes, And ravaging roaches, and damaging flies.

lt's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven; It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine; It's plotting and plauning from ten to eleven; We scarce break our tast ere we plan how to

With grease and with grime, from corner t Forever at war, and forevere alert,
Not rest for a day, lest an enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with

Last night, in a dream, I was stationed forever On a bare little isle in the midst of thesea; My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor To sweep off the waves ere they swept over

Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it! I yield, I am helpless my fate to avert. She pulled down her sleeves, her apron she folded, Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.

Irvona, Pa.

#### AN INNOCENT BURGLAR.

"Now do lie still, Aunt Martha, and fretting to them?"

The speaker was a tall, bony woman of some 45 or 50 years, with a hard face, that expressed far more annoyance than sympathy as she shook up the pillows and arranged the covers of the bed where an older woman lay. Not a very old woman, but one whose gray hair and wrinkled cheeks told of many years' sojourn in the world.
"Bertha!" she said, in a low, plaintive voice. "I want Bertha!"

"How many times have I told you that Bertha can't be found?" "She's down stairs."

"Well, if it wouldn't try the patience of a saint to hear you! Can't you remember, Aunt Martha? Bertha ran away two years ago with that faint accents reached her, conveying apainting chap that said his name was Thornton. Goodness knows whether "I will see her!"

| Conveying the moarrassed by these numerous drafts upon his mighty store of energy, we now find him organizing the boodler's and monopolist's House of Representation. it was or not. But he made love to Bertha while he was painting her picture. I told you no good would come smirking and smiling, while he took the porch pillars, to its roof, and gain her picture and talked soft nonsense to the window. Very cautiously the sash her. He ran away with her and that was raised, the muslin curtain pushed was the end of it. Can't you rememaised, and by the dim light Bertha

"Yes, I remember! He wrote to me, and sent me a copy of the marriage lines, so I'd know he loved her true and faithful. I remember it all, Hannah! And I was mad because they'd deceived me, and wrote back an angry letter. But I did not know. I should miss her pretty face and sweet voice. She was so young, too, Hannah. Only sixteen! Not more than a child! I was too hard, too hard. But she is

here, now. Let her come to me !" All this was uttered in the faint gasping voice of one whose journey of life was fast drawing to a close. But there was no pity in the hard face, no tender- that time discovered her. ness in the harsh voice of her niece.

"I tell you she is not here!" said, roughly, "and I'm tired of your said Bertha, caressing her tenderly, "I eternal whining for her, Go to sleep!" "I can't sleep! I never sleep now! And I heard her. I heard Bertha

down stairs." "I wonder, now, if she did hear her." Hannah muttered uneasily. "It's bad now. Only luck to cross the dying. If she would leaving you." only tell me where she's put her money. Six thousand dollars in United States bonds, Lawyer Brown says he's bought | you love if he is good to you." for her, and never sold one; and they're in the house, too. I've ransacked as much as I dare, but she sleeps so lit- to you to-morrow." tle that I can't do much in the room. And there's the doctor coming every

she'll send and change her will. Partly muttering, partly thinking all this, the woman tidied the room for the night, and set the lamp on the muslin? Bring that to me, and put the hearth, before she went to her own Sitting up to watch was hard work, and Hannah Graves kept a little stimulant where she could drink unobserved. To do her justice, she seldom took much, and nodded in the arm mother, eagerly watching her follow chair beside the sick-bed pretty faith- her instructions. "Don't tell Hannah. fully. But on this night she was troub led with an uneasy conscience, and ex- Promise me! ceeded her usual allowance, falling into a deep sleep in her own room, where she had only intended to change

her dress for a loose wrapper. had close in, there had been a suppliant at the door, whose low, sweet voice had vainly pleaded for admission. The grand daughter who had run away with the artist had heard from a farmer, whe went weekly to the city, of her grandmother's illness, and had hoped for one word of torgiveness.

The farmer was a kindly man, who had before carried tidings from the cottage to the city "flat," where Marcus Thornton and his young wife lived, as poor people in great cities so often live, struggling bravely for daily bread, but sweetening the toil by strong mutual

Some time in the future the little wife was sure the paintings, that were o her like dreams of fairy land, would bring to her husband wealth and fame. She trusted him utterly, believing his was well content to take in sewing to voice answered her frightened call. save and economize what he earned by the occasional sale of a small picture, or the filling of an order to decorate some rich man's panels or walls. They were often compelled to dine on porridge, but they ate it cheerfully, and furnished the sauce by building grand castles in the air, as they handled their pewter

There was no thought of her grandmother's six thousand dollars in Bertha Thornton's mind, as she thankfully accepted the farmer's offer to take her home and see the old lady before she died. Just one word of forgiveness was all she craved, for she knew that she had been undutiful and ungrateful when she left her home in secret to follow her lover's fortunes. She was not aware that Hannah Graves had quietly burned, unopened, the many etters she had written begging torgiveness, but that they were all unanswerered convinced her that her grandmother was still angry.

She was a timid little woman, easily ed, easily frightened, and Hannah Graves had kept her outside the door without difficulty, where the farmer left her to drive to his own home.

She begged in vain to see her grandmother, her sweet voice raised in her in "blocks of-five," and manage politician earnestness till it must have penetrated of the graceless variety, big or little, to the sick-room, from which she was with more audacity and skill then any o resolutely shut out.

made no provision for her night's shelter. It was winter weather, but not intensely cold, and her dress was warm, but it was not a pleasant prespect to think of wandering about all night till contests of the last few years, naturally she could take the city train early in the morning.

She shivered as she drew her shawl closer and listened to the sounds indoors that told how carefully every door don't fret and worry all day and all and window was being barred against night. [Aunt, it is bad enough to be all her. The porch was deep and shelteraches and pains, but you must add ed from the wind, and when she wearied of walking up and down she crouched into a corner to rest.

Just over her head was the window of her grandmother's room, and Hannah, setting this window a crack open for the night, let out the sound of her own harsh voice. Just a murmur of her own grandmother's utterances reached Bertha as she listened intently, clearly and distinctly. It convinced her that the story she had told of the old lady's continued anger was untrue, and the threat that the sight of her would have fatal results was another fiction.

Again she listened intently, until she tives at Washington. was sure by the silence that the invalid All accounts agree that Boss Quay had was alone. She was young, and light, aside, and by the dim light Bertha could see that the only occupant of the room was the old woman on the bed, who murmured incessantly:

"Oh, Bertha! I was too hard, dear child! Come to your old grannie before she dies!" Softly still, for Hannah might be

near. Bertha crept over the windowsill into the room, and to the door. This she locked, whispering to herself: "I will speak to grannie, and if anybody tries to to put me out, she must

first break the door in." But there was no sound in any other invalid, whose large, eager eyes had by

"Bertha! You have come, Bertha!" "Yes, grannie, dear, dear grannie,"

am here." "But you must not stay. Hannah will kill you. She will think you want

the money.' "Oh, grannie, never mind money now. Only say you forgive me for

"With all my heart, dear child. God bless you ever, and bless the man "He is, grannie, the kindest, best

husband in the world. He shall come "Yes, dear! yes! But now listen. Go to the clothes press and pull out day, so I daren't make her mad, or the lower drawer. Quick! Now," as Bertha obeyed, "do you see on the was, a package, sewed up in strong

> drawer back. Bertha obeyed, and stood again beside the bed. "Put it in your bosom. Button your dress over it. So!' said her grand-

Don't tell anybody but your husband. "I promise, grannie."

"It is my savings for years; saved for you before I made that cruel will. It is yours, yours, darling. Hannah Earlier in the evening, before the will have the cottage and everything early darkness of a December night else, because I have not taken the will away. Dear, now go. But come tomorrow with your husband, to protect you. Go, dear. Hanna may come. Good night. God bless you, Bertha." Out again in the night air, reluct-

ant as she was to go, Bertha sped away to the railroad station, two miles away. She had unlocked the door and drew the window down before she left the house, and hurried on, only anxious to gain her home and bring her husband to receive the blessing already bestowed on herself.

the station was warm and light, but because the learning years are already the hours dragged slowly, until she was gone by .- Exchange,

on her way to the city.

The day-dawn wakened Hannah from her heavy sleep, and, conscience stricken, she hurried to her aunt. Nothing, to her eyes, had been disgenius unequalled in the wide world's array of artists. And while she waited of the midnight visitor, but the form World. for that genius to be recognized, she in hed was rigid and pulseless, and no

It was too late for any spoken words

made to the dead. Hannah Graves lives in the cottage she has inherited, and has periodical a tacks searching for the six thousand dollars in bonds, but she has never found them, although she truthfully declares there is not one inch of the cottage that has not been ransacked."

#### A Mighty Boss.

Heretofore the political boss has been a character more or less restricted in his scope. He has been content to rob a State or sack a city. He has run State Legislatures and municipal councils, or he hes worked the Court House officials in a county. But we have now a boss confined to no pent-up Utica—one, who not only feels able to run the forty-two States of the American Union, but one who is resolved to run them whether they wish to be run or not.

Mr. Matthew Stanley Quay is the boss bosses. He can raise more money for wanamakering, do a bigger business other boss that ever arose in the party As the door closed upon her and she of bosses. Beside him Platt is a pigmy heard the heavy bolt drawn it flashed and Mahone would go in his vest pockupon her for the first time that she had et. Harrison dreads him as he does contagion, but he cowers before him nevertheless. The old Senators and the old Representatives at Washington, who have won reputation in the intellectual dislike subordination to the voicele and pennless boodler who has suddenly leaped upon their backs from the local

bscurity of Pennsylvania. In his own State his eminent colleague n the Senate has sunk into insignificance, with all his prospects of re-election dependent upon the whim of his new naster. There the boss appoints State tickets, making Governors and Lieutenant Governors and Secretaries out of hand. There he runs Legislatures as puppet shows are run, and there he dispenses not only Federal and State patronage according to his royal pleasure, but he names municipal and county candidates, impartially taking under his benevolent care the cities of Philabut what Hannah said came to her delphia and Pittsburg, and any smaller ones which may chance to need attention. With all these various employments one would suppose that even this masterful boss would find it impossible to do much else; never-theless he gets time to manage local elec-tions in Louisiana, Virginia, Montana "She wants me! I am sure she will and the Dakotas, and, not in the least forgive me!" Bertha thought, as the embarrassed by these numerous drafts

more to do with the organization than of letting her rig herself out like a play-actress, and stand up for hours, a feat to scramble by the twisted vines on Pennsylvania puppets for make-weight. he found it easy to consolidate the great Eastern delegations behind Reed, who, being the candidate of the railroads, and of the monopolies generallyand of all the highly protected interests," except wool, was naturally Boss Quay's choice. He has now a Speaker own manufacture, and we are told that he is immensely delighted with him. He also chose a clerk, and in very truth met with no signal failure in his management of the Honse until, by the nee for Chaplian. The House, it is safe Legislatures. It will serve the interests unconnected with a very ardent desire to show Mr. Harrison that he could fore whom all other Republicans laid themselves prostrate. And it is more than likely, considering all of Mr. Quay's achievements in the last year, that he will succeed before another year leg. goes by in reducing Mr. Harrison and his administration to unmurmuring

subjection. In all his labors and achievements there is one manifest duty which Mr. Quay appears to have overlooked entirley. He has failed wholly to represent Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. If he has performed floor, underneath where the drawer any public services whatever, if he has done anything in behalf of his State is merely one of courtesy, but won his or his country, the record has colonelcy by hard fighting. He was, failed to make any mention in fact, a famous officer of the law—one of it. In mitigation, however, it of those Rocky Mountain sheriffs, whose should be remembered that boss a in ac- courage and straight shooting have done tual business can have no time for the so much to civilize the Wild West. discharge of a public trust .- New York Globe.

# Overcrowding of the Professions.

The cry of "We've got no work to do," which goes up in ever increasing volume from professional men, is not confined to this country. Professor sive manner and fidelity to any work he Lexis, of Gottingen, has carefully pre- undertook. South of Fort Benton the pared some statistics which show that at his own university there are just Helena, Deer Lodge and Butte City twice as many students preparing for mines of extraordinary richness were be any chance of being able to practice them. The overcrowding of the pro- horse thieves raled in Butte city. Henfessions in every civilized country is ry Plumer, a religious sheriff, commandlikely to continue a growing grievance. A man on whose education and trainexpect it to bear interest in the shape of a livelihood. To fall back on business only because professional work is not forthcoming generally means equal There was a train at daybreak and failure in the new walk in life, simply

The Suez Canal.

A Ditch in the Desert About a Hun dred Miles Long.

This canal is only 100 miles long, says a letter from Egypt to the New World. It is only one-twelfth the length of the Red Sea, into which it conducts the waters of the Mediterranean, and these two bodies of water of forgiveness when Marcus Thornton are nearly of the same level. They now stood with his wife beside the still, flow into one another without locks, and cold form, but Bertha knew that she the canal is well described as a ditch in was pardoned, and she kept her promise the desert. This ditch is about 300 feet wide at the top and 150 feet wide at the bottom, and the water within it is as quiet as a mill pond. It is of beautiful sea-green and the contrast of this color with the bare yellow sands which line the banks of the canal makes it citizens allover the territory organized, wonderfully beautiful. The canal is so and Beidler was made chief officer. He narrow that ships can pass only at certain points, and the management govern these passages just as the train dispatchers regulate the passage of trains terror to evil-doers and ruffians, who fear upon our trunk lines. There are, from time to time, through the canal wider spaces where the ships must turn in while others, which have the right of way, may pass them, and at a distance these ships seem to be walking, as it were, in single file through the desert. They are not allowed to go over five miles an hour, and this is largely due to the depth of the canal. Its average depth is about twenty-four feet, and many of the ships which pass through are more than twenty feet deep in the water. There is so little water under the bottom that there can be no great The banks of this canal are of dry and

others by a network of twigs like the jetties of the Missississippi. It cost nearly \$100,000,000 to build the canal, waters of the Mediterranean flowed in- blown off. to long, natural lakes, and these requirwhich were carried on the back of camand this was kept up for five year. At from the Nile to Ismaillia, and there is and Suez was very expensive and I cumulations of sand and mud and which form the navagable entrance to the can-These piers are made of artificial was brought here from France and the stones are made to throw into the sea. Each stone weighed twenty tons and it took 25,000 of these massive rocks to and monopolist's House of Representation of this foundation the piers were

# The Clothing of Babies.

lest as long as the natural article.

Although I own that children are now nore sensibly glothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low necked, short sleeved, short coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body--viz., the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which it is most important to keep from variations of temperature, are providence of God, a blind preacher exposed, and the child is rendered liable was raised up to beat the caucus nomitocolds, coughs and lung diseases on the one hand and bowel complaint on the to say, is under the absolute control of ther. What little there is of the dress the boss. He will do with it the sort of is chiefly composed of open work and things he has done with Pennsylvania embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, part of the house as she drew near the of the money power with zeal and fideli- and the socks accompanying such a dress ty. The great corporations represented by Mr. Quay and which have helped him to elevate Mr. Reed will suffer nothing. It is possible that Mr. Quay's and would much rather behold them ambition to organize the House, and to comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. possess it as a personal appanage, was not If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg, that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it not safely disregard the great boss, be- lie in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare; and, from the artistic point of view, a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red JESSIE O. WALLER.

> The Career of a Brave Pennsylvanian. How Colonel Beidler Became a Terror

> > to Evil-deers in Montana.

Col. John X. Beidler was buried at Helena, Montana, on Sunday last. He was not one of those whose military title

John X. Beidler was a poor basket maker in Franklin county, near Chambersburg, Pa. He was a quiet youth, and gave no indications of a pugnacious disposition. But seeking to improve his condition about 1860, he went West, and in 1861 located near Fort Benton, on the head water of the Missouri. Here he made friends by his quiet, unobtrucountry was in a chaotic state. About the various professions as they have ing developed, but every man carried his life in his hands. Murderers and ed a gang who held up the stages, kill-

ing the passengers and attacking the ing a certain amount of capital has frieght trains that were the only means been expended may not unreasonably of transportation at the time. Plumer was a jolly fellow and everybody's friend, but one morning about dawn Butterfield's stage was hailed a few miles from Butte and a volley of bullets fired of chiropodists' bills, going out once a into it, killing the driver and all the month instead of twice a week to have passengers but one German, who suc- my feet treated, while doing twice as ceeded in getting into the brush, and much walking as customary.

hid himself in an old prospect hole.

Here to his amazement he heard a voice he knew well, telling the outlaws 'to hunt up the Dutchman, as dead men tell no tales." He was a neighbor of Plumer and recognized him. Finally the road agent left and a few hour after a party of citizens found the German and heard his story. Beidler was one of the party, and he advised immediate action. Inside of three hours he had covered Plumer with his pistol in his own house, just as he was saying grace at his breakfast-table. A strong party of citizens swept the saloons and secured a number of well-known local ruffians, and by three o'clock, in Sampson's mule corral, dangled a dozen bodies, Plumer

being hanged first. And now the war commenced. The was a little, round shouldered fellow, el no one else, made tracks when it was known that "X" was in the neighborhood. By this title he was known from the British border to the Mexican lines.

In 1863 a murder was committed that aroused the entire community. Henry McCutcheon was a prominent merchant and extensive frieghter in Bannock City. He determined to remove his business to Helena, and so was imprudent as to let it be known that he would send \$26,000 in

specie by the next train. A Frenchman named Fontaine, a barber by trade and a desperate ruffian, made up a party to rob the train, and about thirty miles North of the city the attack was made in the early morning, thirsty sand. In some places they are and every man save one murdered. kept back by pavements of stone and at Fontaine had told this man, who escaped, not to travel with the train as friendly caution, and as he fired a bullet into his body, exclaimed "You and in some places the channel had to be cut through solid rocks. In others Cutcheon's body was found in a neighthere was a little dredging needed. The boring ravine with his head fairly

The outlaws divided their plunder ed but little excavation to make them and departed. Fontaine determined to deep enough for the transit of ships.

One of the great problems in making the canal was fresh water for the workmen. The work was begun in 1858, and the ruler of Egypt provided 27,000 through the mountains, and, after a laborers. They were relieved every three months, but it was necessary to feed them. It took 4,000 water casks, that he was ahead of his man, and soon he heard the hoofbeats of a horse on the els, to supply them with drinking water rocky road. When the outlaw turned the point he found his pursuer, pistol in the end of that time a fresh-water canal hand, ready. He was a hardy ruffian, was arranged so that water was carried and at once drew his weapon, but dropped from his horse with a ball through now a pipe which runs the whole length of the canal and which carries fresh water from one end of it to the other. The who in an hour rode up. Fontaine was work of preparing harbors at Port Said still living. He told who were his associates and then died. The body was took a look at the piers at Port Said, which are intended to ward off the actuary thrown into the canon, and the posse reals. Inside of a month every one was hunted down and killed. Beidler was made sheriff of Bannock, and inside of stone composed of desert sand and cement. The machinery to make them outlaws. He generally went alone and outlaws. He generally went alone and kept his own counsel, and more than once rode into Bannock leading some noted desperado handcuffed to his saddle before people knew that he had

> for twenty years. Only once hurt. A man named McKay, a Nova Scotian, had robbed the Helena stage and mail. He was utterly fearless, and had on more than one occasion beat the local officials by sheer grit and good shooting. He sent word to "X" that he would be at a certain place at a given time, and defied the marshal to take "X" knew his man, and day behim. fore, he was hidden in a stable near the place, a small mining town of three or four houses in a wild part of the mountains. True to his promise McKay rode up to the one saloon in the place, and asked for "X." He was told that no such a person was there. He started for the stable with his horse, and found himself covered by a pistol, and heard a summon to surrender. He was a master of his weapon, and fired at once, sending a bullet through "X's" shoulder and drop-

ping dead from a shot through the eye. It is no exaggeration to say that the courage and resolution of this quiet Pennsylvania "Dutchman" did more to vindicate the law in Montara than all other influences combined. He was, moreover, an honest man modest in demeanor, and for twenty years a constant member of the Methodist Church.

# An Animal of Bad Repute.

Witches in all ages have been reported to assume the guise of black cats and the evil one appears also to have been partial to this materialized semblance, says the London Standard. When Shakespere made it the familiar of the weird women, and its mewings one of their omens, he simply gave utterance to a superstition universally credited in his day. Some of these old wives' stories about the animal still linger in Europe though others appear to have happily died out. Thus, the notion of angry cats eating (o 1, which is mentioned in Fletcher's "Bonduca" and other contemporary plays, can be no longer traced in current folklore.

In the most benighted of rural parts the rustics no longer, as they did in Shakespeare's time, shoot at cats in wooden bottles or in baskets, and feelings of humanity have long since exterminated every trace of the cruel sport, the nature of which is remembered by the phrase of "Whipping the cat at Abington." It is unfortunate that the belief which has encouraged mcre cruelty toward cats than any other-except, indeed, the notion that witches possess them-is still persistent. This is what old Trustler calls the "conceit of a cat having nine lives." For this "hath cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them.'

-Much foot sensitiveness co uld 1 removed by a daily regular resting of them in cool water. This simple duty them in cool water. which could be utilized as a short-reading time, which obviates much distress, is certainly worth performing. I found this out last summer by taking swimming lessons. I really saved the value

#### Boa Constriction Takes Its Fook.

Did you ever see a snake swallow a rabbit? asks a writer in the New York Sun. No? Well, perhaps it is just as well for you that you haven't. You would be apt to think it over too much afterward, when the recollection would not be altogether a pleasant one. But the reporter saw it recently and here is the way of it: The side of the box in which the snakes were kept was removed and two little white rabbits were dropped in.

If it isn't a pretty picture it is a very true one, and in real life was mighty in-

teresting, too,
The snake was a boa constrictor eleven feet long. He had made his last meal about two months ago and was getting a trifle hungry, so his owner decided yesterday to give him something to eat. No, that is wrong; it should read to give her something to eat. For-for some unexplained reason—those who handle big snakes always speak of them in the faminine gender. They do this without any regard to the snake's sex. Be that as it may, however, it was decided to give the snake a square meal vesterday, and, as a boa will not eat any thing unless "she kills it 'herself first, it was necessary to provide a live animal for her. Rabbits being soft, tender, easily-digested animals, and also cheap, are generally chosen to feed the boas and pythons which are kept in captivity here until there is a call for them by some "snake-charmer." It was a very young and inexperienced rabbit that was chosen to feed the big boa yesterday. The snake was in a dry-goods box, where she had been put to be fed. The little white, innocent rabbit was lifted from its cage by its long ears and dropped gently into the box with the snake. He had never seen a snake before in his brief experience, and was not at all frightened. He went up to the boa and smelled her and walked over her, and seemed inclined to make friends with her. The boa did not seem to notice the rabbit at first.

When she did see him she at once coiled herself and drew back her head preparatory to the vicious bite with which the snakes grab their victims. One often reads of the way that snakes charm rabbits and birds before they capture and eat them, and the reporter stood up alongside the box and looked in to see the interesting performance for himself. But he didn't see any thing of the sort. The rabbit was not charmed in the least. He did not tremble and rivet his eyes on the glittering little black beads in the snake's head. He did not seem to take in his position. From his actions he evidently thought that he was destined to live to a good

old age. Suddenly there was a dart of the boa's head forward and her cruel jaws, armed with rows of needle-like teeth, closed with a snap on the little rabbit's head. The movement was so sudden and rapid that it was difficult to follow it with the eye. The rabbit gave one little squeak, but as quick as thought the boa had wound fold after fold of its length about it's victim's body, and was squeezing it with deadly force. There was no more breath left in the rabbit's body. Pracform the bases of these piers. On the top of this foundation the piers were built and the artificial stone, I am told, States Marshal, and held the position

States Marshal, and held the position

He struggled convulsively for a moment. was he it is true, but it was merely muscular

contraction, not done or

It must have been fully five minutes before the snake again showed any signs of being alive, so still and motionless Then she relaxed the terrible was she. pressure of her coils a little and began the act proper of swallowing. This was performed in a very peculiar way. It did not seem like swallowing so much as it did like absorbing. The snake just drew herself over the rabbit as a glove is drawn on over a hand, and as she did so her jaws stretched wider and wider until it seemed that they must part at the place where they joined together. It is marvelous how much a boa constrictor's jaws and neck can stretch without tearing apart. Wider and wider stretched those jaws and less could be seen of the rabbit as he was gradually enveloped. At last, after about fifteen minutes had passed in this way, nothing but the hind feet of the rabbit could be seen. Then these, too, disappeared, and, with a convulsive movement of the snake's body near the head, the swallowing process was completed. It took only about ten minutes more for the lump caused by the rabbit's body to pass down the snake from her head to about eighteen inches below it. Then she crawled over into a corner and coiled herself up to digest her meal. This will take her a week or two.

\_"FAT MEN," said a well known New York physician, "are the most gullible creatures of earth. No end of medicine sharps have made big fortunes purely by the manner in which they have preyed upon the prejudices of men who convey superfluous flesh around with them, and there would seem to be absolutely no nostrum too nonsensical or absurd for a fat man to reject. The merest tyro in matters relating to hygiene knows perfectly well that the only resonable way for a man of abundant flesh to reduce himself is by exercise. Then, as he grows thinner, his mucles harden and he increases in strength, but inordinate fat predisposes a man to inertia and languor, and so fat men try to reduce themselves by medicines and medical remedies of various sorts. They succeed in wrecking their gestive powers, and that is about all. Most of them are big and strong enough to protect themselves in a physical sense, but they are veritable children when they come in contact with quack doctors.

-A woman can get more bundles together in half a day's shopping than a man can carry, and she can buy goods ten per cent. cheaper than he can, because, in the first place, she always asks everybody what they paid for everything, and is thoroughly posted prices; and, in the second place, she nas the infinite patience to stand and talk to the clerks, and wheedle, and coax, and bargain, until, in the sheer desperation of utter soul-weariness, they take off two cents a yard, and think themselves lucky to escape so well.

--- "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." There's some consolation for the sinner, any way.