#### THE RIVER ROAD.

Always the river road is green With grass that waves and trees that lean; Always the ferns grow thickest there, And faint prefumes fill the air; And little care I for the load

If I may walk the river road. For rippling down a silver tide, The stately river floweth wide; And evermore its full cups be Borne onward to the brimming sea; And never shuts the sea its door,

It woes the river evermor I loiter near the river's bend, Across the loops a stone I send; The river turns and twists and strays, Much like a little child that plays; Now broad, now narrow, everywhere Serene and strong and deep and fair

Besides it lovers linger, fain To listen to its sweet refrain; And mothers sometimes sit and dream And watch the waters fade and gleam; Who will may rest from toil and task And in God's blessed sunlight bask. If but they'll bring the weary load, And walk beside the river road. -Margaret E. Sangster

### EARLY DIAMONDS.

Safe enough now in the towns with the police and watchful care taken. Besides things are so altered since then. Where men went in pairs or some half dozen together hunting diamonds with a pick and shovel, you have great companies with their hundreds or thousands of workpeople, black as well as white, electric light, steam engines, trams and miles of underground

workings. It was a curious case. I was out there working like a nigger along with about a dozen parties, suffering from the double thirst of want of water in the day time, and

of more diamonds at night.

They all had the same complaint, and we were toiling away so as to get a little fortune out of the diamondiferous soil before it was farther known, and there was a

It was bad enough as it was, and getting worse week by week. When I and my brother first lit upon the place we found only two there. Wilson and Crammond, only two there. Wilson and Crammond, with their bit of a tent, and very sour they seemed, when we came upon them, just after I had literally kicked up a diamond

worth at least twenty pounds.

My brother was with me, and when we walked up to them Crammond nodded with scowling look, and asked if we were going

prospecting farther on.
"Because if you are," he said, "and find a decent spot, and will do the right thing, one of you come back and fetch us; we'll back you up, make a little company of it, and keep it to ourselves, dodging so as to

keep away a rush."
"I'm willing," I said, quietly, "but why not do it here?" Here?" he said with a laugh. "Hear

"Here?" he said with a laugh. Hear that, Jack? You may slave as long as you like and you'll do no good here. We're going to try for another day or two, and then going somewhere else."

"More fool you," I said, looking him straight in the eyes. "Better do as we do, and stop here.'

He looked as if he would like to take out the revolver he wore, and tried to stare "Let's get on," said my brother in

whisper.
"No," I said, "this place will do."

"Look here." said our friend. "I'm not going to stand any nonsense. We settled down here, and we're not going to take a pack of loafers squatting close to us, so if you two want to keep whole skins you'd

"Be quiet, Crammond," said the other, "they've as good a right here as we have. There's room enough for all." 'You're a cursed fool," cried Cram-

mond "Perhaps so, but I can play fair," cried the other. Then, turning to me, "look here, sir, it is a good place, and you two

are as lucky as we are in finding it out."

"You idiot," growled Crammond.

"Be quiet, Sam," cried the other, and he continued to us: "All we ask is that you play fair. Take up your claim at a decent distance, and help us to keep the place snug so as to get all we can before the rush."

"Agreed," I said. "How have you done?"

"Very fairly."

"Then it won't be right to ask to start with you," I said.
"No," he replied, "work for yourselves. We'll work for ourselves, and all take it in turns to tramp back to get the prog. There's a water-hole just at the back of that kopje; so now we'll start fair.''

We did. My brother and I found a nook water the great remains a life and a few area.

under the great granite cliff, and after congratulating ourselves upon our luck, and comparing our present quarters with my chambers in Middle Temple Lane, where I could get no briefs and seemed likely to starve, we fell asleep under the cool Afric star-spangled heavens, and enjoyed a thorough restful night.

For two months we four worked away there, getting diamonds at a wonderful rate, and taking it in turns to tramp to the rate, and taking it in turns to tramp to the nearest settlement to buy food—and precious dear it was. But we did not mind. Crammond and his partner, who were friendly enough now, were doing wonderfully, as Wilson more than once hinted, while my brother and I saw a fortune to take back to London at the end of a year or two and worked like slaves.

or two, and worked like slaves. I liked Wilson, and my brother took to him as well, for he was a gentleman, though he never opened out about his early life.

But that was nothing to us.

One day we had been literally broiling there, the sun being reflected from the great granite cliffs in a way that would have been unbearable if it had not been for the diamonds which we kept on adding to those in our leather bag. Crammond had to take his turn to fetch necessaries, and just before sunset, he came back to camp toiling under his load, and threw it down swearing that he would do it no more.

'We must get a nigger," he growled, "and send him."

"And left everybody know where we are," I said. "No, I'd sooner do all the carrying myself. We've kept it secret so far, and it's every man for himself." Crammond attered a fierce oath and snatched up his revolver to aim at a crouching figure fifty yards away, but I knocked

up the weapon.
"All over," said Wilson. "You can hire as many Kaffirs as you like now. Crammond, for we shall be rushed to-morrow. Better mark out our claims."

In one respect the game was up, for one of the men at the nearest diggings had

mond, and the very next morning twenty more were close by us. Then others came

till the camp grew busy and a couple of stores were set up, so that there was no need to waste time in fetching provisions.

It was vexatious, but we knew from the beginning that we could not keep the segret long from the sharp eyes of many ancret long from the sharp eyes of many another diamond seeker, and all we could do was to congratulate ourselves upon the good start we had had, and go on collecting as well as we could

How that place grew and how well every one did! Quite a sheet-iron and canvas one did! Quite a sheet-iron and canvas town began to spring up, and somehow in the effort to keep something like order, I found myself chosen, on account of my legal knowledge, as the one to settle pretty well all the disputes, and as there were plenty of good fellows who meant to stand against rowdyism, and ready to back me up, my word soon became law.

up, my word soon became law.

Crammond did not like it, and he was not above showing jealousy, but, as my brother Dick said, we did not care for Crammond though we liked his partner, so

he might go and hang.

And so the time went while we worked, fought those who wanted to have their own way and make the place a pandemonium, stored up our diamonds, and waited for the time when the government would come up our road and relieve us of the responsiblity

of keeping order.

I never professed to understand doctoring, but when we went up from the Cape upon our long wanderings I took the precaution of providing myself with a few medicaments sufficient for our own use, and it naturally fell about that as we were a hundred miles from a doctor, I helped one fellow with pills, another with chlo-rodne, and staved off fever in several cases with doses of quinine.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, says the proverb, and I dare say in my case a doctor would have endorsed the saying. But I never found it so, and I know that as I was cautious I did a deal of good, the consequence being that unsought and unwished for, I found myself besieged and had to get quite a little store of simple medicines, while in those days, if anyone had been rash enough to assert that I was not a good doctor he would have got into serious trouble with my many grateful

One day Crammond came to my tent.
"Wish you'd come on and see Wilson,"
e said; "he's down with fever, I think." "All right, I'll come on," I said, and I followed him to his quarters, and found Wilson with his pulse jumping away nineteen to the dozen. I knew enough to see that he was in a bad way, but it was your humble servant for doctor or none at all, and I set to work doing all I knew, with the result that by degrees the delirium left him, and he began to know me, but he saved him.

was weak as any rat. I was a good deal puzzled over his symptoms for they were fresh to me, but my treatment did him good, and sometimes I grew hopeful, but only for my hopes to be dashed again, for the poor fellow fluctuated terribly

"You'll pull him through, won't you?"

said my brother.
"I begin to be afraid not, Dick," I said, sadly. "I wish to heaven Crammond would get a regular doctor up for him, cost what it might !"

'Why don't you tell him so?" he said. "I have, over and over again."
"What did he say?"

"Bosh ! If you can't put him right, no 'That's bad. Tell poor Wilson yourself."

"I dare not," I said. "It would have want to talk to him more alone, but Crammond is always with him. 'That's bad, too," said Dick.

"Why do you say that?" I asked,

sharply.
"Because I've been several times to significant the several distance of the several distance with the poor fellow, and Crammond will never leave us together. I say it's awful for a poor fellow to be dying in this outof-the-way place just when he has been

"Horrible," I assented, "You think they have done well?" 'I am sure of it," said Dick, 'but Cram mond is as close as an oyster, and Wilson daren't speak before him. I thought once

that he wanted to confide in me.' I stared hard at my brother, and his words set me thinking, and that evening after going and seeing poor Wilson I thought more as I saw his glaring, sunker eyes, his hollow cheeks, and the piteous wistful look he gave me as if he wanted to

say something, but could not because his partner was there watching us intently. "Better to-night, isn't he?" said Crammond; but I did not answer his question, and walked away to go back to my ten

and light my pipe and think, wishing the while that I had a hundred times the knowledge I possessed, while my brother lay fast asleep in his bunk.

Then in the stlence and darkness my brain grew very busy. I knew that the

poor fellow was getting worse, for though one day my treatment stopped the horri-ble pain and loss which was weakening him so fearfully, the next he was bad as ever again, and then all of a sudden I dropped my pipe and started so sharply that my brother woke up.
"Hullo!" he said, "not in bed. Didn't hear you come back. How's poor Wil-

"Bad as bad can be. He's dying."

"Poor old chap. I say, I was down with some of the fellows to-night while you had gone there, and they were talking about him. Someone has been saying that you don't understand the case, and that you are killing the poor fellow."

"Who said that?" I cried. "From what I could make out it mus have been Crammond."

"Crammond it was, Dick," I cried fierce ly; "and he's a cursed villain."
"Well he does look it," assented my brother. "But I suppose they are about right—you don't thoroughly understand what is the matter?"

"Yes, I do," I cried fiercely. "Wilson is being slowly poisoned, and when he dies I am to get the credit of badly treating "Bosh, old man. What cock-and-bull

onsense have you got in your head?" "What seems to me almost like a rev lation. Look here, Dick, they must have a big heap of diamonds buried under their

"Crammond found his partner turn ill, and the temptation has been too strong for him. While I have been trying to pull the poor fellow round he has been fighting against me."
"To poison him?"

"So that he may die," I cried.
"Oh, come, I say, old fellow, that's a

noticed our visits and had tracked Cram- I'll have poor Wilson brought here and a committee shall take possession of their pile, and divide it, so that Wilson's half share shall be held by our best men for him. Crammond is playing a double

"Phew !" whistled Dick. "But, I say, old lad, mind what you are doing. Cram-

old lad, mind what you are doing. Crammond's a dangerous chap."
"So am I when my blood's up," I said sternly. "That man is a scoundrel I am sure, and poor Wilson is afraid of him now he is so bad. Yes, I'll have matters put right to-morrow at any risk. As soon as I wake in the morning I'll go on there and

"And I'll reload my revolver, and go with you, old man. Crammond shoot you in the back if I'm there." Crammond shan't

He dropped off to sleep soon after, and I sat thinking till close upon daylight, when I lay down, and what seemed to me the next minute Dick laid his hand upon my shoulder.
"Hadn't you hetter wake up,old chap?"

he said.

I started into wakefulness and sat up, staring. .
"What is it?" I said, confusedly. 'What time is it?"

"I don't know. Getting on for noon, should say."

"Great heavens!" I cried, hurriedly, running out to the bucket which formed our toilet service. "You should have woke

"I didn't wake myself," he replied. "You see, we sat up talking horrors all the

night." Ten minutes later we were on our way to the sick man's tent. It was a glorious morning, and save at the store tents and shanties no one was about, the men being at their diggings,

working away for dear life. "Seems hard for a young man to go out on a day like this," said Dick, suddenly, as we made our way off to where the tent lay in rather a solitary spot, the fresh comers having picked their claims farther and farther away up toward the rocks.
"Don't talk," I said, huskily. "I am

terribly late." We looked round, saw no sign of him, replied my brother, "look yonder. Old Crammond don't seem to be at the tent." For a wonder he was not, his custom for the past fortnight having been to hang about the tent door as if keeping guard over his

partner. We looked round, saw no sign of him, and concluded that perhaps he was asleep, and upon entering the tent there he lay on one side soundly asleep, while poor Wilson lay on the other.
"Dead!" whispered Dick, as we paused

at the entrance, and a sensation of misery and despair came over me, as I felt that

I went in with the interior all in a soft glow, as the sun fell upon the canvas, and I bent over my patient, whose face looked terrible, when to my astonishment the eyes opened, glared at me, and then a look of recognition came into them.
"Thank God, you have come!"

moaned. "What a night?" "I've come, and I'm not going to leave you," I said. "Look here, Wilson, I fully understand your case now, and I'm going to cure you, so try and hold up, man, and

"Yes," he said, feebly, and then he smiled, as my brother stood between us and Crammoud ready to interpose the mo-

ment he woke up and interfered. That he had been drinking was evident, for there was a bottle and a pannikin upon a box close to the rough pallet on which he lay, apparently utterly stupefied by the fumes of the potent whisky sold at the

"Come. I like that." I said. "You are

certainly better this morning. I have come to have you carried up to my tent."

"No," he said, feebly, "take him, Listen," he whispered as he got hold of my flannel shirt with his thin fingers: "I have been nearly sure of it for a week now, last night I crawled out of my bed and tried-" I laid my hand upon his head, but it

was comparatively cool. "I know what I'm saying," he whisper ed. "and I've proved it.

"He has been poisoning me slowly for

weeks now." I started round to look at my brother and we faced the boards then upon which Crammond lay, but he did not stir. "He thought I should die from my ill-

ness, but you were saving me, and then he began. It was for the diamonds. So many —I wouldn't believe it, but it was always so. The water tasted so. He gave it to me, and it burned."

Still Crammond did not stir. "But you would not let me die, and last night I saw him put something in the pannikin that he put by me so that I could drink in the night. He was tired of waiting, and he meant me to die. He did not know I was watching him, and as soon as he went out of the tent I thought I would try whether I was misjudging him.' I turned from the speaker to glance at

my brother once more, and then Wilson "I fainted at the first try, but I managed it at last. I crawled to his side and changed the pannikin, leaving mine on the box, and drank half of his and crept back half

"Then he came in and looked at me with a bottle in his hand, and as he went back to the box I felt ready to call out to him, but something seemed to say 'It is all your fancy,' and I lay watching him as he poured some whisky iuto his pannikin, drank, then poured in more, and drained the

whole My brother staggered to the door to ge

the fresh air, and Wilson went on.
"All my fancy, I said to myself," he whispered—"a sick man's fancy. Poor old Crammond, he's rough but true. Let him keep the diamonds. He said he would re-member my people at home. There he has been sleeping ever since," continued Wilson, with a meaning look. "You had bet-

ter wake him now.' For a few moments I could not stir; then making an effort I rose from where I knelt and crossed to where Crammond lay upon

Stone dead A month later Wilson was about, rapidly growing strong, and he joined us in our tent, bringing with him the riches that they had earned by constant work. "Yours, old fellow," I said to him one

evening when he was talking about them, "by all the rights of possession. There is no one to say nay."—By George Manville Penn in Evening Bulletin.

One of the most curious mines that are worked is in Tonkin, China, where in a sand formation at a depth of from 14 to 20 erious thing to say."

"I don't care, I'm sure of it," I insisted. "To-morrow morning if I find his appearance confirms what I think, I'll call a meeting and get the men to back me up.

sand formation at a depth of from 14 to 20 feet there is a deposit of the stems of trees. The Chinese work this mine for the timber, which is found in good condition and is used in making coffins, troughs and for carving and other purposes.

#### The Ways of Snakes.

This Country is Well Stocked With a Goodly of those Whose Bites Mean Almost Certain Death. Some of the Strange Ones.

That snakes are rapidly increasing in value as a regular mercantile commodity is a fact which may be unknown to the majority of persons, but is none the less true, and while no signs of a snake trust have yet developed, the profits in the business of gathering and selling snakes

are said to be considerable. Not only are large and perfect specimens of nearly every species of value to museums and zoological gardens, but even the ordinary, everyday snake, from rattlers to garter snakes and water moccasins, have a value which is increasing. Rattlesnakes are particularly valuable, and a good specimen now will readily bring from \$2

to \$20. Oil which is taken from the smaller snakes is the chief product of value sought from reptiles nowadays, but the larger reptiles are sought after on account of the value of their skins as covering for pockethooks and card cases, now a fad in certain sections of the country. Physicians also pay good prices for snakes and the study of poison secreted by certain rep-tiles is already an interesting science.

Poisons are extracted from snakes many doctors, and animals inoculated with the virus. The effects are then studied and it is hoped before long not only to discover an antidote for snake bite, also to prove that snake virus is an antidote for certain diseases and affec-

tions. When it is considered that Dr. Weir Mitchell, an author and well-known physician, has sometimes as many as 1,000 snakes in his laboratory at once. It can be seen that the demand of physicians for reptiles is apt to effect the price of scarce varieties, says the St. Louis "Republic". The various museums and zoological gardens are also heavy customers of those

who traffic in snakes as a business For various reasons poisonous snakes are much less common than they were at one time. Still, there are enough to make things interesting in many localities. In Western Texas ranchers' families living in sod huts look under the bed daily for prairie rattlers and only sleep secure under a mosquito net canopy.

### POISONOUS NATIVE SNAKES.

The poisonous snakes of the United States are the rattler, copperhead, moccasin and coral snake. The first three belong all to the same family—the cratali-dae, and their poisons, so far as known, are similiar. The coral or harlequin snake is found only in the South, and its venom very much resembles that of the deadly East India cobra. He is brightly banded, small, harmless looking, but very vicious. No certain remedy is known for the bite of any of these snakes. Whisky and strychnine, given in doses large enough often to produce convulsions, are usually most effective. Very much depends upon the constitution of the person bitten, and upon the portion of the body that the snake's fangs strike. In general, ninetenths of the persons bitten by these snakes die. All this goes to prove, of course, that snake hunting is a real sport, inasmuch as the hunted sometimes gets back

at the hunter.
A rattlesnake is fairly easy to capture because he is consummately brave, never runs from an enemy, and his warning rattle is unmistakable. Skirt the borders of a palmetto thicket any day and watch the wavering shadows of the foliage on the ground. Presently these shadows, if you watch sharply, seem to dart ahead in a straight line, with a brassy whirr coming The darting line from somewhere around. is a diamond-backed rattler, with curiously marked skin an exact imitation of the palmetto shade. The diamond-backed is the most deadly of his tribe. In the West the varieties of rattlers there found inhabit barren, rocky, places, and the tall grass of prairies. Just now the rattlesnake is hunted mercilessly, for he is valuable to the medical man for his toxines and to the naturalist because out of the 11 varieties in the United States the habits and looks of not more than five are well

In spite of their deadly poison, the hunting of venomous snakes is not any more dangerous than the hunting of boars, tigers or lions in India. The reason is that no snake, except the coral, is likely to attack without provocation. The danger to students of snakes is all in the familiarity

#### bred by close acquaintance. HANDLING THE REPTILES.

For example, less than a year ago, Prof. Percy Selouse, of Michigan, well-known naturalist and a cousin of the African explorer and scientist of the same name, was killed by the bite of a pet moccasin. Prof. Selouse was in the habit of taking the snake to bed with him on cold nights to keep it warm. One night he got up in the dark to put the snake back in its box. and accidently pinched the moccasin's tail in the door. It turned on him and sunk its fangs into his flesh and he died four

days afterward from the bite. Mr. Ditmar relates that one time he knocked a glass jar out of his office window and broke it—the same jar in which a rattlesnake had been kept. In gathering up the broken pieces he cut his hand slightly. For weeks afterward his life was despaired of. His hand and arm from finger tip to shoulder is to-day a mass

of terrible scars. A New York naturalist bitten by a coral nake in Florida, last year, died within 45

An attendant in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, ten years ago in trans-ferring a rattlesnake from one jar to another, was bitten on the forefinger. though every known remedy was applied, he barely escaped death. For eight years afterward, on the return of the season, the finger sloughed off to the bone. Two years ago a mysterious East India remedy was brought to him from Rangoon, India, by a friend. At the first soreness in the finger he applied the Indian herbs, and

has twice escaped the annual plague.

There are ground snakes, water snakes, sea snakes, burrowing snakes and tree snakes. But all sorts of them more or less infest each other's chosen habitat. highland moccasin, a ground snake of the purest type, can, upon occasion, swim as far and as fast as his congener, the water moccasin, although the water moccasin, after the manner of water snakes, wears his nostrils on the top of his flat head.

"A snake's tail never dies until after sundown." This is an article of rural faith. By way of re-enforcing it, it may be said that with some species of snakes, a severed head bites an hour or even two after cutting off, and further, that the headless body will often leap its own length if irritated. That is, not, however,

### SNAKES LAY EGGS.

All snakes las eggs. Some snakes hatch out their eggs before depositing them. Thus there is a distinction. The egg layers are said to be oviparous, and other ovoviviparous. Viper, indeed is derived from that reptile's supposed habit of producing its young alive. But no matter what the species, every snake egg as soon as formed begins to hatch. Thus it matters little as to when or how they are ex-truded. Barring accident, there is very sure to be a fine brood of young snakes at a very early date. While the young snakes are very small the mother snake guards them vigilantly. Upon approach of iminent danger she opens her mouth and lets her young run down her throat. The fact was for a long time disputed and reckoned only rural fable. By a comparison, tabulation and verification of actual observations, extending to more than 100 cases, it has been established beyond cav-

Pythons brood their eggs arranging them in a pryamid, and winding themselves around the pyramid in a sort of Turk's cap shape. This even is captivity. There, cap shape. This even is captivity. There, however, the eggs almost never hatch. The period of incubation is 50 odd days, throughout which the brooding python eats nothing, though she will drink thirstily of water or milk provided so that she may reach it without disturbing her folds.

Viper eggs are commonly linked into a sort of chain, but not invariably. Other snakes sometimes lay linked eggs, but often single ones. The size of snake eggs is strictly proportionate to that of the species. Occasionally the snake shows at-tachment to her unhatched eggs, but commonly she runs away from them at the least hint of danger so long as they are merely eggs. Occasionally scattered eggs of the larger species have been picked up and set under barnyard hens—with the result that in a week or such matter there was a lively small wriggler in the nest to terrify beyond measure the unsuspecting fowl.

A knot of water snakes swimming and playing in a clean limestone creek is a liberal education in gracious curves, and glinting color, especially water moccasins. They have copper-bronzed coats, with fine diamond-grained scales, and taper gracefully toward both extremities. They are accounted poison snakes, but their shape make against it.

#### COWARDLY SNAKES.

The puff adder gets his name from his peculiar habit of inflating himself when angry. He is an impudent fellow, with a rusty black coat, pugnacious, especially in tion of Governor Stone and thus becomes a early spring. If you trespass upon his beat he will dart at you, swelling visibly, shall make affidavit that he has owned and hissing loud and darting out his wick hissing loud and darting out his wick-ed-looking forked tongue. But he is, for all that, an arrant-coward, as blustering braggarts are apt to be. If you run he will chase you, but if you stand your ground, or make a motion to strike him he be credited by the supervisor of highways shrinks one-half and scuttles off to the of the district in which such tax is levied, ground, or make a motion to strike him he thickest cover.

Still he is not so queer as the glass snake or joint snake, of whom the bookis to say from the Carolina seaboard to the western edge of Arkansas and Missouri.

If he extends farther West the fact has not oaths. been reported. He is brown, a sort of earth brown with a deep blacking brown stripe down the middle of his back. His coat is not scaly. Instead it is glassy smooth. He has a perfectly flat, triangu lar head, and runs with incredible swift-ness. It is almost idle to think of which fines shall be recoverable in criminal catching him in midsummer or autumn. The best time to observe his peculiar ways is early spring just as the plow turns him out into a raw March world.

At first he looks and acts like any torpid serpent. By and by, when the sun has a little enlivened him, nettle him with light blows from a keen switch, and watch what happens. At first he starts a bit, the second makes him squirm, the third sets him shivering throughout his length. Then he begins to think there must be something doing. The some-thing is to cast off a joint or so of himself, and scuttle away as best he can. If pursued he casts off other joints until only his head remains. The remnant is stout and thick. It has need to be, since into it are crowded a full set of snake vitals.

Once safe away the snake lies quiet in a bit of sunshine. Then, if there is no further alarm, he crawls back seeking the fragments of himself. He seems to follow his own trail, no matter how devious, and as soon as he comes to a cast-off joint backs himself against it, and reattaches it. This keeps up until he is made whole. Evidently the reconstruction is an exhausting process, as after it the reptile will lie perfectly still for hours, unless roughly disturbed.

In all nature's mechanism things more deft or better contrived than the provision for casting off these joints and picking them up again. The first of them, the tall tip, is, of course the smallest, At the break the end of it fits accurately within a projecting ring scale. There are further three small holes in the face of it to receive three small gristly projections from the other process. Every joint is the same. But at breaking apart they do not bleed. Indeed, there is no evidence of any sort of circulation. Yet circulation there must be, else the detachable joints could not be nourished. There are from four to seven joints in the back of the snake, varying less, according to size than to habitat. Sometimes the joint snake reaches a length of six feet. commonly he is less than three.

# Gambling.

The writer once spe at a Saturday after noon in the study of a dignitary of the church while the ecclesiastic struggled in vain to frame an argument against gambling to be presented to the congregation on the morrow. He abandoned the attempt. Far be it from a literary journal to assert powers the possession of which the professionally religious are fain to disclaim, yet with submission we even ven-ture to believe that at least one cogent and effective argument lies against all forms of gambling—one, namely, based on the truth that wealth, great or small, is a trust and therefore may not be put in

The moralist may declare that the gambler, gets, or at least wants to get, some-thing for nothing. Men will laugh. They know better. The winner gave his chance to lose for his winnings. For his losses the winner got his chance to win. But ask the speculator whether he would gamble with trust funds held by him for orphane and then suggest to him the one great truth that is seizing hold of men's conquite so strange as that the leap is made toward the irritator—as though the body could still measure distance without eyes ears or brain.

Truth that is setzing hold of men's court that is setzing hold of men'

### 25,000 Paid for Rare Birds' Eggs.

The finest ornithological collection in the world, owned by Harry G. Parker, of Rid-ley Park, near Philadelphia, was sold last week to John Lewis Clark, of New York City, for \$25,000. The collection consists of 60,000 eggs, of almost every known species of birds, and 40,000 nests. With it goes a rich variety of stuffed birds, wolf, elk, moose, tiger and deer heads, together with many rare fishes and botanical speci-

The chief value of the collection is represented in the eggs and nests. Mr. Parker has devoted almost thirty years of his life in collecting the eggs. Searching parties have explored the jungles of Africa and India and the great swamps of Florida, and months of time have been expended in locating a single egg of some rare bird.

The eggs of the great Auk, the prize of the collection, is valued at \$1800. It cannot be duplicated. The eggs of the California condor are worth \$100 each. Many others range in value from \$50 to \$75.

Every egg in the vast collection of 60,000 is perfect in shape and color. The most unique egg is that of the solitary sand piper, the only egg of this bird known to be in existence.

to be in existence.

The hardest part of the collection to secure was the full set of eggs of the white tailed kite which has its habitat in the swamps of Florida.

The most attractive portion is the 400 nests and eggs of the humming bird. Many are beautifully spotted and colored; others are snow white, and none are larger than a good-sized pea.

A set of egg from every species of the golden eagle and fishhawk are among the notable specimens, since there are only two complete sets so far secured Mr. Parker is an authority on ornith-

ology. He has contributed largely to the literature of the subject, and has given courses of lectures on his speciality in many of the leading institutions of sci-Mr. Clark, the purchaser of the collection, has now the largest and finest pri-

vate museum in the world. hired expert packers at \$10 a day to prepare the collection for shipment. Not a single egg was broken. It required four freight cars to hold all the cabinets.

## How to Save Road Tax.

New Law Which Provides Both a Rebate and Penalty for Farmers.

An act of the recent legislature, designed to secure the more general introduction of broad tired wagons, has received the sancused exclusively during the preceding year, each year after the passage of the said act, with one-fourth of the road tax levied on

the property of such person. Tenants who in any way become liable men are still incredulous. He exists, for all that, not too plentifully, to be sure, but in responsible numbers, all along the historic parallel, 36 degrees 30 minutes. This highways or its equivalent in cash. Su-

The law also provides that any person who shall use on the public roads of the state, in hauling loads of 10,000 pounds or more, any wagon with tires less than four inches in width shall be liable to a fine of any person as the suit of the common wealth before any justice of the peace.

Bananas the Breadfruit of the World. Bananas, probably the first fruit ever cultivated, possess all the essentials to the sustenance of life. More people live on bananas than live on wheat. When taken as a steady diet, they are cooked, either baked, boiled or fried. The fruit is very nourishing, as it contains so much starc

and sugar. Banana flour is highly nutritious and very valuable. The farinaceous food is so prone to undergo malfermentation in the stomach when the normal digestion is disordered that it becomes very important to seek some variety of starchy food which can be easily assimilated without the production of acid eructations of flatulence or heartburn. Therefore the flour has a decided advantage as a food for invalids. Thompson states that he has found that the finest banana flour, called "bananose," at the end of 1½ hours of pancreatic digestion was capable of developing twice as much sugar as the same quantity of oatmeal or farina and nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times as much sugar as cornstarch.

# Denmark Beats us at Butter Making

The butter of Denmark is considered superior to that of all other countries. It brings the highest price in fancy markets, and can be found all over the world in shops where luxuries are sold. In South America, South Africa, in the East and America, South Africa, in the East and West Indies, in India, Egypt and in tropical countries generally it is used by epicures, who pay \$1 a pound for it in tins of one, two and three pounds' weight. No other country has been able to produce butter that will stand changes of climate so well. In Holland and Sweden attempts are made to compete with the Danish dairymen, but the butter from these countries is worth only half as much and does not keep worth only half as much and does not keep half as well, while the efforts of dairymen in the United States have practically failed with a few isolated exceptions

# Where You Mustn't Wear a High Hat.

One of the incidents of the probable disruption of the Austrian Empire at no distant date, on the death of the present sovereign, for instance, is the antipathy of the Czechs to the high hat. To make your ap-pearance in certain parts of Bohemia in such headgear is distinctly dangerous. You will not only have it knocked off and tramped out of shape, but also stand a good chance of being knocked out of shape yourself. This hatred of the tall hat is due to

thef act that it is more commonly worn in Vienna and other German portions of the Empire than outside Germanic Austria The Czechs and the other races that make up the dominion of the Emperor Francis Joseph object to the predomination of the German and show their hatred by assailing

#### the all that and, of course, in other ways. Her First Lesson.

She was glancing over the new cook-

"Here is a splendid recipe, Arthur," she said, moving over toward his chair.
"Who is the author?" he asked, thinking all the time that she was reading a

novel. "Charlotte Russe. That is the name above the recipe."