

SIGNOR CORINI THE SNAKE CHARMER.

"No, you haven't got the rights of that story, my friend," said the retired circus man, taking a long pull and a strong pull at his pipe as he spoke and letting out the smoke gradually as though to collect and pull together his scattered thoughts; "but I can tell you the whole story from A to Z, giving the full and true particulars."

"Yes, that was the name of the show in part, but the full and unabridged title of it was Camp's Carthaginian Caracola and Corinthian Caravan of Carnivora, a sextuple combination of terms which captured the countrymen and consumed our competitors with envy, sir; but which meant nothing more than circus and menagerie combined. But what you speak of didn't happen in Boston, but in Springfield; and the man wasn't swalled by the anaconda though he was squeezed to jest a mess of jelly, and nothing else. I don't believe there was an anaconda yet that swalled a man or any other critter as big as a man. I've heard tell of 'em swallowing full-grown bucks, taking 'em down antlers and all; but all such stories is fodder for marines, and not human men of common sense, sir. Why, the swallowing of a rabbit makes their eyes bulge out like they was going on an exploring expedition, and their throats swell up till they look like a stocking you've crammed a ham into. No, sir; don't never take no stock in such yarns as them, cause you might be telling 'em some time where was somebody who knowed better, and git sot back, as it were."

But how about the man who got squeezed and done for. His perish name was Signor Corini—an Italian from Limerick of the name of Corri-gan, originally, I think—the 'Snake charmer.' But no matter what his real name was, Signor Corini the Snake charmer, looked well on the bills in big red letters; and as a snake charmer, allowing there's any such a thing as charming snakes, more'n not being afraid of 'em, the Signor was a big card with the yokels, who used to stare at him with eyes sticking out like biled onions when he was monkeying with the crawling and hate ul critters.

"Now whether he charmed the serpents or not and I don't take any stock in the charming business—it can't be denied that he was a corker with snakes of all sorts and sizes from adders to anacondas and all the inter-jit stripes from rattlers and copperheads to boa-constructors and pythons the latter being first cousins of the boas, with a strong family resemblance and both doing business in the same way, by squeezing the stuffing out of their victims; hailing, however from different latitudes, the boas hanging out in the South America and the pythons in the East Indies, which is the stamping ground of anacondas too."

"Yes Signor Corini, was a corker when it come to monkeying with snakes and no mistake. He acted jest so he liked 'em more'n he could tell, and I must say some on 'em—the snake department was largely supplied with the crawling critters—acted so they was mashed on him, while some acted indifferent like but none kicked against his attentions, as a general thing. Now and then some would not feel in the humor to be handled, you know. Snakes in course, has their gouty times same as anybody else when they don't want to be fooled with; and the most on 'em would let you and I know it quicker'n they would the signor, p'raps who did seem to have some sort of mysterious power over them the most of the time, though it might a been nothing more'n his better knowledge how to treat 'em and lack of any fear of 'em for he didn't fear none on 'em no more'n he would so many eels, or angle-worms."

Was he ever bit? Yes, and a good many times, take 'em all together, by them as pizen and them as don't, which bites from the unpizenning ones aint of no more account than goose bites would be. Its the pizen of rattlers and copperheads and some sort of adders, that you don't want to be inoculated with if whiskey aint mighty handy by, and plenty of it—and that reminds me of an old whiskey bloot who lived out in Pike County, who hunted snakes for their oil till he got to be too lazy, and who then turned tramp with a rattler in a box, hav-

ing pulled the snake's fangs out, and worked his way along through the towns till he got to New York, playing snake-bit on the tenderhearted bartenders, and scooping in all the whiskey he wanted, and more too, sometimes. The way he work'd it was this: When he felt he needed a tumbler full of whiskey to brace up on he'd pick two spots on his finger, stick his finger into his mouth and rush into a saloon with his eyes bulging and sing out, pulling his finger out of his mouth: "For God's sake, gimme some whisky, quick! I've jest been bit by a rattler here!" showing the snake and the two blood spots on his fingers, and never failing to bring the whisky, no barkeeper being so coldblooded as to refuse under such appalling circumstances you know. But he died years ago working the racket, and I have never heard of a successor getting in to fill the void."

"No, the signor didn't use whisky when a pizen snake bit him, but some secret stuff of his own, which he allus carried about his clothes. Doctors, druggists and all sorts of folks tried to get it out of him what the stuff was but it was no go. He said he'd give it to the world when he give up the snake business; but he gave that up so sudding that he didn't have time you see. It was a very sudding and pressing call he had—very pressing indeed—and owing to that, the world lost the cure for snake bites, and the 'Six C's,' as the boys called the show, for short, lost the signor—a big loss, without the slightest gain to nobody, being an exception to the general rule you know."

"Well, I can't say he was much of a favorite with any of the show people. He was a good deal more popular with his snakes than with the rest of the boys. That made the boys jealous, you s'pose, eh? Well that makes me larf right out—in course, I know it was only a joke, but the idea makes me smile all the same. No; there wasn't any jealousy about it, but I'll tell you how it was. You see the signor had worked the snake racket so long that he got to be—well the fact of the matter is, he got to be snaky like himself—that is in his movements, he would slide and skip round as softly and silently as any of his snakes; come a creeping and wriggling up into a feller afore the feller knowed he was about, and kind o' whisper to him soft as soft soap, meaning well end all that, but acting as snaky as a man can act, and being, therefore disagreeable. His hands was allus cold, and some of the boys said they felt as though a snake was crawling over 'em. I can't say as I felt like that, but all the same I don't somehow like to have him touch me—didn't like to be in close company with him, you know."

"Why the signor couldn't carry himself like a man anyhow. Did you ever see a snake humping himself through the grass? Well as near to that motion as an upright walking animal could come, did the signor come. He curved and twisted, wriggled and writhed along as full of sinuosity as the supplest snake he ever handled or that ever growed; but though he did it easily and gracefully it wasn't pleasant to look on—not to them as knowed his buz, and how intimate he was with his snakes. Not knowing that other folks wouldn't a felt queer in his company, but would a thought he was an idiot, or had the Saint Vitus' dance, and paid no more attention to him. You see, snake natur' as far as motion and soft speech went—you know, snakes don't shoot o' their mouths to and deafening extent, the hisses of the best of them not amounting to as much as the sizzle of a teakettle—had got to be second natur' with the signor, which was his misfortune, and not his fault, p'raps. So you see that, with us boys of the show, the second and snaky nature of the signor sticking out more'n his man natur', the snake charmer was no very popular, and jest on account of his snaky ways, he being a good feller enough otherwise, if you could forg them sarpat ways o' his'n, which wit couldn't do. I used to think then, and don't know but I do now, that if the signor could live a thousand years or so, and worked the snake racket all the time, he would have evolved into a snake himself; but in course, I don't know, and nobody knows. That would be evolving backwards, but it would be evolution—wouldn't it? But it wasn't to be that he was to end as a

snake—a snake putting an end to him in short metre, so to speak."

"Well the night it happened the 'Six C's' drew a good house, as they allus did in country places—Springfield was a kind of country city you know—and from the looks of the faces you'd a guessed easy enough that the crowd was gitting their money's worth, not knowing they was to git more afore the show was over, it not being on the bills and dreamed of by nobody. Salt Peter! What a awful wind up that was of a show that had been funny and interesting, pleasing and glittering, if not grand. But as the story writer says, don't let us anticipate and git into the climax afore the proper time, which would be like building a roof afore the walls was up."

"The Caracola—that is, the circus part of the show—was over, and the crowd flocked into the Carnivora or wild beast department, to see the lions and tigers put through their paces, and Signor Corini monkey with his snakes, his pets, as he called 'em—how any human critter could ever pet and make of sech crawling and hateful critters as snakes unless he had something of snake nature in him, I never could understand. Well, the 'Lion King' as he was called on the bills, the feller that interviewed the lions and other carnivorous beasts—he wasn't a marker to Senor Satanial, but then he wasn't sech a cuss, generally, which accounts for it, p'raps—had got through his interviews with eklat, as the reporters said, and to the satisfaction of all spectators; barring some p'raps which if they didn't hope something dreadful would happen, didn't know but it might, you know and had their necks craned and eyes peeled to see it, if it come off—dout you know, there's lots of folks go to dangerous shows, kalkulating on the dreadful, and wanting to be in at the death, so to speak, if it should happen? Well there is lots of 'em."

"But I was saying, the 'Lion King' had abdicated, and the 'Snake charmer' was to ascend the throne of popular favor, and he soon appeared in all his glory—don't you make no mistake that he didn't think the horrible business of his was glory, for he did, and glory with a capital G, too. He went through his regular programme, handling all sorts of snakes as fearless as you and I would handle sassage links winding some about his body and neck as we would a sash and necktie, but feasting a blamed sight prouder of his sashes and ties than we would of ours. Some he made dance, as he called it to a sound he worked out of his throat which as near as I can describe it, was a cross between a hiss and a buzz with a slight and low growl coming now and then—the strangest sound ever you heard come out of any living critter's throat."

"In course, the critters didn't get up and dance on the end of their tails or their heads come up as high as possible and darted and ducked, swung and swayed, and wriggled and writhed enough to make a fellow dizzy looking on and the signor making just such motions, too; so no one could, have told whether he was follering them or they following him. Its more'n likely though they followed his motions, for he had five or six of 'em a going to 'em, sometimes, all keeping their eyes' onto him enjoying the dance, as he used to say, and if snapping eyes wen for anything, they did seem to enjoy it."

"Finally his winding up act with the big anaconda was to come off. This monstrous reptile was in a cage big enough for the snake-charmer to show him off in, and was coiled up and asleep when the Signor intruded upon him; As the critter hadn't had a square meal in two or three months, and had been kind o' lively that day, as though exercising for a lunch some of the boys thought the Signor was chancing it heavy to tackle him, and told him so; but he wasn't to be told anything about his biz, you know, and went into the cage as usual."

"The first thing he did—and the last he ever did—was to take Mr. Anaconda's head in his hands and pull it up on his shoulder the snake hanging over his back, and wasn't on the floor. And there he stood looking happy at spectators, with the head of the snake alongside o' his'n the critters red mouth open and his pitch fork tongue running out, and his eyes snapping like beads of fire. It was a pictur' that made a fellow shiver

but I couldn't help looking at it some how."

"This tableau lasted only a second or two, when it gave way to lightning like and kaleidoscope flashing of yellor and black, which the quickest eye couldn't have told the cause of—it was confusion that sight couldn't foller you see. But everybody know what it was in a second, when came a dull thud, and the anaconda lay like a monstrous corkscrew on the floor with the Snake-charmer to his coils, with only his head and feet sticking out and his face sealed."

"It was awful, but it was awfuller when the horrid monster drew his coils tighter and tighter, the people heard the poor fellow's bones crack and crush, and saw the blood gush out of his mouth and his nose, his ears and his eyes—you see the blood was all squeezed up into his head and had to come out somewhere—and worst of all when they saw his eyeballs forced out of their sockets with the blood, and his tongue to its roots, and all covered with blood, squeezed out of his mouth—oh it was jest horrid, sir! and men and women fainted; but there was lots who didn't but who stood looking at the horrible spectacle with blanched faces and bulging eyes, not 'cause they liked it—oh, no, sir—but 'cause they was fascinated like, and couldn't help it same' I couldn't."

"Yes, they got him away from the snake by beating the latter off but they pulled out a mess of jelly or pulp only. There wasn't a whole bone in his body, 'cept in his head and feet all the rest had been crushed like pipestems. You're right; it was awful—awful to look at but the poor fellow never knowed what hurt him, I don't s'pose, it was done so like lightning! No, I can't say as I would like to go that way, quick as 'twas, and without suffering."

"Yes, in course, when they went through his clothes they looked for his vial of snake bite antidote, and found it in the shape of little bits of glass in a wet spot where the stuff had soaked into his clothes, never finding any more of the antidote."

"Yes I have the same; gin and sugar in mine."

HE DIDN'T WAKE HER.

On a certain occasion Ferguson was wending his way homeward, sorely troubled in his mind over the curtain lecture then was in store for him and casting about for some means of evading it. Suddenly a bright idea was involved from his befuddled brain. He would slip quietly into the house and get into bed without awaking his wife. Accordingly he carefully undressed in the lower hall, stole gently upstairs and crept into bed, with his face turned towards the outside. He mentally congratulated himself upon his success thus far and went to sleep. When he woke in the morning he dared not look at his wife, and after lying still for a few minutes, and not hearing any noise from her, he concluded she was still asleep. He then determined to arise very quietly carry his clothes into the hall, dress there and go down town to business without waiting for breakfast. He was successful in this, and meeting the colored servant girl downstairs, he said: "Eliza, you can tell your mistress I expect to be very busy to-day, and therefore I didn't stop to eat breakfast with her this morning."

"Law sakes, Mr. Ferguson!" said Eliza, "missus done goned away yesterday morning, and said she wouldn't be back till dis evening."

BLOWN TO PIECES BUT STILL ALIVE.

Some old quarrymen at work in making a cellar for Harwood's new stable in Nantick, Mass., got powder in the ledge Wednesday week, and Timothy Regan, the forman, went up to tamp the fuse. The first blow of his bar caused an explosion, by which he was thrown twenty-five feet in the air, and landed astride of a bar over one hundred feet away. In spite of the fact that one arm and both legs were blown off and his body horribly mangled, he is still alive and says he is going to get well. He is now at the General Hospital in Boston, having survived the long journey and terrible surgical operation. William Garvey, a quarryman, was struck on the head by a flying stone and fatally injured.

LAKE MAHOEAC, N. Y.
MY DAUGHTER WAS VERY BAD OFF ON ACCOUNT OF A COLD AND PAIN ON HER LUNGS. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL CURED HER IN 24 HOURS. ONE OF THE BOYS WAS CURED OF A SORE THROAT. THE MEDICINE HAS WORKED WONDERS IN OUR FAMILY.
ALVAH PINCKNEY.
"ITS SPECIALTIES."
DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, AND BRONCHIAL TROUBLES GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.
THE MOST VIOLENT ATTACK OF NEURALGIA WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATE AND PERMANENT RELIEF. IN FACT, AS A CURE FOR NEURALGIA IT HAS NEVER FAILED.

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR

The success of Baugh's \$25 Phosphate as an excellent crop producer and permanent improver of the soil, is easily accounted for. It is made of the bones of animals, and with special regard to a general adaptability as a plant food. Every particle of which bones are composed, is a direct food of vegetables. We render this food immediately available in the \$25 PHOSPHATE which we claim to be a very special advantage, as it gives the crop an early start and sustains it until fully matured, besides permanently improving the soil.
MOHENA PA., Jan. 1st, 1895.
Having thoroughly tested BAYLIS' \$25 PHOSPHATE, side by side with other makes costing \$3 and \$6 per ton, I am satisfied that Baugh's is the best for first crop as well as permanent results. I had better wheat and cut more grass for two years when I used the \$25 Phosphate. I will use no other kind and advise all farmers to buy Baugh's \$25 Phosphate and see results for themselves on their own ground.
JOHN FADDIS.

THE ORIGINAL MANUFACTURERS OF RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE
Combined capacity of our Works, 50,000 tons per year, and still increasing.
BAUGH & SONS, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Use Baugh's \$25 PHOSPHATE
ACTIVE, PERMANENT, CHEAP
ANIMAL BONE MANURE

A. V. SMITH, GROCER.
—Everything in the line of—

- Canned Goods,
- Starch,
- Fish
- Coffees,
- TOBACCOS, TOBACCOS,
- Spices and Confectionery.
- Telephone Communication and Goods Delivered Free.

THE STAR

A Newspaper supporting the Principles of a Democratic Administration.
Published in the City of New York.
WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, Editor and Proprietor.
Daily, Sunday, and Weekly Editions.

THE WEEKLY STAR,
A Sixteen-page Newspaper, issued every Wednesday.
A clean, pure, bright and interesting FAMILY PAPER.

It contains the latest news, down to the hour of going to press:
Agricultural, Market, Fashion, Household, Political, Financial and Commercial, Poetical, Humorous and Editorial.
Representative, all under the direction of trained Journalists of the highest ability. Its sixteen pages will be found crowded with good things from beginning to end.
Original stories by distinguished American and foreign writers of fiction.

THE DAILY STAR,

The Daily Star contains all the news of the day in a attractive form. Its special correspondence by cable from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and San Francisco is a commendable feature.
At Washington, Albany, and other news centers, the latest correspondents, specially retained by the Star, furnish the latest news by telegraph.
Its literary features are unsurpassed.
The Financial and Market Reviews are unusually full and complete.
Special terms and extraordinary inducements to agents and canvassers.
Send for circulars.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY STAR TO SUBSCRIBERS: PRICE OF PORTER IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, outside the limits of New York City
Per Year \$1.00
Six Months50
Three Months25
Single Copies (and one extra to organizer) 10
TERMS OF THE DAILY STAR TO SUBSCRIBERS:
Every day for one year (including Sunday) \$7.00
Daily, without Sunday, one year 6.00
Every day, six months 3.50
Daily, without Sunday, six months 3.00
A Address, THE STAR, 90 and 92 North William St., New York.

1859-1886

Great Reduction

PRICES!!

BIG BARGAINS.

DRY GOODS,

Dress Goods from 5c to \$2 per yard.

NOTIONS

Hose from 3c to \$1 per pair.

GROCERIES

Lower Than the Lowest.

Give us a Call

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Country Produce

On hand, and Wanted at all times.

C. U. HOFFER

Allegheny st., Bellefonte, Pa.