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Herr Krupp has the largest fortune and income in Germany. That is because he makes guns to kill with, and killing is the best business in Europe.

In Holland women are rapidly usurping the occupation of drug store assistants. Out of a total of fifty-five candidates, nineteen out of thirty-one females, and only eight out of twenty-four males, were successful in the recent State examination.

Deer in the far West are fast going the way of the Buffalo. One dealer in Jacksonville, Oregon, in two months bought 1,300 deer skins, and other dealers in southern Oregon have bought as many. These were all killed for their skins only, contrary to law.

A fashionable wedding present is a door-plate for the newly-wedded couple. It is a sort of "good-bye" on the part of the bride. There is also a chance to ring in on the bride an old witticism revamped for the occasion by explaining that the plate, like herself, is something to adore.

A vessel with a cargo of forty-four ostriches arrived recently at Galveston, Texas. This is the second cargo within twelve months. The birds are for ostrich farms in California, where this peculiar industry is coming into play. The birds came from Natal, South Africa.

Although the best of the public lands have gone, it is encouraging to note that there still remain unsurveyed about 9,000,000 acres in Colorado, 12,000,000 in Arizona, nearly 30,000,000 in California, 39,000,000 in Dakota, 7,000,000 in Florida, 44,000,000 in Idaho, 7,000,000 in Minnesota, 39,000,000 in Nevada, 74,000,000 in Montana, 31,000,000 in Utah, more than 20,000,000 in Washington territory, and so on.

A circus was sold at auction in Philadelphia recently. Empress, a vicious elephant, who killed her keeper last year and has mangled two or three other keepers, was knocked down for \$1,500. Queen, another elephant, not so vicious, brought \$1,000. Chief, a vicious elephant, brought \$1,300. A Bengal tiger was sold for \$350, a leopard for \$180, an African spotted hyena for \$45, a sable antelope for \$400, and a big lioness for \$250.

In the event of a war in Europe Germany would require 400,000 horses; France, 375,000; Austria, 200,000; Russia, 400,000. Should there be a war therefore, the powers would require 1,395,000 to begin with, and more from time to time as the animals should be killed or used up in service. England has no more horses than it needs, so that a war across the water would stimulate the American horse market as well as the demand for provisions.

A German chemist has invented a new kind of aesthetic bullet, which he urges will, if brought into general use, greatly diminishes the horrors of war. The bullet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly when it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anesthetic, producing instantaneously complete insensibility, lasting for twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to be distinguished from death. While in this condition, the German chemist points out, the bodies may be packed in ambulance wagons and carried off as prisoners.

Among the questions given to pupils of a St. Louis school for examination in order to receive certificates of graduation were the following: "What are the distinctive features of paleozoic fishes as regards caudal fin and teeth?" "Expand an original entymeme to the form of a syllogism." "What is the distinction between idealism and materialism?" "Give the classification of the mollusca to the orders." "Translate into Greek: 'He scolds not only others but the judge.'" They seem to have startled the parents of the children, since one wants to know what an entymeme has to do with the common affairs of life.

There is a certain frontier atmosphere about a scene in a Kansas City court that is refreshing. The president of a railroad was on the witness stand undergoing cross-examination before United States Commissioner Parry, when one of the parties to the suit that was before the court came in. The railroad president had promised to shoot this man on sight, and he therefore drew his revolver as he sat in the witness chair, and would have begun a fusillade had not the court officers disarmed him. Little incidents of this nature suffice to vary the dull monotony of the legal procedure, and yet the railroad president has been held for trial on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

### CHARITY.

She does not live to please the eye  
With fragile loveliness,  
But common ways to sanctify,  
And humble hearts to bless.

In purring is the stream not wise?  
In carolling the bird?  
Ay! so is she in sacrifice,  
And smile and loving word.

—Israel Jordan, in *Youth's Companion*.

### MY SPEECH.

After two seasons of hard toil, and two winters spent in the cold seclusion of those Colorado mountains, we gave up our silver mine and abandoned the claim. I was quite ready to return. Two years away from a razor, two years of struggle with sour dough; two years spent at an altitude where it takes six hours boiling to cook potatoes (astounding phenomenon to every tender-foot) cured my mining fever for evermore. I joined that great procession which the railroads never advertise, the disgusted ones returning East or West from those silver lodes with twisted back bones and empty pockets.

Home again I learned, to my amazement, that Cousin Brooks, one of the most stupid boys that ever gaped over his books, had just become Governor of the State!

When I went West to find an opening for my money, Brooks was a sedate, hard-working lawyer. I never supposed he would earn his salt.

After becoming tolerably well acquainted with mother again, and the boys, and making brief vain quest for employment, I took a run up to the capital one day to see Brooks. He greeted me cordially. He always did like me. I suppose because I used to help him out in his lessons, between thrashings, although upon leaving school I bore a remorseful feeling that I had been unmerciful to poor Brooks.

He was in his official apartment at the state room, a lofty room with frescoed ceiling, huge plate windows, elaborate furniture, library, and elegant writing desks. He was sequestered by ante-rooms and guarded by ushers, but I went straight through to his presence without a check, while the clerks stared in surprise. This was because I so resembled Brooks that I came upon them like an apparition, for he and I were of similar form behind the same ancestral nose.

Greeting over:  
"And how are the mines, Chug?"  
"They are still there."  
"You have made your fortune West, I hope?"

"No. The West did pretty well. I didn't. The West kept all I took there." He looked at me doubtfully. Brooks never quite understood my way of talking. Yet I speak clear classic English, always.

"You haven't lost every cent, Chug?"  
"Oh no. If I can sell my mine for a hundred thousand I am all right."  
"Is it good for anything?"  
"Not that I know of."  
"Hum!" Brooks was a fine looking fellow, large, portly, benignant. A kind-hearted man, somewhat changed since I saw him last. He had aged greatly, far more than I, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes and bacon I had undergone. He seemed more serious, more fatherly, and appeared tired. He looked at me with something of the old appeal in his face.

"Stay here and help me, Chug. I had to discharge my secretary yesterday. He was a schemer, more anxious to gain outside friends than to do his duty by me. I want somebody who is reliable. It pays two thousand a year. Probably I can put some perquisites in your way also." As a kindness to Brooks I consented.

He led me over to a handsome work desk charged with innumerable pigeon holes, rolls of red tape, seal stamp, wax, and other vital elements of government. A pile of letters and documents already burdened the slope.

I sat down before a half ream of selected mail, my brief instructions being for this heap: "Say no to every want, but make a friend of every writer." This mountainous task strained my early sabbath school training severely. However, I evolved a general letter applicable to most of these cases and submitted it to Brooks. He was good enough to praise its conciliatory tact and gracious denial, and I proceeded to duplicate the form and scatter no broadcast.

An hour later Harold, our clerk, appeared at the door.

"Here is the prison delegation."

Brooks put down his documents and straightened up with great concern.

"Let me see, what do they want? Chug, there is a memorandum on your desk somewhere."

I searched and found the appointment slip.

Tues. 11 A. M., Cedar County delegation to urge amelioration of convicts.

Brooks ran his hand through his hair.

"Why do they bother me now? Why can't they torture those fellows in the Legislature, and after they get in their bill come and ask of my approval? Why consume my time for an object so remote. What shall I do with 'em Chug? I have more work here already than I can finish in good season."

"Do!" I exclaimed, rising energetically and feeling something of the old scorn for him, "why, man, let 'em in. Say: 'Fellow citizens, I am proud to meet you; glad to see the cause of our criminals evincing the sympathy of such advocates, and anything I can do to further the good work, be assured I shall rejoice to do. At the same time all government moves by routine, and I must commend you to the usual procedures. Secure Legislative action affecting the ends you aim at, and as I feel sure the object will be justifiable, I shall take pleasure in signing your bill.' That's all. Remain standing and let

them stand. Fidget to and fro from your desk. Let them know you are in a hurry, although courteous, and get rid of 'em quick."

"Cedar county," mused Brooks. "I don't know anybody up here likely to be in this delegation. Chug, you look a good deal like me. You may receive these people and act as Governor."

"No, thank you!" said I, bolting to my desk and catching up my pen.

"Hallo!" cried Brooks, with slow sarcasm, "you can brag, but not perform, eh?" This blunt reply stung me. It was quite unlike the Brooks of my school days. I used to pride myself on superior force. It would never do to let him find me lacking nerve, or my old ascendancy would vanish wholly. So I promptly rose again.

"Why, I can receive the delegation if you really want me to Brooks, but—"

"All right, Chug, you may receive them. Treat them well. That will give me time to go over this paper, and I must do it before noon."

I was somewhat agitated. To confront these fellows face to face grew every instant more disagreeable to me. For two years I had rusted in the mines. Probably this delegation contained preachers, lawyers, practiced spokesmen, to answer whom would require more than mere audacity. But Harold stood looking on perplexed, and Brooks himself was peering up from his papers with a covert smile. I put a bold face on it.

"Here, Harold, help me put these chairs in the private room." And I seized an arm chair in each hand.

Harold looked at Brooks with astonishment and protest.

"You will need the chairs, of course," he said.

"No, I'll make 'em stand. I'll soon get rid of the prison delegation," I cried emphatically. Brooks nodded, and Harold unwillingly joined in removing every chair to the inner apartment, save the ones which Brooks and I had occupied.

"Now bring 'em," said I, and while Harold was gone I threw off my coat, untied my neck-band, put my watch in open sight upon the desk, and took a pen, freshly dipped in ink.

"I'll let these fellows know that time is precious!" I said decisively, looking down at Brooks.

The door opening from the ante-room swung on its hinges. Harold appeared upon the threshold. He gave a look of dismay as he saw me in my shirt-sleeves, but I stood erect and firm. There was a rustling of silks, a prophetic fragrance, soft murmuring voices, and then a bevy of ladies bowed suddenly into the room. I stared dumbfounded.

"Gent—ladies!"

I dropped my pen, sprang to my coat, and plunged my arms frenziedly into the sleeves.

"Excuse me, ladies, I—I had forgotten—the sex of your delegation—it is such a hot day—"

I fumbled my necktie. The horrible fear came over that I had failed to comb my hair that morning. Mother accused me of rank neglect since my return from Colorado. But I caught sight of a distracted phantom in the mirror; happily, my hair, though somewhat brawny, bore suggestions of combing.

"Governor," said Harold gravely, "let me introduce Mrs. Minor, the head of the delegation."

Now I ought to have bowed in a stately way and said: "Madame, I am happy to meet you and to find that prison reform enlists advocates at once so fair and capable." But I did not say this. I observed that Mrs. Minor was a tall, matronly lady, with gray hair, Roman features and pale complexion, very stylishly dressed in black, with white lace about her throat and wrists. I observed that her companions were mostly elderly, well-bred, tastefully attired, self-possessed and eminently ladylike. At the rear were some younger women, notably one brunette, with flashing black eyes, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, with a rich red plume and a brocaded dark red velvet dress, with a profusion of ribbons. She looked demurely over the shoulders of her companions directly into my eyes, and I, but just returned from such a long exile, unused to feminine proximity, was instantly bereft of all senses.

I stood irresolute. Mrs. Minor also stood a moment hesitating. Then as I made a halting movement forward she held out her gloved hand, which I shook awkwardly.

"We ought to be old friends," said I, glancing at Brooks, who buried his head in documents, while his chair shook suspiciously, "for I was a miner myself until—"

The appalling reflection that in my impersonation as Governor all reference to my Colorado experience was out of place, now tripped the remark. I added, to complete the sentence: "Until I became of age."

Brooks glanced up with agony in his face, a look which conjured me whatever else I did by all the gods not to profane his identity through such abortive puns.

Mrs. Minor introduced her companions to me. "Mrs. Griffin, Miss Mix, Mrs. Qualter," and she went through the group, standing a little aside so as to keep the ladies and myself in our respective places. I felt perspiration trickle over my brow as I bowed to Miss Mulwine, the brunette, who was the last one presented. A desperate desire to do something gallant came over me.

"Take seats, ladies; sit down. Er—Harold, where are the chairs? Bring in the chairs, sir! The chairs ought always to be here."

Harold winked, put one hand over his jaws and staggered into the back room. He did not reappear, but handed forth the chairs behind the partly open door without showing his countenance. Then I heard him go out into the ante-room by way of the back corridor, and became conscious, from the shuffling feet, that

he had posted all the clerks against the communicating door so that they would overhear my speech.

There were not chairs enough for the party, so I took the chair from my desk and placed it for Miss Mulwine. I remained standing before them.

"Mr. Governor, we have come to ask your co-operation in ameliorating the condition of our convicts."

Here was another great opportunity. If I had kept my head; if that paralyzing brunnette had not eyed me so steadily, I might have said:

"Ladies, the condition of our convicts has long enlisted my anxious study. Nothing stirs my sympathy; nothing seems to me of greater importance than improvement in facilities for their comfort and moral welfare. Any practical measure which you have matured will command my cordial support."

But I didn't say that. Instead, I replied:

"Yes, there is too much laxity. Those frequent escapes remind me of our experience in Colorado. A drunken miner shot a fellow one night, and the sheriff took him to the Town Jug and locked him up. The jug was only a log building set in the hillside. He got out so quick that he met the sheriff on his return in front of the Welcome Bar, and asked him to stop in and take a drink. Then the crowd carried him off to the nearest tree. He didn't get away that time."

"Perhaps you do not quite understand us," said Mrs. Minor, gravely. She unfolded a large package and disclosed a mass of papers, "Here are the petitions, circulated in every church in our county and signed by all the best people, asking that greater social and religious privileges be extended to our criminals."

"You don't get them up as handy as we did in Colorado," I rejoined. "When we had our struggle for the county seat we strung the petition on an old wren frame so we could roll it up with a crank."

Brooks gave a loud "hem!" I looked across. He was glaring at me in warning wrath, and again I recollected that these Colorado reminiscences were inopportune. I started around, caught the unfathomable eyes of that marvelous brunnette, and lapsed into hopeless incapacity.

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Governor," said Brooks, in a cool, earnest voice, which at once commanded silence and attention. "But it is fitting these ladies should know that their petition ought to be given to their representative, and he should press for appropriate legislation. Until that time this office is powerless to act."

Mrs. Minor replied: "Oh, we quite understand that. We only wished to show the petitions for a moment here as evidence of their popularity, and ascertain the Governor's feelings toward the movement."

"Entirely favorable, madam," said I. "Then we will bid you good day and withdraw. I know your time is valuable. Many thanks for your kindness." They bowed. The clerks scattered in the ante-room and the ladies retired gracefully, while I stood stupid, not yet recovered from the surprise of their arrival. The door closed behind them.

There was silence a moment. Brooks sat with his back turned. He lifted up a page of manuscript and remarked with flattering emphasis:

"Chug, you made a beautiful speech." "Oh, shut up! shut up!" I cried wildly, throwing myself into a chair.

Brooks's fortitude suddenly gave way. He cast himself forward on his desk and laughed hilariously. He rose and bowed himself shrieking over a chair. He dropped full length upon the sofa, on top of the pamphlets, helpless and uproarious. He ha-ha-ed all over the office and crowded me with his outrageous mirth. When at last he was completely exhausted he sat down and faced me, quizzically.

It dawned upon my mind that Brooks and I had changed positions; that the superior force of character, perhaps, now was his; that the coolness in emergencies which is the test of strength, was most manifest in him. Inspired in this discovery, and by this occasion, I justly remarked:

"I believe I am the biggest fool of all our state officers."

Ere I had concluded I became aware that the door was open. A perfume of jockey-club floated to my senses. Harold, grinning, had shown in the beautiful brunnette, and she was upon the threshold, looking and listening.

"Did I leave my parasol?" she asked sweetly.

Harold picked it from the floor for her. She bowed and went away.

Once more Brooks hung himself in festoons over all the furniture, entirely careless of his own reputation in the matter. When this unseemly mirth subsided he came to me where I sat with moist brow, clasped in both hands upright before my desk, and said soothingly:

"Never mind, Chug. Life is but a succession of mistakes, with the best of us."

"Yes," I replied. "So far as I am concerned, I begin to observe that."

A Chinese gentleman, bearing the simple name of Azurizawa Ryoichi Nichoma Sanjukanboz Kiobashi-Ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colors. It is hoped he will not, in imitation of Daguerre, christen the new process with his own name. Think of going to a photographer and telling him you want a dozen Azurizawaryochininichomasanjukanbozkiobashi-Kuotypes taken!

There are 149 American students in the University of Berlin, nine studying theology, five law, forty-seven medicine, fifty-eight philosophy, twenty-seven mathematics and natural science, and two political science.

### MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

#### WHAT HE SAID TO HER IN PUBLIC AND IN PRIVATE.

#### Putting the Best Side Before Visitors—Mrs. Bowser Ventilates Her Domestic Grievances.

I suppose that Mr. Bowser is like the majority of men in putting his best side before the public. The other morning when he left the house he knew that baby was sick, I had a headache and the cook was disabled by cutting her hand on a piece of glass. I had told him that we were out of butter and coffee and potatoes, and he said he would stop and order them. Once on the car he had forgot all about it, and at half past 11, meeting an old schoolmate, he insisted.

"Now you come right up to dinner with me. I want you to see my house and my family and have a visit."

"But your wife won't be expecting company."

"Oh, you come right along. My wife and my house are always ready for any visitors I may bring home, and your presence won't cause us an iota of embarrassment."

At 11 o'clock I told Jane to pick up any sort of dinner for Mr. Bowser, and at 12 Mr. Bowser and his friend entered the house. Leaving him in the parlor, Mr. Bowser rushed in on me with:

"Get into your Sunday clothes as soon as possible—dress the baby up—tell cook to have three kinds of meat—send for a waiter to wait on the table, and run through the room and pick up things."

"Mr. Bowser, have you been idiot enough to bring some one home to dinner?"

"Of course I have. What is there wrong about that, I'd like to know?"

"Well, where are the groceries you were to order?"

"Groceries? I—I forgot!"

"Jane can't use but one hand, while I should faint away if I tried to dress. You'll have to take him to a hotel."

"Never! When I invite a man to partake of my hospitality I'll never skulk him off to a hotel! It is a pretty state of affairs that my house is all upset in this manner at this time. Mrs. Bowser, you and I must have a reckoning! I'll be hanged if I put up with such conduct as this!"

And then he returned to the parlor and I heard him:

"Will, old fellow, I find a note from my Birdie (that's me) stating that she has taken the little angel (that's our walled baby) over to her sister's for the day, and our idiot of a cook didn't expect me home and has no dinner ready. We'll have to go down to the restaurant."

"That's all right. You've got a beautiful home here."

"And the nicest little wife, and the prettiest baby in all the world!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he slapped his leg.

And the other evening as we sat by ourselves he suddenly inquired:

"Was a man here to-day to see about selling me some fruit trees?"

"Why, no. What on earth do you want of fruit trees?"

"What does any one want of fruit trees? I suppose your advice would be to surround our premises with a line of bass-woods."

"But where can we put 'em?"

"We'll set them out on this lot, of course. I might just as well be raising \$500 worth of choice fruits each season as to raise nothing but grass and weeds."

"Well, I suppose you'll have your own way."

"Oh, you do! Well, if you can convince me that the way of one born in Coon Hollow, brought up on Johnny cake and educated in a 10x12 log schoolhouse is better than mine I'll adopt it."

Just then the doorbell rang, and he went through to the door. Some friends had come to spend the evening, and Mr. Bowser greeted them with:

"Hip! hurrah! Well, this is a genuine goodsend, and no mistake! Pussie (that's me) and I were just wishing somebody would drop in."

I entered the parlor after two or three minutes and had scarcely welcomed the visitors, when Bowser patted me affectionately on the shoulder and said:

"Now, cherub (that's me), run and bring our little darling (that's our walled baby) and show him off. He's just the sweetest, cutest, nicest little rose-bud in all this world, and everybody admits it."

We played cards and had lunch, and during the evening Mr. Bowser called me Daisy, Pansy, Sweetie, Darling and many other fond names, and when the subject of diamonds happened to be mentioned he exclaimed:

"By George! that reminds me! Say, deary, we are to go down to Smith's at 10 o'clock to-morrow and have you select the stones for your ear-rings."

When 11 o'clock came and the last guest had been bowed off the door-step, the mammoth grin which had hovered over Mr. Bowser's face all the evening disappeared like a flash, and he turned on me with:

"Now, then, Mrs. Bowser, you got that gang in here to break up my evening and eat and drink out of my pocket, and if you see another new dude inside of six months you just ring me up by telephone."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The slaughter of lobsters at Prince Edward Island is something astonishing. There were exported the past season 91,000 cases, mostly to Europe, which involved the killing of 35,000,000 lobsters.

Before the adoption of the fuse in 1500, watch movements were made entirely of steel, then brass was adopted for one thing and then another, until steel was used for pinions alone.

The *American Manufacturer* thinks iron blocks may yet be used with advantage for city street paving instead of stone or wood.

### SOLITUDE.

Not in the deepest tangles of the wood,  
The turtle's haunt, the timid squirrel's lair;  
Not on the ocean beaches, rough and bare  
With never-ending battles, unsubdued  
In war of winds and waters hoar and rude;

Not in the mountain passes, where the air  
Sobs low, and life is like a long despair—  
Thy home is not in these, O Solitude!

But in the busy concourse, long and loud,  
Where not one pulse of human sympathy  
Beats through the grasping spirits of the crowd—

Where each is rapt in snatching greedily  
His brother's portion—neath a shallow shroud.

We know thy truest haunt and weep for thee,  
—*Arthur L. Salmon, in Chambers's Journal*.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An unsteady man, like an unsteady light, is apt to go out nights.—*Burlington Free Press*.

No true musician will verbally ask a girl to marry him. He will propose by note.—*Merchant-Traveler*.

"Where is the ideal wife?" asks a prominent lecturer. In the cellar splitting kindling, most likely.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"They never throw anything away in New England," T. B. Aldrich said to me one day; "they always put it up in the attic."—*St. Nicholas*.

There is a man in Cedar Rapids that has such a weak and bony body that when it lies down he has to give it baking powder in order to have it rise.—*Electric Light*.

"What's the difference between a piano and a gun, Charley?" asked a young wife of her non-musical husband. "A gun kills the quickest, that's all," was the staccato response.—*Danielle Breeze*.

AN EARLY SPRING POEM.  
Id the spring the yon bad's eids he frequently produces,  
For the spring is just the time for idleness of the head.

A new volume just issued is entitled "The Anatomy of Money." We trust an entire chapter is devoted to the vocal organs, to show how and why it is that money talks and what it says.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"It strikes me," said a city and county hall man yesterday, "that we do not want any war with Canada. When we were drafted in 1861-4 we knew where to go, but in case of trouble with Canada where could we go?"—*Buffalo Courier*.

There are 18,000 operatives engaged in the collar and cuff trade at Troy, N. Y., at a pay-roll expense of \$7,000,000 a year, and in spite of this no one of them has succeeded in turning out a collar that won't saw its wearer's ears after the third laundry visit.—*Tid-Bits*.

Oh, softly the lover did lute on his lute,  
Neath the pale gentle light of the moon,  
But he swiftly turned and began to swoot  
When he noticed the dangerous, large-sized boot.

Of the man who came too soon.  
Alas, too soon.

—*Merchant-Traveler*.

### A Bed of Advers.

Mrs. Allen Cushing, who, with her husband, has been engaged in missionary work in Burma for many years, in addressing the Foreign Missionary Union at the anniversary meeting, told the following incident of life in that wild country: "We had been traveling through the country away from any settlement for several days," she said, "and one afternoon, when it was unadvisable to proceed further that day, feeling very tired I threw a blanket upon a pile of dead leaves and lay down to have a quiet nap. I had hardly closed my eyes, when, feeling something crawling on me, I looked to find with horror that it was a deadly brown adder. The reptile was nearly five feet long, and he was sliding slowly across me. To move or cry out would have been instant death, so I determined to lie perfectly still and pretend to be without life. Closing my eyes and holding my breath I waited until the adder crawled slowly along and over my face. His cold, slimy body in touching my face produced such a sensation that it was nearly more than I could do to remain passive, but I managed to do so until the reptile had gotten away some distance, and then I jumped up and screamed just like a woman. The coolies and my husband ran to my assistance, and when they stirred up the leaves on which I had made my bed advers came squirring out in all directions. It seems that I had laid myself directly on a nest of them."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

### 140 Elephants Captured at Once.