Holds the Frightened Girl While He Drinks His Fill of Lacteal Fluid - Escapes but Injures Her Foot.

Miss Marie Czerney, daughter of prominent residents of Bon Homme county, had a thrilling adventure with a monster snake, as the result of which she narrowly escaped death by blood poison, by stepping on a rusty nail while trying to escape from the

The young woman, with a pail in er hand, went to her favorite Jersey for the purpose of doing her evening milking. During the day the animal had been picketed in a tame grass plot, and at the time of milking still bore the picket line. The Jersey appeared to be greatly annoyed by flies and mosquitoes and changed her po-

a number of times. As the cow changed position Miss Czerney would follow it up, and during this operation her ankle became entangled as she supposed in the picket rope. The cow seemed to grow quieter and after milking steadily for several minutes Miss Czerney became concerned at the small amount of milk in the pail.

Fearing that the pail had sprung a

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leak she looked full into it and attempted to raise it, when she was horrified by the discovery that a monster snake had its head in the pail, the weight of the reptile making it difficult to raise the pail from the ground. The snake had evidently been drinking the milk about as fast as it poured into the pail.

Greatly frightened by the discovery Miss Czerney gave a scream, sprang to her feet and made a dash for her home. But she had taken only a few steps when she made the further discovery that instead of her ankle being entangled in the picket rope, it was the snake which was entwined around her ankle. The reptile was coiled so tightly and was of such weight that the young lady was thrown violently to the ground.

Finally gaining her freedom from the monster, which she was able to shake off only after superhuman efforts, she continued her flight toward

In her haste she stepped on a rusty nail, which penetrated the flesh to the depth of about two inches. Blood poison set in and only by the hardest kind of work was the life of the young woman saved.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Whisky Both Peculiar and Plentiful

Many Kinds of Fiery Liquid That Titillate Man's Interior Regions-The Old Sporting Drink That Killed Father.

The following is a partial list of the varieties of whisky now in stock in Tombstone: Common whisky, the kind that kill-

ed father at the tender age of ninety-

Sporting whisky, the kind that makes the game rich and the player go the limit.

Business whisky, the kind that makes a fellow who never had any business in his life hold you up at every corner and submit a \$1,000,000

Mysterious whisky, the kind that causes your neighbor to lead you away around behind the Gragoon mountains with an air of profound secrecy, then confide something to you that was all over the town the day before.

Social whisky, the kind that causes a man who has known you for ten years and has never spoken to you to single you out and make a confidant and lick his wife until the neighbors

try Known as Dorking-Caesar

Finds One Breed of Poultry-

That breed of fighting poultry

known as Dorking has an ancient his-

tory. The Romans introduced it into

breed it for the table. But Caesar

and his legions found one breed of

poultry already domiciled in that

country, imported by even earlier vis-

itors, the Phoenicians. These fowls

were kept for pleasure and diversion

-that is, for cock fighting-and the

breed was already many centuries old

when the Romans came. The Phoe-

nicians and the Greeks knew all about

the game fowl; they drew their knowl-

edge of the sport from the Persians,

while in India, nearly 3,000 years ago,

the fighting cock fought and flour-

Cock fighting was a royal sport in

England, though now and again edicts

ished as it does to this day.

ngland and taught the Britons to

A Royal Sport.

Knowing whisky, the kind that swells the absorber thereof until the wise guy Solomon is on the bum.

Roaring whisky, the kind that suddenly sets the quietest fellow in town to vociferating and swinging his arms in unoffending space.

Fighting whisky, the kind that suddenly overcomes its victim with every conceivable species of pathos and makes of him a pitiful spectacle.

Bad whisky, exceedingly scarce, the kind that makes a man quiet, sullen and dangerous.

Loving whisky, the sort that causes him to draw near, put his arm around your neck and emit a breath in your face that would drive a turkey buzzard away from a dead coyote.

There are several other varieties in Tombstone, conspicuously honest whisky, which causes a man to pay his debts when under its influence, then kick himself about it when he gets sober; then the brand that causes him to do the agreeable to everybody he meets on the streets, then go home interfere.—Tombstone Prospector.

so that he himself might indulge in

the pastime. But no edicts could put

an end to cock fighting, and it flour-

ished under the Stuarts, though Crom-

well prohibited it. There is an inter-

esting record of the sport in the reign

of Charles II. Cosmo, grand duke of

went in state to the theater ap-

Tuscany, while paying England a vis-

propriated to cock fighting, a common

amusement of the English, who even

in the public streets, take a delight

in seeing such battles, and consider-

Cock fighting in England reached its

zenith early in the last century. At

that time distinguished visitors were

treated by each corporation to cock

fights instead of fireworks and music

by the local band. Every sporting no-

bleman had his own strain of game

fowl. The numbers that were killed

in the ring were immense. In a sin-

gle season in one town 1,000 cocks

able bets are made on them."

REMARKABLE DOG.

Answers in Dog Language Responses

OUT OF HUIL Coming in Barks. Berlin seems to be the center at present of animal prodigies. "First Consul," the man-imitating ape, was lee reigning sensation. educated horse, performed marvelous feats of intelligence. But Nora, the beautiful canine whose picture is shown, surpasses either of these.

Nora's owner is the noted painter, Emilio Rendich, who first called attention to Hans.

Nora's strong point is mathematics. Arithmetical sums stated in words or



"Now, Nora, pay attention to me. Multiply four by three, add one, and deduct seven. Now give me the answer.

Nora promptly responds with six quick barks and stops after the sixth round without any visible sign from Herr Rendich. Nora solves all sorts of arithmetical problems in the same

The curious part of the performance is that Nora has been known to work with the same precision and accuracy with strangers, in the absence of Hern Rendich. Many observers of the dog have declared these achievements are inexplicable unless it be conceded that the dog possesses intelligence identical with that of human beings.

BEES IN THE HOME.

Fad Has Struck Country House Own

London smart set. Of course, bee hives form a part of the outfit of an hemorrhage. country homes, but now it is consid ered quite smart to have bee hives ir the drawing room, and samples of the skill of the exhibitor as a bee-raiser are kept under glass cases. The moth er of General Baden-Powell, for in stance, keeps two hives in the music room. These are of more than usua size and are richly ornamented upor the outside. A large glass window permits the visitor to sit and watch the various processes in comfort and there is always in progress the forma tion of some curious model of wax for which a frame has been especially constructed. Boats, bicycles, automo biles and similar objects are roughly modeled in honeycomb, and when com pleted they are removed from hive and carefully drained of the honey, the empty cells being mounted for the collection. As the presence of the bees flying about the place would cause apprehension, the bees are not permitted to enter but are allowed access to the garden through a pipe piercing the wall of the chamber. The fad is of general adoption and the wax models have served as centerpieces at some of the most important dinners of the

Men Beat Women at the Gossiping Game

against it were promulgated. King perished. In the Easter week of 1822 Edward III. issued one, and so did in one pit 188 cocks fought each other

Henry VIII., though the latter mon- and \$30,000 changed hands in wagers.

Cock Fighting Once Famed in England

Ancient History of Fighting Poul- | arch had a cockpit built in Whitehall,

by Truth Regarding Predilection of Men to Talk About Their Fellows-An Instance.

"They accuse women of being the prize gossipers," said the man who observes many things, "but I have known men who for gossiping had any women I ever knew beat to death. The way in which they would pick up things and exaggerate them made me sick. Ordinarily they were real nice chaps, but when they got together they spent many hours picking other ple's reputations to pieces. A story people's reputations to pieces. A story told by them without exaggeration didn't go in that society worth a cent. It would have to be wildly exaggerated, and, strange to say, the wilder the exaggeration the more they credited the story. I remember an instance where a young bank cashier when called upon to cash a check dis-

Quilting Bee Gabfests Vindicated | covered that the name had been forged. He so reported to his management. The result was that the fellow who tried to cash the check was arrested. Though the thing wa kept quiet, one of the members of this reputation destroying society got wind of it, and he told it to his crowd with a little embellishment. They in turn touched it up in repeating it and in a very short time it was noised about that the young cashier had been guilty of forgery and had been arrested. The young cashier heard of it and traced all the stories down. All of them he learned came from members of the gossiping club, and having had dealings with this crowd before, he proceeded to give every member the d—mdest licking he had ever had. It did them good. Whenever you want a conservative story of something that has happened go to one of those members and you'll get it."

Must Face Mother To-Day

Which Is to Drive Straight Home and Tell Mother and Surrender Me Dead or Alive—So I'm

l' got to face mother to-day, fer a fact!
I' got to face mother to-day!
And jist how I'll dare to, an' how she
will act,
Is more than a mortal can say!
But I' got to face her—I' got to! and so
Here's a' oid father clean at the end of
his row!

And Pink and Wade's gone to the farm
fer her now—
And I'm keepin' house fer 'em here—
Their purty, new house—and—all paid fer!
But how
Am I goin' to meet her and clear
Up my actchully heppin' 'em both to
e-lope?—
('Cause Mother wuz set—and wuz no
other hope!)

I don't think it's Wade she's so blased But his bizness,—a railroadin' man

'At runs a switch-engine, day out and day in,
And's got to make hay while he can—
It's a dangersome job, I'll admit—but see what
A fine-flurnished home 'at he's already got!

And Pink-w'y, the girl wuz jist pinin'

And Pink—wy, the girl wuz jist pinin' away.—
So what could her old father do When he found her, hid-like, in a loose load of hay.
But jist to drive on clean into The aidge of the city, where—singalar thing!—
Wade switched us away to the Squire, i jing!

Now—a-leavin' me here—they've driv off,
with a cheer,
On their weddin' trip—which is to drive
Straight home and tell Mother,—and toll
her back here
And surrender me, dead er alive!
So I'm waitin' here—not so blame' overly
As I wuz—'cause I' got to face Mother
to-day!

James Whitcomb Riley in The Reader,

She was an heiress and the purse
She carried in her dainty hand
Might well the fortunes reimburse
Of any spendthrift in the land.
At least, most men imagined so,
Yet they for years might rack their
brains,

-Milady's Purse.

So here in full we give the list, From which no item has been missed:

When Ape Showed Bravery.

the transportation of Robinson's ex

A huge elephant and a monster

rhinoceros managed to escape from

their quarters and meeting on deck,

Horses were knocked down and

trampled to death under the feet of

the infuriated monsters. Cages were

smashed into fragments and the terri-

ble shrieks of the dying and wounded

animals filled the air as the battle

Presently a huge ape came upon the

scene and, picking up a grappling bar,

rushed toward the combatants and at-

tempted to part them, but without avail. He had, however, shown his

Dueling on Bicycles.

members of the Bicycle club of Gran

ada recently met in a knife -duel

which is probably the first encounter

of the kind ever fought upon wheels.

Accompanied by their seconds, they

wheeled out some distance on the road

to Malaga, to a secluded spot. There,

posted 700 feet apart, at a sign they

wheeled toward each other, each di-

hand, and brandishing in the right

that terrible knife of Spain-the nava-

ja. At the first clash Perez pierced the left arm of Marcus, but at the

third encounter Marcus thrust his

knife into Perez's right breast. In a

few minutes the latter died of internal

Makes Money on a Tiny Farm.

United States resides at Hyde Park.

half acres of land, only two and one-half of which are cultivated, but they

yield him annually \$1,200 to \$1,500.

From the profits of his intensive farm-

ing he has paid \$3,800 for his property,

which consists of a modern two-story

brick house, with barn, chicken yard,

orchard and three and one-third acres

of land, and he has besides raised and

educated a family of three children.

The name of this unusual man is

Oliver R. Shearer. He is a Pennsyl-

vania German, whose ancestors were

Phister, an Austrian, whereby coloring

matter is forced into fresh-cut wood.

It takes the place of the sap, and gives

to the wood a brilliant color, which

does not fade after the wood has be-come seasoned. Birch, beech, alder,

maple, elm and basswood are the va-

rieties most successfully treated. The

dye can be forced through lengths of

wood as great as 13 feet. When sea-

soned and polished the colored wood

presents a beautiful appearance, and

is largely used for making furniture,

and also for the fittings of ships and

Nature's Curiosities.

Corea has two springs of water, sit

uated at some distance from each

other, which are very peculiar. Although they have the entire breadth of

the peninsula between them, when one

is full the other is always empty.

They are, of course, connected by a

long underground passage, yet the

water in one is bitter and the water

Wastage of Pins.

is that at Birmingham, where 37,000,-

000 pins are manufactured every work-

ing day. All the other pin factories

together turn out about 19,000,000 pins

every day. Taking the population of

Europe at 250,000,000, every fourth

person must lose a pin every day to

Brave Girl Subdued Bull.

When a formidable looking bull, which was being got ready for an agri-

cultural show, broke loose from its stall at Tellia Farm, near Prestatyn,

Wales, and was proceeding to smash

everything within reach, the farmer's

daughter rushed up and secured the

use up the daily production.

The largest pin factory in the world

street cars.

He has no other occupation.

Pennsylvanians for 100 years.

The most successful farmer in the

His farm contains three and one-

recting the machine with

they started fighting fiercely.

position of animals.

raged fiercely.

pipes.

written on a blackboard are worked out with unvarying precision. The problem is stated as follows:

prompt and correct way.

ers—The Honeycomb.
Agriculture is the latest fad of the

present season

Cheap Summer Clothes. This is the season when the clever woman visits the shops and replenishes her wardrobe. In a few weeks the fall suits and hats will fill the stores, and meantime summer things are marked down to almost nothing compared with their original price. Linen suits that brought \$25 early in the season may now be had for \$9 or \$10. Embroidered shirt waists are reduced about half; good linen skirts are sold for \$2 and \$3; 50-cent belts are now going for 10; straw hats may be had for the proverbial song, and linen shirt waist suits that have sold for \$8, \$10 and \$12 may now be pcked up at \$4 and \$5. These things will

not look old-fashioned next summer. in the other is pure and sweet. There is a cavern named Cold Wind A few necessary alterations may be cave. From it a wintry wind blows performed at home and considerable perpetually. So fierce and strong is the icy current of air, travelers say, wear achieved before linen frocks are called in for 1905. that an athletic man is unable to stand up at the mouth of the cave. Size of Indian Territory.

The Indian Territory is nearly as big as Indiana. It has 20,000,000 acres of arable land, 3,000,000 acres of good timber, 2,000,000 acres under which there is oil and gas, and 800,000 acres of coal. It has not much less than 1,000,000 people by this time, large and growing towns, well-tilled farms and a good railroad system for hauling their produce.—St. Louis Republic.

Days of Training Ship Ended. Especial interest attached to the re-

cent distribution of prizes on board H. M. S. Britannia, at Dartmouth, England, as it was the last function the decks of the old cadet ship will witness. The cadets, after the holidays, will be housed in the new Naval college, erected at Dartmouth at a cost of nearly £500,000. QUEER CRADLES.

What Children Are Rocked In-Just as Happy.

When a baby is born in Guinea all orts of funny things happen to it. Its mother buries it in the sand up to its waist, so it cannot get into bad mischief, and this is the only cradle it knows anything about.

The little Lapp infant is cradled in a shoe—his mother's. This is a big affair covered with skin and stuffed with soft moss. This can be hung on a tree or covered up with snow while mamma goes to church or any place where babies are not invited.

The baby of India rides in a basket which hangs from its mother's head or from her hip, or in a hammock. In some parts the baby's nose is adorned with a nose ring, and in others its face is wrapped in a veil like its mother.

The Chinese baby is tied to the back of an older child. The Mongolian infants travel about

From which no item has been missed:

A bit of string, a button hook,
A clipping from a cooking book,
A little Turkish cigarette,
A bit of gum (unused as yet),
Samples of gingham, organdle,
Chilfon, crepon at a climity,
Besides a shred of mousseline
De sole, a worn-out safety pin,
A collar button made of bone,
A lock of hair (perhaps her own),
A fashionable modiste's card,
A strip of blue and white foulard,
A picture postal card from Rome
And half a dime to take her home.
—Catholic Standard and Times. in bags slung on a camel's back. An exciting scene occurred on the main deck of an Ohio steamer during

In some countries the mothers lay their babies where a stream of water falls on their heads. This is to make them tough, which it does unless the babies die as a result of this treatmother covers Another baby's head with paste, while the Tartar baby is covered with butter. The Turkish baby is salted-perhaps to keep it sweet-while the worst fate of all falls to the lot of the newly born children in Bulgaria. Their mothers put a hot omelette on the little ones heads to make them solid and protect them from sunstroke. The Bulgarian baby doesn't like it any better than you would. He makes a great howl about it, but it is not a bit of use. His mother thinks she knows better about some things than he does, so he has to submit, which he does with a very bad grace indeed.

bravery.

The elephant and rhinoceros were finally parted by being deluged with The Maid of Other Days. Oh, vanished maids of grandma's day, What darksome lives were, those you steam and hot water from the boiler

Value of the control Dueling on ticycles is reported to be a new diversion in Spain. Two

When grandpapas a-calling came,
No chats with girls were yours to tell—
The judgment of some worthy dame—
The time to sound the curfew bell;
And all in vain you sought the truth—
They tell it now—if 'twas a sin,
When after dark a comely youth
Had seen you home, to ask him in.

You never learned—oh, vanished fair!— You could not, had it been your wish-The latest way to best prepare Your luncheon in a chafing-dish. And e'en perhaps you never read The fact that hungry companies Would rather starve than not be fed From Mrs. Cookem's recipes.

You could not tell. I'll wager now,
Of countless things the etiquette;
In spite of which, somewhere, somehow,
You got your start; and yet—and yet
It really is a problem quite
To find what saved you from the bad;
You had no "Hints" to guide you right;
Your mothers, they were all you had.
—Arthur H. Folwell in The Sunday Magazine.

King of the Penguins.

The "emperor" penguin, one of the discoveries of Capt. Scott's recent antarctic expedition, was the subject of an interesting illustrated lecture by Dr. Wilson before the recent ornithological congress in London. bird stands about four feet high. weighs eighty pounds or more, and with its black coat and erect posture has, when seen at a distance, a truly startling resemblance to a dwarf man. These "emperors" of the pen-guin world live upon the great girdle of pack ice which surrounds the antarctic continent, and seem to depend daily for their food on crustaceans caught in the crevices of the ice. The female lays a solitary egg, A considerable industry has recent-ly been developed in Sweden on the feet, so that it never touches the ice, which is caught on the great web mother's body until hatching occurs.

For a Girl to Know. Some one has suggested a few things that every girl can learn before she is 12. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful or-

Have an hour for rising and rise. Never let a button stay off twenty

Always know where your things are Never let a day pass without doing omething to make somebody comfortable.

Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never go about with your shoes un

Meat Is Unpopular. "I never knew meat to be so unpopular as it has been this summer," said

a prosperous butcher. "Of course I always expect the meat sales to fall off in the warm weather, but this year 1 have sold only one-half as much as I did last summer. One customer—a

landlady, who has twenty-five board ers-tells me that she can hardly get her boarders to touch the meat dishes, and she is rejoicing. Even ham, the old standby, which is generally in good demand even in the most scorching weather, is frowned upon, and the beef trust would soon go to pieces if its produce were no more popular the year round than it has been this sum-

Snuff Boxes Again in Use. After having been on the semi-retired list for many years, the snuff box is once again in evidence in the shops. Even cigar stores had not not been showing sneeze-producer holders in recent seasons. The conanimal by the ring in his nose, holding him until assistance arrived.

mer.

HORSE SENSE.

How Jo Fixed the Pump and Charged

The question of remuneration for labor, always a mooted one, is sus-ceptible of being viewed from various

In a small community in Texas, where water is hard to find, Mr. Henderson, the owner of a well, fitted out with a patent pump, was a person of consequence. It was, also, matter of public concern when the pump got out of gear and refused to perform its proper functions.

All the men in the locality spent the day in Henderson's back yard, con-sulting and "tinkering," jointly and severally, at the pump; but all to no

Finally along came a young fellow, Jo Brady by name, from a neighbor-ing ranch. He looked the pump over, rapped it on the head with a hammer, thought a couple of minutes, and inside of two minutes more had it in working order again. Approbation was general.

"Just name your price, Jo, my boy," said the owner of the pump heartily.

Jo considered a bit and then said that he guessed five dollars would be about right.

There was a change at this, and re marks of a different nature from approbation were freely indulged in.

"Now, see here, Jo," said the aggrieved Henderson, "I thought you was a square kind of a chap! ain't any white man's charge. Why, you don't do nothin' at all-any one of us could a done what you doneand you wa'n't more'n five minutes doin' it, neither. Fifty cents 'ud be a big price for that work you done!'

considered again. "All right," he said, "I'll make another charge. I'll send you my

bill," he added, turning on his heel. When the bill came it read thus: For working on one pump five mother's son of you could scratch up\$4.50

Total\$5.00 China's Bows and Arrows. Though an attempt was made two years ago to abolish bows and arrows as the national weapons of China the work has only been accomplished within the last few weeks. The im perial archers have existed up to the time the royal edict put them out of business about a month ago. The emperor's decree is as follows: "Our dy-

nasty was established by means of the bow and arrow and the art is still therefore kept up in the examination of officials and the drilling of troops. Lately, however, military science has improved and weapons are being modernized every day and we must imitate the martial spirit of our ancestors by using our best endeavors to establish a strong government. Hereafter the princes, dukes and ministers of the eight banners must all earnestly practice military art and attain the utmost proficiency, which will leave no time for the observance of mere forms, and we order all officials in fu-

ture not to carry the bow and arrow when they attend state ceremoni nor are imperial bodyguards or the palace guards to use them, but the best weapons must be provided for them. Let the board of war draw up the necessary regulations for the proper testing of military efficiency for the soldiers and let the said board report

Calling to the Pagan. Ch. Summer, with your woolng breeze,
That stirs my blood like wine,
Oh. Summer, with your purple seas,
You call the pagan in my breast,
The pagan centuries at rest,
Who worshiped at your shrine.

The pagan loved your fields and hills
And woods, as I do now;
The pagan knew the joy that thrills
My being when I hear the song
Of birds at twilight, and the long,
Long thoughts that calm my brow.

Oh, Summer, let me be again,
As centuries ago,
A pagan worshiping, as then,
Your glorious sun, without a thought
Of greed or gain that men have brought
To fill our world with woe.

A pagan quaffing life with love, And laughing when the whole Is done—the morning stars above Sing in his ears their song sublime Of joy beyond the touch of time, The passion of the soul. Oh, Summer, let your splendor steal
Me from my trodden ways,
And let me live and love and feel
Without regret—without the prod
Of right and wrong or vengeful God—
Bring back those fair, glad days.

Sweet Summer, with your woolng breeze,
That stirs my blood like wine;
Oh. Summer, with your purple seas,
The pagan centuries at rest
Is here forever in my breast
To worship at your shrine.
—Lippincott's.

Why, Indeed? "Well," said the passenger to the drummer in the smoking compartment, "I'm disappointed in you."

"How so?" queried the drummer. "There's a perfect dream of a girl back in the car and here you are siting in here and not even trying to get up a flirtation. Have you seen her?"

Yes, she got on when I did." "And you don't feel any inclination to make love to her?"
"Not a bit."

"Why not?"

"Why should I; she's my wife?"

The pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but his pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill, which is believed to

come from the wing of a dove. The

same quill has been in use for many

A Drying Rack. "I should think that merry-go-round the boys have built in the back yard

would make your head roel?"
"It doesn't; but on wash day it makes my clothes reel."

alt it The