THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."
—Rev. Philip B. Strong.

TESSA.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Cardine gave a shiver of disgust as the train entered the Pennington station. She put down the window and looked eagerly out. On the platform a tall lady, richly dressed in sealskin and dark furs, was standing; she was talking to a couple of porters, who listened to her harangue with a half-bashful, half-amused grin on their faces.

Mr. Cleveland looked too and laughed.

"Ah, there is Mrs. Callender! Sowing the good seed as usual!" he said mockingly. "Allow me to assist you from the carriage, Miss Cardine." He hesitated a moment, then went on, with a quick glance at the girl's perplexed face, "Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Callender?"

"Please do—I shall be so much obliged!"

Miss Cardine put her hand willingly upon the proffered arm, and crossed the platform. Mrs. Callender was too much absorbed in lecturing the porters—both of whom Miss Cardine afterwards ascertained were recreant members of the Blue Ribbon Society—to notice their approach; and it was not until Mr. Cleveland stepped forward and, raising his hat, directly addressed her that she turned.

She bowed coldly to him: then her eyes rested on Teresa's face with a disapproving stare. The girl had not removed her travelling-hood—it was warmer and more comfortable than her hat—and very charming and pretty she looked in it, with its rose-colored lining. But the coquettish headgear found scant favor in Mrs. Callender's eyes. For an instant she stared steadily at the girl; then, much to Mr. Cleveland's delight and amusement, she turned decisively away with a scornful sniff.

His dark eyes were twinkling with malicious amusement as he stepped forward.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Callender. Allow me to introduce you to this young lady—Miss——"

He paused suddenly, silenced by the contemptuous look in Mrs. Callender's eyes.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Cleveland! I am a decent English matron, and I do not wish to be introduced to any of your play-acting friends," she said, in a low but perfectly audible voice.

Miss Cardine flushed to the very roots of her pretty hair with astonishment and anger.

"What an odious woman!" she thought indignantly, and she threw back her dainty head and, stepping forward, boldly confronted the enemy.

"You are mistaken—I am Teresa Cardine!" she said, in a voice which trembled with suppressed anger.

"Teresa Cardine!"

It was Mrs. Callender's turn to look surprised. She looked steadily at the proud quivering face; but her own softened, and she held out her hand.

"I really beg your pardon, my dear! I expected to see some one quite different!" she said apologetically, but with a mistrusted glance at Noel Cleveland's amused face. "Seeing you with Mr. Cleveland, I fancied—— But never mind—is all your luggage here?"

"Yes; I have three boxes."

"Very well; the carriage is waiting outside. Your luggage will follow in the cart. Good day, Mr. Cleveland."

She put her hand within Miss Cardine's arm and would have swept her off; but the girl with a quiet, decisive movement, drew her arm from the detaining fingers and held out her hand to Mr. Cleveland.

"Good-bye. Thanks for all your kindness!" she said, in a sweet defiant voice.

Mrs. Callender frowned; but she did not speak again until they had taken their places in the carriage. Miss Cardine was equally silent. She sat in her corner and looked out curiously at the shops and the crowds of people as they drove through the lighted streets, with a little defiant expression on her face. Mrs. Callender should be the first to speak, the girl thought.

Mrs. Callender did speak at last.

"I am afraid you thought me rather abrupt and discourteous just now, my dear," she began; "but——" She paused, a little discontented by the steady look in her companion's eyes.

"Yes—you are right—I did," Miss Cardine answered composedly.

"Well—I couldn't help it—it was your own fault" the elder lady rejoined sharply. "Seeing you dressed out in that outlandish hat——"

"Outlandish! It is the height of fashion, I assure you! I bought it only a month ago in Paris," Miss Cardine interrupted meekly.

"I don't care where you bought it—a more showy thing I never set eyes on!" Mrs. Callender retorted, contracting her dark brows. "Well, with that and seeing you with Noel Cleveland, I naturally concluded you were one of his female acquaintances; none of whom," the speaker went on with increasing severity, "are people I should care to know."

"Indeed? You surprise me! I should have thought that such a charming man as Mr. Cleveland would have been certain to have nice lady-friends," Miss Teresa remarked, in a provokingly demure voice.

Mrs. Callender gave an impatient sniff.

"Charming, do you call him? Then the sooner you disabuse your mind of that notion the better," she answered coldly. "He is frivolous and vain; he laughs and sneers at everything good and proper, and he is, besides, a man of no fixed principle."

And then Miss Cardine made the unfortunate speech which at once and forever deprived her of a place in Mrs. Callender's good graces.

"No fixed principles!" she answered coolly. "Dear me—I suppose that is the reason he is so nice! I always notice that people with elastic principles are much pleasanter and easier to live with than straight-laced people. Oh, I can see that Mr. Cleveland and I will be great friends by-and-by!"

A short silence followed. Mrs. Callender, who was unaccustomed to opposition, glared at her young companion in stormy silence; but Miss Cardine returned the stare with placid serenity, and seemed altogether undisturbed by the disapproving look.

"Oh, yes—great friends!" she repeated, with a sweet smile.

"I would not advise it. He is not a desirable acquaintance for any young lady." Mrs. Callender answered at last. "There are some most extraordinary stories afloat concerning his treatment of his wife."

"Oh, he's married then?" There was just a shade of disappointment in Miss Cardine's voice.

"Yes, he has been married some years; but his wife never goes out or sees anyone. He keeps her shut up in that dismal old Priory."

"Why? Is she an invalid?"

"Oh, dear, no! But she is very pretty and they say he is fearfully jealous."

"Dear me—quite a modern Bluebeard!" said Miss Cardine languidly. She drew her wrap more closely round her as she spoke and gave a little shiver. "How very cold it is!"

The remainder of the drive passed almost in silence, for Miss Cardine was tired and sleepy and disinclined for conversation. They left the streets and factories far behind, and drove through a narrow lane, between tall hedges, bare and leafless now, but which summer would make beautiful with wild roses and honeysuckle, till the carriage turned in at a gate, swept up a long avenue of beech trees, and stopped before a large house.

A servant came forward and opened the door; and Miss Cardine chilled and cramped with her cold drive, and feeling a little depressed and resentful, followed Mrs. Callender into the hall.

"Is your mistress in the drawing-room, James?"

"Yes, madam."

"Very well; you had better see her Teresa, before going up-stairs," Mrs. Callender said, as she threw her cloak upon the hall-table. "Come this way."

And Tessa meekly followed.

The room they entered was large and filled with handsome but somewhat old fashioned furniture. The curtains and carpets were rich and sombre; a few water-color drawings hung on the walls; but the arrangement of the furniture was stiff and formal, and the room had an unhomelike depressing air, which touched Tessa unpleasantly. There were very few ornaments—no piano—and a few dingy books formally piled upon a center table constituted the literature of the room and—an omission which struck Teresa most forcibly—no plants or flowers.

By the fire, in a low chair, a little old lady, wearing a gray silk gown and a close muslin cap, was sitting. She had a book on her knee; but she was not reading—her clasped hands were resting on the open page—and there was a look of patient sadness in her gentle face, which Tessa noticed and wondered over at once.

"Here is Teresa Cardine, mother," Mrs. Callender said in her loud voice.

The little lady thus rudely awakened from her reverie started, colored faintly, and half rose from her seat to greet the newcomer.

Teresa moved hastily to her side.

"Please don't move—I can come to you," she said shyly.

Mrs. Bevan took the proffered hand between her wrinkled palms, and looked eagerly into the girl's face.

"Thou art like thy mother, my love," she said, after a little pause. "Dost thee mind kissing an old woman?"

"Mind!"—and Teresa knelt down upon the carpet. With a pretty grace she bent her head and put her sweet cold lips to the soft face. "It is so good of you to have me here!" she said gently.

"Good! I hope you will be happy with us, my dear," Mrs. Bevan answered. "Wilt thou have some tea now, or wouldst thou prefer it in thine own room?"

"Better have it up-stairs," Mrs. Callender suggested; but Teresa, who was conscious of a growing disposition to oppose everything, no matter what, Mrs. Callender suggested, declined.

"I would rather have it here with you, if I may," she said, pulling off her gloves and rubbing her little pink hands before the fire. "I am so cold."

The bell was rung. A footman brought in the tray with a quaint silver teapot and cups and saucers for two persons. Mrs. Callender, who never took tea before dinner, left the room as the man entered, much to Miss Cardine's relief. She was an impulsive young person, much addicted to irrational likings and dislikings, and she had already taken a violent prejudice against Mrs. Callender. She gave a little sigh of relief as the door closed.

"Now we can make ourselves comfortable," she said coolly. She drew the table nearer the fire and proceeded to pour out the tea. "How many lumps of sugar do you like, Mrs. Bevan?"

"One; but my dear, thou must not wait upon me," the old lady remonstrated, with a gentle smile.

"Why not? I should like to wait upon you—you are such a sweet pretty old lady!" the girl cried in her impulsive way.

She sat on the rug at the old lady's feet, with the firelight shining upon her animated face. The rose-lined hood had been thrown back, and was half falling upon her shoulders; a dark wavy lock of hair lay upon her neck; her little white teeth gleamed and her cheeks dimpled in a most bewitching manner as she described her journey and laughed over the agonies of sea-sickness which some of the passengers had endured.

Mrs. Bevan said little; but she listened and smiled, and thought how pleasant it would be to have such a gay young creature in the house—to hear that sweet voice and ringing laugh making music in the long passages and the silent rooms.

"Thou must not call me Mrs. Bevan, my dear," she said, placing a gentle hand upon the girl's dark head. "Thy mother and I were only faraway cousins, it is true; but we loved each other as dearly as if we had been sisters. Wilt thou call me 'aunt'?"

"Of course I will. And will you call me 'Tessa,' please? Madame Frejus always did. I don't like Teresa—it is such a prim name!" said Miss Cardine quickly.

As she spoke the door opened, and a tall man, with a clever-looking face and a long beard, entered the room. Neither Mrs. Bevan nor Tessa noticed his approach, and he stood for a moment and looked in silence at the girl's animated face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Score one for the ladies' garter. A watchman saved the life of a would-be suicide of Little Rock, Ark., by his hand catching on her garter as she jumped.

Thirty thousand "Pigs in Clover" puzzles are being manufactured every day. This requires 120,000 marbles and has drained the country of those toys.

SPORTS OF STATESMEN.

How the People's Lawmakers Beguile their Leisure Hours.

SUPREME COURT WHIST CLUB.

The Senate Poker Team—Frye Without Bait—The Triangle, Kenna, Edmunds and Hampton—Garland Makes a Cartridge—Beck and Palmer.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON.—Work consumes most of the statesman's time and he has consequently few recreations and no sports properly so called. He is too busy to play. To men who have had to attain and hold their places, life is a dreadfully earnest thing and the hard work which each day entails fills it full.

Neither President Harrison nor Secretary Blaine nor Secretary Windom, I believe, indulge habitually in any sport. The same is true of Senators Hiscock, Hawley, Chandler, Hoar, Sherman and Ingalls, with the exception that Senator Hawley plays billiards worse than he sings. Whenever Mr. Ingalls has an hour he can devote to amusements, and it is seldom, he possesses himself of one of the rare books of the world which he never found time to read, and plunges into it.

Probably a majority of our lawmakers and law-interpreters play cards, but few of them are expert or devoted to any game.

The supreme court has a select whist club to which seven members belong and which meets "around," the house oftenest chosen being that of Mr. Justice Blatchford near Franklin square. The club knows all about Hoyle and Pole and the other high muckamucks of pasteboard and inclines to hold to "the rigors of the game," like Thackeray's heroine, but it possesses a back-set in Mr. Justice Lamar, who being a brilliant raconteur and having had exceptionally interesting personal experience, is often drawn out in conversation by the rear couple in such a way as to carry consternation into the ranks of the enemy.

The senate poker quartette are understood to be hard men to tackle—Don Cameron, Hale, Butler and Farwell. They are said to enjoy themselves and to make about as much as they lose in the course of a winter.

SENATOR FRYE DOSING A LUMBERMAN.

The senator who kills the most fish and small game during a year is, I suppose, Frye of Maine. He has a cabin in the woods on the Rangely Hills of Aroostook, and he generally goes there every year as soon as he can get away from Washington and stays till the tocsin sounds again. While he is there Mrs. Frye is there roughing it and doing the cooking. In speaking of this outing once, the senator said to me: "When I get up there where it is cool, with plenty of hunting and plenty of fishing, too, by the way, with everything of the freshest and the cooking done to a dot, it comes about as near heaven as I ever expect to see."

Senator Frye tells some good stories about officiating as doctor up there. Being distant from a settlement he carries drugs with him, and occasionally a lumberman will come twenty or thirty miles to get "fixed up."

Frye is distinguished for being the only man in the United States senate who never takes any bait when he goes fishing. I do not, of course, mean that he carries no bait for the fish, but only that he consumes none himself. To see him sit motionless by the hour, with no bottle to raise to his parched lips has often caused amazement and anxious solicitude to his companions, Senators Kenna, Edmunds and Wade Hampton. "Do you suppose he is still alive?" they inquire of each other as the hot sun declines.

By the way these last three form a noted piscatorial triangle. At least once during every session of congress they creep off up to Point of Rocks to fish and shoot ducks. "No talking" is the rule which governs these occasions. Sometimes Frye goes along, and sometimes Senator Gorman of Maryland, who claims the privileges of a host.

JOHN E. KENNA, THE BOSS FISHERMAN OF THE SENATE.

I asked Gen. Hampton last winter about his fishing comrades.

"I suppose the best all-round fisherman in the senate is Mr. Kenna of West Virginia," he said. "There is no nonsense about him. He is not a dude. He goes in to catch fish. Dressed in rough jean trousers, a flannel shirt, a slouch hat and high boots, well greased, he rows his own boat and attends to his own bait. With his tall, robust figure and young handsome face, he looks the rustic Apollo. And Kenna is probably the best rifle shot in the senate. He is a great man after deer and bear, and for years has kept a pack of beagles with which he annually scours the flanks of the Alleghanies."

"Kenna fishes to get fish. His favorite allurement is the phantom minnow. Every time he goes out home he comes here and buys ten or a dozen for the boys." Last summer, I find, he bought several hundred, and I have often wondered whether they had any influence on effecting the wise decision to which the legislature at last arrived.

Senator Beck is fond of hunting and bags a good deal of game in the course of a year.

Senator Platt is fond of trout and salmon fishing and pursues the sport with eager enthusiasm. He has a cabin up in the Adirondacks where he and Mrs. Platt enjoy a good deal of every summer. Three years ago when he heard that Cleveland was going there he said: "Well, there! Now I'll pull up and go to Canada." Platt has also a passion for botany and studies the secrets of the flowers wherever he wanders.

Senator Blackburn is the crack shot of the western statesman, and he has a mild liking for hunting and likes to go fishing occasionally, but he has been grossly lied about and misrepresented by the newspaper man who set him up as a terror to the wild game of Kentucky. It is understood that the game does not regard him in that light.

Senator Gorman is known in the senate as the lone fisherman, being given to solitary hunts.

THE WAY SENATOR CAMDEN JERKS HIS FISH.

M. A. Tappan, our chief sporting tackle merchant, tells me: "Garland is an artistic sportsman. He knows just what he wants. I have to load all his cartridges for him according to model. Each must contain twelve buckshot No. 3 with one single B shot in the center of each layer to make it solid. He goes on a deer drive as often as he can get away.

Edmunds has a fine billiard table in the basement with the closet adjoining, for balls, cues, etc. He is thought to resemble St. Jerome.

Evarts has fun farming, owing 800 acres among the Green mountains and 300 on the Potomac just below Washington.

Gorman has a passion for base ball, and once played second on the Nationals here. Mills has the same frenzy.

Don Cameron and Sheridan scoured the battle-fields of Virginia on horseback, and Spooner enjoys the same recreation, generally accompanied by Mrs. Spooner and his second son.

Palmer is fond of fishing, story telling, singing, entertaining and rustic roughing it, and he is passionately fond of bonfires and generally in autumn goes to have one of Parnassus every night when he has his friends around him in his favorite log cabin.

Manderson's chief recreation is dining out. He likes folks better than he does anything else in the world, and he is tremendously social and genial. One meets him everywhere in "the season."

Beck likes everything that yields a new and agreeable sensation, and he generally manages to get it.

Sherman's chief game is backgammon, in which he is an expert. He also enjoys playing "Muggins" with his daughter, who it is understood, is now nearly twenty games ahead.

Quay is a great old-shore fisherman and is therefore the pride and envy of the senate. He fishes eagerly not only sturgeon and eel, but shark and sword-fish—the centaurs of the sea.

The best base ball player in either house is Ben Butterworth of Ohio, who can pick the leathern sphere out of the air with great dexterity. He is often in the game at Le Droit park, where he lives. About twenty members of congress are always found on the stand when a league game is played here.

W. A. CROFFUT.

An Apartment House.

Down by the pond that fed the mill,
Where lily pads grew thick,
There stood a house all by itself,
Not made of stone or brick.
It towered upward to the skies,
Some forty feet or more;
And only one small family
Kept house upon each floor.

It was an old and withered tree,
With not a leaf in sight,
And summer's sun and winter's storm,
Had bleached its surface white,
And there it stood, when all around
In beauty seemed to thrive,
Quite dead to all appearances,
Yet very much alive.

For many, many little birds
The tenement possessed;
And oh! with what amazing skill
Each one had built its nest;
A house some fifty stories high—
Oh, what a sight was that!
I don't believe that anywhere
You'd find so tall a flat.

And as the birds flew in and out,
Like bees around a hive,
No other tree in all the place
Seemed quite so much alive;
And thus God gave it recompense
For loss of leaf and stem;
The birds remained while in its heart
It made a home for them.
—Josephine Pollard, in the Independent.

Words of Wisdom.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to appear great: for they who are really great never seem to know it.—Cecil.

The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a country.—Goldsmith.

There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam, the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist pressure. The more we are obliged to do, the more we are able to accomplish.—T. Edwards.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.—Chilon.

We often console ourselves for being unhappy by a certain pleasure that we find in appearing so.—De Barthelemy.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I.

[illegible]

[illegible]

He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, power or energy.—Lavater.

Fastening Buttons.

Before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole. It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't if you use my method of sewing.—Youth's Companion.

AMIABLE BARBARIANS.

Anecdotes Told About Tolstoi and Melikoff.

From the czar down to the humblest mujik the Russians are more or less barbarians from the point of view of the refined west, but certainly most amiable barbarians so far as foreigners are concerned. Their hospitality knows no limits; no trouble is too great when it is a question of obliging a foreign visitor; but, charming as they are, you are constantly being reminded of the wildness of their real underlying nature by the strange contrasts of delicacy and brutality, of civilization and barbarism, which their daily life offers. To hear the Russian talk about the unwritten contemporary history of their social and national life is like listening to the stories of the "Arabian Knights." The true narrative of Skobeleff's career and death, and the true narrative of the circumstances of the assassination of the late czar, are far more thrilling and extraordinary than print has ever told.

As an example of the strange contrasts of real Russia we will cite two anecdotes that were related to us by a distinguished official, whose intention was certainly not to throw dust in our eyes, or even to astonish us beyond measure. The conversation happened to turn upon General Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the dreaded "third section." The emperor, we were told by our informant, had given Loris Melikoff unbounded power to act against the Nihilists, and had virtually created him vice emperor, as Melikoff himself used to say. Now, Melikoff had discovered that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of frequently visiting Count Tolstoi, the novelist, and one day he went out to Tolstoi's country house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoi recognized him and said:

"You are Loris Melikoff, chief of the third section. Do you come to see me officially, here are my keys; search; open everything. You are free."

"I come not officially," replied Melikoff.

"Very good," answered Tolstoi; and calling two mujiks, he said to them, "Throw this man out of the house!"

The mujiks, he said to them, "Throw this man out of the house!"

The mujiks obeyed Tolstoi to the letter, and Loris Melikoff had to accept this treatment, for in his way Tolstoi is a mightier man even than "our father the Czar." In the eyes of the Russian people he is an exceptional being, being more than a saint, and almost a savior.

The mention of Loris Melikoff brought up another anecdote. Some twelve years ago the Emperor sent for Melikoff and announced to him that the plague was raging in two villages of the empire, and ordered him to do whatever was needful with a view to stopping its ravages, at the same time giving him unlimited powers.

Thereupon Loris Melikoff went first of all to the Minister of Finance, informed him that he should perhaps require a great deal of money in order to carry out the Emperor's commands, and demanded a credit of 50,000,000 rubles. The Minister of Finance made a long face, but was unable to refuse. Loris Melikoff then posted to the villages in question, and having observed the situation, telegraphed for twenty fire engines to be sent from the neighboring towns, had the pumps charged with petroleum, and ordered the firemen to approach the villages by night, inundate the cottages with petroleum, set them on fire, and save nobody. The order was executed; the cottages and their few hundred inhabitants—men, women, children and cattle—were burned to ashes, and these two villages disappeared from the map of Russia and from the registers of the empire. The measure was radical, but it stamped out the plague effectually. Loris Melikoff thereupon reported to the Emperor that his commands had been executed, and then called on the Minister of Finance to tell him that out of the credit of 50,000,000 rubles granted to him he had spent only 200 rubles to buy petroleum, and that consequently his Excellency the Minister could dispose of the balance.

In both of these stories, which we have reason to believe to be literally exact, we find that curious mixture of the grandiose, of ostentation and of barbaric recklessness which are characteristic of the Russian temperament.—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

The Dread Unknown.

A patrolman on Rivard street came along to a grocery on his beat about 11 o'clock the other night and found a large watermelon on the platform, while leaning against a post a short distance away was an aged colored man. The street was deserted, and the officer could not understand what kept the melon and the negro apart.

"Isn't that a temptation to you?" he asked the man.

"I dun reckon it is, boss. I'ze bin lookin' at dat mellyun fur de last half hour."

"And why didn't you take it?"

"Bekase, sah, I'ze had some 'sperience wid white folks in my time. Might possibly be dat de grocer dun forgot to take dat mellyon in when he closed up, but it's a good deal mo' possibler dat he poured in a dose of jalap an' left it out yere to be walked off wid."

"But how are you going to know?"

"Dat's what makes my heart ache, boss. If de mellyon ar' all right, den I'ze lost a golden opportunity. If it's bin dosed, den I hain't bin played fur a sucker. It's de onsartinty dat's kept me round yere till my knees ache an' I feels like havin' a chill."—Detroit Free Press.

Woman's Advantage.

Artistic Friend—"And so you are to be married?"

Miss Marie Bilkins (struggling artist)—"Yes; it is simply impossible to sell a picture with such a name as Bilkins on it, and so I have accepted the heart and hand of a grocery clerk named De La Croix."—New York Weekly.

Splendid Progress.

Mrs. Pettim—Strange what a taste my boy has for natural history. He has been collecting specimens.

Mrs. Titter—What progress has he made?

Mrs. Pettim—Splendid! Why, he has six pairs of live cats hanging by the tails from the clothes-line in the back yard this very minute.—Hatchet

AN ANTIQUE SNAKE.

Probably the Progenitor of a Family of Great Serpents.

"I know that den of big black-snakes over in Potter county that Simon Kent talks about in the Sun, but I never knew about the fourteen foot snake that tried to capture the mule," said a man from Wellsville to a Hammondsport correspondent of the New York Sun. "I haven't any doubt of it, though, for a bigger one tried to get away with Charley Wolfling, a blacksmith from Pike Mills, one day last summer, and two others, one ten feet long and the other twelve, waylaid old Mr. Compton and his daughter and were bound to carry them off. That den has been there from time out of mind. It is in the southwestern part of Potter county, along the Young Woman's creek, in a stretch of deep, dark woods known as the Black Forest. A year never goes by that a number of immense black-snakes are not overpowered in that locality, as they are always prowling around looking for unwary teamsters and unsuspecting pedestrians. I don't suppose there is another spot on this continent where such monstrous black-snakes can be found. I don't know what it is that makes them grow so big there, but my opinion is that it is because the locality where they dwell is so wild and hard to get at that the snakes have undisturbed opportunity to reach a patriarchal age, and take on their size with years. I believe black-snakes would get just as big elsewhere if they could only get the time.

"There is no doubt in my mind that some of those Black forest serpents were born long before this country was settled. I have seen them with their faces as wrinkled as a walnut and with long gray hairs on their upper lips. I killed one once down there that had a funny looking lump on its side. I cut down into it four or five inches, and found a flint arrow head at the bottom of the lump. There is only one explanation for the presence of that arrow head there. The snake had been shot by an Indian sometime, and as there hadn't been any Indians hunting with bows and arrows in that country for a good many generations of course the snake must have been a lively native before the days of the white men, and nobody knows how many years before, either. I'll bet anything on that snake's being 100 years old at least, and it was as hale and hearty a serpent as I ever saw. I say I killed it, but that is hardly true, either, although it owed its death to me. I was lumbering along Young Woman's creek, and had a lot of logs banked ready for rolling down the steep slope into the creek. Accidentally I let a log get away from me in unloading it, and away it went down the hill. It had gone maybe half way down and had acquired a tremendous momentum when I saw one of the big black-snakes of that region come tearing out from some place where it had been hiding and rush right out in the way of the flying log. I don't know what the snake thought the log was, but he was evidently in a state of fury at it, for he stopped and raised his head up and awaited the coming of the log. The log kept right on and struck the snake full force. The crash was a good one, and the log was stopped as still as if it had brought up against a rock.

"'Well,' I said to myself, that's pretty cool. 'There's a snake with a constitution, or there never was one.'

"I went down the hill and found the log canted up against the snake, and if a man unused to that country had come along just then I'd have said to him:

"'Just look at that snake and that log.'

"He'd a looked and then said:

"'Which is the snake?'

"But the snake was dead, and I very foolishly, after cutting into the lump on his side to satisfy my curiosity, and finding the flint arrowhead, pried him out, and rolled him down into the creek with the log instead o' measuring him and reporting his death and size. Consequently I can't tell how long he was, but he was a dandy. But I actually believe that if he could have been seasoned and sawed up he'd have cut up into as nice a bill of 16-inch boards as any one ever bought.

"That snake was an exception to the ordinary run of Black forest snakes. I may be wrong, but I believe he was the founder of the black-snake family there. There wasn't a gray hair on him, though, and his teeth were as sound as a pebble.

Hibbard's Strengthening and Rheumatic Plasters.

ARE A REVELATION TO THE WORLD, AND ARE THE ONLY GENUINE RHEUMATIC PLASTERS.

Nine tenths of all troubles which require the aid of plasters are rheumatic in their nature. A change of weather or a sudden draught causes a cold which develops into muscular and that into inflammatory rheumatism. And yet, there has never yet been such a thing as a distinctly rheumatic and strengthening plaster, and hundreds have died suddenly where rheumatism has attacked the heart, whose lives might have been saved had this plaster been applied in season. They are constructed on purely scientific principles and are purely vegetable.

Prepared by Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Four tramps were put up at public auction in Missouri, the purchaser of each being entitled to his services for four months. Two of them brought $1 each, one 75 cents, and no bidders for the fourth.

An English paper states that some days ago there was terminated at Warsaw a lawsuit which lasted four centuries. The suit was over a forty-acre piece of uncultivated land. It was commenced in 1480, and, curiously enough, brought to an end by amicable arbitration.

Clark & Anderson's Luck.

Omaha (Neb.) Bee, August 18:

"There is luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'More, and Rory might have added that occasionally an even number strikes it rich. Clark & Anderson, proprietors of the Monitor Restaurant, 604 South Thirteenth street, think so at least; for they held one fourth of ticket No. 15,166 in the July drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and when the wheel stopped it was found that 15,166 had drawn $50,000, hence their share was $12,500.

"It happened this way," said Mr. Anderson to a reporter, "Clark and I were not very well fixed and I remarked one evening let us invest $5 in the Louisiana State Lottery. I was in favor of buying five twentieths but he said 'No, let us buy a fourth, and if we win we will get something.' So we purchased. I looked anxiously for the list, and when it came and I found we had won I was actually paralyzed. We collected the money through the Pacific express, and it came to hand as promptly as if it had been one of Jay Gould's checks we were getting cashed. No, we are not going to Europe; we will stay right here, put a little more money into our business and see if we cannot increase our gains. As a matter of fact the cash will help us out amazingly."

As iron expands with the heat the Eiffel tower is said to be five inches taller when the temperature is high than it is in the cool of the day.

F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists, 75c.

The Vestibule as a Safety Device.

Closely related to the coupler is the vestibule, which within the last two years has become so fashionable. The vestibule is not merely a luxury, but has a certain value as a safety device. The full measure of this value has not yet been proved. Occasionally lives are lost, by passengers falling or being blown from the platforms of moving trains. Such accidents the vestibule will prevent, and further, it decreases the oscillation of the cars, and thus to some degree helps to prevent derailment. It is also some protection against telescoping. A few months ago a coal train on a double track was derailed, and four cars were thrown across in front of a solid vestibule train of seven Pullman cars approaching on the other track. The engine of the vestibuled train was completely wrecked. Even the sheet iron jacket was stripped off from it. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed, but not another person on the train was injured. They escaped, partly because the cars were strong, and partly, doubtless, because the vestibules helped to keep the platforms on the same level and in line, and thus to prevent crushing of the ends of the cars.—H. G. Prout, in Scribner's Magazine.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A monstrosity in the shape of a calf with four eyes, four nostrils and four ears and a mouth like a fish, is exciting the citizens of Jennings township, Fayette county, Ind.

Hark the sound of many voices
Jubilant in gladest song.
And full many a heart rejoices
As the chorus floats along:
"Hail the Favorite Prescription."
How the happy voices blend.
"Wonderful beyond description—
Woman's best and truest friend."

Well may it be called woman's best friend, since it does for her what no other remedy has been able to do. It cures all those delicate derangements and weaknesses peculiar to females. Cures them, understand. Other preparations may afford temporary relief, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription effects a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to do this, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. It is the great remedy of the age.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Emperor William of Germany has just become an active member of the Goethe society, which has its headquarters at Weimar.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

[illegible]

James Lester, a veteran of the war of 1812, is thought to be the oldest pensioner in Connecticut. He lives at Lyme and is in his ninety-ninth year.

[illegible]

Mr. Cunningham Graham will soon move in parliament that after the death of the queen the kingdom shall be abolished and a radical democracy be established in England.

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap pales into nothingness before the story it will tell you itself of its own perfect quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

James Russell Lowell says he is glad to get back to his good London quarters in Red [illegible] peace and quiet from Boston too. This is worse than changing one's religion.

A [illegible] Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his thread and changed it into two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars and he read upon the train the mystic legend "Wisconsin Central."

In her breach of promise suit against Charles Day, Hannah Jeffreys, a Hartford domestic, said he was the seventh chap who had promised to marry her and then went back on his word.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Frosted feet may be cured in one or two days by the use of Salvation Oil, the great pain destroyer. For sale at all druggists 25 cents.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage receives $500 for each lecture he delivers on his present tour.

Our local politicians are making active arrangements for the next campaign. They ordered a box of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and feel confident and happy.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION OR MONTHLY SICKNESS
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A new method of compounding Tar.
SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM
and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 2c stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OID CO., 78 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c.
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Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.
Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.
If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

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FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
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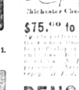

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W. N. U., D.—VII—41.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
Lumbago
SOLD BY Druggist and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Scott's EMULSION of Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
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Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.
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THIS IS THE GREAT "OHIO" TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE
famous for succeeding where others have failed.
SELF CLEANING.
Drill drops 60 to 90 times a minute.
CATALOGUE FREE.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

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ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

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