beast. With head erect, tongue going

in and out busily, and rattles whirring, it

If it had not been blind, I would not

glided after me.

BLIND SNAKE OF SAN FELIPE

commanded the officer of the ragged, villainous patrol that had caught me. It was in the province of Oaxaca, well back among the mountains and before Mexico was as peaceful and quiet as it is now.

The men who had roped me off my horse and taken me prisoner were ostensibly military; but in reality they were bandits. They pretended that my pasaports were irregular. What they were really after was to take away my equipment and what money I had and en keep me in a cell till I should be giad enough to let them keep all my property in return for liberty.

The cell was a miserable little den in tumble-down adobe house. Had I seen free to move about I could have broken out in a very short time. But captors had reckoned on that, y had tied my arms and also my leg, so that I was forced to remain in a sitting position. Every time I arose it was only to fall down again after taking a few tottering steps. So I soon thought better of it and finally I lay down to

What awakened me I do not know. It may have been the noise or it may have been instinct. At any rate, I awoke with the strong impression that I was not alone in the cell. I was lying on my side and the smallght was shining on the floor just beyond my face. My eyes nat-urally wandered there first and my heart jumped hard at what they saw. Not five feet away from my head lay a huge fat rattlesmake, bloated and hauseating.

I jerked my head back instinctively, and at the motion she anake moved, too. Its evil wrinkled body writhed and swelled, and its horrible head arose and turned in my direction. Then I saw that the thing was blind.

It had shed its skin recently and the thin white membrane that forms over the eyes of these serpents at such times had

not yet come away,
My first impulse was, of course, to
struggle to my feet and get as far away could. But the moment I scram-

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took the dolls prisoners, in spite of their

back to the top of a pole that stood in

attempts the little girls made to reach

After he had gone, Molly and Peggy got

a chair to climb on, but even so, they could not reach up high enough and were

obliged to give it up in despair.

Then they were called in to supper, and afterward they had such a splendid time

playing games that it was not until they were undressed and ready for bed

that they remembered their poor darlings. Peggy wanted to rush out in her night-gown, but nurse would not let her.

Molly begged nurse to go out and cut

the dolls down, but nurse said she was busy, and that the dollies would do very

well there till morning-it would be a

new experience for them.

Molly and Peggy did not think they

would like the experience, and wished very much the dolls were safe in their own warm little beds, but there was

The dolls' mothers can hither and thither to question the boys, and all the

servants and even papa and mamma-but no one had seen or heard anything of the lost pets. They searched the gar-

den carefully and looked under every bush, but no dolls were to be found.

Probably some man passing along the road outside had seen the dolls over the wall and thought they would be a nice

present for his little girl at home, and so

had climbed over and got them. Any-how, Molly and Peggy never saw their

Fred was dreadfully sorry. He did not

understand little girls very well, as he

longer on the pole!

dear bables again.

Oh, how they cried!

The Doll Changeling

on playing that he was a brigand, and he he still felt too much ashamed of him-

young mistresses. He tied them back to younger brother to present his peace-

pack to the top of a pole that stood in "Here, Molly and Peggy!" called the garden. And he haughed at the vain Harry. "I've got something for you from

offering to them.

lightful surprise.

Peggy, scornfully.

las" in shows.

thing.

nothing more to be done.

Next morning they ran out into the garden at once. The dollies were no mournful eyes.

When Harry sauntered off, quite pleased with the success of the presentation, the little girls looked at each other with mournful eyes.

self to face the little girls, and got his

Fred. He's awfully sorry he lost your

lolls, and gives you this instead."

He produced a creature made of wire—a

male creature. One-half of his coat was red and one-half was bife; one trouser-leg was yellow and the other green; he

wore a pointed cap with a little bell sewn to the end of it, and attached to his

hands were brass cymbals which clashed

together when you pinched him in the middle of his body. It was the sort of

Fred meant well, so she nobly put on her

best company manners and smiled polite-

ly, thanking Harry warmly for the de-

brave make-believe on Molly's part, and quickly followed her example, pretending

to be very much amused with the absurd

When Harry sauntered off, quite pleased

mournful eyes.
"Does he think THAT will make up to us for our own dear dollies?" asked Molly

in a whisper,
"And only one between us!" added

"But we mustn't hurt Fred's feelings,"
pleaded Molly.
And so they made a point of appearing

very pleased with the grotesque jester-in public. Fred was quits taken in, and felt comforted because he had done the right

thing. But when they were alone to-gether, the little girls lamented their lost

sadly and a little indignantly

children and would say to each other

if we could be mothers to a thing like

Queer Ways of the

Man-Ape

DECENTLY I had the pleasure of

a young gorilla, which is in the

zoological gardens of Leipsic. This is

a genuine gorilla-not a chimpanzee,

other sort of man-ape, like most the animals that are called "goril-

las" in shows.

Nobody knows exactly where this one comes from. It was bought in a West African coast town from a savage hunter, who killed its mother somewhere in the interior.

Petty is about 3 years old. He does not act a bit like chimpanaees or other apes, which cling to their attendants and keepera. Petty is geserved and shy and prefers to sit alone.

If anyone hands him anything, he takes it very cautiously, looks at it, smells of it and perhaps plays with

it a bit, but soon puts it away again.
. Petty is a good walker and climber,

but he does not climb or run swiftly, as monkeys do. He makes each motion very methodically like a careful hu-man being. He walks upright, some

times resting entirely on his feet and at other times belping himself with his hands, which reach the ground,

wing to the vast length of his arms. When he climbs, as does it in only one way. He catches hold of a trap-

exe bar with his feet, for instance, with his legs stretched far apart.

making a close and long study of

Peggy understood at once that this was

Molly's heart sank, but she knew that

thing you amuse bables with!



And when I fell I fell in such a way I snake as swiftly as I could. I could not that I nearly landed on top of the ser-pent. go far, for the cell was not more than ten feet long and less than seven feet

long again, partly because my legs were that I nearly landed on top of the sertied both above and below the knees, and
partly legause the light bonds had
stopped the circulation of the blood so
to my knees, and thus, on chews and
much that both legs were quite numb.

Knees, I scrambled away from the blind
heavy riding bood, and this infuriated the
aca cell. CAF

Then he gradually elevates his body true, though small, dragon that spits

till his curious head looks out between his legs like a round ball. Then his hands seize the bars and he lifts himself to repeat the same operation for rise to the dragen stories that every the next climb. While he is doing this his face remains as sad and melantically as always, and only his deep the heatly charges late vices as soon. this his face remains as sad and melancholy as always, and only his deep brown eyes show by their gleam and restless movements that he is watching everything around him suspicious-

He remains equally grave and solome when he is cating. His teeth are beginning to show what terrible weapons they will be when Petty is fully grown. Already he uses them to hold on to ropes and branches. He rarely shows any signs of joy or excitement. About the only sign be gives is to clap his hands slowly or

to alap the floor now and then, His face is coal black and the paims of his hands look as if they were in shining black, wrinkled, kid gloves. His hart is chestnut brown and be has a natural part on the top of his head.

Beetles That Shoot.

Along the snores of the Amazon there is a great beetle which is truly a dragon of the old fairy tales in minlature. When an enemy tries to capture it, it sends a jet of something because they are not small. ture it, it sends a jet of something Because they are not small, that looks exactly like steam out of And so I've thought and thought and

THE little sisters, Molly and Peggy, had no sisters of his own, and he was a time they owned dolls of which they were particularly fond. A big boycousin came from another town to stay with what he had he went into town and with them, and one day he would insist our playing that he was a belowed and sought something. When he came back

be writing this story. The cell would have been far too small for me to evade the snake had it been able to see, even if I had been free to move. As it was, I barely managed to escape being struck time and time again, for, blind though the rattler was, its other senses were keen enough and it could move like lightning, whereas I, with my numbed, fettered limbs, could only crawl clumsily. I am not ashamed to say that I shouted lustily for help. At last the face of one of the bandit-patrol peered through the small window. writing this story. The cell would

small window. To my horror, instead of moving to

give me ald he looked down on me calmly and then said with a grin:
"Senor is doing very well. But the senor will get tired soon, and—then—with these words he rolled a cigarette and disappeared.

Truly I was getting tired-terribly tired. And I knew that before long I would be unable to scramble out of the way quick-ly enough, and in that moment the tire-

ly enough, and in that moment the theless serpent would strike.

I happened to be in a corner at last
and the snake was gliding diagonally
across the ceil toward me. I lay quite
still for a moment to get as much
strength as possible before beginning the
awful race again. Just then something
rustled in the rubbish in a corper and
out proposed a rat.

out popped a rat. Quick as I could, I rolled over the place where it had entered in the hope that the frightened thing might race around the cell looking for exit and thus furnish a victim to the angry snake.

So it happened. When the rat found,

is hole blocked it darted around in sud-den panic. In so doing, it touched the rattler, and quick as a wink the snake struck at it. The rat, frightened into struck at it. The rat, frightened into, true rat rage, sprang at the blind snake and fastened its sharp teeth in the snake's and fastened its sharp teeth in the snake's head, sinking one of the teeth into an eye. The snake whipped around the ceil like a living cyclone, but the rat held tight and in a few minutes the two lay quite still, both dying.

As for me, I fell flat on the floor when the danger was over and went into a stupor from which I did not awake till a light shone into my face and kind hands untied me.

untied me.

A force of real government regulars had come in, under the command of a man whom I had met in Mexico City, and he had recognized my horse in the possession of one of my captors, with the result that he soon found me.

But it took a week of rest to help me

Joe's tears began to fall again, and the n haid a kindly hand on his shoulder "Before I lost my legs I was a brick-layer and carned \$4 per day. Now I must rest of my days as a pauper

London Beggars.

Exchange

It is calculated that in London alone about 4000 persons regularly make a living by begging; that the average income for each amounts to \$7.50 a week, or together over \$1,500,000 a year. Last year about 2000 persons were arrested for begging in the streets of London, and many of them were possessed of considerable sums of money and even of bahkbooks

Some horses run away with boys, Some of them try to kick, And some go humpety, bump, bump, And throw a boy off quick. And even when they are re-And even when they are real nice, And don't hurt boys at all.

thought.

not here because we are too lazy to work, but because of accident or misfor-tune. All people should pity us, but us a patter of fact no one does. We are called paupers, and people sneer instead of



One night the counterpane be-, A jungle filled with fearful

game: With savage beasts whose awful Awoke poor Peter from his dreams. First, when he woke, he said: "Oh, my! Why did I eat that las mince ple?"?

But then he saw it was not so, For standing in a dreadful row Were ebings of such looks and

They surely never came from One creature with a waving trunk Said: "I am the elephantimonk. And this that stands here with a

It is the rhinocrocodile Behold the gentle boaox Gliding beside the giraffox: And this that your hear laughIs just the byenuffalo." The parroteel came wriggling Behind the wondrous camelhen,

And arm in arm the chimpanz-And possumoose came with a howl. Till Peter cried: "I think that

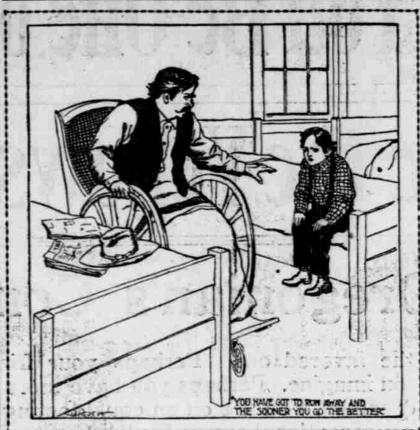
Are things that are not really At this such awful shricks arose, Peter got scared from head to And sat bolt upright in his bed To find that all the beasts had

Then Peter said: Quite sure am I That sight was never caused by ple; Such things could not come after

Unless one ate a Noah's Ark. I guess the thing that caused Is the hard studying I do."

"THIS SIGHT WAS NEVER CAUSED BY PIE."

TRIALS OF POORHOUSE JOE



OE sht down on the bed beside the legless man of the poorhouse, and after a minute Mr. Phillips said: "It place. With you it is different. You are shook his head."

drift back to what they are now. We are

me I'd have gone in and made it hot for

When I think of it I almost go wild, but

you 39 miles away."

you miles away."

"But the superintendent said that if I ran away he'd follow and catch me."

"He will certainly hunt for you, but he won't go any great distance; and he won't keep it up long. When me you start don't stop until you have gone at least 20 miles. If you are asked your name, and of course you will be don't give it. and, of course, you will be, don't give it as Joe Shaw. Take some other name. Don't tell the name of the town you came from. Never let on that you have been in the poorhouse. If any one asks if you have run away tell 'em yes. Tell 'em you had to, which will be telling the truth."
"I don't want to stay here, and yet I'm afraid to go," said Joe, after thinking

things over. "Don't talk that way, boy," replied the man. "You are old enough to take care of yourself. I was earning my own living when I was only Il years old. If you are a good, honest boy and do your best you will find people to help you. If you stay here that man Tompkins and the superintendent are going to make it just as hard for you as they can. If they pind you out to some farmer after awhile he will misuse you simply because he fook you from the poorhouse and knows that you have no friends. You have get to run away, and the sooner you go the

get, anything to eat? Where will I

"Don't worry about that, my boy. In the first place, if you stop at any farm-house and offer to do chores for a cold bite you will get it. It is Summer, and it won't hurt you a bit to sleep under a tree or beside a haystack. You may possibly find some farmer too mean to let you earn a meal, but we will fix that all right.
When I was hurt I had just one dollar to
my name. They did not find and take it

is a shame and a disgrace to the people only a young boy. but you are strong and the way things are run here. I have been intelligent. Any farmer ought to be willing to give you five dollars a month for the newspapers were told how we are fed and how we are abused there would be the biggest kind of row and the superintendent and his wife would have to go. Things might be better for a time, but only a young boy. It is different. You are only a young boy to give you five dollars a month for the start out penniless. I shall have no use for money here. If you can't get food by working for it, then you must pay money, in the selectmen who sent you here deserve to be kicked. I heard the bess whipping you, and if I had had a pair of legs under the people. he shook his head. honest as I should have been. Yes, I have been pretty tough, but I can feel me I'd have gone in and made it hot for him."

"But what can I do?" asked Joe. "They sent me here and said I must stay until somebody adopted me."

"That's all monsense." replied the legless man. "If you follow my advice you, won't be here a week longer. Should you stay on, some farmer will come along after awhile and adopt you. He will work you just as hard as they do here, and you won't live much better. He will also be likely to beat you. Don't look and I shall be lying here and hoping you can, and I shall be lying here and hoping you can. and you won't live much better. He will also be likely to beat you. Don't look for anybody to be kind to a pauper."

"How can I get away?"

"Just walk away. You want to leave (To Be Continued.)

JEAN'S AND ISOBEL'S FROLIC

ND they're going to be away her if you'll please to step in and be over Sunday," said Isobel. "And mother said to ask your mother. The half light was low and they stepped into the parties. Nore stood in the door-If you couldn't stay with me, please, and we can have the whole house to ourselves and do anything we want and-did you ever hear of such a lark?"
"Ob-h!" gasped Jean. "I never did.

CHAPTER III.

but only for a time. Then they would

me. It's awfully hard for her to have all the work." "But don't you see," interrupted Isobel

quickly, "we can both go back to your ouse in the mornings and help, and then frolic the rest of the day and the evening. I'm sure it will work all right." So Friday afternoon Jean packed her Uncle Francis' dress-suit case and she and Isobel lugged it over and deposited It in the big front room overbooking the lake. Then they spent the rest of th

ice was very bud but the fun with skaters very good. They came back barely in time to slip into their dinner dresses and go down to a beautiful table set for two and served with care and exactness, just as it

afternoon at the skuting rink, where the

was the first night Jean had dined with Isobel, many mouths before. After dinner they went into the parlor and played on the piano and sang awhite and then began to speculate on some-thing more original and exciting to do. "Let's dress up in some of mother's things," suggested Isobel, "and have a

"Oh, fine!" replied Jean. "Only wouldn't your mother mind;"
"Oh, mercy, no," said Isobel. "I'll not touch anything that makes any differ-

They went up to Mrs. Strickland's beautiful room, with its gorgeous silver-laden dressing table and dressing-room filled with innumerable closets and large pier glasses, Isobel dived recklessly into shelves and drawers and behind closet doors and laid out treasures that would have been enough to tog out all the girls

the things, but Isobel said she was quite sure of the things her mother valued and those she cared nothing for. They certainly did make the grandest

ladies, in their sweeping trains and furs and bonnets and waving plumes! The re-flections in the pier glass were most de-ceptive. Almost anybody would have said that these two were grown society ladies. Jean wore a black velvet suit with Jean wore a black velvet suit with broad cuffs and collar of heavy lace, a large white hat, and carried a white fox muff and hoa to match. Isobel was resplendent in pink cloth,

a huge black velvet hat and a feather box of extraordinary length and fluffi-

"And now what shall we act?" inquired Jean, when they had sufficiently admired themselves and each other. "We're most too fixed up to do anything useful, are "t we?" giggled Isobel. "Can you Imagine yourself doing steps with spryness and grace? And yet the women

on the stage do with as many petticoats as we have." "We'll have to do a society play," laughed Jean, "and sit in an easy chair and drink tea and gossip."
"Jean," cried Isobel so suddenly that Jean jumped. "I know what will be just

What?" questioned Jean eagerly "We'll go awfully soft down the stairs and out of the door and then ring, and when Nora comes we'll ask for Mrs. Strickland and pretend we've come to

"Perfectly loyely," gurgled Jean. "But 'spose Nora should just say she wasn't in and shut the door in our faces."
"We'll ask for Miss Isobel when she says Mrs. Strickland is out. "She'll know our voices and the

"Never mind. She'll be fooled for a few minutes, and Nora's Irish and she just loves a joke. She and the cook'll laugh for two days over it."

They got safely down the stairs. Isobel almost let the front door slam, but saved it. It took them several minutes to get over giggling. Then Isobel holdly

"Is Mrs. Strickland in?" asked Jean when Nora opened the door. Her voice was most ladylike and fetching. "No, ma'am." said Nora, 'it's out of

"Too bad." reptied Jean, and Isobel shook her head sympathetically. There was a moment's pause during which Isobel came near to bursting inwardly. Then

way.

"Miss Foster," began Jean. Then Iso-bel interrupted her with a mighty snicker and the game was up.

Yet Nora could scarcely believe it. and told stories utuit 12, and knew nothing more till 9:39 the next morning, when Misses' fine clothes," she said. "Do wait | Nova tupped at the door, entered and till I run for Kaite to come see the fine said: ladies. Sure it will cheer her heart."

And it was all Katle could do to be- ing, si ladies. Sure it will cheer her heart."

"Ladies, if it's Miss Isobel you're wanting and the war all Katie could do to believe that they were not grown up and stairs any time you'll be coming to breakcalling, and she and Nora had a long laugh over Nora's being so taken in.

Jean arrayed themselves in sweeping tea The hall light was low and they stepped into the parlor. Nora stood in the doorThere are they pretended to be ladies in their There they pretended to be ladies in their boudoir. They read aloud and ate chocolates, which Mr. Strickland had left for them, At 10 o'clock they went to bed, giggled

The Art of Thimble-Making Intricate Processes Are Involved in Fashioning the Gold-

subtreasury in the form of snug little encircling line. ingots, brick-shaped and 25 inches long and an inch and a quarter wide and an inch thick. Each one contains of

Gold of this fineness would be much too soft for thimbles and it is alloyed down to 14 carats, in which condition it is rolled into sheets of suitable thickness In the first process of manufacture a sheet of this gold is run into a machine which cuts out of it a disk in size sufficient to form a thimble, the same machine stamping this disk also into the form of a straight-sided capsule with irregular edges.

Then the thimble blank goes into another machine, in which a die stamps it into its conical shape. Out of this machine it goes into an annealing furnace for tempering and from that into an acid

bath for cleaning and the removal of the fire coating.

Then the thimble is put into a lathe to

tool the operator brings the crown of the thimble into its perfect form and cuts down along the thimble's sides to bring the walls of the thimble to the requisite thickness, defines and finishes the smooth band that rung around the lower part of the thimble and brings into relief the rounded rim that encircles the thimble at its opening, at once to give it a finishing ornamental grace there and to stiffen it. The glistening little gold shavings that he cuts off in these various operations all fall into a canvas trough. It lacks yet the familiar indentations in its surface that serve to support the

needle and to hold it in place. These the thimble-maker now proceeds to make.
It is done with a tool called a knurle There is an end knurie and a side knurie An end knurie is simply a handle having set in it a tiny, thin, revolving wheel of steel upon whose periphery is a contin-uous encircling row of little boases or knobs corresponding in size to the in-dentations to be made. The side knurle cylinder of a length sufficient to cover that section of the thimbie that is to be indented on its sides, this cylinder hav-ing knobs all over its surface, as the end knurle wheel has around its edges, and turning, like the wheel, on its axis.

Rings of Dents Made. The thimble in the lathe is turning with

300 revolutions a minute and it seems as if the application to its surface of any sort of tool with protuberances on it must leave there only a jangled and mixed-up lot of irregular marks, But now with the end knurle, the thimble-maker makes an indentation in the center of the top of the thimble and then he proceeds rapidly and with perfect certainty with the end knurie to describe around that center concentric rings of indentations, with the rings all perfectly spaced from the center to the circumference of the top.

You may see him do this, but you can't

earn went on:
"Oh, perhaps Miss Isobel can see us a coment. It's very important."
"Yes, ma'am," said Nora. "Fit ask making there as well, as he deftly presses

THE gold from which thimbles are the tool against it, indentations that run absolutely uniform and true and that end absolutely uniform and true and that end at their lower edge in a perfectly true

The Busy Bee Exposed. and an inch thick. Each one contains of pure gold 24 carats fine, metal of the value of \$200.

Gold of this fineness would be much too So, little "busy" bee, beware! Although your reputation's fair And myths surround you

(Glamour of lying ages past) Your double life is out at last-Reform has found you! Don't blarney us about those hours You say you spend among the flowers Engaged in dipping:

Let fools extol your merits high. But WE are wise, THE SUN and 1— We've caught you sipping. You hypocrite! When you arrive And look your sternest.
Don't hufz at us! WE know the way
You've lonfed three-quarters of the
Not half in earnest!

Ab, poor Illusions, oft deceived Ah, poor litusions, oft deceived:
Time was when most of us believed.
In honest Judges.
In statesmen pure as Pyrenees;
And being young, we thought of bees
As willing drudges.

be turned down to its fine shape and dimensions.

Shaping the Gold Bell.

With the repeated applications of the But now the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed By Truth her candle. If in the honeycombs we peck I'll bet a hat we'll find an Ectivities of the But now the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the honeycombs we peck I'll bet a hat we'll find an Ectivities of the But now the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed And Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed and Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed and Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed and Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If in the horrid fact's exposed and Graft in Beeland is disclosed. By Truth her candle. If it is the horrid fact is the fact in the horrid fact is the horrid fact in the horrid fact is the horrid fact in the horrid fact is the horrid fact in the horrid fact in the horrid fact is the horrid fact in the horrid fact in the horrid fact in the horrid fact is the horrid fact in the horrid fact

And thus with faith both faint and scant,



