

BY ED ROTT.

"I wish to goodness," said the man from over Sinnemahone way, "that I could remember half what my father used to tell about snakes. I really do. I do indeed. I suppose that if my father had been telling about snakes that lived anywhere else except on the Sinnemahone spread I could have remembered everything. But Lord! It would take a man with nine memories, every one of 'em phenomenal, to remember even a little bit of what them Sinnemahone snakes did, because they did so much. They were always doing something, and doing it well. I wish somebody would simply give me an inkling of what there is in that Sinnemahone atmosphere that makes things have so much more snap in them than things have anywhere else on top of earth. Even grasshoppers. Now, I know heaps of places where there is twenty times more grass than in the Sinnemahone. As for that, Sinnemahone doesn't run particularly for grass. We slash out a good many hoop poles, and we do a little in the maple sugar way, and our 'aters ain't few to the hill. But we don't brag on our grass. Then why should grasshoppers seem to like to settle down with us so much, and get to be so overpowering smart among us? I give it up. I don't know. But to prove to you that they do, I'll tell you something. I don't pretend to explain these things, mind you. I simply give you the facts.

"You know, of course, that there ain't any better bait for trout along late in the season than grasshoppers. Our Sinnemahone grasshoppers know that well, and I want to tell you that it's a hard matter to run one down and catch him when you want to go fishing. But I used to manage, by various slick bits of strategy, to get enough to fish with, but it was hard work, and so I was delighted one day, being over to the county seat, to see in a store an artificial grasshopper, with a hook concealed about it. The grasshopper was as natural as life, and I saw at once that there wasn't any use of my putting myself any longer against our smart Sinnemahone grasshoppers to get bait, when I could use the artificial grasshopper to fool the trout with, and I bought it. It worked to a charm. I think the trout went for it better than they did for the real thing, for I have an idea that they know how smart our Sinnemahone grasshoppers were, and were kind of afraid of 'em. I used that imitation grasshopper with great success.

"I had a tame trout in a spring near my house. It had been in the spring a year. It was a big one. I had caught it one day in a Sinnemahone grasshopper, and as the hook was so small, I much I put it in a pail of water and got it home alive and active. I put it in the spring and it lived and thrived. A funny thing was that the grasshopper I caught the trout with wasn't killed by the trout nor by the hook. Being a little fishing, I took the grasshopper off the hook and tossed it on the ground. It moved away, but was minus one leg. Its eyes were just as bright as ever though, and as I remember it now, it kind of shook its head and looked volumes as it limped away, headed straight for my place. I don't know where that crippled grasshopper wintered, but when warm weather came next year I give you my word that grasshopper was the first I saw on my place. It was perched on a saw horse in my back yard. I recognized it at once, and it seemed to recognize me, for it shook its head and had a queer look in its eye as it limped on one leg along the saw horse, tumbled off and stumped away.

"As long as I've got a place," said I, "that grasshopper has a claim on it, and anyone that hurts that grasshopper must settle with me!" "Well, sir, that grasshopper hung around the place, and hobbled about in a melancholy sort of way, but always with that queer look in its eyes. Every time it met me it settled down and shook its head, spit tobacco juice, as grasshoppers will, and stumped on its way. I know now that that grasshopper had vengeance on its mind, and was only biding its time.

"This was the season I got the artificial grasshopper. I frequently saw the crippled real one sitting on the flat stone over the spring where my pet trout was, glaring down at the trout and shaking its head in a startling way. The grasshopper remembered that this was the trout that had crippled it, and it went to the spring to glare at the trout and show its back. I used to tremble for it, for my trout just doted on grasshoppers, and I was fearful lest this poor crippled one might tumble in the spring and thus give up the rest of itself to the foe that had bereft it of its leg.

"One day I had been fishing with my artificial grasshopper. I came in, took the leader off my line, with the imitation grasshopper on it, and laid it on the back stop, being called away for something or other. When I went to get the leader ten or fifteen minutes later it was gone. I looked around, but couldn't find it. Some time afterward I started for the spring to get a pail of water, and as I drew near I saw the crippled grasshopper dragging itself up on the flat stone that covered, or half covered, the spring. It stopped, and then saw that the grasshopper was dragging something up along with it. I started when I saw that it was my missing leader. My first impulse was to go and recover my property, but on second thought I didn't.

"This unfortunate grasshopper, I reasoned, 'has some purpose in view. Let me see what it may be.'

"I splash in the water, and the next instant my pet trout was dashing wildly about in the spring, hooked on the deadly lure and played by the limber current lurch. Oh! but it was a stroke of genius! The crippled grasshopper stood on the edge of a stone, looking over at the vengeance it had wrought, glaring savagely and gloating. I could easily have saved the trout.

"But no! I said. It is but retributive justice! Let it stand!" "In a short time the trout was dead. The crippled grasshopper hobbled off of the stone and disappeared. I never saw it again. Will somebody give me an inkling of what there is in that Sinnemahone atmosphere that makes things have so much more snap in them than things have anywhere else on top of earth? Even grasshoppers. Will some one simply give me an inkling?"

Not even the man in the red, blue, pink, yellow, green and purple mackinaw jacket seemed capable of utterance, and the man from Sinnemahone said he was going to go without his inkling.

"Oh, yes! Snakes!" said he, suddenly brought to himself. "Lord! I wish my father was here! He isn't! He couldn't be, very well. He left the banks of the Sinnemahone for the same of Jordan, some years since. My father was a fiddler, and if he is playing the harp half as well as he played the fiddle, he isn't taking a back seat for anybody on the other shore, and then blowing a small gale from his mouth for a few seconds. I never knew just what they gained by doing all this, but they do it, and that's enough. The blacksnake was another snake my father liked, but somehow they never liked him, but they feared him, and when he wanted to use 'em they knuckled right down and were used.

"Once my father had a pet blowing adder, and never lost a chance to be a pet, but which had a feeling against being one, and just wouldn't. It didn't dare to rebel altogether, though, and learned the tricks my father taught it, and did them, but I had like a steer all the time. The blowing adder, on the other hand, was fonder of the old man than a cat of his little jug with the cornob stopper in it wasn't empty.

"Whenever father went to his cabin in the woods for a hunt he always took Jehosaphat and Prudence with him for company. Jehosaphat was the blacksnake and Prudence was the blowing adder. Once, while out on one of these trips, father was taken sick with rheumatism in his cabin, and lay on his bed of straw, unable to move hand or foot. Jehosaphat cheered up and got chippy at once. He tumbled all over himself, father used to say, he felt so good. And he felt more than that. He had murder in his heart.

While father lay there helpless the wicked snake took a match in his mouth, placed like a band in father's face for a moment, struck the match on his side, just the way the old man had taught him, and then deliberately set fire to the straw on which my father lay helpless. With one more fiendish glare at my father Jehosaphat fled from the cabin.

"Imagine my father's feelings lying there unable to move, and that fire creeping slowly toward him! He saw death from a horrible death. But he didn't know Prudence, the blowing adder. That loving snake woke from a nap in her corner, and soon saw the awful danger my father was in. She dashed over to the burning straw, flattened out her head, and with one tremendous puff blew out the blaze."

"Sinnemahone!" exclaimed the man in the red, blue, pink, yellow, green and purple mackinaw jacket, "let me tell ye sumpin'! That blowin' adder mow a blowed out that blaze, but there ain't no blowin' adder, nor blowin' gale, nor howlin' cyclone that kin ever blow out the blaze ye'll git into one o' these days, an' when ye git there, jist remember that I told ye so!"—N. Y. Sun.

ways take their food at night or in the dark, this spectacle was thought very curious.

ON A TOMBSTONE.

A Human Face Produced in a Miraculous Manner. In the Oak Hill cemetery at Stony Brook, L. I., a large tombstone of mottled Italian marble bears a remarkable portrait of an average-sized human face. The picture is not the work of a sculptor, nor has it been graven with the marble-cutter's chisel; it is a natural production, the outlines of the face being formed by a peculiar grouping of the clouded veins and dark spots characteristic of first-class imported stone. The remarkable peculiarity of this particular stone has been known for two or three years, and throughout the length and breadth of Long Island it is referred to as "the miracle face."

Standing near, as one would in reading an epitaph or inspecting the grain and polish of such a memorial shaft, the outlines of the face cannot be traced, but at a distance of from thirty-five to fifty feet it is as plain as though done with an artist's brush, the grouping of the spots, veins and waving lines combining to make not only a fair resemblance to a face, but a complete portrait, including hair, eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, chin, etc. Its outlines are clearest, of course, when the shadows and light play properly upon it, but at the distance mentioned, and in the proper direction, the portrait is plainly visible at all times. The face is so set as to appear to be looking down upon the grave of the person to whose memory the stone is erected.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

Why a Jackstone Maker Turned His Attention to Puzzles. As an example of how a remunerative specialty in hardware forced itself on a receptive and appreciative Yankee the following incident will be of interest: Among manufacturers, says the Iron Age, small castings are often put in revolving cylinders with pickers or stars made of cast iron, having usually six points, the extremes of which are about an inch apart. They are also familiar to toy dealers, who sell them to children as "jackstones." The pickers, together with small castings, are put into the tumbling barrels so that any particles of sand adhering may be removed and a better finish given the castings. A large and well-known New England concern, which, in addition to other lines, manufactures screw wrenches largely, formerly used a peculiarly shaped malleable iron ferrule with irregular openings at the two ends weighing about an ounce. Some of these ferrules chanced to be a part of the contents in one of the tumbling barrels.

When the barrel was opened the attendant noticed, what to him seemed almost incredible, that the picker with all its prongs was inside the ferrule, the openings of which were comparatively small. The observant mechanic logically concluded that as it had gotten in it could be gotten out again. The phenomenon was brought to the attention of parties who decided to apply the idea in a puzzle, and the result has been that the original manufacturer is now making the two parts under contract in ton lots, while the first order is said to have netted a profit to the promoters of seventeen hundred dollars. This is known on the streets as the Trilby puzzle.

Fragments of a two-dollar treasury note were presented at the subtreasury for redemption lately by a resident in one of the counties of Maryland, says the Baltimore Sun. "This was struck by lightning," he said, as he exhibited the two pieces of the note. The note had apparently been burned lengthwise through the middle, leaving the top and bottom margins. The burned portion that was missing was from a half to one and a half inches wide. The edges of the remaining parts were charred. The man said his home in the country was recently struck by lightning, that the note was in a cupboard at the time, and that the lightning entered the cupboard, burning the note as described. The number and seal on the parts of the note were legible and genuine, and consequently the note was redeemed.

The New Hook Spoon Free to All. I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to any one sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessels, being held in the plate by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around here.

A BOA'S CLEVER TRICK.

The Serpent's Silent Capture of an Unsuspecting Sparrow. A sight very seldom seen by any but professional naturalists was observed the other day in a German zoological collection. The boa-constrictor is a non-poisonous snake, and kills its prey by squeezing it to death. A young boa had been kept in a cage over a week with three sparrows without taking any notice of the presence of the birds, nor did the latter manifest any fright of the reptile. One day, says the Philadelphia Record, the snake appeared to watch the movements of the birds, then picking seeds off the floor of the cage, and slowly began to unwind from the branch of the tree on which it spent most of the time. Almost imperceptibly the loops on the tree disappeared, the body of the snake becoming more and more disengaged, but its head still remaining at considerable distance from the floor. All of a sudden the forward part of the snake's body shot downward with lightning rapidity, grasping one of the unsuspecting birds, not with the mouth, but with a rapid twist of the body, crushing it at the same time until quite lifeless. This was done so quickly and noiselessly that the other birds never noticed the absence of the victim. The boa then returned to the tree above, and after a little preparation of further pressing the bird and covering it with mucus it proceeded to swallow its prey without biting or chewing. As the boas all

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

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