A CUNNING REPTILE.

The Various Clever Devices He Used to Deceive His Discoverer.

A correspondent of The Popular Science News tells the following strange story:

While searching for snails I turned over an old log and disturbed a snake, called by our negroes a "spreading arrow." The tactics pursued by this snake were curious.

First he erected his head and neck and flattened them out till they seemed no thicker than cardboard, thus increasing his apparent size, as he took care not to be seen edgewise. The shape of his head changed. It took a pronounced triangular form—similar to the heads of our most venomous snakes. Then his tail, with the aid of a dry leaf, was proclaiming that it was the tail of a rattlesnake.

All this, coupled with an ominous hiss, was calculated to strike terror to the heart of his disturber, as for a moment it did. I regained my courage, however, and began to poke the serpent gently with a stick, when, finding "bluster" of no avail, he sought safety in flight.

Repeated "headings off" showed him how futile were his efforts in that line, and he altered his tactics again. He turned on his back and remained motionless. I threw him six feet from the ground, and so quickly did he turn over that he seemed to strike on his back.

Once on his back, nothing could induce him to move. Tapping, prodding, twisting his tail—all were in vain. Then I suspended him from the limb of a tree, retreated a little and watched. At the end of two minutes the reptile moved. Slowly he turned on his spinal column as on an axis, surveyed the premises, and seeing nothing dangerous dropped to the ground and was making off.

At my approach he died again. After sundry proddings, which failed to move him, I rewarded him for his cleverness by giving him the liberty that he certainly had earned.

SEALS ARE FOND OF MUSIC.

And Hunters Use Sweet Sounds to Get Them Within Reach.

"Seals are very fond of music," said G. L. Tompkins of New Bedford, Mass., "and the hunters who pursue them most successfully usually make use of some musical instrument to attract them. I have a distinct recollection of the first seal hunt I ever went on. Early one morning I, in company with about a dozen others, set out in a rowboat for a spot where the seals were said to be plentiful. The boatmen dipped their oars slowly in the water and sung in unison a weird, wild song in a peculiar undertone. To me, being uninitiated in the sport, this seemed to be a curious accompaniment to a seal hunt, but I was still more surprised when one of the men produced a flute and played on it a quaint, sympathetic air.

"The effect of the music was soon evident, as dozens of seals poked their heads up, some remaining basking on the water, while others clambered up on the ledges of rock, charmed almost to unconsciousness by the music. Steering the boat to the shore, the musician all the while keeping up the plaintive air, one of the men jumped out. He carried with him a huge club and a long sharp knife. Noiselessly creeping to where some of the seals were lying on the rocks listening intently to the music, he dealt one of them a terrible blow on the head with the club, stunning it, and then made short work of the poor animal with his knife. In the same manner we secured 11 fine seals before night."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shooting In France.

Shooting is probably the most universally popular sport in France. Almost every man is, has been or will be a "chasseur." It is a healthy exercise, inexpensive, since 20 persons can unite to hire the lease of as many acres, and is unattended with risk of disappointment, as the unlucky sportsman can always buy a rabbit at the dealer's to bring home to his wife. The French government annually issues 350,000 licenses, which bring in about £400,000. The largest number of these permits is delivered in the departments of Gironde, Bordeaux, Bouches du Rhone, Marseilles and Seine et Oise, on account of their nearness to Paris, about 13,000 in each. The department of the Seine, in which Paris is situated, is responsible only for 9,000 licenses, there being very little real country in it.—London News.

His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I'ze a carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar, I dunno how ter explain any mo', 'cept to say hit am jes' de same diffunce 'twixt you and er fust class lawyer."—Macon Telegraph.

A Discriminating Observer.

"These two men seem mighty badly worked up," said the messenger boy, who was coming up stairs backward so as not to miss anything. "They're calling names an threaten to do one another."

"What is it?" asked the bookkeeper. "A duel?"

"Naw! I thought they was fighters, but I guess they're only pugilists."—Washington Star.

It Is Often the Case.

"Mrs. Bolton is looking extremely well. What do you attribute it to?"

"Her dressmaker, of course, dear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A SUNDAY FOX HUNT.

An Impromptu Chase That Brought Mortification to the Participants.

Benjamin S. Rupp of Talmage, Wis., tells this story of his personal experiences:

"One Sunday about a year ago I mounted a horse often used for fox hunting to ride down to the back pasture lot to give the calves a bit of salt, and, as usual, my four hounds followed. It was a beautiful, clear morning, just after a rain, with the roads decidedly muddy. Suddenly over toward Earlville I heard a pack of hounds on a hot trail. So did my horse and dogs. My horse was bound to go, and as I could not keep the dogs back, and fearing they would be lost, I thought I would go a little way up the hill and see what the racket was about. My horse was so excited that I could not hold him.

"I passed several staid old Mennonites going to church and splattered them full of mud, but I pulled my hat down, looked solemn and as if crying, and they thought I was going for a doctor. I had not run a mile till I had met Sam Carpenter, who has 25 dogs; Sylvester Miller, who has ten dogs, and who were out salting their calves and could not hold their horses any better than I could. As we went on, at some crossroads or forks we met Rudy Frankhouser, Jacob Sowers, Rolland Royer, John Sowers, Martin Balmer, Mart Kuppenhafer, Adam Hoover and about 20 more who had gone out that morning also to salt calves. It was a regular salting day, and I never knew that there were so many calves in West Earl township, and that they were all given a lick of salted bran on the same day. It was a really singular coincidence. Now, some of the men were riding barebacked, some were on mules, some only with blind bridles on their steeds; none was dressed for either church meeting or fox hunting.

"It was the most innocent party I ever saw, and they did all they could to curb mules and horses and call off the hounds. But the trail was hot and the dogs eager. We might just as well have whistled jigs to milestones and expect them to dance. So the hunt went on, and we could not stop it. We ran to Farmersville, then to Hinkletown, next to Vogansville and wound up at Groffdale—about 50 riders who had all gone out in the most pious way on Sunday morning to salt calves in the back lots and were led astray by circumstances over which they had no control. The worst of the whole matter was that that infernal fox, possessed by the devil, took us by every church in the neighborhood. He almost ran into one church, and we were forced to ride by—splattering mud in all directions, scaring the old people and taking the thoughts of the young folks off sacred things.

"When we first started, we tried to make the people believe we were after a thief, the doctor, priest, or that we thought we were late for church service and so were riding fast and furious. But this racket would not do. There were too many of us and 100 dogs on a hot trail. We pulled our horses and mules and shouted at the wicked, ungodly dogs, but no good. He had a through ticket at special rates and could not stop off. There were all kinds of creeds among us riders, and that fox took us by our respective churches. The preachers saw us, our elders, deacons, our wives, daughters and sweethearts beheld us, and every one wept great weeps."—New York Advertiser.

Amusement For Two.

A good story is told of William Swisher, one of the veterans of the Grand Army. He was in a Colorado town not long ago without money, but with a great thirst. He was sizing up a saloon outfit from a corner seat when a westerner invited him to take a drink.

"No," replied Bill deliberately, "I will not drink today."

"Won't you, Mr. Boiled Shirt?" replied the cowboy. "We shall see." Then he turned to the bartender. "Put ten whisky glasses along the bar in a row. Now fill 'em up."

When they were filled, he drew a pistol and cocked it.

"Drink down the line," he commanded.

Bill slowly drained each glass. When the last was down, he placed it on the counter, set the ten glasses in line and turned to the cowboy.

"Now, mister," said he, "if you have 'em filled again, I'll drink my way back."—Pittsburg Post.

One Man's Name.

"Thomas Fransligetterskypesfunderknickellepenpsay" was written on a card which an anarchistic looking individual handed to Justice Kane.

"Looks like an alphabetical riot," ventured his honor uncertainly.

"Nein, nein, das ist mein name. I have you some business mit," was the reply.

Judge Kane warmly assured his visitor that the clerk would attend his slightest wish and hastily left the room.

"I guess you've got 'em all there," said the clerk critically as he reviewed the alphabetical dress parade on the card, "but that's not the way I learned them."

He was heard of later in Justice Slavin's court, where he entered suit against a man with a name almost as complicated as his own.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Brush That Raises No Dust.

An antidust brush, says Cassell's Family Magazine, has just been patented the use of which does away with any necessity for sprinkling floors with water, tea leaves, sawdust or any other medium for preventing the rising of dust during the sweeping of uncarpeted floors. The brush itself is circular in shape and is surmounted by a metal reservoir in which is carried a disinfecting fluid, "sanorlene" by name. In the ordinary way the brush is used right, but if the dust begins to rise the pressing of a peg in the handle allows the brush to revolve and at the same time charges it with the fluid.

SYMMES' HOLE UP TO DATE.

A Call For Volunteers to Go to the Long Lost Babylonians In It.

That the crust of the earth is formed in layers no one will dispute, and that all substance on the surface of the earth is drawn by some force toward the earth's center is also undeniable. This is called centripetal force. To admit the existence of this force is equal to the admission of a counteracting force called centrifugal.

According to every experiment and all philosophical reasoning, there must be a line of equilibrium drawn somewhere between the center and the circumference of the earth. The exact location of this line will always be determined by the motion of the earth. It is on this line that the external and the internal forces meet in deadly conflict, striving for gravitatious power and the enforcement of their laws. The friction produced by these two forces must be the source of all internal heat and the eternal fire. It is these two opposing forces that form and sustain the immense balance wheel called "the earth," which is 25,000 miles in circumference, but cannot exceed 200 miles in thickness, including the lava belt in the center.

The irregular motion of the earth will change the central line of gravity and cause an eruption of lava either external or internal. The earth when viewed as a whole is a unit, and so are the laws which operate it, whether applied to the external or the internal surface.

The law which reverses gravitation on this equalizing line has given us two earths in one, or a world within a world. The friction and heat of the earth at the equator are so much greater than they are at the poles that the law of electric equilibrium will produce an electric current to meet the demand for light and heat.

This internal earth is a counterpart of the external in all things, except its Atlantic and Pacific are not quite so vast, and its Nile and its Amazon are not quite so long. Neither is its equator nor its zones nor its poles quite so high. Nature, with an impartial hand, has withheld no good thing from this new world that can be tasted of by any other. Humanity here is as far removed from Darwin as Darwin is removed from the chosen seed of Adam's race.

Who shall defy the ice bound north and enter that "open sea" so long sought for and greet their long lost cousins who migrated from Babylon 3,000 years ago?—Floyd Hamblin in Utica Observer.

AMUSING THE QUEEN.

How Maids of Honor Are Selected and Some of Their Duties.

Maids of honor are chosen by the queen herself from among the daughters of peers, who, if not themselves connected with the royal household, are personal friends of her majesty. A letter is always sent to the parents of the young lady requesting that as a personal favor to the queen she may be permitted to attend at court. As the position is undeniable and the salary is £300 a year, the request is invariably accepted, and the newly chosen maid receives from the lord chamberlain the command for her first "wait."

The first thing brought to the maid of honor is her badge, which is a miniature picture of the queen set in brilliants and hung from a ribbon. Just before the dinner hour the maid of honor in waiting has to stand in the corridor outside the queen's private apartments. She carries a bouquet, which on entering the dining room she lays at the right hand of the queen's plate.

The maid of honor sits at dinner next to the gentleman on the queen's right. This rule is, however, relaxed when royal guests are present. After dinner, unless otherwise commanded, the maid of honor retires to her own room, whence however, she is frequently called to read, sing, play the piano or take a hand at cards.

As regards this last, the household have always to be provided with freshly coined money, for the queen is not supposed to handle money which has ever been in circulation.—New York Advertiser.

A Mean Revenge.

The man knocked at the door of a boarding house on Cass avenue, and the landlady opened it.

"I presume you are the landlady," he said after saying "Good morning!"

"Why do you presume that?" she asked, with a snap, for the visitor looked as if he might be some kind of an agent.

"A friend of mine, Mr. Smith, who used to board here, told me I'd recognize you as a lady of about 50."

She fairly gasped at this.

"Did he tell you that?" she inquired, with suppressed emotion.

"He did, madam."

"And you recognized me by that description?"

The visitor knew something about discretion being the better part of valor, having been an agent for a long time.

"I did not, madam," he responded.

"It's a good thing you didn't," she said. "When I bounced that fellow Smith for not paying his bill for three months, he told me he would get even with me, and this is how he is doing it."

Then she bounced the visitor.—Detroit Free Press.

Victoria as a Shakespearean.

Several years ago a celebrated tragedian was announced to play "Hamlet" at Windsor. When he came to the soliloquy, he made an unusual pause after "To be"— The queen, believing that he had forgotten his lines, instantly prompted—"or not to be. That is the question." "By your leave, your majesty," said the tragedian, put out of courtly humor by the interruption, "that is not the question. The question is my method of interpretation." "Never mind your method," returned the queen snappingly. "What we want is Shakespeare."—San Francisco Argonaut.

JACKETS FOR OUR SAILORS.

They Are Made by Sewing Women In the Employ of the Navy Department.

The natty uniforms of the sailors and marines of the United States navy are made by a corps of women employed by the quartermaster of the Brooklyn navy yard. They are well paid, and the position of tailoress or seamstress is eagerly sought for by women who earn a living by making garments. The waiting list of the bureau of employment contains more than 100 applicants. All work is done by the piece, and the wages vary from $3 to $12 a week.

The applicant must present her name to the civil service board. Her application must be signed by at least two reputable persons. Not only must she come well recommended as a seamstress, but the condition of the workshop is carefully considered. The quartermaster makes it a point that no work shall be done in sweatshops or in places where the clothing is likely to be infected.

Once appointed, the applicant visits the tailor shops of the navy yard, where she receives a bundle of goods to be made up into garments. The government furnishes all the trimmings and thread. From 20 to 80 bundles are issued every morning. It usually requires two days to finish the garments. The work is delivered and a new lot issued.

The overcoats are made of heavy cloth, and the maker receives $2.80 apiece. Drawers and undershirts for the men are made of 11 ounce and 7 ounce blue flannel. The seamstress is paid 15 cents for each. The maker is paid 60 cents apiece for cloth trousers and 50 cents for working trousers. Overshirts of heavy and light weight flannels pay 65 cents apiece. Jumpers are made of white drilling at 50 cents each.

Some of these women have been in the employ of the navy yard from 15 to 20 years. The older employees are best paid and make rarely less than $12 a week.

The garments are for the enlisted men only, as the officer supplies his own wardrobe. The uniforms are issued at the navy yard by the quartermaster.—New York Sun.

THE CABLE CAR MAN.

He Claims That He Faces Dangers Which Almost Unnerve Him.

When the railroad men left the cable car at the head of the Milwaukee avenue viaduct, the gripman threw the lever forward with an emphatic "zip" and said: "Those locomotive engineers think they are the only men with nerve who ride on rails. Did you hear them talking about how weak they felt after their machine had just missed knocking some clumsy farmer over the telegraph wires and how they sweat a cold sweat when the baby toddled in front of their engine? Did you get onto their trick for a layoff because they have lost their nerve through running fast and can't make over 10 miles an hour until they get their nerve back again? If those engineers would take this run, they would be wet through all the time and wouldn't have enough nerve left to sass a messenger boy.

"There are more kids to the acre up Milwaukee avenue than anywhere else in the city, and every last one of them plays in between the street car tracks. We have close shaves every block. Just like that. Did you see that man then? He had plenty of time to wait for the three seconds it takes for us to pass, but he couldn't wait, and we grazed him. We don't run 60 miles an hour, but you can kill a man just as quick at 12 miles an hour, and it shakes you up just as much. There isn't a gripman in Chicago but dreads to make the down town loop during the rush hours. Providence looks after babies and drunken men, and I believe we have a special Providence with us. You people may think we have no feelings, but I have seen men run their grip cars into the barn and then sit down, weak as a cat and white as a sheet. Their nerves had given out, and that was all that was the matter with them."—Chicago Record.

Original.

John Hookham Frere was a scholar and a man of much literary ability, but one of those whose work, for some reason, finds a very slight hearing. But even if his literary work should be quite forgotten the stories of his absence of mind will live as long as incongruous error continues to amuse.

One day he sat repeating some verses to Mr. John Murray in Mr. Murray's office, and his host became so interested in the poem that he asked the poet to go home with him to dinner and continue the recitation. Mr. Frere, startled to find it so late, excused himself. He had been married that morning, he said, and it was already past the hour when he had promised his wife to be ready for their journey into the country.

Another such story rests on the authority of his wife herself. Mr. Frere had just been introduced to her at an evening party and offered to take her down stairs to procure some refreshment. He became so interested in their conversation, however, that he drank the glass of negus he had poured for her and was about to conduct her up stairs when she laughingly remonstrated with him for having forgotten her needs.

"This," she said, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us!"—Youth's Companion.

Unique Advertising.

A tale is told of Robert Bonner and of his belief in advertising. One day he engaged a whole page of a newspaper and repeated a two line advertisement upon it over and over again. It most have been repeated 5,000 times upon the page in the smallest type.

"Why do you waste your money, Robert?" asked a friend. "I noticed that same line so often. Would not half a page have answered your purpose?"

"Half a page would never have caused you to ask the question," replied Mr. Bonner. "At least five people will ask that to every line, was the way I figured it."—New York News.

"How Well You Look"

Friends Surprised at the Great Improvement.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I take pleasure in writing the good I have received from Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every spring and summer for six years my health has been so poor from heart trouble and general debility that at times life was a burden. I was so emaciated and

Weak and Pale

that my friends thought I would not live long. I could do scarcely any work at all and had to lie down every few minutes. I began getting worse in January, losing my flesh and feeling so tired. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am happy to say I am in better health than for

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

a number of years. My friends remark to me: 'Why how well you look.' I tell them it is Hood's Sarsaparilla that has done the work. I would have all suffering humanity try this medicine and be convinced. This statement is **true to the letter.**" MRS. JENNIE DECKER, Watseka, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation biliousness, sick headache, indigestion.

Nerve Tonic — **Blood Builder**

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Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

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COMPLEXION POWDER.

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SCHOOL TEXT-BOOK PETITION.

To the State Board of Education—Protest Against Changes in Text-Books or any Contract fixing prices for the next six years:

Governor Pennoyer, Secretary of State McBride and State Superintendent of Public Instruction McElroy, acting as the State Board of Education of Oregon.

SIRS:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, taxpayers and citizens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about adoption of new series of public school text-books under the law passed by the last legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting the text-books now in use, or those that might be authorized by your board at present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the next six years, as specified in that law.

In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are obtainining public school text-books at an average price of about 30 cents apiece for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one-half what we pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the earliest day possible.

NAMES. NAMES.

[Cut out the above form of petition, sign and address it to one of the State Board of Education, or mail it to THE JOURNAL and it will be published and forwarded to the board with others. Men and women should sign this petition in protest against perpetuating the present system of high-priced text books for six years to come.]

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