

BATTLE WITH A BOA.

ITS FOLD WRAPPED ABOUT HIS WINDPIPE.

An Incident of the Hunt in Venezuela—Professor Kelly's Escape of His Native Servant From the Embrace of a Giant Serpent.

During my snake-hunting progress eastward through the Venezuelan forest, writes G. R. O'Reilly of the Ireland Royal zoological society, whenever for any length of time I made my headquarters in any village or settlement, I almost invariably had one or two young fellows trained under my own eye, to capture alive, without fear, the largest and most deadly kinds that the primeval wilderness could produce.

Pedro Vargas, a swarthy-skinned stripling of 17, clad only in shirt and trousers, with a palm leaf hat upon his head, barefoot and bare-legged to the knee, was the quickest and bravest of all my daring serpent-chasers. One morning at sunrise Pedro and I started off for the forest in search of a huge boa constrictor reported to have been seen by some hunter on the previous evening. Before we had proceeded far the sounds of gunshots in the distance attracted our attention. We soon came up with the shooters, and were delighted to find that they were the very hunters who had yesterday encountered the boa we were in quest of.

Over the forest-clad hills for some two miles we with difficulty made our way, continually slashing a road with our cutlasses, to where there was a deep ravine. It was among the rocks on the precipitous side of this ravine that they had seen the boa on the evening before. Pedro, meanwhile left us, and going down to the dried up river bed, began to seek him beneath the bushes overhanging the sandy margin. He was very soon successful.

"Santa Madre," he shouted, "Que grande caheza!" On hearing this we all stood still, anxiously gazing down at him, wondering what it was he had discovered. As he uttered the words we saw him in the act of ascending a huge boulder, overshadowed by a spreading fan-palm's spacious leaves. For a moment he was lost to view.

The palm leaves swayed and rustled violently, and before we had time to move a step there was Pedro rolling off the boulder down to the sand below, with the enormous snake coiled with its many folds around him. There he lay on his back holding the great boa, with one hand clutched about its throat. There was coil upon coil of the monster's length wound around his neck and arms and body. His legs only were free, and with these he tried vigorously to get on his feet; but in vain, for the weight around his neck and shoulders, as well as the pinning of his arms, completely prevented any such action. When we reached him he could speak no more and his face was fast growing livid, though otherwise he was conscious enough; but the pressure round his throat was too much for him. The swollen veins stood out upon his forehead and his eyes appeared bulging—evidently the snake was strangling him, while he still kept it clutched by the throat, for though a boa constrictor cannot crush one's ribs, he can easily squeeze a neck quite enough to choke. Now the best way to unloose a coiled boa is to commence at the tail, so for that I jumped at once and found it stoutly entangled around the stems of the bushes. I proceeded to untie it, but as fast as I could get it off from one place it instantly twisted afresh around another.

As it was clear that this delay might have serious consequences, I at once prepared for other tactics. I knew that if I threatened the excited reptile while Pedro remained perfectly still and quietly let go his hold on its throat, the beast would at once attack me by biting, but not by winding around me, for this last they never do, except with animals they intend to swallow or when held prisoner, as Pedro was now holding this one. Preparing myself, therefore, for the onset by taking the bags we had with us and wrapping them around my hands to protect them against its teeth, I stood off a little by the reptile's head and shouted to Pedro to let go, which he had till now been afraid to do. In pugilistic attitude, I took my position before the hissing snake, and, with both hands protected by the bags, as with boxing gloves, feigned a blow at him the moment Pedro unloosed his grasp. The enraged animal, seeing me thus menacingly moving in front of him, gave vent to a most terrifying hiss, and bit toward me with widely-gaping jaws. He struck right toward my face, but fell short of his mark, for he was too much entwined around the boy to reach out far enough to catch me. His folds now began to loosen on Pedro, all his rage being directed to me.

For several minutes I kept the angry snake biting at me, and as after each attack he would unwind another twist of his body Pedro, whom I repeatedly warned to stay quiet, was soon almost entirely free, while I sparred vigorously with my hissing antagonist, without, of course, ever allowing him to catch me.

Now that he was far enough away, gave the word to Pedro to jump up and cut a good-sized pole in theicket. With this we both managed to press down his neck, pinning him firmly to the ground, upon which he tried vainly to turn and bite the offends' wood, and twisted himself around it right up to our very hands. Quick by my call the other hunters came to our assistance and while they held on, one to the pole and some to

the snake, I caught him firmly, just as Pedro had done before, around the neck with both hands. Now that I had him by the head, Pedro by the tail and some others by the middle, we soon got him loose from the pole and in triumph bore him off homewards, through the forests, for none of the bags we had with us was anything like large enough to stow him in.

SACRED RIVER OF INDIA.

The Ganges May Not Be so Considered by Hindus After Next Year.

The ancient prophecy that the sanctity of the river Ganges will pass to the Narbada in 1894-95 has been quoted very widely by the Indian press and is said to be creating more unreason than the mango-smearing, says the New York Evening Post. It appears that, what with indignation meetings in every part of the country to protest against the sacrifice of Indian finance to the Manchester vote, the murderous feuds of the Mohomedans and Hindus, the criminal trials for slander which have sprung out of missionary misrepresentations on the opium question, and the demand for the public prosecution of a leading missionary journal for insulting native religious beliefs, a wave of unrest is again passing over India. The czarowitz, in his account of his recent travels in that country, dwells at length upon the prophecy and the silent revolution which he declares to be proceeding without any suspicion on the part of the British. A writer in the London Times says of the prediction: "It derives, of course, no authority from the Veda. Nor have we, after some inquiry, been able to discover a reference to it in any text belonging to the classical Sanskrit period. The earliest authentic notice has been traced no further back than the Rewa-Khanna, a local sacred poem in honor of the Narbada. Sixty years ago Sir Henry Sleeman mentioned it in his journal as current in the Narbada region of the central provinces. About the year 1880 Sir Monier Monier-Williams heard a good deal concerning it from the Brahmins of Western India at Ahmadabad. The change was to take place in 1851 of the Samvat era, corresponding to 1894-95 of our era. The ceremonial cycle of the Hindus is one in twelve years, and the bathing festivals on the Ganges have each twelfth year a special religious value. At the last of these cycle anniversaries the devotion of the populace was stimulated by the rumor that they had better take advantage of it lest the sanctity of the Ganges should depart before the next occasion arrived. Unprecedented multitudes flocked to the bathing places along its banks, and the demonstration was considered of sufficient importance to find its way into the official record of the period."

Then and Now.

At one time the retailer hunted up the jobber. A large force of indoor salesmen were required and no traveling salesmen were employed. At a later period traveling salesmen notified the merchants in the towns on their circuits when they would show their samples in their city, and the retailer called and gave his orders. In recent years, "indoor" salesmen found it necessary to grab the gripsack and hunt for orders in the retailer's store. To-day, the crowded representation on the road compels wide-awake houses to help their agents by the powerful aid of printers' ink, and the houses who do not advertise must sooner or later be relegated.—Grocery World.

What It Would Seat.

A couple about to be married were anxious that all their friends should attend the ceremony, but were in doubt as to the capacity of the church. Accordingly the young man went to the sexton and asked: "How many will the church seat?" The sexton considered the matter carefully for several minutes, and then replied reflectively: "We-ell, ord'narily it'll seat 'bout three hundred; but if some'll sit with their legs hangin' over the organ loft, I guess it'll seat three hundred and ten."—Harper's.

The Power of the Courts.

"We are likely to have a tornado in two or three days," said the weather man to his assistant. "You'd better run down to the court and get an injunction."

"Do what?" "Get an injunction. Isn't that what injunctions are for—to restrain the lawless elements?"

If his job had not been a federal one the assistant would have resigned.

Woman's Curiosity.

She—Women haven't a bit more curiosity than men, so they haven't. He—No, but it is manifested in different lines. For instance, a woman might own a sewing machine for years without finding out how it was made, but she wouldn't have a seamstress in the house a week without knowing all about her.

Her Manager.

English Nobleman, after two hours' acquaintance—I weally assuah you, Miss Billions, that I've learned to love you! "Pon my soul I— American Heiress, interrupting and pointing to her father in the next room—Parson me, but that is my business manager.—Teeth.

The Maiden's Wish.

"I'd like to be a fine, large, bank check," remarked the girl who was very pretty, but poor. "Why?" inquired her companion. "Because its face makes it valuable."

As the Heathen See It.

First Chinese Warrior—Whattee this Christian science? Second Chinese Warrior—Machine guns.

A BIG THEFT.

Solved After an Innocent Man Had Suffered.

"The robbery of the keg of gold that was shipped to French bankers from New York on the steamer La Touraine, and the loss of which was not discovered until the rest of the consignment reached its destination," said Henry T. Cranmer of St. Louis to a Chicago Times man, "reminds me of the loss of a money package once by the Wells-Fargo express company and the Northern Pacific road. Between \$7,000 and \$8,000 in bills were sent by a depositor of Tom Cruise's banking-house in Helena, Mont., to a correspondent in St. Louis. The package was placed in the express safe, together with other valuable bundles, and when Omaha was reached, where a transfer of the stuff was made, the parcel of bills was missing. An investigation resulted and the express messenger was arrested. He insisted that he was innocent and could not account for the loss. His guilt appeared to be so palpable that every means known outside of processes of the inquisition was used in an attempt to make him make a confession, but without avail. He was sent to the penitentiary for two years, and protested his innocence as vehemently when he came out as he did when he went in. Seven or eight months after the messenger was released the Northern Pacific company decided to change the numerous small trestles along its main stem into culverts. A party of surveyors were making the preliminary measurement of such work, and when the axman was clearing away some underbrush at the side of a small creek one day, he picked up a mildewed package that had evidently been lost from a passing train on the road. Without taking into consideration the express company's labels and seals, which even long exposure had not effaced from the bundle, the surveying party opened it, and there was the long-missing money that had been sent from Helena to St. Louis. The facts were reported and another investigation was put on foot, with a view of relieving the express messenger from the suspicion that still clung to him. He was informed of the discovery of the money and requested to make some explanation of its loss. He still insisted that he had nothing to do with the loss of the package and knew nothing of it. He said that he had received the safe from the company in Helena and had kept it in the condition in which it was given to him until they reached Omaha. He remembered, however, that another Wells-Fargo man, who had been sent down the road from Helena to meet a car, was in the express car while it was running near the point where the package was discovered. This man had been promoted to quite a prominent position in one of the Wells-Fargo districts and was immediately charged with being responsible for the loss of the package. When pushed into a corner he confessed that he had used his knowledge of the combination of the safe and had stolen the package and thrown it out of the door of the car after opening the safe, and he naively remarked that he had spent six months looking for it without success. Only powerful friends prevented his prosecution and conviction. It may be said, however, that he did as far as he was financially able to reimburse the messenger who had suffered for his crime, and that the latter was given a better place than he had held before by the express company.

When Advertising Stops the Sale Ceases.

"You must get tired keeping all these trifles in stock," said a chance customer to a druggist as he glanced over a showcase containing at least a score of small patented articles. "No do," replied the druggist, "yet customers come in every day asking for things that we have never kept, and we have hundreds of dollars' worth of unsalable articles on our shelves. The life of these patented articles is ordinarily only a few years. They are widely advertised until they obtain a large sale. Then the advertising ceases, and soon the sale languishes until the thing is no longer called for."—New York Sun.

Immigration.

The conditions of immigration have vastly changed in three-quarters of a century. There arrived by sailing vessel in the Chesapeake in the year 1821 a whole Prussian village of 100 persons with their pastor. Such general movements are unknown now, though large groups of Russian Hebrews sometimes come over, and the Italians commonly strive to bring over their neighbors, friends and fellow villagers. Most of the Chinese in the United States are said to be Cantonese.

Restored to Its Original Purpose.

The main church of the great monastery of San Francisco, in Mexico, which, since 1869, had been in Protestant hands, is to be restored to Catholic worship. The foreclosure of a mortgage, which could not be paid off, brought into the hands of a wealthy Catholic gentleman the building, in which services were attended for three centuries by Spanish viceroys and in which the first Te Deum of Mexican independence was celebrated.

Mountains Under the Sea.

Scientists say that if the bed of the Pacific ocean could be seen it would disclose to view several mountains with truncated tops scattered over it. These mountains would be perfectly bare at their base, and all round their tops they would be covered with beautiful vegetation of coral polypi.

Surprising Circumstances.

Reggy—Anything unusual happened while I was out, James? James—Yes, sir; your tailor didn't call.

The Wicked Ice Man.

"The ice man still persists in having his little flitch about the scales," says Hardware. Some of them go

BEAUTY IN NOVELS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HEROINES OF FICTION.

Brown Wavy Hair and Eyes of Dark Blue—Plump Neck and Short Nostrils—Full Lips and Unassertive Chin—The Girl That Passed the Cheese.

Countess Raina—Was she the most beautiful woman he had ever seen? Certainly; she was not at all like the rest of the world. Her wavy, brown hair was drawn up and back from her low, broad forehead; her eyes were of that dark blue color which is rarely seen out of Ireland; her complexion was almost unnaturally perfect, though the credit of having produced it belonged to nature alone, her little straight nose, her short upper lip and her rounded chin proclaimed the nobility of her birth, as did also the poise of her head and the grace of her movements. She had diamonds of great size round her neck and in her hair, otherwise her costume was simple enough. She reminded him of miniatures representing beauties of the last century.—From the Countess Raina, by W. E. Norris.

Esther Waters—She wore a faded yellow dress and black jacket too warm for the day. A girl of 23, short, strongly built, with short, strong arms. Her neck was plump and her hair of so ordinary a brown that it passed unnoticed. The nose was too thick, but the nostrils were well formed. The eyes were gray, luminous and veiled with dark lashes. But it was only when she laughed that her face lost its habitual expression, which was somewhat sullen; then flowed with humor. She laughed now, showing a white line of almond-shaped teeth.— Esther Waters, by George Moore.

Adelicia Tems—Adelicia had an oval face, with a little, round, unassertive chin, a thin, delicate, aquiline nose, a small mouth with full lips, the indenture in the upper one so deep as to make it truly like a bow, and widely opened gray eyes that resembled nothing so much as moss agates. They were veiled by long, reddish lashes; and the hair that hung curling down about the nape of her neck was of a dull copper hue. Her complexion was exceedingly white, and she had that thin-skinned look which is incompatible with freckles as annuals; in those milk white spaces about the eyes were tokens of sunny weather, which even the dark days of winter would not obliterate. Her figure was slender and she did not look strong.— From His Vanished Star, by Charles Egbert Craddock.

Marian Johnstone—I might fairly have been described by a forward-looking eye as a tolerably fair match. I was a tall, young, well-made girl, broad but in proportion, and they used to tell me that I carried my figure with the grace of a professional dancer. I was exactly opposite to my mother in color. My hair was black as the wings of a raven; my eyes very black and filled with a strong light which brightened to a look of fever in times of excitement; my complexion was pale, but clear; my teeth large, white and regular, and I showed them much when laughing and talking. I will not deny that my charms—and handsome I was—inclined to coarseness; I mean they leaned toward the manly rather than the womanly side.—From the Romance of a Transport Ship, by Clark Russell.

Cheap Jack Zita—From out the dark interior stepped the girl, and the sunshine flashed over her, lighting her Auburn hair, rich as burnished copper. She wore a green, scarlet and yellow-flowered kerchief tied across her bosom and knotted behind her back. Round her waist was a white apron.—From Cheap Jack Zita, by S. Baring-Gould.

Bernardine Holme—The girl who had passed the Yorkshire reilish sat silent and listless, her food untouched and her wine untasted. She was tall and thin, her face looked haggard. She was a new comer, and had, indeed, arrived at Peterborough only two hours before the table d'hote bell rang. But there did not seem to be any nervous shrinking in her manner, nor any shyness at having to face the 250 guests of the Kurhaus. She seemed rather to be unawares of their presence; or, if aware of, indifferent to, the scrutiny.—From Ships That Pass in the Night, by Beatrice Harraden.

Jessamine Halliday—From her mirror looked back to her a small oval face, with a dash of color in her cheeks, exquisite lips, red like cherries, a short, dimpled chin, and underneath the winking eyebrows a pair of large dark eyes with storm in them. The color and the storm were new. She took a knot of pale primrose and then of cream ribbon and tied them against her cheek, but neither satisfied her. A bit of red sweet William, with other flowers, stood in a vase on her mantel-piece; she tried that. The rich deep velvety hue suited, she saw in a moment, the flame-like signals in her cheeks, the new ripeness in her lips, the wild, strange light in her eyes. A laugh of triumph parted her lips, making her pearly teeth glitter, and dimpling with tender, mischievous touches the pretty curves of her chin and cheeks. She threw down the glass and lifted her lovely arms, clasping her hands behind her head. "I am beautiful! beautiful!" cried she in a strange fervor of conviction.—From a Superluous Woman.

to the dealer, and after obtaining the standard article deliberately pass on to the grindstone and weaken the spring. One cartman not long ago, who was not satisfied with this comparatively slow process, hooked his scale to the cart rung and weakened the spring in that manner. The English use nothing but balance scales, but they are no more honest than we. They have two sets of weights—one light for ordinary use and the other for the government inspector who regularly appears to see that the majesty of the law is upheld.

BRUIN IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Sometimes Frozen in by His Own Breath—An Easy Cry to Hunters.

One of the most curious things about the black bear (and the grizzly and the cinnamon also) is the way he goes into snug winter quarters, when winter has fairly set in, and lies dormant in his den without either eating or drinking until the next spring, says a writer in St. Nicholas. This is called hibernation, and during this period the ordinary process of digestion seems to be entirely suspended. In our semitropics bears do not hibernate, but nature undoubtedly planted this instinct in the brain of the bear of the North to enable him to survive the severe winter period when snows lie deep, and all food is so scarce that otherwise he would be in danger of starvation. This period of hibernation is from the middle of December to March. It has been stated that if bears have plenty of food they will not hibernate, even in the North, but that is a mistake. I know of at least two instances wherein bears in captivity have "holed up" in December and remained dormant until March, in spite of all temptations of offered food. The natural instinct was so strong that it refused to be overcome by appetite only. There is another very curious thing about the hibernation of the black bear. His den is usually a hole dug under the roots of either a standing tree or an uprooted tree, it may be in a hollow tree, a hollow log, or more frequently a miniature cave in a rocky hillside. Sometimes he makes a bed of leaves and moss for himself, but often he does not. In "holing up" under the roots of a tree he is frequently completely snowed in, and under such conditions the warmth of his breath keeps the snow melted immediately around him. This moisture freezes on the inside of his den, and presently he is incased in a dome of snow, lined with ice, the hard lining of which ever grows thicker from the frozen moisture of his breath. As a result he often awakes early in March to find himself a prisoner in a hollow dome of snow and ice, from which he cannot escape for days, and where he is often self-trapped and shot without the privilege of even striking a blow at his assailants.

Another Slip of the Tongue.

"Oh! you are leaving us early, Mr. Brown." "Yes, Mrs. Park, and I am very sorry that I must leave, but not expecting to have such a pleasant time this evening I had made another engagement."—Harper's Bazar.

FACTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

There are several ways of telling bad eggs without eating them. Drop the egg in cold water, and the fresher it is the heavier it is, and the sooner it will sink; stale eggs go down slowly and bad eggs float.

A brave life-saver is Charles Ostrander, the assistant keeper on the Hunter's Point bridge, New York, who has 22 times saved human beings from watery graves.

Mrs. Nurich—I s'pose you have the best standard littry works suitable for a first-class library? Book Store Clerk—Certainly, ma'am. Mrs. Nurich, firmly, but with condescension—Send me up a dozen of each with the bill.

"Mamma," exclaimed the sweet young thing, "I've written a novelette for the Sunday paper." "Is that all?" queried the mother. "I had hoped you would do something original. Every young woman writes novelettes now." "But, mamma, it has a hero in it, and his name is not Jack!"

FAR AND NEAR.

One billion feet of timber per year is being cut in Texas; at that rate it will take but fifteen years to exhaust the supply.

The first biblical mention of brick-making is in Genesis. The chronologists place the date of this reference at B. C. 2247.

The following answer is vouched for by Mr. Ball, the vice president of the Liverpool Philomatic society: Examiner—Define a parable. Examinee—A parable is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

A fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad was up the other day for promotion as an engineer. After inquiring as to the time of his service and knowledge of the mechanism of the engine his questioner asked: "What is steam?" "Steam is smoke off from hot water," replied the man and the examiners were so surprised that they forgot what the next question on the list was.

The name applied to the bicycle in Turkestan is "tomasha." Allen and Sachtleben relate that in their bicycle tour of the world they were followed fifty miles on horseback by a Cossack, who would shout across the fields to the natives to "come and see the tomasha." Frequently he would have to entreat the travelers to "slow up," as his horse was tired. The swiftest steed of the Cossack riders could not travel with the ease and speed of the adventurers on their machines.

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system, by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken for a blood purifier. I had a tired feeling, and was restless at night. I feel much better since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken a great many other medicines, but they have given me no relief. My wife and children have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood with beneficial results. E. M. Koenig, Beecher, Ill. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, 25c.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF.

\$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50-2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.

\$2.125 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES \$3.25-2.125.

BEST GUNOLA. SEWING MACHINES.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

The Rugged Child

is largely an "outdoor" product. Fresh air and exercise usually produce sound appetite and sound sleep. Sickly children obtain great benefit from

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites, a fat-food rapid of assimilation and almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Since 1861 I have been a

great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hutchcock, Little Falls, N. Y. United States Volunteers and A. A. General, Buffalo, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Relieves the Sore, Protects the Membrane from Cold, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrowroot, or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or top sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the foot in digging and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

VARICOLE

Permanently and speedily cured by a surgical operation. PARTICULARS FREE. Send for circulars to Dr. Geo. E. Rouse, 1015 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION

EDUCATIONAL.

Business College

SHORT HAND AND TYPE-WRITING, and all other business branches of the West. No vacation. Hundreds of graduates and old students working paying positions. Write for particulars. F. F. ROUSE, Omaha, Neb.