

KORONG.



A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.
By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Ula smiled again. To say the truth, that was precisely the interpretation she herself had put on that terrible omen. The parrot had spilled Tu-Kila-Kila's sacred blood upon the soil of earth. According to her simple natural philosophy, that was a certain sign that through the parrot's instrumentality Tu-Kila-Kila's life would be forfeited to the great eternal earth-spirit. Or rather, the earth-spirit would claim the blood of the man Lavita, in whose body it dwelt, and would itself migrate to some new earthly tabernacle.

But for all that, she dissembled. "Great God," she cried, smiling a benign smile, "you are tired. You are thirsty. Care for Heaven and earth has wearied you out. You feel the fatigue of upholding the sun in heaven. Your arms are sore. Your thighs must give under you. Drink of the soul-inspiring juice of the kava! My hands have prepared the divine cup. For Tu-Kila-Kila did I make it—fresh, pure, invigorating!"

She held the bowl to his lips with an enticing smile. Tu-Kila-Kila hesitated and glanced around him suspiciously. "What if the white-faced stranger should come to-night?" he whispered, hoarsely. "He may have discovered the Great Taboo, after all. Who can tell the ways of the world, how they come about? My people are so treacherous some traitor may have betrayed it to him."

"Impossible!" the beautiful snake-like woman answered, with a strong gesture of natural dissent. "And even if he came, would not kava, the divine, inspiring drink of the gods, in which dwell the embodied souls of our fathers—would not kava make you more vigorous, strong for the fight? Would it not course through your veins like fire? Would it not pour into your soul the divine, abiding strength of your mighty mother, the eternal earth-spirit?"

"A little," Tu-Kila-Kila said, yielding, "but not too much. Too much would stupefy me. When the spirits, that the kava-tree sucks up from the earth, are too strong within us, they overpower our own strength, so that even I, the high god—even I can do nothing."

Ula held the bowl to his lips, and enticed him to drink with her beautiful eyes. "A deep draught, O supporter of the sun in heaven," she cried, pressing his arm tenderly. "Am I not Ula? Did I not brew it for you? Am I not the chief and most favored among your women? I will sit at the door, I will watch all night, I will not close all my eyes. Not a footfall on the ground but my ear shall hear it."

"Do," Tu-Kila-Kila said, inconspicuously. "I fear Fire and Water. Those gods love me not. Pain would they make me migrate into some other body. But I myself like it not. This one suits me admirably. Ula, that kava is stronger than you are used to make it."

"No, no," Ula cried, pressing it to his lips and one time passionately. "You are a very great god. You are tired; it overcomes you. And if you sleep, I will watch. Fire and Water dare not disobey your commands. Are you not great?—can you ever err when, Am I, even I, will sit at one of them."

The savage cupped down a few more mouthfuls of the intoxicating liquid. Then he glanced up again so demurely with a quick sidelong look. The cunning of his race gave him wisdom in spite of the deadly strength of the kava Ula had brewed too deep for him. With a sudden resolve, he rose and staggered out. "You are a serpent, woman!" he cried angrily, seeing the smile that lurked upon Ula's face. "To-morrow I will kill you. I will take the white woman for my bride, and she and I will feast off your carcass body. You have tried to betray me, but you are not cunning enough, not strong enough. No woman shall kill me. I am a very great god. I will not yield. I will wait by the tree. This is a trap you have set, but I do not fall into it. If the King of the Rain comes, I shall be there to meet him."

He seized his spear and hatchet and walked forth, erect, without one sign of drunkenness. Ula trembled to herself as she saw him go. She was playing a deep game. Had she given him only just enough kava to strengthen and inspire him?

CHAPTER XXVIII WAGER OF BATTLE.

Felix wound his way painfully through the deep fern-brake of the jungle, by no regular path, so as to avoid exciting the alarm of the natives, and to take Tu-Kila-Kila's palace-temple from the rear, where the big tree, which overshadowed it with its drooping branches, was most easily approachable. As he and Toko crept on, bending low though that dense tropical scrub, in deathly silence they were aware all the time of a low crackling sound that rang ever some paces in the rear of their trail through the forest. It was Tu-Kila-Kila's eyes, following them stealthily from afar, footstep for footstep, through the dense undergrowth of bush, and the crisp fallen leaves and twigs snapped light beneath their footfall. What hope of success with those watchful spies, keen as beagles and cruel as bloodhounds, following ever on their track? What chance of escape for Felix and Muriel, with the cannibal mangoes' tails laid round on every side to insure their destruction?

"Let the great spirit itself choose which body it will inhabit," the King of Fire murmured in a soft, low voice, glancing toward a dark spot at the foot of the big tree. The moonlight fell dim through the branches on the place where he looked. The glibbering bones of dead victims rattled lightly on the wind. Felix's eyes followed the King of Fire, who was lying asleep upon the ground. Tu-Kila-Kila himself, with his spear and tomahawk.

He lay there, huddled up by the base of the tree, breathing deep

and regularly. Right over his head projected the branch, in one part of whose boughs grew the fatal parasite. By the dim light of the moon, straggling through the dense foliage, Felix could see its yellow leaves distinctly. Beneath it hung a skeleton, suspended by invisible cords, head downward from the branches. It was the skeleton of a previous Korong who had tried in vain to reach the bough, and perished. Tu-Kila-Kila had made high feast on the victim's flesh; his bones now collected together and cunningly fastened with native rope, serves as a warning and as a trap or pitfall for all who might rashly venture to follow him.

Felix stood for one moment, alone and awe-struck, a solitary civilized man, among those hideous surroundings. Above, the cold moon; all about, the grim, stolid, half-hostile natives; close by, that strange serpentine, savage wile, guarding, cat-like, the sleep of her cannibal husband; behind, the watchful eyes of Tu-Kila-Kila, waiting ever in the ba-kra-ground, ready to raise a loud shout of alarm and warning the moment the fatal branch was actually broken, but mute, by their vows, till that moment was accomplished, when a sudden wild impulse urged him on to the attempt. The banyan had dropped down rooting offsets to the ground, after the fashion of its kind, from its main branches. Felix seized one of these and swung himself lightly up till he reached the very limb on which the sacred parasite itself was growing.

To get the parasite, however, he must pass directly above Tu-Kila-Kila's head, and over the point where that ghastly, grinning skeleton was suspended, as by an unseen hair, from the fork that bore it.

He walked along, balancing himself, and chanting, as he went, at the neighboring ba-kra, while Tu-Kila-Kila, overcome with the kava, slept stolidly and heavily on beneath him. At last he was almost within grasp of the parasite. Could he lunge out and clutch it? One try—one effort! No, no; he almost lost footing and fell over in the attempt. He couldn't keep his balance so. He must try farther on. Come what might he must go past the skeleton.

The grisly mass swung again, clanking its bones as it swung, and groaned in the wind ominously. The breeze whirled audibly through its hollow skull and vacant eyesockets. Tu-Kila-Kila turned uneasily in his sleep below. Felix saw that there was not one instant of time to be lost now. He passed on boldly, and as he passed, a dozen thin cords of paper mummy, stretched every way in an insidious network among the boughs, too small to be seen in the dim moonlight, caught him with their tips and almost overthrew him. They broke with his weight, and Felix himself, tumbling blind, fell forward. At the cost of a sprained wrist and a great jerk on his bruised fingers, he caught at a bough by his side, but wrenched it away suddenly. It was tough and go. At the very same moment the skeleton fell heavily, and rattled on the ground beside Tu-Kila-Kila.

Before Felix could discover what had actually happened, a very great shout went up all around below, and made him stagger with excitement. Tu-Kila-Kila was awake, and had started up, all intent, mad with wrath and kava. Glaring about him wildly, and brandishing his great spear in his passion and despair. "Where is he, the Korong? Bring him on, my meat! Let me devour his heart! Let me tear him to pieces. Let me drink of his blood. Let me kill him and eat him!" shrieked and screamed the accident. Felix, in turn, clinging hard to his bough with one hand, gasped wildly, also trying to look for the parasite. But it had gone as if by magic. He glanced around in despair, vaguely conscious that nothing was left for it now but to drop to the ground and let himself be killed at leisure by the frantic savage. Yet even as he did so, he was aware of that great cry—a cry of triumph still ringing in the air. Fire and Water had rushed forward, and were holding back Tu-Kila-Kila, now black in the face from rage, with all their might. Ula was smiling a malicious joy. The eyes were all a-gog with interest and excitement. And from one and all that wild scream rose unanimously to the startled sky. "He is it! He is it! The Soul of the tree! The Spirit of the World! The great god's aloha! Hold off your hands, Lavita, son of Sami! Your trial has come. He has it!"

Felix looked about him with a whirling brain. His eye fell suddenly. There, in his own hand, lay the fatal bough. In his efforts to steady himself, he had clutched at it by pure accident, and broken it off of unawares with the force of his clutching. As the fortune would have it, he grasped it still. His senses reeled. He was almost dead with excitement, suspense, and uncertainty, mingled with pain of his wrenched wrist. But for Muriel's sake he pulled himself together. Gazing down and trying to take it all in—that strange savage scene—he saw that Tu-Kila-Kila was making frantic attempts to lunge at him with the spear, while the King of Fire and the King of Water, stern and relentless, were holding him off by main force, and striving their best to appease and quiet him.

There was an awful pause. Then a voice broke the stillness from beyond the taboo-line. "The Shadow of the King of the Rain speaks," it said, in very solemn, conventional accents. "Korong, Korong! The Great Taboo is broken. Fire and Water, hold him in whom dwells the god till my master comes. He has the Soul of all the spirits of the wood in his hands. He will fight for his right. Taboo, Taboo! I, Toko, have said it."

He clapped his hand to his throat. Tu-Kila-Kila made a wild effort to break away once more. But the King of Fire, standing opposite to him, spoke still louder and clearer. "If you touch the Korong before the line is drawn," he said, with a voice of au-

thority, "you are no Tu-Kila-Kila, but an outcast and a criminal. All the people will hold you with forked sticks, while the Korong burns you alive slowly limb by limb, with me, who am fire, the barbe, the consuming. I will search you and bake you till you are as a bamboo in the fire, have said it."

The King of Water, who had attendants, forced Tu-Kila-Kila on one side for a moment. Ula stood by and smiled complacently. A temple slave, trembling all over at this conflict of the gods, brought out a calabash full of white coral-sand. The King of Water spat on it and blessed it. By this time a dozen natives, at least, had assembled outside the taboo-line, and stood eagerly watching the result of the combat. The temple slave made a long white mark with the coral-sand on one side of the cleared area. Then he handed the calabash solemnly to Toko. Toko crossed the sacred precinct with a few inaudible words of muttered charm, to save the Taboo, as prescribed in the mysteries. Then he drew a similar line on the ground on his side, some twenty yards off. "Descend, O my lord!" he cried to Felix and Felix, still holding the bough tight in his hand, swung himself blindly from the tree, and took his place by Toko.

"Toe the line!" Toko cried, and Felix toed it. "Bring up your god!" the Shadow called out aloud to the King of Water. And the King of Water, using no special ceremony, to save the Taboo, dragged Tu-Kila-Kila helplessly along with him to the farther taboo-line. The King of Water brought a spear and tomahawk. He handed them to Felix. "With these weapons," he said, "fight, and merit heaven. I hold the bough meanwhile—the victor takes it."

The King of Fire stood out between the lists. "Korongs and gods," he said, "the King of the Rain has plucked the sacred bough, according to our fathers' rites, and said 'I will which of you shall henceforth hold the sacred soul of the world, the great Tu-Kila-Kila.' Wager of Battle decides the day. Keep to the line. At the end of my words, to the forward, and fight for it. The great god knows his own, and will choose his aloha. Taboo, Taboo, Taboo! I, Fire, have spoken it."

Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth when with a wild whoop of rage, Tu-Kila-Kila, who had the advantage of the rules of the game, so to speak, dashed madly forward, drunk with passion and kava, and gave one lunge with his spear full tilt at the breast of the startled and unprepared white man. His aim, though frantic, was not at fault. The spear struck Felix high up on the left side. He felt a dull thud of pain, a faint gurgle of blood. Even in the pale moonlight his eye told him at once a red stream was trickling out over his flannel shirt. He was pricked, at least. The great god had wounded him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLY-CATCHING MICE.

Their Uses and Antics in a Drug Store Show Window.

For something new in the way of a fly-trap look into the window of a drug store at the corner of Tremont and Eliot streets. There, is at almost any hour of the day and night, from one to four roly-poly quadrupeds can be seen prancing over bottles of tooth powder and syrup of squills and tincture of turpentine and sweet spirits of nitrobenz and the other useful articles usually displayed in such places in a wild attempt to capture the musca domestica. The mice are simply out fly-fishing. A card has been placed in the window in self-defense which reads: "Fly Trap, Not for Sale." This was done after the door-step had been worn half way through by a line of people coming in to inform the clerks that the window was full of mice. The mice have been in the window for three years, says one of the clerks who has seen that length of service for the druggist; and he doesn't know how much longer. In the winter they get a living by gnawing off all the labels in the store that are glued on with starchy paste.

The mice by this time have become quite tame, but they never leave the window except when the store is closed. They have proved themselves to be real conveniences. When the store gets unpleasantly full of flies, the clerks drive them into the window, and then the mice have luncheon. People gather at these times just as they do at the circus when the animals are fed. The best fun comes when the mice make after a fly so self-reliantly; there is a great race, and once caught the mice tear the flies' wings off and bolt everything else. In this way a great pile of wings have accumulated. The mice can eat glass, considering blue-bottle flies a luxury. The recreation of these mice consists in running up and down the curtain cord at a lightning pace, causing the residents of the neighboring slums to rub their eyes and finally to avoid that side of the street altogether. The druggist long ago threw away his cat, and speaks of the manufacturer of a paper as a lost art.—Boston Transcript.

Royalty and Home Industry.

The ladies of the British royal family show a commendable feeling in their patronage of home industries. Several of them wore British silks at the court this summer, and now the queen has ordered some Irish poplins for the trossseau of Princess Alix of Hesse, the bride-to-be of the czarowitz of Russia. They are supplied by a Dublin firm, and the designs contain small gold shamrocks in profusion.

A GIRL always places the proper age at which she thinks women should marry, at a year ahead of her own.

AFTER a man passes forty, it takes him until noon every day to get his limbs limbered up in working order. We know why weddings always occur on time; so few brides are married with their hats on.

"BE GLAD OF PAIN."

Is it raining, little flower?
I'm glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee,
I will sit in the shade.
The sky is very dark, 'tis true,
But just beyond it shines the blue.
Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow's sweat, things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God wait, 'tis said thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

AN OLD-TIME HEROINE.

About half a century ago Bethuel Stone emigrated with his family from Central New Hampshire to what was then the "far West," to Illinois. They did not travel by express, in a palace car with luxurious seepers or dining car attached. Instead, stout, covered wagon, a veritable "prairie schooner," bore them and such household goods as they could carry, and their large, strong farm horses drew them day after day, in the leafy month of June, slowly toward their destination. It was a laborious mode of travel, but safe and inexpensive, and not without its pleasures.

At meal times they would camp near some spring of water in the shade of trees and eat the lunch they carried with them, while the horses, loosed from the carriage, cropped the wayside grass, with a dessert of oats from the wagon. At night Mrs. Stone and the two little children slept in the wagon under the canvas cover, while Mr. Stone lay on a bag of hay under the wagon, his shotgun musket by his side, a weapon he, however, had no occasion to use throughout the whole journey. When a storm came on they found shelter in some friendly farm-house, and if detained for a day or more, Mrs. Stone improved the opportunity to do the family washing. "Nothin' like travelin' week in and week out to make a body a free sinner," she used to say.

They took as near as might be a bee-line for the southeastern part of Lake Ontario to a certain port where they were to take a boat and go toward the western end of the lake. Camping within a few miles of the place, the very night of the summer solstice, they reached the town the next morning at 9 o'clock just in season to drive on board the boat, which was waiting at the dock.

It was entirely a new experience to them, especially to Mrs. Stone, who had never been on board a steamboat. Bethuel had seen them "down to Osting," but had never journeyed on one, though, with a natural fondness for machinery, he had "looked 'em over."

He took off the horses and led them to their stables in another part of the boat, then came back to the wagon.

"Now, Lowly," he said, let's have a good time while we're on the boat. It's easier ridin' than the wagon, and pey to see that's new and interent'." Let's take the children and stroll around."

Louisa demurred. "I ain't goin' out of sight of this wagon while I'm on the boat, not without leavin' you here to look after it. All we've got in the world to go to housekeepin' with is in here, and the cover don't lock down, you know. I shall stay by the stuff. You take the children and go about with 'em, don't let 'em fall overboard, though, and I'll have a good chance to be sewin' on their new aprons."

Bethuel went off with the happy children, and Mrs. Stone, perched on the seat in the front of the wagon, sewed away as diligently as ever in her life, managing at the same time to get a good many glimpses at what was going on around her, all so new and interesting.

As noontime drew near she got out their lunch-box, and with a little bit of milk they bought before coming on board, they made a satisfactory meal. Then Bethuel strolled off to smoke and chat with such acquaintances as he might make, and his wife put the children to bed in the wagon for their regular afternoon nap.

When she saw they were fast asleep, she got down from the wagon, resolved to look about the boat while they were asleep. It was a retired part of the boat, so she had no fear of meeting many people. She was peering in among the machinery when she saw something glistening in a dark corner near by, then a smothered voice whispered:

"Oh, missis! for the love of God, please help me."

"Who are you?" she whispered back; and a negro boy some sixteen or eighteen years old crawled out from among some barrels.

"I'm a slave, missis," he said. "I've run away to Canada, and massa's after me; he's on the boat now."

"How do you know?"

"I peeked out through the barrels and I saw him come on board. He'll search the boat all over, and he'll find me sure and he'll whip me to death; he said he would if I ever tried to run away again. Oh! can't you hide me somewhere?"

The agonized black face, the imploring eyes were too much for the kind-hearted woman. She looked in all directions; no one was in sight and she took a sudden resolve.

"Run and climb into my wagon there," she said. "Don't disturb the children asleep in there, but crawl over into the back end, it's all fastened up tight, and cover yourself up with the things there."

He made a quick, stealthy dash for the cart and climbed nimbly in. She followed slowly and unconcernedly along, and, looking in all directions, was gratified to see that so far no one was in sight. Climbing up to the front seat she took out her work and fell to sewing as busily as possible, humming meanwhile a low lullaby.

It was not long before she discovered by the stir about her that the search was going on and had reached

that part of the boat. She readily distinguished the slaveholder and the officer that accompanied him, who were being shown about the boat by the captain. She sewed on unconcernedly, apparently paying no attention to them till at length they halted by the wagon.

"Beg pardon, m'am," said the Southerner, politely, "but you haven't happened to see a colored boy anywhere about here, have you?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Stone, "I've seen two or three colored men, I should call 'em, when we came on the boat. I s'posed they was regular b-t-hands."

"They were, probably," said the captain. "I have a few colored hands."

"What I'm looking for," said the Southerner, "is a colored boy that ran away from me not long ago, and I've reason to think he's hid somewhere on this boat."

"I have a search warrant to search the boat," the officer here put in, "and as we don't find him anywhere, I'd better search your wagon. He might have crawled in there."

Mrs. Stone's eyes flashed dangerously. "I tell you," she said firmly, "there couldn't possibly be a body come near this wagon and I not 'a' see 'em, for I've been right about here every minute. It's all packed with our house-stuff; we're movin' out to Illinois, and I should know if a thing should have been disturbed," glancing back inside. "Me two little children are asleep in there now," she added in a lower tone.

"I don't want to disturb your children," said the Southerner, "but business is business. If that black rascal is hid in your cart, I'd like to snake him out by the heels. I tanned his hide well when he ran away before, and I'll brand him besides, when I catch him the same."

The officer went about toward the back of the wagon.

"We won't do your things any harm," he said, but my search warrant must be carried out."

Mrs. Stone jumped down from the wagon as lightly as a cat and was at the back of it before the officer.

"Don't you lay a finger on our wagon," she said, in a low but determined tone, while her eyes flashed dangerously. "Your warrant was to search the boat, and this wagon is no part of it. I tell you again, no mortal person could have got into it without my knowin' it."

Just then a child's sleepy cry came from the inside.

"There," she said indignantly, "you'd wakin' the children and they'll be crosser than seven men that can render a reason, if they don't get their nap out."

The three men all grinned at this exhibition of woman's temper and sunk away, the officer muttering something about a "tempest in a teapot."

Mrs. Stone resumed her seat, her sewing and her low humming, and nobody would have guessed how busy she was planning. She decided not to take her husband into her confidence just yet. He was as strongly anti-slavery as she, but, as she was wont to say, "Bethuel never could keep a secret."

"He ain't no hand at all at givin' evasive answer," she said to herself, "and he's so afraid of tellin' a lie that he'd hesitate and maybe blurt the whole thing right out. I be don't know nothin' he can't tell nothin'."

As soon as the children awoke she helped them out of the wagon and they played around happily till supper time. Mr. Stone came and went occasionally, and at bedtime they all prepared for rest as usual, nominally.

But Mrs. Stone did not go to bed that night. For her it was to be a night of watching. She suspected that the slaveholder might be out on his search again.

If he found us all asleep," she reasoned within herself, "he wouldn't have no more manners, probably, than to climb up and poke his head in to see what he could find. I'll just keep awake!"

Wrapping a shawl about her she lay down on the front seat, and if she slept at all it was with one eye open. Glad enough was she in the early dusk of the June morning to see that they were rapidly nearing the Canadian port where they were to land and drive across to Lake Ontario, the Welland canal which now carries palatial steamers with their loads of passengers around Niagara Falls not being then completed.

By sunrise the boat had made a landing and they were ready to disembark. As they drove out over the planks she saw the slaveholder and the officer standing by, narrowly watching all who went off the boat. Her heart seemed to stand still for a minute, then the wheels rolled on to Canadian soil and the slave was safe.

"Now, Bethuel," said Mrs. Stone, "let's stop right here and eat our breakfast the first thing. You might step over where that man is milkin' and buy some milk and perhaps you could buy some bread and butter at the house."

While Mr. Stone was thus foraging she got out the dishes, spreading the table-cloth on a convenient wooden table close by the wagon. By the time they had gotten fresh water and everything else for the meal the boat, having discharged her small cargo and taken on what loading was ready, was starting out on the return trip, the very thing Mrs. Stone wished to see done, and had proposed to stop and breakfast at that point with that purpose secretly in her mind.

The plank was drawn in and the boat started out. The pair of discomfited slave-hunters stood leaning on the railing watching the receding shores. Just then, to Mr. Stone's speechless wonder, his wife called loudly into the wagon.

"Come out now, my young friend, and tell your old man—er—er—er, for you may never see him again!"

From the interior recesses of the wagon the freed boy clambered forward and jumped out on the ground. Waving his old hat he shouted in clear tones,

"Good-by, Mr. Shelley! I'm my own massa now!"

"I never was so wrought up in all my life," Mrs. Stone was wont to say in telling the story in after years. "I saw those two men start and rush about like two angry hornets, and I just pulled off my bonnet and swung it back and forth and hollered 'Hooryay' as loud as I could. Bethuel jest sot an' stared at me till by-and-by he found his voice and wanted to know what it all meant, so I explained it all to him."

They made the happy colored boy welcome to share their breakfast, after which, with many reiterations of gratitude, he set out to seek his fortune, a free individual, thanks to one plucky little woman.

"I was always glad Lowly didn't tell me beforehand," Mr. Stone used to say. "I'm afraid I should 'a' leaked out the secret in spite of me."

The Stones lived to do effective work in the anti-slavery line for many years when settled in their new home, they were on the direct line of the famous "underground railroad." Many a fugitive slave did they secrete and help on his way to the North Star till the Emancipation Proclamation put an end to the hideous evil of slavery.—Portland Transcript.

He Saw His Mistake.

There are many maxims to be effected that beauty is skin deep, that appearances are deceptive, and that "you never can tell by looking at a squirrel how far he will jump." Young Harry Farnham can now furnish an illustration of such truths from his own experience. He had gone to a party in the public hall of the town where his sisters were boarding that summer. Being an enthusiastic young man, he was not slow in making up his mind in regard to all the people present, both villagers and summer guests.

"What a trump," he said to one of his sisters, as they stood together, watching the games begin. "That one over there, with her hair drawn back from her face, and the brown sleeves. She must be the village dressmaker. There is a sort of ghost of fashion about her clothes. She's had them made to copy yours."

"Harry, how often must I tell you not to jump at conclusions about people in that way?" said his sister. "That is Madeline Bell, Judge Bell's daughter, and she dresses plainly because she prefers it, and loves books better than clothes. You're not a clever lad when it comes to people!"

"Well, there, at least, is a girl one couldn't make a mistake about," said Harry, pointing to a pretty blonde creature who had just entered the room. "What refinement! What charm! She may not know much about books, but any one could see that only pearls and rubes would fall from those lovely lips."

His sister's eyes sparkled.

"Bless you, Harry," she said. "When will you ever grow up? But go and speak to her. Thee's your friend, Mr. Lloyd, talking to her. He will introduce you. And Harry," she called, as he turned eagerly away, "about this question of rubes and pearls: Promise to come back as soon as you can, and tell me the first complete sentence that falls from those lovely lips."

"I promise."

He hurried away, but it was not long before he returned, looking strangely sheepish.

"Well, Harry," said his sister, "what did she say? Tell it like a man."

"You were right, as usual. I said to her, 'Haven't I met you somewhere?'—your face is strangely familiar. Could it have been in Portland?"

"And she?"

"She smiled, and said, 'Portland is a place I never was to!'"

Long on Snakes.

"Speaking of snakes, did you ever see one swallow a live fish?"

The speaker was one of a party of gentlemen who had just finished a bottle of wine, says Texas Siftings. As none of them had never seen the performance referred to, he proceeded to describe it in graphic style.

When he got through Judge S. said: "When I lived in Texas we used to depend mainly on snakes for our eggs."

"Not by a jugful," said the Judge, "but we found hens' eggs in the snakes. You see, snakes are very fond of eggs and down there they make a business of hunting for eggs. They would go from one nest to another, swallowing egg after egg, until they could hold no more, and when they were too full to move they were easily captured. As they swallowed the egg whole, it would be a good while before the contents were hurt, and if the snake was killed before the shell was digested the egg would be all right. I on one took 103 hens' eggs from one snake. As I knew the snake had stolen the eggs I had no compunction about stealing from him."

"Did you eat them all?" asked the elderly gentleman.

"No, no," was the reply. "I only ate two or three dozen, and traded the rest off for tobacco."

"Were the eggs in a pile when you cut the snake open?" asked the elderly gentleman, as if in search of truth.

"No," replied the Judge, "they were lying in a row lengthways in the snake's stomach."

"But," suggested the elderly gentleman, "103 eggs lying in a row lengthways would make a pretty long line."

"Well," replied the Judge, "this was rather a long snake."