

STOLE THE RATTLES.

AN OLD RATTLE SNAKE DE-SPOILED WHILE HE SLEPT.

Lead Him by the Neck 100 Yards—"Jake" Wood Caught and Had Fun with His Snakeship Before He Sold Him for a Dollar.

AROLD ROSENCRANS of Newton, N. J., has a live rattlesnake on exhibition in his place and it attracts a great deal of attention. It is not the largest snake ever captured, for it is only three feet six inches long. It is simply an old runt, says the Ophidian Record.

"Jake" Wood is the best known snake-catcher in the neighborhood of Swartswood. He has brought in any number of pilots, black snakes and dangerous rattlers, and he plays with the latter as carelessly as though they were of the harmless water snake species. This particular snake has seven rattles on the end of his tail, and five more in one corner of "Vic" Rosenkrans' case, and thereon hangs this tale.

"Jake" and "Jim" Smith had been out after a woodchuck, but not being able to dig or smoke him out, were returning home in ill-humor when "Jake" discovered the old and decrepit rattler asleep at full length in an open field. So quiet did he lie that "Jake" at first thought he was dead. But the mouth was closed, and a dead snake's fangs generally extend.

"See me get a rattle off his tail," said "Jake," and he went to a hedge and cut a pronged stick. Removing his heavy boots, he approached the snake as carefully as possible, and got in position to begin operations without alarming his snakeship. Then grasping the rattles with his right hand he squeezed off the last rattle with his thumb and forefinger, at the same time striving to pin the snake's head down under the pronged stick with his left.

The old snake woke up much quicker than it takes to tell it, and, as "Jake's" left hand had not acted as quickly as his right, the head was raised and swung back in position to strike before the prongs had done their work. In an instant the fangs were struck against the stick, and "Jake" got to a safe distance unharmed. "Jake" is used to surprises, but not to missing a snake's head when he prongs it, and he was just a little rattled.

"Some day they'll be pumpin' whisky into you and suckin' poison out," said "Jim."

"You go to thunder," said "Jake." "I'm going to get some more of them there rattles, now, jest to fool you."

He again advanced to the thoroughly angry snake, and at the first attempt landed the prongs on the snake's neck, eight inches from the head, and pinned him squirming and twisting to the ground. The prongs were light and "Jim" expected to see the snake free himself, so stout were his struggles. The wicked head was turned about and landed blow after blow upon the stick. "Jake" was unharmed.

"Stay there, consarn ye, till I get through with ye," he fiercely remarked. Then he caught the tail and pinched off four more of the rattles and put them in his pocket with a laugh of triumph. Then raising the prongs a little he let the snake move forward, and guided him 100 yards to a milk spring, where "Jim" found an empty milk can. The snake was forced to crawl into this, and the lid was carried on it. "Jake" and "Jim" then carried it up to "Vic" Rosenkrans, who gave "Jake" a dollar for it.

Antiquity of the Harp.

W. S. Macdonald, of Glasgow, in a recent lecture before the Highland Society of London, traced the history of the harp from the shadows of mythology to the present day. It is, he said, the first musical instrument on record and was the principal one of ancient and mediæval times. All the skill and artistic genius of the Egyptians were lavished upon its design and decoration. The Druids first brought the tone and pitch of the harp to perfection. It attained the height of its favor in modern times in 1813, when Sebastian Erard of London brought it to the front rank of musical instruments. It has been inseparably connected with the traditions and lore of the Gaelic people from time immemorial.

She Tried Them.

Mrs. Blinkers—"What! Going away? Why?"

Servant—"Please, mum, when I come yesterday you gave me the keys to your trunks, and drawers, and chests, and jewel-boxes, to keep for you."

Mrs. Blinkers—"Yes, I did that to show that I trusted you. What is the matter?"

Servant—"Thur don't one of 'em fit."

Do Not Want Money.

According to Capt. Younghusband, lately assistant English resident at Chitral, a mountain district of India which has just been attracting considerable attention, the principal evil of the mountains outside of his station is the want of desire for money. The mountaineers, secluded from mankind amid their hills, have never used any money, and consequently have no idea of the value of coins.

Oh, No! Just Sassy.

A Bangor, Me., man wasn't mad nor anything the other day when he came home and found his wife painting the furniture with his shaving brush!—Ex.

TOMB OF THE BONAPARTES.

Where the Remains of Five of the Illustrious Family Rest.

As all Paris was flocking out of the city, we determined to flock out too, and to inspect a monument we had often heard of, but never seen—namely, the graves of the Bonapartes, writes a Paris correspondent. The church in which the coffins rest is in the little village of Saint-Leu, half an hour from Paris by rail. It contains five tombs; those of Charles Bonaparte, the father of the great Napoleon, of the eldest son of Hortense, the baby whom Napoleon had chosen for his heir, and whose untimely death at the age of two decided the divorce of Josephine. The gossip of that day said that the adopted heir of the great emperor was also his son, but rumor is proverbially a liar. The church was restored and the tombs put in order by Napoleon III. in 1856, when he was first president. So, of course, the places of honor are bestowed on the prince president's father, Louis Bonaparte, who is clad in the royal ermine and extending one arm with a magnificent gesture so full of royal dignity as to be inappropriate for the insignificant brother of the great Napoleon, respecting whom it was tersely remarked that he was neither the ruler of his kingdom nor the father of his sons. Here rest also the remains of the brother of Napoleon III, the young prince who was killed in a skirmish near Perli at the age of 27, before his wish to see active military service had ever been realized. Once more history repeated itself, for the uncle's death strongly resembled that of his brother's son, the prince imperial, in Zululand, and the same accusation of foul play was brought in both cases. The fifth tomb is empty, as Napoleon III. intended to be interred there himself, but the fates were against him, and he lies in England instead. On the pedestal of the statue of Louis are portrait medallions of different tenants of the vault. The first is that of the founder of the family, Charles Bonaparte. Less happy than his wife, afterward known as Mme. Mere, he never lived to see the improbable triumphant career of his son Napoleon, and, on the contrary, his death agony, which was terrible, as he died of cancer of the stomach, was given added torture by the thought that he left his wife and helpless children practically destitute. He was but 39 when he died, and the medallion shows us a face of ideal and manly beauty of feature and outline. The vaults was chill and damp, the tombs unvisited and neglected, for none of the family ever go there. An unpleasant thrill warns us that we are looking at the eternal tomb of the graves of the Bonapartes, writes a Paris correspondent, and never again will a scion of that family stir into the faintest ripple the sea of oblivion into which they are now sunk forever.

A Novel Scrap-Book.

Dr. A. R. Goodrich of Vernon, ex-comptroller and ex-treasurer of Connecticut and widely known throughout that state, has a curious and interesting scrap-book, the like of which is probably not to be found elsewhere. The most striking feature of the contents consists in sample tickets of political parties in Connecticut, national, state and town, for every year from 1848 down to date. First on the list (for Dr. Goodrich is a sterling Democrat of the old school) is a ticket which was cast in Vernon for the Democratic state candidates in 1848.

Cigarettes Make Poor Scholars.

Scholarship has so deteriorated in the schools in Allentown, Pa., on account of cigarette smoking that the school board has taken the matter in hand, and given notice through the newspapers to dealers in tobacco not to sell to boys under 16 years, or they would be prosecuted.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

Art is an acquired habit.

The house is cold when loves goes out.

A woman's kingdom is anarchy if there be no man in it.

Well regulated love is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

A fool and his money are soon parted, for the general good of mankind.

Matrimony is a hard teacher, but some people will learn under no other.

Time and tide wait for no man, but if they did some men would get there late just the same.

Some young people who marry in haste have to hustle so for a living that they have no leisure in which to repent.

The man with a million dollars thinks more of feeding one man a million times than he thinks of feeding a million men one time.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy teaches a man no; only how to live, but best of all, how to die.

Waste nothing—I have seen the time I would give 2 dollars and a half for a single frickshun match.

It is a grate risk to enny man to be trusted on his honesty; the best way to keep mankind honest is to make them so.

There is grate danger in politeness lozeing itself in mere flattery; even then it may not loze all its force, but it certainly lozes its buty.

I have allwuss found that it was a good deal eazier to git an audience with a major-general than it was with a fourth corporal ov one of the companys.

The only way to know the length, breadth, and thickness ov a parent's luv, is to bekum a parent yureself; and I advise yu to do it the fust honest chance yu can git.

My friend, yu may think that yu are ov vast importance to preserve the balance of power; but how menny do yu suppose there are in this world who will kno, or even care, whether yu have ever lived or not 18 months after yu are dead? Not more than 275 enny how.

WOMAN AND HOME.

UP TO DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Mirror of Fashion—Some of the Latest Styles for the Season—Some Useful Hints for the Household—Current Notes of the Modes.



HIS pretty design is exceedingly simple but dressy and becoming; there are no seams in the back and the bottom is finished with a girle having a bow at the back like the one in front. Crepon or any of the woolen novelties may be used for this model, with velvet or silk in combination. The skirt is one of the newest styles and measures a little more than five yards around the bottom. It has five breadths, with exceedingly wide side gores and two back breadths, usually cut to meet on the bias. This skirt fits the waist trimly across the front and over the hips, and the fullness of the back breadths is laid in two box plaits. To secure the distended effect, face with ermine or canvas. Some skirts have a very narrow and flexible steel sewed all around the bottom; but, better than this to secure a slight stiffness, is a thick cord of candle-wicking covered with satin or velvet to harmonize with the gown. This is an excellent model for any of the popular silk or wool fabrics and can be used with any style of waist, basque or coat.



FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Those Simple Gowns.

Winkle Collins's "Woman in White" would have created little comment by the color of her gown had she lived at this latter day, since she would have been but one of a thousand wearing that color. Go where you will, at seashore or mountain, in city or country, indoors or out, white is the predominant color in dress. Last year the men wore white duck suits and we envied them their cool appearance; this year we have not forgotten, but wear white duck ourselves. When we are not going a-yachting, or a-wheeling, or some place where we can wear a duck suit, we don white muslin and cool the surrounding atmosphere by our appearance, and delight our husbands and sweethearts by the seeming simplicity of our toilet.

For the Baby Carriage.

White ermine flannel robe to use in a baby carriage. It is very wide, and both cleans and washes remarkably well. The covers are bound with white or colored satin ribbon, or edged with a heavy, cream-white worsted lace. If color is liked, vicuna cloth with delicate flecks of pale pink and blue is preferred by some mothers to the ever-popular covers of elderdown. Muslin and pique and white Bedford cord are suitable covers for very hot days, though it is usually wisest to have underneath some very light cover of knitted or woven wool. The muslin covers have fluted frills and are tacked over a lining of white or colored percaleine or China silk. Pique covers are bordered with pique braids or embroidered muslin frills, and often have a monogram embroidered in the center in large raised letters. A white pillow covered with fine linen with a frill of the linen edged with narrow Valenciennes, or a frill entirely of lace, is used for the head rest. Sometimes the pillow covers are embroidered in small flowers in white and colors. Violets, white and pink clovers, daisies, and bachelor buttons are flowers worked on the linen pillow slips.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fashin Notes.

Blouse waists of accordion-plaited chiffon in black over pale yellow, red or light blue satin are asked for dressy wear. A favorite bonnet has a little skull-cap shaped body with a trimming of butterfly-shaped feathers and loops of lace that are wired to keep them in place.

White-brimmed hats with aggressive-looking bows and loops and an abundance of blossoms are the rule.

A Safe Exception to a Sound Rule.

A scarf-effect is added to the already much bloused front of some bodices. The scarfs are of soft chiffon or lace, start from the shoulder seams, and at the shoulder extend from the collar to armhole. They are drawn to the waist, but are bagged as much as possible, the outer edge of the scarfs being loosened even more than the inner one, the result being a pair of festoons that widen the figure a great deal from the



bust line down. The scarfs are knotted at the belt, the ends crossing and hanging to the knees. Such blouses are best worn with entirely plain skirts, the severity of one heightening the elaboration of the other by contrast. This is a common rule, and it is only comparatively in rare instances that it is broken.

Splitting Shackles Asunder.

By merely flexing the muscles of his arms is an easy task for sandow, that superlatively strong man. You will never be able to do this, but you may acquire that degree of vigor, which proceeds from complete digestion and sound repose, if you will enter on a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persist in it. The Bitters will invariably afford relief to the malarious, rheumatic and neuralgic, and avert serious kidney trouble.

A Specimen of It.

Johnny—Papa, what is a "glittering generality?"

Johnny's Pa, who has too many uncollectable accounts—It is a glittering generality, my son, when a debtor of long standing says he will pay up in a few days. — Chicago Record.

The Modern Beauty.

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs.

English Women Printers.

In England the number of women employed as printers increases every year, but they are still more numerous in America, where about 3,000 women are employed in printing offices. In London there are about 200 women compositors.

Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N.Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

Wouldn't Do for Him.

Ad. Vyse—"Don't work for another man all your life. Strike out for yourself! Wright Field—that wouldn't do in my profession. Ad. Vyse—Why wouldn't it? Wright Field—I'm a baseball player."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel.

upon which she has been at work for the past two years, will be called "Sir George Trevelyan." It will appear as a serial in the Century, beginning with November.

The movement to erect a monument to the memory of Anne Hill Carter, the mother of Robert Edward Lee, is gaining in the south.

M. L. THOMPSON & CO., Druggists, Corner 5th and 6th Sts., Chicago. Their Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

If putting on a plug hat could add a cubit to the stature, the world would be full of giants.

FITS—Are stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, No. 1510 Broadway, New York. It cures, Treats and Prevents the following: Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Tremor, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, etc. Send to Dr. Kline, 1510 Broadway, N.Y., for full particulars.

Whoever tells us of our danger when he says or not.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., has discovered in one of our common pastures a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both under humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mistaken Kindness to a Crocodile.

The superstition of the Hindoo displayed itself in a strange fashion not long ago. Some fishermen at Kidderpore, on the Hooghly, had captured a crocodile, and being unable to kill it, were compelling it to accompany them to the nearest police station—were "running it in," as we say—for the sake of the reward usually offered for such creatures. On the way a native gentleman met them, and persuaded them, for a bribe to allow the animal to return to the river. In doing this foolish action he argued that, having shown kindness to it, the crocodile would not attack him and his family when they went to bathe. It is to be hoped that the pious man possessed more sense in the water than he owned on shore, else his life would not be worth the purchasing if he came within reach of that selfsame crocodile.

Wanted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Mrs. Willard, wife of the English actor, is founding in London a convalescent home for actors and actresses.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Fiso's Cure—MAY 1904, 1904, Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '04.

When is a girl beautiful? We know of only one universal rule: When you love her.

Experience leads many mothers to say "The Parker's Ginger Tonic," because it is especially good for colds, pain and almost every weakness.

Angels are disappointed when the preacher stops working for souls and goes to working for dollars.

Those distressing Corns! Bad as they are, Hindocorns will remove them, and then you can walk and run and jump as you like.

People start in the Jericho road because the devil keeps them from seeing where they are going to come out.

The Onward March

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured.

by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

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Dr. WINCHELL'S Teething Syrup.

Regulates the bowels; assists dentition; cures diarrhea and dysentery in the worst forms; cures canker sore throat; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Mothers, try this good safe Syrup. Prepared by the EMMETT PROPRIETARY CO., CHICAGO.

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