A NIGHT IN A SNAKE.

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's ax and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated on the river.

It was some ten days after our ar rival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to eat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast.

We eat of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We almost deliciously happy, Murilla bursting out into the Portugese doggerel with a boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous sys tem tingled with pleasing excitement to the very finger-tips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing, by nodding my head in rythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburstof seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following is example. Then all became a

This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence so assert itself. I then awoke-if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening-with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body, crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears; and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mould at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming.

Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up —I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half en-

IN THE THROAT OF A MONSTER BOA. This hideous reptile, finding melying at length on the ground, stupefied had deliberately set about swallow-

Now, I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction-pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down, inch by inch, into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of

acute pain. An indescribable sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resist-

less course, as I to struggle for from that living vise. stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing, and holds me like a pair of hungry nip-pers, while the horrible sucpers, while tion-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy. As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing anything by struggling a complete change came over me. became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of scape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose, would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs, and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force

From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that ov offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thought now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from stupefying effects of the berries will be able

to render me assistance. In my anxiety to see if Murilla were anywhere around, I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The east movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to swal-

Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by. I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try

and inch me further down his throat. The heavy odor of the reptile's like some overpowering added terror to the situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and in the darkness my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity event amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself!

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a maniac or a blubbering idiot seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the guttapercha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on only a nightmare which would pass | me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boaconstrictor's jaws. They were

THREE FULL INCHES HIGHER.

up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in meno sense of uneasiness.

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence, but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but I was to far gone to pay any

attention. At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for a while in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sank into the unconciousness of complete

exhaustion. I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days nursing by Murrilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effects of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He was awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lengths among the debris of decaying forest

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp, Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were out searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen

Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the boa, escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerled

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but among the nations of the earth. Or were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river; but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hardtack and vension, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of 90-as system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally overrode the effects erality of my readers. of my terrible experience, and left me in possession of my usually excellent health.-Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Is Knowledge Really Power?

Lord Armstrong in Nineteenth Century.

Knowledge is not an aid to power in all cases, seeing that useless lies at present, knowledge, which is no uncommon arto the admiring spectators, "You mild angelic voice: see that 'knowledge is power." he "Young man, thy name is Patrick said what was neither true nor ap- De Barra—thou hast come from Kindrug, which if distilled and applied in cess in life depends incomparably er him, for he will sadly need thee. of the four above named officials. moderation, might even be tolerable more upon his capacities for useful Take this staff in thy hand, and keep adjudicates on offences committed to the nostrils. Darkness came and action than upon his acquirements it as a memento of me. While thou in certain parts of the palace, and the young should therefore be direct- ful man throughout lovely Erin. But of the kitchen and his clerks keep ed to the development of faculties and valuable qualities rather than to the acquisition of knowledge." None of my critics have touched upon this cardinal point, and I suspect they fear to do so, being aware as everybody is, that men of capacity and possessing qualities for useful action are at a premium all over the world, while men of mere education are at a deplorable discount. It is melancholy to know, as I do from experience, how eagerly educational attainments are put forward by applicants for employment, and how little weight such claims carry in the selection.

Pelts in a Legal Tender.

It is not a generally known historieal fact that from 1774 to 1784 the formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their Government, organized a State Government under the name of "Franklin." which was maintained for some years. The State afterward disbanded and Territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the Legislature of the State of Franklin. We copy it as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the cured on more occasions than one, in rency of 1838:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that from the first day of January, 1789, the salaries of the officers of the Commonwealth be as fol-

His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.

His Honor the Chief Justice, pe annum, 500 deer skins. The Secretary to his excellency the Governor, per annum, 400 raccoon

The Treasury to the State, 450 raceconskins. Each County Clerk, 300 beaver

Clerk of House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins. Members of the Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

Justices' fees for signing a warrant, one muskratskin. To the Constable for serving a war

rant, one mink skin. Enacted into the law the 18th day of October, 1786, under the great seal of the State.

The Legend of the Black Mountain.

In the south of the city of Cork, and forming the boundary of the Ballymartle lies Duibhe Shliabh (Anglice, the Black mountain) which is Ard Righ Cairbre Mac Art; the resichopping him completely in two just below the bulge in the body caused by my feet and legs before he could be period the trusted female messenger dence of the celebrated Dannonian of Fionn Mac-Cumhall. After his death she fled far from the scene of his fall to this mountain, where she belief, until Erin regains once more the prestige which she once held as the Bard would say-

Through all error and confusion Till she set the clear conclusion Standing like a queen alone, All things adverse overthrown."

There is scarcely a fireside from South Gate Bridge to Clonakilty, that has not witnessed eager groups listening some time or other to the many generous acts which Deirdre has bestowed on her midnight votaries, since the year 284 A. D., when white as you see it now. My nervous she first took up her abode in the mountain up to the present. A few may not be uninteresting to the gen-

On a certain July night in the year 1426, John De Barra accompanied had been an attentive listner to all by his only son Patrick left Kinsale | that was spoken between Patrick and with some swine, which they intended to sell at Cork on the morrow. The market was then at Fatha na Croithe, and not at Goll an Spurra, where it

However, when they came as far as ticle in our popular schools, has no Drochad ui Naoi, the father bade the relation to power. The true source son to return home, as he could himof power is the originative action of self drive the swine for the remainder mind which we see exhibited in the of the journey. According they daily incidents of life, as well as in parted as the morning was beginning matters of the greatest importance. to dawn on the rim of the distant The man who is said to have extri- horizon. The young man, instead of cated a little dog from the jaws of a going back the road he had come, big one by dexterously placing a took a shorter route across the Black pinch of snuff on the nose of the Mountain. Scarcely had he reached larger animal excercised an act of the summit, ere he saw approaching power by his mental resource, aided him a maid of the lovliest aspect, on only by his courage and dexterity. whose head was placed a crown of Had he been a mere receptacle of the rarest emeralds. Entranced he knowledge he would have been pow- stood gazing on the lovely form, erless to act; but when he exclaimed when she presently exclaimed in a

propriate. And here I am brought sale with thy father, who has jour- he has the Comptroller of the Houseback to the keynote of a former ar neved on to Cork, with seventeen fat holder, who likewise does nothing. ticle, which was that "a man's suc- swine. I say, immediately follow alt- The Board of Green Cloth, composed in knowledge, and the education of hast it thou wilt be the most powerdo not further delay, thy father needeth thee. Farewell! I am Deirdre of ders to tradespeople.

the Black Mountain. Immediately that she spoke the concluding words, she disappeared as if by magic; and sorely bewildered, Patrick De Barra retraced his foot steps and followed his father to Cork. When he reached the market at Fatha na Croithe, he found his father wellnigh dead from the effect of a beating given him by a few drunken individuals, with whom he had quarreled. relative to the price of swine. Seeing his father in such a plight, he charged with the staff of Deirdre, all in the market, and succeeded in utterly routing and dispersing them-the in-

nocent as well as the guilty. After some difficulty he succeeded in gathering together his father's swine and sold them at a good reasonable price, to a friend of his, who Territory now know as Tennessee lived at Barrack street. Then after procuring a drink of nut brown ale for his worthy parent, that individual recovered from the effects of his drubbing, and soon after both took | tlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, their departure for Kinsale. In the Daily Waiters, Quarterly Waiters, journey home, the young man related Grooms of the Privy Chambers, to his astonished and delighted parent the boon conferred on him by the mysterious woman, whom he had met that morning on the snmmit of the Black Mountain.

From thence forward he was the strongest man found in Erin; and administering chastisement on the haughty Norman De Courceys of Kinsale, who vainly endeavored during his lifetime to gain by foul means, possession of his vast estates.

Such is one specimen of Deirdre's generosity. The following also exhibits her good nature, but in a different manner

On a cold December night in the

1699, Patrick MacGearalt was taking a short cut towards home through the Black Mountains; but he accidentally lost his way in the darkness of night. He kept wandering about for a few hours vainly endeavoring to regain the path from which he had parted, but his efforts were of no avail, until eventually he beheld a magnificent castle a short distance from him—the walls of which reflected the different hues of the rainbow. He advanced boldly up to it, where it was met by a watchman of a very diminutive size; being scarcely two feet in height; who wore a red breeches, yellow waistcoat, green jacket, and a cap in which were blended the three colors, with remarkable distinctness. They both kindly saluted each other,

after which the little gentleman ushered Patrick into the presence of the owner of the castle-a young woman of rare beauty. She bade him be seated and rest till morning, as the

night was cold and bitter without. With her request he instantly com-Catholic parishes of Ballygarvan and | plied, being more than glad to do so, as he was nearly benumbed with cold and fatigue. Supper was then laid before him and his little friend said to be, since the annihilation of whose acquaintance he had made at the Fiann Eirionn at Gabhra (now the gate; and when he had eaten his Garristown, county Dublin.) by the sufficient, he was supplied—this time by the hostess-with a measure of pure sparkling wine, which made him somewhat hilarious

Being naturally of a poetic temperament, he launched forth into a flood of melody, in praise of the generosity of his fair hostess, and also of her various charms, and asked was she Deirdre of Ulster, that must stay (according to popular caused such commotion on account of her matchless beauty.

In the same noble strain did she reply, that she was not Deirdre of Ulster, but Deirdre, of the Black Mountain, who at a remote period had been the trusted messenger of the brave and powerful Fionn Mac Cumhall who had lost his life through treachery, at the sanguinary battle of Gabbra. "After his death," said she, "I came to live in this mountain, where I an to stay until Erin shall be free, from the center to the sea

In the years that yet shall be.' "That is until the legislators of our country shall sit-after their liberties have been taken from them by fraud, and ultimately won back by them under a brave and trusted leader—to make laws for the government of of the tales told on such occasions | their dear country. When that glad time comes, then I must speed away to Garvach—a mountain by the Lee where I must stay for ever after."

After this, the little gateman, who his fair hostess, showed the former where he should pass the night. Ac cordingly he retired to rest, and fell into a sound and peaceful slumber; but when he awoke on the morrow he found himself not in a bed of down in a beautiful castle, but stretched on the heather, on the summit of the Black Mountain.

A Queen's Household.

Queen Victoria's household, says Good Housekeeping, has nearly a thousand officers, subordinates and attendants. The Lord Steward is at the head of all with a salary of \$10,-000 a year. All officers and servants, except those connected with the Queen's chamber, stable and chapel, are subject to his orders. The active duties of this officer are performed by the Master of the Household, who gets \$5,790 a year. The Lord Treasurer ranks next to the Lord Steward and acts for him in case he is absent, while to assist him has clerks and secretary. The clerk accounts, check goods and give or-

There is a chief and many cooks a heard of the confectionary department, of the "ewer" or linen department, a chief butler, table deckers, men in charge of the plate, pantry and of the coal, and lamp lighters and dispensers of alms. The Lord Steward is judge of the Court of Marshalsea, with power to dispense justice among the Queen's domestic servants, and the court basa Knight Marshal. The Lord Chamberlain gets \$10,000 a year and, with the Vice Chamberlain, superintend all the officers and servants of the Queen's chambers, except the bed chambers, these being under the Groom of the State, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. The keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse is her financial secretary at a salary of \$10,000. There are the Mistress of the Robes: Ladies of the Bed Chambers, Maids of Honor, bed chamber women, Lords in Waiting, Grooms in Waiting; Gen-Grooms the Great Chamber and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. The Marshal of Ceremonies must have an absolute knowledge of Court

etiquette. The official places many of them call for no performance of duty, because with the change of customs the duties have become obsolete. The Master of the Tennis Court does nothing. There are a Master of the House, burgomaster, keeper of the swans, and hundreds of assistants to the officers mentioned. All this looks like keeping house under difficulties, and Queen Victoria ought to be well paid for it.

Her Lock of Hair.

From Brownsburg, Ind., comes the story that a young lady sent a note to a discarded lover requesting the return of a lock of hair which, during his courtship, he had clipped from her dainty tresses. His reply was brief and to the point. Rummaging his trunk he collected a a number of tresses culled from various "best girls" during his love making career, and forwarded them in a bundle to the girl, inclosing a note to the effect that he had really forgotten which was hers, but she might select it from those forwarded and return the rest at her convenience. They don't speak now as they pass by.

You Always know Them.

The attention of people traveling on railroad trains is often called to a happy-looking couple who seem to be utterly oblivious to all that is going on, and who do and say what shows that they care little for the criticisms o' their fellow travelers. This is noticed more especially at country stations and on interior railroads but in a less aggravated way on the through trains and expresses. The general appearance of a bridal couple on the latter is just as marked as on. the former, but they are less demonstrative, and it must be added that sometimes even so slightly as to almost escape detection.

What a colored Pullman porter aid to a Newark Call man on this amusing topic recently seems to contain the subject very cleverly, and it shows how carefully would be honeymooners should watch themselves unless they do care whether their actual presence is known or not.

"Hardly a week goes by," said the porter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting out on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, but they are as plainly marked to my eyes as if they had the words 'Bride' and 'Groom stamped in big letters on their foreheads. There is something about them that gives the whole situation away, a kind of cling-right-next-tome-darling air that never deceives a fellow. Of course, I have made a mistake now and then, but it is very seldom I do, and I've often found out after changing my mind two or three times that I was right after all, though certain appearances were against it. We generally have a test which never fails and when a doubtful party comes along we spring

"What's the test? Well, I'll tell you. Not many weeks ago a couple got into my car and sat down very quietly in their arm chairs as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to have the bride and groom air about them at all and from external appearances they might have been brother and sister or married for years. The gentleman took a smoke in mesmoker and left the lady alone for half an hour or so, and she didn't seem to mind it at all while he was gone, but read a paper as natural as life. There were lots of other little things which would lead one to believe that they had seen married life for a hundred years, perhaps, but still there was a something there that made me suspicious, so when I saw them together I went to the news company's boy and I

it on them just to be sure, you know.

"Bill, here's a doubt'ul party here; get out the sample copies.

"So Bill got his tests and started through the car. He handed books to everybody, and when he came to the suspected party he took out of his pile two little books and said so nearly everybody could hear him:

" 'Very useful books, sir; hints on housekeeping and hints to newlymarried people. Only twenty-five cents.

"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose and the man blushed and said a weak sort of 'N-n-n-no.' Then they looked at each other and sort of snickered and I caught him full in the eye and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a respectful wink at the same time. It was all settled in a minute and there was no doubt about it. Well, he took it very good naturedly and asked me afterwards how in the world he had given himself away, he couldn't imagine. I made believe we could always tell and talked so nicely he gave me a dollar when I got

through with him. "There are plenty of other giveaways by which I can spot a bride and a groom, and they are as safe generally as the first. One day a couple came in the car-which, by the way, was jamfull-and the moment they entered it was as plain as day that they were newly wedded. I passed by them once or twice and then went in my closet and got the dustpan and brush. I walked right up to where the bride was sitting and dusted a panful of rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. We'll if the people in that car didn't laugh I'm another. The two young people were about as broken up as anybody could possiblo be, and I don't think they said a wordall the time they were riding on the car.

"The custom of throwing rice after a bridal couple always makes it unpleasant for the party, as lots of rice almost is sure to stick to their clothes, hats and in their hair. About the funniest rice thing I ever saw was that which happened in my car just two or three weeks ago. A couple came in, and the test revealed to me that they were bride and groom. They didn't seem to take kindly toit, however and we couldn't get any satisfaction out of them at all. By and by the man said to his wife: " 'Seems to me this umbrella isn't

rolled up very nicely. "Then he carefully unrolled it and, bezing! out came three or four pocketsful of rice all over the seats and floor. Their triends had rolled up a lot inside the flolds of the umbrella, and next to the young man I heard tell about who when he went to sign his name in the hotel register dropped a lot of rice on the book when he took off his hat, it was the most binding

thing I ever knew. "I can give newly-married people some pointers as to how to travel; yes, sir. But I guess I won't."