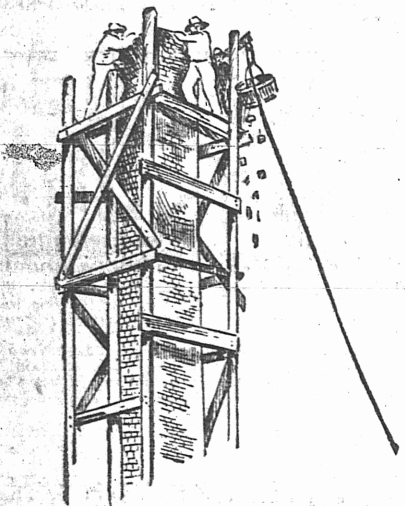




THE "SKIP'S" STORY

DANNIE McLEAN, known to his intimates of the curling club of Bytown, Nova Scotia, as "Dannie, the Skip," is a Scotchman by birth, a mason by trade, and by choice a devotee of the game called "curling," which is played on ice. The fountain of gladness for him freezes up with the thawing out of the pond, and thaws with their freezing.

The game is in itself an excellent one, but it too often leads the players into Scotch "conviviality," an possibly Dannie, who is "skip" or captain of a "frank" or side, became confirmed in drinking habits by sedulously attending all the feasts of the Bytown club. Be that as it may, he no longer drinks intoxicants, and I think many people will be interested in an account of the occurrence that made him an abstainer.



"WE CLUTCHED AT THE BRICK."

Last summer, he said to me—for I shall try to tell his story—in his own words—I took a contract to build a tall chimney for the tanning company at Millville. It was to be eighty-two feet high, and they wanted the job hurried through. The bricks were on the ground, and we ran the thing up at a great rate.

The foundation and lower part were plain sailing; but as we got higher I had trouble with my help. The local men became frightened, and left one after another.

At last I had to send back home here for Charley French. Charley and I got on pretty fast, and one Saturday afternoon we were putting on the finishing touches, over eighty feet above the ground, when the thing happened I'm going to tell you about.

You see, at that height hoisting was out of the question, so we had a block and tackle rigged, and lifted all our stuff by horse-power. The upper block was fastened to one of the upright posts of the staging; the lower one to a post sunk in the ground.

It was not a very safe arrangement, as we could not make the staging very secure. But we got a quiet, steady horse, and a cautious chap for driver, and didn't feel as though there was much danger.

There were six uprights in the staging. Of course each of them was not all one stick. They had to be spliced about every twenty feet. This made three joints in each upright, and they were far from being firm.

Down nearer the ground, where the brickwork had hardened, and the staging was well fastened to the chimney, was all right; but the upper part of it was decidedly unsteady. The posts creaked and vibrated more or less every time a tubful of brick or mortar came up.

We had made a bet of a bottle of brandy with the manager of the company that we would finish the work by Saturday evening. At dinner time that day it was so certain we were going to win easily that Charley suggested to the manager that he had better pay half the bet in advance, in the shape of a flask of brandy. He agreed; and we took the flask up with us to finish off on.

"We had drunk most of it, and had only one more course of brick to lay, when the son of the manager made his way up beside us. He was a wide-awake, independent-looking youngster, fourteen or fifteen years of age, but he had no right to be there. He would have been sent down in a hurry if the brandy hadn't made us a little too easy-going.

As it was, we both had sense enough to order him to leave at once. Instead of obeying, he put his hands into his pockets, eyed us knowingly for a moment and remarked:

"Say, aren't you two a little high, for eighty feet above the ground?"

We laughed and let him stay. He moved around the staging, not in the least disturbed by the elevation. Finally, when he got tired looking, he picked up a hatchet which had been in use for driving nails, and began chipping at one of the posts.

In the meantime the last brick was laid. We finished the brandy, and gave three cheers, while the boy stood watching us with anything but respectful eyes. Charley French was leaning against the chimney with the empty flask in his hand, looking somewhat tipsy.

"See here, Danny," said he, solemnly, "there's the old horse down yonder, and we've forgotten all about him. He's seen us right through this job, and he hasn't been offered so much as a smell of the brandy."

"Hello, old chap! Here's the flask for you, anyway," he suddenly shouted, as he gave it a toss.

It went flashing and circling through the air, and fell with a crash on a big stone just behind the horse, whose driver was with a crowd of loafers some twenty or thirty yards away.

The horse gave a frightened leap, and galloped off at a speed that I hadn't thought was in him. The rope whizzed over the pulleys, and the half-filled tub shot up towards us like a rocket.

It came against the upper block with a crash that threatened the overthrow of the whole staging. Posts swayed and bent at their joints; boards, loose brick and tools slipped from their places and went rattling down below.

We clutched at the top of the chimney as the steadiest object within reach. But the newly-laid brick moved under our hands, and gave little promise of holding us up.

The horse was checked for a moment when the tub came against the upper block; but he bent wildly to his traces, and the fastening of the lower block gave way. He had now a direct purchase on the upper corner of the staging.

The only thing which saved it from being torn away at the first tug, was the horse being unable to bring his full strength to bear. The rope ascended at an angle which lifted the traces above his back, and shifted the strain from his shoulders to his neck. He was half choked and thrown to the ground.

The staging groaned and reeled as he struggled to get on his feet again. His driver stood stupidly looking up at us without moving a step. The whole thing happened in so few seconds, that it is not much wonder the man's presence of mind left him. The horse scrambled to his knees, then to his feet, and pulled frantically. The strain at the top of the chimney became frightful. It seemed that not only the staging, but the whole upper part of the chimney would be pulled away and fall at the next plunge.

Neither Charley nor I had spoken a word. We just held on, and gasped and wondered how it would feel when everything gave way. And we forgot all about the manager's son until he spoke up behind us:

"Say, it's about time to cut this rope, ain't it?"

Before we could turn our heads there was a sharp click on the block. The clean-cut end of the rope shot downward.

The boy stood with the hatchet in his hand watching the horse. Of course

"THE HORSE GAVE A FRIGHTENED LEAP."

the moment the rope was cut the straining animal pitched forward. Then taking fresh alarm he ran from the place with the ungainly movement of a runaway truck-horse.

"It'd be a good thing for you two men if you were just as frightened of rum bottles as old Dobbin down there seems to be," remarked the boy, calmly, as the horse disappeared round the corner, while the rope trailed behind him like a long snake.

Charley and I were both sober enough by that time, and we wanted to shake hands with the manager's son, but he refused.

"No use making a fuss," he said. "I happened to have your hatchet in my hand, and I cut the rope. That's all. Another yank from Dobbin would have brought the whole thing down, and that'd have been about as rough on me as you."

So you see I came near not curling any this winter, concluded Dannie, but as it is, I'll just quit the "conviviality" of the game.—W. E. Maclellan in Youth's Companion.

Curious Astronomical Calculations. A European astronomer has recently made some remarkable calculations. He figures that if all the living representatives of the human race were strung out in space, and separated from each other by intervals of a mile, the line would reach one-third of the distance to the planet Neptune. If separated by distances as great as that between London and Constantinople the line would reach half way to the nearest star!

A New Plan of Bimetallism. Johnstone Mealey, of Howard Lake, N. Y., has invented a plan for stamping a gold half dollar into a silver half dollar, making the two worth together one dollar, making in this way a composite dollar and insuring bimetallism. He has applied for a patent for his discovery.

FINE FIGURES.

An English Statistician Gives Us Reason to Be Proud.

The English statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, publishes in the June number of the North American Review an article on "The Power and Wealth of the United States." Mr. Mulhall's conclusion is that:

If we take a survey of mankind in ancient and modern times as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895, and that the United States possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world.

Mr. Mulhall shows that the absolute effective force of the American people is now more than three times what it was in 1800, and that the United States possesses almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively and that the ratio falling to each American is more than what two Englishmen or Germans have at their disposal. He points out by a careful comparison between the conditions in these different countries, that an ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria. One man in America can produce as much flour as will feed 250, whereas in Europe one man feeds only thirty persons.

Mr. Mulhall calls special attention to the fact that the intellectual power of the great republic is in harmony with the industrial and mechanical, 87 per cent. of the total population over 13 years of age being able to read and write.

"It may be fearlessly asserted," says he, "that in the history of the human race no nation ever possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens."

The postoffice returns are appealed to by Mr. Mulhall in support of this part of his statement, these showing that, in the number of letters per inhabitant yearly, the United States is much ahead of all other nations.

According to the figures of Mr. Mulhall the average annual increment of the United States from 1821 to 1890 was \$901,000,000, and he adds that "the new wealth added during a single generation—that is, in the period of thirty years between 1860 and 1890—was no less than \$49,000,000,000, which is one billion more than the total wealth of Great Britain."

Classifying the whole wealth of the union under the two heads, urban and rural, Mr. Mulhall finds that rural or agricultural wealth has only quadrupled in forty years, while urban wealth has multiplied sixteen fold. Before 1860 the accumulation of wealth for each rural worker was greater than that corresponding to persons of the urban classes; but the farming interests suffered severely by reason of the civil war, and since then the accumulation of wealth among urban workers has been greatly more than that among rural workers, a fact which Mr. Mulhall thinks explains the influx of population into towns and cities.—New York Sun.

Answering Questions of the Curious.

A gentleman who had been playing pool in Harvey J. Fueller's rooms, on Penn street, Pittsburgh, Pa., the other night, by mistake walked through a big plate glass window, smashing it. A great crowd soon gathered, and the proprietor saw that he was about to be awfully bored by questions. To satisfy hundreds of inquirers, Mr. Fueller quickly wrote and posted the following answers:

NOTICE. I will tell you all about it. It was an accident. The man could not help it. He was perfectly sober. He was not hurt. No; I will not prosecute him. I don't know how much it will cost me.

It happened at 11:45 p. m., May 25. I don't know his name. The glass is insured. I will insure it again. A large crowd gathered with much excitement.

Many people thought it was a fight. I always try to avoid fights. I never had one in my place. Don't know how soon I can have another glass put in.

Ask the insurance man. I boarded up the vacancy at once. He broke it going out.

The glass was 3/4 of an inch thick, 5 feet wide and 9 feet high. Yours truly. Any more.—Philadelphia Record.

The Kind He Fancied.

During the hot spell, when the mercury was banging around the brink of 95 in the shade, a pleasant-faced trapper rapped on a kitchen door, and the lady of the house answered it.

"Good-afternoon, ma'am," said the visitor, "I'd like to shovel the snow off the sidewalk for half a pie."

The lady looked at him, half afraid.

"You must be crazy," she said as she mopped her perspiring brow.

"No'm," he answered politely, "not crazy; only hungry and willing to work for material to appease my hunger."

"But there isn't any snow on the sidewalk," she said, still in doubt.

"I know it, ma'am," he smiled in reply, "and that's the kind I love to shovel. Shovelin' summer snow is just the kind of labor I'm fitted for, and I can do it with an enthusiasm that would surprise you. Do I get the pie in exchange?" And he laughed in such a knavish, utterly good-for-nothing way that she handed over the pie and gave him a glass of milk to lubricate it with.

The First Railroads. The Stockton and Darlington line in England (the first complete railroad in the world) was opened for traffic on the 27th of September, 1825, and one of George Stephenson's engines was tried. It was attached to a train consisting of six wagons loaded with coal and flour; after these came twenty-one passenger coaches, and, lastly, six more wagons of coal, making in all a train of thirty-eight vehicles. The first rail road in America was the Mohawk and Hudson railroad. The length of this road was sixteen miles, and it extended from Albany to Schenectady, N. Y. A charter was granted the company in 1826, but work was not commenced until 1830. It was finished in 1831. Both locomotive engines and horses were used. They were placed on the top of the hills, and the train was hauled up the hill or let down, by a strong rope. The brakemen used hand-levers to stop or check the train. The first steam railroad in America was run on this road.

They Won't Do. Another Indian company of the army has been disbanded, Troop L, Eighth Cavalry. Only two companies now remain, I, of the Twelfth Infantry and L, of the Twelfth Cavalry. The Indian does not seem to fill the bill as a soldier.

When the experiment was begun eight troops of cavalry and nineteen companies of infantry were ordered recruited and at one time 780 Indians were in the ranks.

Lo, the Thin-Skinned. The skin of the Indian is thinner than that of either the white or the negro, and more easily torn.

road in 1831. The engine was named John Bull. It was imported from England; its weight was four tons. The engineer was John Hampson, an Englishman. Among the fifteen passengers who rode in the two coaches were James Alexander, president Commercial Bank; Charles E. Dudley, of the Dudley observatory; Jacob Hays, high constable of New York; ex-Gov. Joseph C. Yates and Thurlow Weed.

THE WITHERBY'S PLANS.

They Will Spend the Summer in the Country as Usual.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Witherby had a consultation the other evening concerning summer plans and their financial aspect.

"I don't really see, my love," remarked young Mr. Witherby, "how it will be possible for us to go up to the Hillside House as we planned for June and July. You see nurse and baby are important and expensive additions to the family since last summer."

"Couldn't we take a dear little house somewhere in the country?" inquired Mrs. Witherby, vaguely.

"You may remember that we did that last summer, and that it took me nearly six months to get out of debt afterward," said her husband, coldly.

"I'm sure it wasn't my fault," began Mrs. Witherby. "You know very well—"

"Never mind," cried Mr. Witherby, hastily, "we can't do it this year, that's all."

"Do you mean to say that you wish to kill baby and me by keeping us in this vile, close, dirty, dusty, hot city all the summer?"

Mr. Witherby explained at some length that he was not planning murder, but that his financial condition was such as to render it difficult for the family to migrate to the country until the time of his annual vacation in August. Mrs. Witherby finally consented to make the best of the situation.

"But I may do what I can to make city life endurable, may I not?" she begged.

"Certainly, dearest," replied Mr. Witherby joyfully.

Armed with this permission Mrs. Witherby sallied forth the next morning. She visited numerous establishments and talked with the proprietors of many varieties of stores. She went to the upholsterer's, the florist's, the confectioner's, the livery stable and the swimming school, to say nothing of house-furnishing emporiums, dry goods shops and milliners. That evening as she sat cozily opposite her husband in the library she remarked:

"I really don't think that a summer in town will be bad, dear."

"I was sure you'd come around love," said Mr. Witherby, cheerfully.

"Yes," chirped his wife, "I'm going to pale green. It will be so cool and pretty, don't you think?"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Witherby, slowly. "Then I've engaged to take a swimming lesson two mornings a week," went on Mrs. Witherby.

"Yes?" said Mr. Witherby coldly.

"Yes, and I've ordered Driven & Hack to send me a carriage two afternoons a week to take me out into the country."

"Indeed, have you?"

"Yes, and I shall have laces every day for dinner."

"You will, will you?" demanded Mr. Witherby fiercely.

"Yes," said his wife pacifically. "And I've ordered some plants to make the house pretty and some cool frocks—"

Why, Harold, what's the matter?"

When Harold had sufficiently controlled his rage to speak, he said in stifled tones:

"Countermand your orders to-morrow and prepare to go to the Hillside House in June!"

And Mrs. Witherby, smiling to herself, went to the piano and played softly, "Tis better to rule by love than fear."—New York World.

Interviewed a Man with Tremens.

A journalistic feat of no little novelty has just been accomplished at Vienna, where a reporter succeeded in having an interview with a man suffering from delirium tremens. The result of the experiment throws even Zola's description of Coupan in the shade. The patient, a broken-down actor, declared that he was Baron Rothschild, and that his constant craving for dainty dishes made it necessary that he should take weekly trips across the ocean to New York, a city built on beer bottles, unfortunately all empty. Drinks were not to be had in New York, and therefore he was obliged to take as much as he could carry before starting in his balloon, and from which he shot flies, Benedictine rabbits, and other game, which were brought to the cur by flying retrievers. The man is now an inmate of the Metropolitan Hospital at Vienna.

Did Not Reach His Own Standard. The late Professor Bishoff, of the University of St. Petersburg, left a sad memorial of his greatness. He had opposed the admission of female students into the university on the ground that a woman's brain, being much smaller than a man's, it was not fair to put her on an equal footing with her superior. When Bishoff's brain was examined it was found to weigh less than the average woman's.

Military Drills. Considerable comment has been aroused by the emphatic stand against the introduction of military drills in schools taken by so eminent an authority as Dr. Sargent, physical director of Harvard. He asserts that such drill not only does not develop the body, if used without previous physical training, but, on the contrary, inclines those taking part to contracted chests and round shoulders.

Natural Philosophy. A farmer walked up and down a block on Griswold street a day or two ago whistling a whistle that was apparently meant for a dog. When he had looked up and down and around for ten minutes a newsboy came along and quered:

"Whistlin' fur your dorg?"

"Yes, but I guess the critter has got too far off. I knowed he'd get lost if I bring him in."

"Your dorg hain't lost," continued the boy. "Can't nobody lose a dorg. It's you that's lost, and if you'll stand still a few minutes he'll find you."

The farmer smiled at the boy's philosophy, but decided to heed it, and it wasn't five minutes before his dog turned in from Fort street and came up to him.

"Didn't I tell ye?" said the boy as he moved on. "I don't make any change fur the pinter, but next time you git lost jest take a lean again a lamp-post and gin yer dorg a fair show to find ye."—Free Press.

THE EXACTING CIRCUS MAN.

Wants to Raise the Price for Pocket-Picking Concession This Year.

"No," said the circus proprietor to the enterprising concessionaire, who was doing his best to drive a hard bargain, "I will certainly not let you have the pickpocket privilege on the same terms as last year."

"Fifty per cent. of the gross is not enough. If you had behaved any way decently to me at the end of the season I might be willing to listen to your story of hard times, but those diamonds you gave me when we parted for the year and which you said you took off a rich jay were paste and the watch was gilt."

"It was three-ply gilt," argued the concessionaire, "and I thought it would do until I could steal you a better one. But you don't take into consideration my expenses. I had nine men on the road with you last year, and every one of them got pinched at some time or other during the season, and it cost me anywhere from \$5 to \$500 to square the local chiefs of police. This year I want to put fifteen men on, and, of course, there'll be a good increase of the gross, but my expenses will be heavier. Besides, times have been harder, and there isn't so much jewelry going round."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the concessionaire earnestly. "You chuck Simpkins out and I'll take the counter-fet money monopoly at 5 per cent. more than he pays, and work the two together, letting the price of the pickpocketing snap stay where it is. How'll that suit you?"

"That ain't half bad," replied the circus proprietor, very much softened. "But I've got a lay this year I haven't worked before, and you can have it cheap if you'll operate the three. I'm going to have a man selling forged tickets to the show, and then when the jays come along with them I'll have 'em clubbed and arrested, and make them bribe me not to prosecute them for felony. You take that concession, have three men out placing the skin tickets, two men at the doors to arrest the jays, three chaps to take them off in a corner and milk them for their liberty, and we'll share the expenses of the whole thing and divide the profits even. Is it a go?"

"It is," replied the concessionaire, "and let's drink to bind it."

"All right," the circus proprietor answered doubtfully, "but don't you work any knockout drops in on me, for I haven't a cent about me, and those two fellows following me are my new body guard, and they'll kick the stuffing out of you if you do any funny business."

"I'm glad you told me, old man," said the concessionaire thankfully, "because I had a scheme in mind something like that you suggest."—New York World.

STRANGE CAVITY IN MISSOURI.

A Recent Subterranean Explosion Described by a Correspondent.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat correspondent has just returned from the Stitz farm, near Fordland, Webster County, where the late subterranean disturbance occurred. The cavity seen in the farmer's meadow is indeed a singular product of some giant force, and the story told by the owner of the land is no less wonderful. The break in the earth's surface is on the western slope of a little hill in the meadow and about 250 yards from Mr. Stitz's house. The depression at its greatest depth is twenty feet, and the area sunk is by actual measurement 100 yards in circumference. The center of disturbance appears to have been near the western edge of the hole, where the earth is most torn. At this point there is a chimney-like opening in the pit about six feet in diameter. Around the sink are several of them one foot wide and deep enough to receive the full length of a fence rail. Within the area sunk was an old cavity nearly filled, which had been formed in a similar way before the war. Out of this ante-bellum crater it is said that a black substance was obtained which made excellent shoe polish. Mr. Stitz tells the following story of the explosion, which has ruined a part of his meadow:

"It was between 12 and 1 o'clock when the shock occurred. I had eaten dinner and walked out into the lot near the house, when I heard a heavy underground explosion like a powerful blast. I looked at once toward the meadow and saw a cloud of yellowish smoke shoot toward the sky to the height of 100 or more feet. I could not see the ground near where the hole was for a little while on account of the shower of dust that fell. Rocks rained down on the meadow some distance around the opening. I went at once to the spot and saw what had happened. At that time the cracks around the opening were not so wide and deep as they are to-day. Some of the rocks fell as far as eighty yards from the hole. Persons have been coming here daily since the meadow fell in."

The Stitz farm is in West Benton township, about eighteen miles south of Marshfield. It is just north of the water-shed, between the Osage and White rivers. Two miles west of Stitz's farm is the wonderful Devil's Den, which for years has attracted so much attention. This is a coffin-shaped chasm, over 100 feet deep and about eighty feet wide, at the bottom of which a lake of unknown depth repose. The water of the lake is of an ink color, and a rock thrown into it sends forth a deep, sepulchral sound.

Women in the World. According to the most reliable estimates the world to-day contains 280,000,000 grown women. Among civilized nations the United States have actually the largest share, their feminine population being 30,554,370. Russia comes next with an adult feminine population of 23,200,000. Then a long way after comes the German Empire with 10,930,000; Austria, with 9,680,000; Great Britain, with 8,760,000; France, with 8,586,000; and Italy, with 6,850,000. Spain comes next on the list with 4,130,000 of the fair sex, and she is followed by Belgium, with 1,340,000; Romania, with 1,260,000; Sweden, with 1,170,000; Portugal, with 1,080,000; and Holland, with 1,070,000. The countries whose adult feminine population does not reach 1,000,000 are Switzerland, which has only 690,000; Norway, which has 465,000; and Greece and Denmark, which are tied at 490,000.

In this estimate it will be noted that the entire female population of the United States is given and only the number of grown women in the different countries of Europe. As a matter of fact, in proportion to its population this country has fewer women than most of the others mentioned. The proportion of women to men in the United States is greatest in New England, where the women are in excess. It is least in the far West, where the number of men exceeds that of the women.

Wyoming has the smallest female population, 21,362; New York the largest, 3,020,960; while it is said that one factory in New England employs 12,000.

Browning's Graceful Compliment. Mrs. Oscar Wilde, when Browning was calling on her at one of her Sunday afternoons, asked him to write something in her autograph album, wherein many famous people had written. "With pleasure," said Browning, and wrote: "From a poet to a poem."

Love cannot die, but he sometimes wishes he could.

RAT IN THE CHURCH.

London Congregation Broken Up by the Appearance of a Rodent.

The Wesleyans of London have great distinction in that city just now because one of their chapels was invaded a few Sundays ago by a large gray-whiskered rat, who, according to the New York World, provoked a disturbance and brought about a scene that, so far as known, is absolutely unprecedented in religious annals. It was directly in the midst of the service that the rodent appeared, and for a time passed unnoticed, confining himself to surreptitious wanderings in the pews.

At last he ventured out into the aisle, and then he was seen of all men and women. Encouraged by the excitement he was creating, he gambolled fearlessly about, leaping from seat to seat and wildly waving his tail. The congregation was at once in a ferment, and the service came to an abrupt stop.

Armed with long sticks, the vergers and ushers tried to chase him out, but he dodged them, keeping well beyond their reach. Finally, as a last resort, an officer of the church who was full of expedient slipped away and borrowed a small but energetic terrier. What the vergers had been unable to do the terrier did.

It was a long and exciting chase, and during its progress the rat showed evidence of much military strategy. Eventually he was brought to bay directly under the communion table, and in a few seconds more the dog had shaken the life out of him. Then the ladies who had been standing on pew seats smoothed down their frocks and settled themselves, the chapel resumed its normal condition of quietude and the services were continued.

AN OBSERVING MIND.

A Lad Falling Toward His Death Describes His Recollections.

The other day a boy employed in a West Side factory fell four stories down the shaft of a freight elevator. By some interposition of fate or providence he landed on his feet after turning over a couple of times, and crawled out of the bottom door with a silly and mortified look on his face.

The men who had seen him fall rushed to the bottom of the shaft, expecting to find him lying there, crushed and lifeless.

"Are you hurt?" they asked, taking hold of him.

"N-no, I'm all right."

"Did you light on your feet?"

"I don't know. Leave me alone I'm all right."

In a few minutes he calmed down, and one of the men asked him:

"What did you think of while you were falling?"

"All I remember is that the leather-climber place on the second floor was shut down."

"Is that all?"

"I could see as I went by that there wasn't anyone workin' in there. That's every blamed thing I can remember."

He stuck to it. At an awful moment, when his past life should have come to him in a flash, he was talking observations of the "feather-cleaning place."—Chicago Record.

A HUMAN SNAKE.

A West Virginia Boy with the Characteristics of the Reptile.

Little Jim Twyman, a colored boy, living with his foster parents ten miles from Shepherdstown, W. Va., is a wonder. He is popularly known as the "snake boy." Mentally he is as bright as any child of his age and he is popular with his playmates, but his physical peculiarities are probably unparalleled. His entire skin, except his face and hands, is covered with the scales and markings of a snake. These exceptions are kept so by the constant use of Castile soap, but on the balance of his body the scales grow abundantly.

The child sheds the skin every year. It causes him no pain or illness. From the limbs it can be pulled in perfect shape, but off the body it comes in pieces. Always his feet and hands are cold and clammy. He is an inordinate eater, sometimes spending an hour at a meal, eating voraciously all the time if permitted to do so. After these gorgings he sometimes sleeps two days.

There is a strange suggestion of a snake in his face, and he can manipulate his tongue, accompanied by hideous hisses, as viciously as a serpent.

Women