

BABY SWALLOWED BY A SNAKE.

Terrible Anguish of the Mother.

Romantic Career of a White Man in the Orinoco Delta.

A few years ago a young American named Graham found his way to the West Indies. He staid for a time in Port of Spain, the pretty capital of the tropical island of Trinidad, where he was often told of the wonders and beauties of savage life in the Delta of the Orinoco. His adventurous spirit was fired with the idea of going there; so he fitted himself out with a boat and full hunting equipments, and in a few days was far up the Vagres mouth on his way to an Indian ranch near Buja. He easily made friends with the Guarano Indians, quickly picking up their language and adopting all their customs. Exposure to sunshine and storm embrowned his skin and almost hid every difference between him and his savage friends. He was active and strong, and equally at home on land or water; and being a good shot with the gun, very soon became expert with the bow as well, and was consequently most successful in the chase. Being of a daring and playful humor, and somewhat of a naturalist, large snakes seemed to have a fascination for him; nor would he ever kill one. On the contrary, many a time did he startle the Indians by fetching home a large anaconda alive and suddenly letting it loose among them. The liberated serpent would of course rapidly glide off to his watery home, leaving the Indians laughing after their fright and loving Graham all the more for his boyish sportiveness.

Many years before a Spanish refugee had lived with the tribe, married one of its daughters and left an only girl, fairer of skin than her companions and remarkable for her beauty. Her large dark eyes were constantly observing Graham, for she looked upon him as somewhat akin to herself. In Indian fashion she asked him to make her his wife, and accordingly when the dry season came he and his semi-Indian bride set out in a canoe to build themselves a ranch at Isla Venada near the Boca del Tigre. Here at a sequestered nook of the watery forest looking out on the river they set up their airy Guarano home, reared on posts far above the menacing floods, and hither would they come from the village every year, to pass the dry season hunting and fishing in the vicinity. Generally they went out together, but sometimes the young wife would remain at home to attend to the work about the ranch, drying the fish of the previous day's capture upon the prostrate trunk of a large tree that lay not far from their dwelling half submerged in the river.

THE BABY.

When the second dry season came around they had a baby passenger to take down with them in the canoe, and the little one grew to be a fine, lively boy of 3 years, with auburn curls and dark eyes, who already aimed at handling the paddle and the bow, and under his father's guidance even essayed to swim.

Several times, when down at Isla Venada, Graham had seen a monster anaconda of unusual length and thickness. Sometimes the giant serpent would be noticed swimming across the channel near by, with his head raised slightly above the surface, leaving behind him a long ripple, temporarily marking his sinuous course. He had often told the wondering Indians of this huge reptile and averred that it could not be less than 30 feet in length. Occasionally buoyed up upon the surface by the air with which it inflated itself it would float lazily by, and at such times appeared unusually large.

One evening when Chichima, the wife, went out to fetch in the drying fish, she found, to her surprise, lying coiled upon the same tree trunk, the great snake, engaged in swallowing at his leisure a full-grown wild duck which he probably snatched from the water as it swam past. The woman, like one used to such things, in whose natural timidity is dulled by familiarity with the terrible and the dangerous, approached fearlessly, threatening him with the upraised canoe-paddle, in order to compel the intruder to vacate the spot where her fish was drying. At sight of her, he angrily drew himself up, and with glistening eyes and quivering tongue greeted her with a loud hiss, but as she still drew nearer, he lowered his head and slowly glided off into the water. For some time after this he was not seen again.

A few weeks subsequently it happened that some Indians from up-river came down from the village for a few days' hunting with Graham. Success followed them everywhere. The skins of two jaguars and three tapirs were drying at the branch and Chichima had plenty to do in attending to the curing of an unusually large quantity of fish. One day the hunters had gone away at daybreak, while she remained at home with the child, occupied as has been mentioned. Towards evening she placed her little son in the dugout, paddled out to the fallen tree to fetch in the fish from which the slanting rays of the setting sun had already departed. Some of the pieces she took by simply reaching out her hand, but the greater part was placed so high, that she had to get out and climb up on the trunk, returning at intervals to place an armful in the canoe. The child was sitting at one end playing with a live tortoise, a common plaything with Indian children. While she stopped to gather another armful she never noticed that the canoe with its occupant had drifted down a little, and was now by the thicker or root end of the trunk on which she stood, where there was a great cavity hollowed out by age and decay. This den was a suitable lurking place for the great serpent, being nearly hidden by the thick foliage of the trailing vines that hung down before it like a screen, from the branches of the lofty trees above.

THE TRAGEDY.

A sudden cry from behind her caused her to turn her head. The canoe was empty. Her child was gone. But whither? At first she thought he had fallen overboard; but he was not in the water, which was calm and unruffled, flowing on as peacefully and as glassy as ever. Up and down the stream she looked but he was nowhere to be seen. With a wild uncertainty fear she scanned the trees around her. Then she thought of alligators and could hear her own heart beating as she stood there desolate in the silence of the solitude. Two or three times she called his name, but never an answer came back. Only a white egret started at her voice and winged its noiseless

way across the water. Meanwhile the shades of evening began to close in with all the quickness peculiar to the tropics and the empty canoe drifted away and disappeared. Grief and bewilderment had paralyzed her. Suddenly a shout, loud and prolonged, rung out, awakening the echoes of forest and river. It was Graham returning with the hunters. She sprang to her feet and answered by a heartrending cry. In a few moments the canoes were alongside, and in broken voice she told them of the loss of her only boy. To them, as to her the thing appeared most mysterious. They hurried to the ranch and came back with torches of wild bees-wax, by the flickering light of which they examined beneath the branches dipping in the stream all about. The drifting canoe was recovered, but nothing was learned of the whereabouts of the missing child. With heavy hearts they returned to the ranch, but no eye was closed beneath the palm-leaf roof through all that anxious night. In and out in the moonlight flitted the bats and the vampires, the great owls hooted in the trees close by, the silent stream flowed darkly on in its peaceful course, but the sobbing grief of Chichima was wakeful through it all.

A LIVING TOMB.

When the first rays of the morning sun burst over forest and water Graham was again afloat, eager to prosecute the search, but only to find himself again unsuccessful. However, before returning to the ranch, he passed up to the spot where his child had been lost. A sight awaited him. Upon the prostrate tree trunk the great anaconda, which he had so often seen, lay coiled in the morning sun. His head was stretched out in front. In size he seemed more monstrous than ever before, for the middle of his body was swollen out, apparently distended by a recent meal. At once it flashed upon Graham that the anaconda might possibly be the criminal. Without moving his position he called to those at the ranch, and soon they, with the sorrowing mother also, were at his side in two canoes. The same thought at sight of the enormous reptile immediately occurred to them all. One of the Indians got into the dug-out with Graham, who sat in the bow with his macheta ready to chop the head of the monster. The Indian sitting behind worked the paddle so gently that Graham's canoe hardly seemed to move. This was necessary in order not to alarm the snake. Meanwhile the other two little crafts with their watchful occupants lay out in the stream in the silence of breathless anxiety. By slow degrees Graham drew closer and closer until at last he was within striking distance, when down came the macheta, and the severed head of the decapitated anaconda flew upward and alighted in the boat behind the slayer. There it lay in the bottom among fish spears and turtle shells, the wide jaws opening and shutting, and the black-forked tongue quivering protruding as in life. For a few moments the headless body writhed vigorously on the fallen tree, while the tail lashed itself tightly around a projecting limb. By a rope made fast to it, it was quickly towed to the ranch, cut open and the dead body of the hapless child found, whole and unbroken in the capacious stomach.

The Delta with its Indian life is at first charming in its wildness and simplicity, but it soon falls on one used to more civilized surroundings. So it was with Graham. Bidding good-by to his Guarano friends he and his semi-Indian wife made their way to the high lands of Paria, over against Trinidad, where, with several little Guaranos, they now possess a small but flourishing cacao estate in the mountains between Guiria and Cumana.

The Seven Wonders of Corea.

A Chinese paper describes the seven wonders which Corea, like unto other Oriental countries, possesses, and which played a conspicuous role in antiquity. The Korean "wonders" consist, first, of a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, which is capable of curing sickness and diseases of all sorts. The second wonder is the two wells, one at each end of the peninsula, which have the peculiar characteristic that when one is full the other is empty. The water of the one is intensely bitter, that of the other has a pleasant and sweet taste. The third wonder is a cold cave from which there issues constantly an ice-cold wind, with such force that a strong man is unable to stand up against it. A pine forest which cannot be eradicated constitutes the fourth wonder. No matter what injury may be done to the roots, the young trees spring up again like the phoenix from its ashes. The most remarkable, however, is the fifth wonder—the famous hovering stone which stands, or rather appears to stand, in front of a palace erected to its honor. This is a massive rectangular block, tree on all sides. Two men standing, one at each end, can draw a cord underneath the stone, from side to side, without encountering any obstacle. The sixth wonder is a hot stone which has been lying from time immemorial on the summit of a hill and evolving a glowing heat. The seventh Korean wonder is a sweating Buddha. This is guarded in a great temple, in whose court, for thirty yards on all sides, not a single blade of grass grows. No tree, no flower will flourish on the sacred spot, and even wild creatures are careful not to profane it.

Great Diamond Robbery at the Cape.

From South Africa particulars are received of a great diamond robbery from De Beers Consolidated Mines Company at the Cape, and of the arrest and conviction of the thief. The name of the prisoner was Wm. Lawrence Cundale, and he had been in the employment of the De Beers Company as a guard at their convict station. He had been suspected, and a trap was laid for him by a fellow servant, who offered to sell him two rough and uncut diamonds. Cundale purchased the stones, and was arrested for a breach of the third section of the Diamond Act. After his arrest the prisoner admitted having been systematically purloining diamonds and disposing of them to a receiver in Natal. He handed over to the company deposit receipts for £4400 in the Standard Bank of East London and in the savings bank at Kimberley, the proceeds of his thefts, and he further admitted having sent £1000 to his mother. It was stated the prisoner was receiving £4 a week as guard, and he had been for four years in the pulsator department at £5 a week. The court which consisted of two judges, convicted the accused on his own confession, and sentenced him to seven years, with hard labor.

Most of the fine coral known to commerce is obtained by divers along the coast of Italy.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Mollie's Problems.

There's lots of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try,
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understood why birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums.
I can't see why a baby always sprints,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little sums.

I cannot understand why doggies bark
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings like little flies;
But puzzlingest of all the things I know
Is why Grandma wears windows on her eyes.

—[Harper's Young People.

An Experience With Tramps.

Perry Dakin had been eagerly scanning the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily papers for several days. He needed something to do. His father had died after a brief illness, leaving no property, and a widow and two little girls, besides Perry. The boy must care for them. He was seventeen years old, strong and active.

Perry faced the situation manfully. He had intended to go to college, but he gave up his high hopes without bemoaning. He procured some good letters from men who knew him well, vouching for the sturdy character that he had proved.

He was ready to do any honest work that a boy of his years and experience could do to earn even a small salary. One day he read this notice in a paper published in the city where he lived:

WANTED.—A young man of from eighteen to twenty years of age for a responsible position a few miles from the city. No previous experience required. Must come well recommended as to character, and be ready to go to work at once. Call between nine and eleven this morning at 253 B Street, Room 11.

Perry was at 253 B Street, armed with his letters, and standing at the door of room 11 at eight o'clock, where, by nine, twenty-five boys and men had formed in line.

At nine o'clock the door was opened by an elderly man, who gave an exclamation of surprise when he saw how many were waiting. Then he said:

"Well, first come, first served." Sorry I can't employ all of you, but I need only one. I'll talk with you."

He nodded toward a tall young man at the head of the line, who stepped briskly into the room, and the door was closed.

The young man came out five minutes later looking a little crestfallen. Then the gentleman came to the door and said, "Next."

The next young man came out, too, and then it was Perry's turn.

He was asked regarding his age and family, and his recommendations were examined.

"Those are all good," said the gentleman. "Now do you know where Lake Windom is?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I engaged you, I would want you to go out there and stay until October."

"Very well, sir."

"Have you ever been out there?"

"Yes, sir, I went out there to a picnic one day last summer."

"There are picnic parties at the lake nearly every day from the middle of May to about the 10th of October. The owners of the lake and grounds want some one to go out there and take charge of the boats that are hired out by the hour to picnic parties, and collect charges."

"There are some other things to be done, but nothing that a boy of your age could not do. But I want to tell you beforehand that you would have a lonely time of it at night."

"Wouldn't there be anyone else there at night but myself?"

"No; you would be entirely alone. There is a cafe there and a peanut stand or two, and a man who takes tinctures. But these people go to their homes in Crofton, a town about a mile from the lake, at night. We should want you to stay at the grove for several reasons. I think you'd be safe enough, but it would be lonesome."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Perry. "Visions of long, lonely nights passed through his mind; but his need of money was urgent."

"I'll be glad to go if the pay suits me," he said.

"Well, I will give you ten dollars a week and your board at the cafe and a ticket on the railroad, so that you can come to the city every Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

It was more than Perry expected. He had not hoped to receive more than seven or eight dollars a week for anything an inexperienced boy like himself could do.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I will report for duty to-morrow morning."

"All right. There is to be a big picnic out at the lake to-morrow, and the young man who had charge of the boats and swings last year will go out with you and instruct you in your duties. I would like you to go out on the seven o'clock train. Call here at about three this afternoon and get your road ticket for six months."

Lake Windom, twenty miles from the city, was a clear, deep body of water about three-fourths of a mile long and half a mile wide. The grass grew to the very edge of the water all around, and at one side was a large and pretty grove fitted up for picnic parties that paid for the use of the grounds.

There were thirty-five or forty small boats for hiring out at fifty cents an hour to picnickers. It was Perry's duty to take full charge of these boats and to collect the money for their use.

There were some swings with box seats for four persons near the boats. Ten cents an hour was charged for the swings. Then there was a bowling alley in charge of a young man named Hale, who lived in Crofton. He went to his home every evening, after turning over the receipts of the bowling-alley to Perry.

The total sum thus placed in Perry's charge sometimes amounted to seventy-five dollars.

Perry's situation was a pleasant one in daytime, when the grounds were often filled with merry picnic parties but the silence and loneliness that followed their departure were depressing. The lake was secluded, and as night came few sounds were heard except the dismal hooting of owls in the dim woods or the mournful song of the whip-poorwill.

As the shadows of the trees lengthened on the lake and the water darkened in the twilight, Perry would sometimes take a

boat and row for an hour or two, after walking around through the deserted woods to pick up things lost by the picnickers.

The keeper of the cafe always set out Perry's supper, and then left for Crofton. After eating his lonely meal, time would drag slowly with the boy until nine o'clock, when he "turned in" for the night. He slept in a bare little room at one end of the cafe building—an unpainted and unplastered structure.

As the season advanced, the loneliness of Perry's nights came to an end, but he would have preferred solitude to the company that then resorted to the grounds. Nearly every night the place was visited by tramps, whose thouts and quarrels and brawls increased she disagreeableness of Perry's situation.

The tramps would wander around the grove, picking up and eating the food thrown away by picnic parties, before going to sleep in the dancing pavilion or on the long covered piazza in front of the cafe. Here little that could be stolen or eaten was kept over night by the proprietor, who took his stock in trade to Crofton every evening and returned in the morning before the arrival of picnic trains.

The tramps never came around in the daytime, and Perry tried to believe that they were ignorant of the fact that he had money in his possession. Usually they paid little attention to him.

Perry's instructions were that he should send to the city every Thursday morning his receipts for the three previous days, and bring with him on Saturday night the money taken during the three closing days of each week. On Wednesday night of the fifth week of his stay his takings from three large picnics on successive days amounted to nearly a hundred dollars.

The money made a package of considerable size. Almost half was in silver, and the rest in bills. Perry had it all tied up in a handkerchief.

The third picnic party left the grove at five in the afternoon and Perry was alone on the grounds, sitting in one of the boats counting the money. He had made the silver into piles of five dollars each, and the bills he was running over in his hands. Suddenly he was startled by a shout.

"Hello!"

Perry looked up. Two tramps, whom he had never seen about the place before, had come from behind a small building on the shore, and were looking at him with interest.

"Good evening," replied Perry, gathering up the money and putting it back into the handkerchief.

"Kind o' struck it rich, aint you, young feller?" said one of the men.

"No," replied Perry. "I haven't. It isn't my money."

"Oh, it ain't! Whose might it be, then?"

"It belongs to the company that owns the grounds."

While he was speaking he picked up the oars and sent the boat out from the shore.

"Where are you going?" called one of the men.

"Nowhere in particular," said Perry, still rowing.

"Well, wait a minute, we want to talk to you."

"I haven't got time," called out Perry, rowing faster than ever.

The two men exchanged a few words, which the boy could not hear. Then they jumped into another boat and rowed after Perry, who now threw off his coat and rowed as hard and as fast as he could.

He had learned to row very well at the lake, and was well out on the water before the tramps started. But they were two to one and he soon realized that they were gaining on him.

They shouted to him to stop, declaring they meant him no harm; but he paid no heed, and rowed on steadily. They were gaining, and Perry feared that the two boats would reach the opposite shore at the same time. But one of the tramps broke an oar. The men became angry and called out:

"We're after that money, and we'll have it, boy! It'll be worse for you if you don't stop!"

Perry's boat grated on the pebble bank about twenty feet in advance of his pursuers. The boy jumped out and ran swiftly through a narrow strip of timber to a wagon road, on the opposite side of which was a field in which a tall, thin, elderly farmer was cutting grass with a scythe. Perry slipped between the rails of the fence and ran toward the farmer.

"Help me to defend myself!" he shouted to the astonished man. "There are two tramps after me. They're after money that isn't mine. Here they are!"

The tramps came running across the road, jumped over the fence and advanced boldly.

"Hand over that money of ours, you young thief, you!" said one, and shook his fist at Perry, who was standing close to the farmer's side.

"Your money?" said Perry, indignantly. "It isn't your money, and you can't touch it!"

"We can't, hey? See if we don't!"

He advanced a few steps.

"Hold on, my friend," said the farmer. "Jest stop right where you air until we talk this matter over. Now, boy, you go on and give us your side of the case."

"It belongs to the owners of the lake grounds. I have charge of the boats over there, and these fellows have been trying to take it from me."

"Well, if that ain't a good one?" sneered one of the tramps. "But it won't do, boy. The money's ours, and we don't feel called on to say any more 'bout it, 'cept that we're goin' to have it. Stand aside, there, old gentleman."

"I reckon not!" said the farmer. "I've heard both sides o' the case, an' if you'll 'scuse me fer speakin' so plain, I don't b'lieve a word you two rascals have said—a purty pair you air. This is a clean, straight-for-d'lookin' boy, an' you ain't nary the one nor the other—no you don't—no you don't! Not a step higher!"

He held up the scythe threateningly.

"I wouldn't want a better weepin than this old scythe to defend myself agin a dozen sich fellers as you be. You jest come within swing o' my scythe if you think it'll be healthy fer you. Law! I'd cut ye down into the pocket of my overalls and you'll find a knife there with a blade six inches long. You take the knife, an' I'll hang to the scythe an' I reckon we kin hold the fort for quite a spell."

They did not have to hold it long, for the two tramps soon took their departure. But they were not allowed the privilege of departing in peace.

An hour later the farmer drove over to Crofton with Perry, and notified the authorities. The deputy sheriff there had been looking for two such men, who were wanted for burglary.

A posse was organized, and before nine o'clock the two men were in the Crofton jail. They were tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary.

Perry remained at the lake the rest of that summer, but sent the boat money to the city ever day, and was never molested again.

The "Blarney Stone."

There is nothing in Ireland in the form of masonry which seems to exercise so much influence on Irish ways, both masculine and feminine, as the fragment of the ruined castle known as the "Blarney Stone." About the stone as about its proximate and remote effects there is a good deal of what Sir Wm. Burchell used to call "fudge," for its virtues are of no great antiquity; and, unless we are mistaken, different stones have been pointed out at different times as the veritable imparters of eloquence. But as Ireland is about to enter a new course and to adopt serious dispositions there will no longer be any need for blarneying. Accordingly the time is opportune to announce that the stone has disappeared. An American is credited with being the fortunate possessor. This was officially declared by Mr. Hill, the local representative of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, at the meeting in Cork of that learned body last week. But it should have been added that more than one American possesses the relic, and that a visitor to Blarney Castle can still see it and in positions that correspond with his degree of courage. Unlike Sir Boyle Roche the Blarney Stone can be at one time in several parts of the Castle of the Jeffreys, as well as in various States at the same moment.—[The Architect.

Prevention of Consumption.

I think it is evident that proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the inactive stages of pulmonary consumption, says Dr. Thomas J. Mays in the Century. The more simple the method the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose the following movements are very valuable: The arms, being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration, and brought together in front on the same level during each expiration. Or the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring, and gradually brought down alongside the body while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration, and held until the arms are gradually moved forward, or downward, or longer, in order to make both methods fully operative.

Another very serviceable chest exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and, during expiration, in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest can count up to sixty or eighty, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is somewhat reduced. Practice of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on within the chest. Or again, the taking of six or eight full and deep breaths in succession every hour during the day, either while sitting at work, or while walking out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect.

The breathing of compressed and rarefied air is attracting wide attention at the present time in connection with the prevention and the treatment of pulmonary consumption, and is another mode whereby the chest capacity can be decidedly improved. When air is breathed in this manner there is felt during each inspiration a gentle distension of the whole chest, while during expiration a feeling of emptiness is experienced.

Consumption is not a disease which originates in a day, but it is the outgrowth of morbid habits and agencies which may even antedate the birth of the individual. Defective breathing is one of these habits and its pernicious prevalence is more widespread than is generally supposed.

Anticipating Things.

The youth approached the father with more or less trepidation.

"So," said the old gentleman, after the case had been stated, "you want to marry my daughter?"

"Not any more than she wants to marry me," he replied, holding.

"She hasn't said anything to me about it."

"No because she's afraid to."

"Aren't you afraid, sir, more than she is?" said the father, sternly.

The youth braced up.

"Well, perhaps I am," he said, "but as the head of our family, I've got to face it and set the pegs," and the old man smiled and gave his consent.

Long-Distance Race in Bosnia.

In order to test the staying powers of Bosnian horses, the Government, of that province recently instituted a long-distance race from the town of Bihacs to the capital, Serajevo, only native horses being allowed to compete. The distance is about 180 English miles, and the road from beginning to end is through a mountainous country, alternately over steep hills and deep dales. Forty-seven riders put in an appearance. The best record was made by a Mohammedan landholder, who covered the distance in 30 hours 26½ minutes. The next 10 riders all performed the journey in less than 34 hours. Owing to the extreme difficulty of the road, these performances must be regarded as highly satisfactory.

A Hero.

De Long Beach—"Hoffy, I shall marvy Miss Wockingham, after all. It was most exciting. I was on the beach, she was in the watah. A big wave knocked her oval, the undatow gwabbed her. She was being carried out to sea. There was only one thing to do. I—"

Hoffman Howes—"Washed to her wescue!"

De Long Beach (proudly)—"No; 'I seaweened for help!"

The electric light has been introduced into a new flour mill near to the supposed site of Calvary, and close to the Damascus Gate at Jerusalem.