

# THE BANNER-ENTER-PRICE

SMITH MEBANE & WILLIAMSON.

"GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES."

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## STAND LIKE THE ANVIL.

"Stand like the anvil," when the strokes  
Of a war-mallet fall fierce and fast;  
Storms but more deeply root the oak,  
Whose sturdy arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like the anvil," when the sparks  
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;  
Virtue and truth must still be marked  
Where malice raves its want of power.

"Stand like the anvil," when the bar  
Lies red and glowing on its breast  
Duty shall be life's leading star,  
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like the anvil," noise and heat  
Are born of earth and die with time;  
The soul, like God, its source and seat,  
Is seldom still, serene, sublime.

## FAITH REWARDED.

### CHAPTER I.

"You will be back as soon as you can, Edith? You know how I dislike being left alone." Mrs. Bertram spoke fretfully, and looked as if she rather resented her daughter's going out at all. "And you will think over what I have said to you about Dr. Ashby? You know, my dear, some one must make a sacrifice; I'm sure I'm willing to do anything, but what is there a helpless invalid can do? If you would only look at the matter from a reasonable point of view you would not hesitate. Just think of Blanche and Eva, what is to become of those poor, darling children?"

Edith sighed deeply; she had been thinking of the children all the morning while teaching them their lessons and correcting their exercises, trying to coax her to practice, and Eva to get through her French verbs, thinking what a comfort it would be if they could both be sent off to a good school, where they would be taught obedience; for though she had all the trouble, she had not the slightest control over them.

It only seemed like playing at lessons to have Edith for a governess, while to her it was weary, working work, added to all her other anxieties and worries. For everything seemed to fall on Edith's shoulders. Mrs. Bertram was a fretful, rather selfish person, who suffered from nervous headaches, and on the strength of them took very little interest in the affairs of her small and straitened household, except to perpetually find fault, and grumble at the hard fate that had placed her in such circumstances.

She was a pretty woman, with soft fair hair and violet eyes, and useless little white hands; and though Edith Bertram felt it keenly when her father brought home a young wife to the Dingle, she did not wonder when she looked at the pretty clinging girl who looked little older than herself, and seemed so sweet, shy and amiable. Edith was fifteen, and her step-mother twenty-two, though she did not look nearly so old. And just at first, things went on smoothly enough at the Dingle. Mrs. Bertram made no changes, and Edith was still housekeeper, and took care of her father as she had done for five years, ever since her own mother had died. But after a few months the sweetness and shyness rubbed off, and Mrs. Bertram exhibited a sharpness of temper and petulance of manner that was anything but pleasant. The doctor, amiable and easy-tempered to a fault, gave in to her in everything. First she had Edith's drawing-master sent away, as she thought it mere waste of time and money; then the music-teacher was dismissed on the plea that, as Edith was not going to be a musical governess, it was absurd to keep on learning, as she played quite well enough already. Then Mrs. Bertram began to find fault with Jack Clifford, the doctor's assistant, and made it so unpleasant for him that he declared one day he could not stand it any longer.

"I've made up my mind to go to the Cape, Edith, to make my fortune," he said, and she could only bid him goodbye, with tear-dimmed eyes and faltering voice. She could not ask him to stay, for it did not seem like home at the Dingle, and all her authority was gone.

"But I'll come back, Edith," Jack added, holding both her hands. "I'll return to you. Will you trust me, darling, and wait?"

"Yes, Jack, I will," she replied, simply. And the next day he left with a formal farewell. Only Edith knew what a disappointment it was to Jack, and how all his hopes were blighted and his plans altered. The doctor had promised to make him his partner, and that one day he should succeed him; but for some inexplicable reason he had been cold and distant of late, and it seemed a positive relief when Jack was gone.

Six months after the bank in which Dr. Bertram had deposited the savings of his whole life, and Edith's fortune inherited from her mother, failed suddenly—everything was lost, and the doctor never recovered the shock of it.

"If I only had Jack to stand by me I might have borne it," he said, sadly; "he would have been a son to me in my adversity."

But Jack was gone, none knew whither, and Mrs. Bertram began to dimly realize that she had done a foolish thing in driving him away, for the doctor grew every day more feeble, and at length was forced to sell his practice and house, and move into a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the village, where, after a few months, he died of a broken heart. The money he had received for his practice and the Dingle, and an insurance on his life, was all he had to leave his wife and children, and invested in the most careful way, it brought them in less than a hundred a year.

Poor Edith found it hard work to make both ends of a narrow income meet, and after a few months she found it absolutely necessary to do something to earn more money. She could not go away as a governess—

first, because her stepmother had cut short her education at the most critical time, and beside, she could not leave her little sisters. But her music she had always kept up, and the village church happening to be in need of an organist, the vicar offered her the situation, which she gratefully accepted; and after a time she secured a few music pupils, and in that way helped out their narrow income. But the hardest work of all was teaching and taking care of Blanche and Eva. They were pretty, willful, spoiled children, indulged by their mother, and unaccustomed to any sort of control or discipline. During the doctor's lifetime they had a nursery governess, and Edith never imagined till she came to have sole charge of them how much poor Miss Lee must have suffered at their hands.

There was but one bright spot in the rather weary, monotonous life, the daily walk with the children. For their health's sake and her own she made a point of taking them out every fine day for a ramble through the woods and shady lanes. Ashmead was in the center of a beautiful country; not a railway in sight; no smoke from furnace or factory stained the clear, pure air; nothing but rich corn-fields, fertile valleys, cool shady woods and mossy lanes, with a merry little brook flashing like a gleam of summer lightning through the meadows. It was a positive delight to saunter idly along in the glorious sunshine and gather the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly at their feet, and weave ropes and chains and wreaths of blossoms. It seemed like new life to get clear of the house, with its narrow confines and sordid cares; and of late there had come a new element of distress into poor Edith's existence. For a whole year Dr. Seymour Ashby, her father's successor, had been a constant visitor at Edgeland cottage. It was amazing how many excuses he found for calling at first, and how soon he began to call without an excuse, and one day he proposed in due form to Mrs. Bertram for Edith, and she gave him every encouragement to try his fortune for himself.

"Of course you'll accept him, Edith," she said, eagerly. "It will be such a blessing to us all. Dr. Ashby is young, rich, clever, handsome. What more can you possibly want? And he really loves you most devotedly."

"But I don't love him," Edith replied.

"Then you ought, and I'm sure you will in time; and beside, as I said before, some one of us must make a sacrifice for the children's sake. Do think it over before he talks to you, Edith."

"Yes, I'll think it over," was the somewhat weary reply, as Edith put on her hat and took up her basket to join the children, who were waiting impatiently outside.

But it was not Dr. Ashby, but of Jack Clifford, that she thought, as she sauntered through the fields—Jack, who had left her six years before to make his fortune, and, despite his promise, had never returned.

### CHAPTER II.

Knee-deep, apparently, in the golden, full-crested wheat, Edith and her sisters sauntered idly along, Eva first, gathering the brightest of everything, till her basket was full to overflowing—scarlet poppies, Marguerites, graceful clematis, rich leaves nodding with the first early autumn tints, long trailing sprays of amb-roveine ivy, and nodding golden grasses—all sorts of wayside and woodland treasures. They were returning from Hazeldell farm, where the children had rested for half an hour, and eaten home-made bread and butter, and drank milk with the yellow wrinkled cream on it, and helped themselves to the remains of late amber gooseberries that bordered the garden path. It was always a treat to go to Hazeldell farm, but had Edith known that there were seven children ill in the next farmhouse she would have chosen some other direction. She had tried to thank Dr. Ashby's proposal over calmly, and it certainly seemed a safe and easy way out of all their difficulties. He was rich and willing to undertake the children's education; he would make an addition to Mrs. Bertram's income, which would enable her to live in comfort at some watering place (though Mrs. Bertram meant to make the Dingle her home); everything he proposed was kind and thoughtful, and she was very grateful, but in heart she felt she did not love Seymour Ashby, and what was more than that, she never should love him. Friendship, esteem, affection perhaps, she might in time be able to give him, but no second growth of love would ever spring up in her heart. Edith's was an intense, patient, faithful nature, giving much and exacting little in return. She was willing to wait, as she had promised Jack Clifford, to wait all her life if need be—but at there were the children and her stepmother helpless and dependent on her. Clearly some one would have to make a sacrifice, and with equal clearness Edith saw that it must be herself. So she resolved to accept Dr. Ashby's proposal, and tried to assure herself that she was acting for the best.

Presently she heard a step behind her on the narrow path, and looking round she saw the doctor approaching; a tall handsome man, dressed in a suit of tweed, with a gongary cap pulled down over his eyes; as different from his predecessor, Dr. Bertram, as a man could be, but with a dash and cleverness men of the old school never possessed.

"I have been trying to overtake you for ten minutes, Miss Edith," he said, falling just a step behind, for the path was too narrow for two. "I have something of importance to say to you."

"Yes, doctor," she replied calmly, though her heart beat fast and every trace of color left her face.

"You know what I would say,

Edith—you must have seen during those months how I love you. I want you to be my wife. Your mother has given me permission to address you, and given me some little reason to hope that you will listen to me. Tell me, Edith, can you or do you care a little about me?"

"For a minute or two Edith was silent, then she told him all the truth, how they were situated, how she had liked Jack Clifford, but for six years had not heard anything of him, and how, if she consented to be his wife, he must be content with mere esteem and affection, for she had no love to bestow.

"You are honest, Edith, and truthful," he said in a very low voice, "and I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, but I must think this matter over. I love you far too well to risk your happiness in any way. Six years is a long time to be faithful to a silent lover, Edith."

"We were scarcely lovers, doctor," she replied, with a sad little smile. "Jack just said, 'I'll come back Edith; will you wait?' and I said I would—that was all. But poor papa was alive then, and we were rich; now everything is so different. For myself, I am content as I am, but the children?"

"Ah, yes, the children—something must be done for them. They are far too much for you. Did you say Jack Clifford went to the Cape, Edith, and that you never heard from him?"

"Yes, he said he was going to make his fortune in the diamond fields, but he never wrote, so I dare say he was not successful, poor fellow! Indeed, I think he must be dead."

"I think not," Dr. Ashby replied, thoughtfully. "Once more, Edith, I thank you heartily for your candor and confidence, and I will come to you for your final answer at the end of a month. Till then, good-bye," and the doctor lifted his cap, and turned down a by-path that led to the Dingle, and poor Edith went home more perplexed than ever.

"It's a whole month since we've seen Dr. Ashby—whatever did you say to him, Edith?" Mrs. Bertram said one evening; "the house has seemed wretchedly dull without him. You did not surely refuse him point-blank?"

"No, I did not refuse him," Edith replied, wearily; she had answered nearly the same question every day for four weeks, and was tired of it. Mrs. Bertram never had eyes for any one's illness but her own.

"Mamma," Eva cried, bursting into the room, "here's the doctor and another gentleman!"

And Mrs. Bertram smoothed her fluffy hair and put on her amiable smile, while Edith's heart began to beat feverishly. She had thought the matter over from every point of view, and at length came to the conclusion that it would be positively wicked to marry the doctor while Jack Clifford was so much in her thoughts, and, come what might, she would not do it.

Presently he came in alone, and after a few moments' conversation, he asked her to walk with him for a few minutes in the garden. She went at once, longing to have the interview over, and burst into the subject directly. "I cannot be your wife, Dr. Ashby; I think it would be wrong of me to accept your proposal, feeling as I do. Please try and forgive me and let me go."

"First, let me introduce my friend," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "and my new assistant—the work of Ashmead is rather too much for me—Miss Bertram—Mr. Clifford."

"Jack!" In a moment she was in his arms, her face hidden on his shoulder, all the long years of absence and silence forgotten. She only felt that he had returned, and she was still free. Later she learned how it had all come about—how Dr. Ashby saw an advertisement in the paper, and guessed that "Jno. C." must mean Jack Clifford, lately returned from the Cape, and several old letters he discovered in a drawer in one of the rooms of the Dingle convinced him that there was treachery at work somewhere. So he just engaged Jack, and then to'd him all about the Bertrams, and how Edith was still faithful to him, though she never recalled one of his letters.

The result was a very quiet wedding in Ashmead church, and on that day Dr. Ashby handed over the Dingle and the practice to his partner, and went to travel in South America, promising to return about the time Blanche was seventeen. Both the children he placed at school, and Mrs. Bertram, feeling very much ashamed of the part she had played in intercepting Jack's letters, left Ashmead, and in a few years married a retired merchant at Brighton, and so never troubled her stepdaughter further.

Jack Clifford is fast becoming the most popular doctor for miles around, and when Seymour Ashby returns, if he ever does, he will find the practice greatly extended. Edith is perfectly happy in her old home, the Dingle, and never for a moment has regretted her perfect faith in Jack.

## THAT INFANTILE TORNADO.

### THE BAD BOY BUYS A SODA WATER FOUNTAIN.

He Tells the Grocery Men About an Exciting Episode that Created a Coolness Between His Pa and Ma.

"Well, how's your eye?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he blew in with the wind on the day of the cyclone, and left the door open. "Say, shut that door. You want to blow everything out of the store? Had any more fights, protecting girls from dudes?"

"No, everything is quiet so far. I guess since I have got a record as a fighter, the boys will be careful who they insult when I'm around. But I have had the hardest week I ever experienced, jerking soda for the Young Men's Christian association," said the boy, as he peeled a banana.

"What do you mean, boy? Don't cast any reflections on such a noble association. They don't drink, do they?" "Drink? Oh, no! They don't drink anything intoxicating, but when it comes to soda they food themselves. You know there has been a national convention of delegates from all the Young Men's Christian associations of the whole country, about three hundred, here, and our store is right on the street where they pass four times a day, and I never saw such an appetite for soda. There has been one continual fizz in our store since Wednesday. The boss wanted me to play it on some of them by putting some brandy in with the perfume a few times, but I wouldn't do it. I guess a few weeks ago, before I had led a different life, I wouldn't had to be asked twice to play the game on anybody. But a man can buy soda of me and feel perfectly safe. This Christian association convention has caused a coolness between pa and ma though."

"How's that? Your pa isn't jealous, is he?" and the grocery man came around from behind the counter to get the latest gossip to retail to the hired girls who traded with him.

"Jealous nothing," said the boy, as he took a few raisins out of a box. "You see, the delegates were shuffled out to all the church members to take care of, and they dealt two to ma, and she never told pa anything about it. They came to supper the first night, and pa didn't get home, so when they went to the convention in the evening ma gave them a night key, and pa came home from the boxing match about 11 o'clock, and ma was asleep. Just as pa got most of his clothes off he heard somebody fumbling at the front door, and he thought it was burglars. Pa has got nerve enough when he is on the inside of the house; and the burglars are on the outside. He opened a window and looked out and saw two suspicious-looking characters trying to pick the lock with a skeleton key, and he picked up a new sloop-jack that ma had bought when we moved, cover and all, and dropped it down right between the two delegates. Gosh, if it had hit one of them there would have been the solemnest funeral you ever saw. Just as it struck they got the door open and came in the hall, and the wind was blowing pretty hard and they thought a cyclone had taken the cupola off the house. They were talking about being miraculously saved, and trying to strike a match on their wet pants, when pa went to the head of the stairs and pushed over a wire stand filled with potted plants, which struck pretty near the delegates, and one of them said the house was coming down sure, and they better go into the cellar, and they went down and got behind the furnace. Pa called me up and wanted me to go down cellar and tell the burglars they were onto them, and for them to get out, but I wasn't very well, so pa locked his door and went to bed. I guess it must have been half an hour before pa told her not to move for her life, 'cause there were two of the savagely-looking burglars that ever was ramaging over the house. Ma smelled pa's breath to see if he had got to drinking again, and then she got up and hid her orange watch in her shoes, and her Onalaska diamond earrings in the Bible, where she said no burglar would ever find them, and pa and ma laid awake till daylight, and then pa said he wasn't afraid, and he and ma went down cellar. Pa stood on the bottom stairs and looked round, and one of the delegates said, 'Mister, is the storm over, and is your family safe?' and ma recognized the voice and said, 'Why, it's one of the delegates. What are you doing down there?' and pa said 'what's a delegate,' and then ma explained it, and pa apologized, and the delegate said it was no matter, as they had enjoyed themselves real well in the cellar. Ma was most mortified to death, but the delegates told her it was all right. She was mad at pa, first, but when she saw the broken sloop-jack bowl on the front steps, and the potted plants in the hall, she wanted to kill pa, and I guess she would only for the society of the delegates. She couldn't help telling pa he was a bald-headed old fool, but pa didn't retaliate. He is too much of a gentleman to talk back in company. All he said was that a woman who is old enough to have delegates saved off to her ought to have sense enough to tell her husband, and then they all drifted off into conversation about the convention and the boxing match, and everything was all right on the surface, but after breakfast, when the delegates convention, I noticed pa went right down cellar and bought a new sloop-jack and some more plants. Pa and ma didn't speak all the forenoon, and I guess they wouldn't up to this time, only ma's bonnet came home from the milliner's, and she had to have some money to pay for it. Then she called pa 'pet' and that settled it. When ma calls pa 'pet,' that is twenty-five dollars. 'Dear old darling' means fifty

dollars. But say, those Christian young men do a heap of good, don't they? Their presence seems to make people better. Some boys down by the store were going to tie a can on a dog's tail yesterday, and somebody said 'Here comes the Christian association,' and those bad boys let the dog go. They tried to find the dog after the crowd had got by, but the dog knew his business. Well, I must go down and charge the soda fountain for a picnic that is expected from the country.'—*Peck's Sun.*

A Ratscatcher's Methods.

In an interview with a professional ratscatcher a New York Sun reporter asked:

"How do you clear a house of rats?"

"If the house has a soft cellar floor I can get the rats out, but I can't keep them out. If it has a hard foundation, I hunt out all the holes leading from the sewers and stop them up with sand and cement. That prevents any more from getting in and those in the house from escaping. You see, a rat is always on the move. He is never still, but goes from the sewer to the house and back again very often. Having made the cellar tight, I find the runways by which the rats go from one floor to another. These are generally along l-aid pipes in the walls. A rat will run up a lead pipe as easy as walk along the floor. You can see the marks of their feet on the runway. I nail a small square piece of tin over a part of the runway and grease the outside. Now, a rat can't run up this, and he slips down when he comes to it."

"If he can't get at the runways I find the holes, and fix this wire door on it. You see, it is made of four pieces of short wire laid parallel, held together by crossbars, and sharpened at the ends. This is suspended by the top over a rat-hole. Coming from the hole a rat can easily lift it up and get through, but he can't go back, as the gate falls and the sharp points prevent him from lifting it. Now I make a rat trap of the whole house. I so fix the gates and tin sides that the rats will all be led into one room in the basement. There they are securely caught, as they cannot possibly get out. I go among them with a dark lantern and pick them up with my tongs. I can catch them as quickly as a cat would a mouse. If they get in places where I can't reach them I shoot them with this long target pistol. I use these little target cartridges, and it kills them every time."

"When the rats get in ceilings I smother them out with cayenne pepper. I have a fumigator here which works like an air pump. I burn red pepper in it and pump it into the ceiling. The rats can't stand that, and they get out as fast as they can. That is better than a ferret, as ferrets are expensive and the rats often kill them. Ferrets are scary things to handle. If they bite you once you have to pry their jaws open. When I want to catch rats for dogs I set traps. First I remove everything out of their way, so that they will get very hungry. Then I set the traps. Then I have another way of catching them. I wear rubber shoes into a slaughter-house at night and carry a dark lantern. I move softly about and catch the rats with the tongs before they have a chance to get away. In this way I have caught 103 rats in two hours and a half. If you ever get bitten by a rat, put the wound in hot water and make it bleed. Then bathe it with arnica or spirits of turpentine."

A Wonderful Cavern.

About a mile from the market town of Adelsberg, in Austria, and three miles from Trieste, is to be seen the most wonderful cavern in Europe, and possibly in the world, called the Adelsberg cavern, and which has been explored for a length of nearly three thousand yards, as far as a subterranean lake. This cavern consists of several grottoes, from sixty to eighty feet high. The interior resounds with the noise of water, as a little river runs completely through it, forming many cascades on its way, and being finally lost to view in a fissure. This river continues its subterranean course for about eight miles, and after a time it disappears into the caverns of Laase, whence it emerges as a navigable river called the Laibach. The entrance to the cave of Adelsberg is illuminated by hundreds of candles, and a transparent curtain, composed of large sheets of crystallized lime-stone, is seen hanging from the roof. The vast hall or ballroom is about 150 yards from the entrance. It is three hundred feet long and one hundred feet high, and is adorned with transparent stalactites of every kind of fantastic shape and form. Until the year 1819, this ballroom was the only part known; but at this date the wall of stalagmites was broken through, and a series of chambers exposed to view possessing a cathedral-like appearance, from the stalactites in many instances forming vast columns, by meeting the stalagmites below. In the Adelsberg cavern, numerous specimens are found of the proteus, a kind of lizard that dwells in the bottom of the cavern lakes.

An Absurdity.

We read now and then of cases in which burglars are supposed to have rendered their victims unconscious by holding cloths wet with chloroform to keyholes before entering an apartment. Of course the absurdity of such a fiction is sufficiently apparent. Whether sleepers can be made to pass from natural to chloroform sleep, if the chloroform is held near the face, is still a question. Sometimes the experiment has succeeded, but in five experiments recently made to determine the fact, every one of the sleepers experimented upon woke at the expiration of three minutes, before they had come under the influence of the drug.

New Hampshire sold its State lands a few years ago for \$25,000. To-day, it is said, they are worth a million.

## SURROUNDED BY SERPENTS.

### TERRIBLE BATTLE OF THREE MEN WITH A SEA OF SNAKES.

A Terrible All-Night Battle With Thousands of Writhing Monsters—Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death.

Last night's Denver and Rio Grande train brought (says the Leadville Chronicle) three men who had just passed through an ordeal that is terrible to contemplate, and their many wounds go to show that the story they tell is but too true and horrible in its details. The men are E. W. Smith and George H. White, Jr., of Pueblo, and Thomas McLaughlin, of Colorado Springs. They detail the account of the adventure about as follows: Nine miles from the mouth of Okotwood Creek, up the stream, is a barren wilderness of scrubby undergrowth and boulders, and rocks, and stones. To stand on the verdant shore of this sea of water land, one would naturally conclude that they were not many miles away from nowhere, and for aught they knew, were the first to discover this blank sea of waste, barren, worthless fly-speck on the shirt-front of creation. The men were on a fishing expedition, and started Wednesday morning from the mouth of the Minnehaha stream to wend and wade their way toward its source, when they reached the spot above mentioned. Here night overtook them, and, having a lunch, they built a fire and made themselves as comfortable as possible on the surface of a scraggy mossed rock. Being tired and footsore, as soon as their scanty repast was eagerly devoured they were soon reeling in dreams that, perhaps, are more or less pleasant to the mind while sitting in the realms of such fancies. One of the party had not been tangled with Morpheus long until he was awakened by something choking him, and, feeling, found his strange collar was cold and slimy. It was a very fine specimen of the black-snake species, which was girdling his throat in its anything but loving embrace. The monster was soon dispatched, and the party were about to lie down again after ridding themselves of the aid of the dying embers and the assistance afforded by the quarter moon that they were literally surrounded by the venoussanguined trailers. Two of the party proposed to demop for a more congenial time, but when about to leave the rock they found themselves tripping on a living sea of serpents. The hissings and rattling became more and more, and it was but a few minutes until it was as loud as ordinary tones. The men, finding they were thus surrounded, broke branches from the stubby undergrowth of pines and commenced lashing the writhing sea of darting, hissing snakes. It is a thing that they had an all-night job, they added fuel to the fire and procured the largest sticks obtainable and commenced the killing in earnest. The light and noise seemed to awaken the whole barren waste into a tempest of hissing and rattling. Each began the slaughter with re-loubed vigor, vainly endeavoring to fight their way to the stream, some hundred yards away, down a slanting hill. They would gain a few paces of the distance, only to be driven back again to the rock. The rattling and hissing became so loud that their voices were not audible unless close by. The sound was something like four or five wheat separat rs in operation at one time. It was terrible. The hair on their heads was standing straight and stiff like the wires on a patent hair brush. Their hands and arms were blood-stained to their elbows, and the stench from the snake battlefield was sickening in the extreme. One hour after the first snake was killed no less than 5,000 lay slain, and they kept coming thicker and faster. Two of the men were bitten, and their legs and arms began to swell and pain badly, and they frequently had to rest and permit one to do the killing of three. The hours wore slowly by, and the slaughter was kept up as best they could. At last morning came and lifted the curtain of night from a most appalling scene. For fifty feet all around the huge rocks lay a heap of stunted, squirming and dead snakes. As far as they could see all around the barren waste was a settling tide of reptiles that came toward the rock, with ma menacing fury. Concluding that they might as well earn death by a dearer fate, they made ready to run for the stream, thinking that if they gained the other side they would have a better chance to care for their wounds. Leaping as far as possible from the rock, they ran, frantic, struggling, bitten, and wild with pain, they plunged into the water and reached the other side, completely overcome by the terrible ordeal just passed through, and after some time bandaged their bleeding and swollen limbs.

By 9 o'clock they were sufficiently recovered to continue to Cottonwood Springs, where they took the first train for Leadville to secure medical aid, arriving here last night. The unfortunate men are now under the care of Dr. T. H. Dougan. They described the snakes as being specimens of all kinds, such asadders, vipera, copperheads, milk, house, green and black, and among them were two hoop-snakes and a racer, which they describe as no less than twenty-two feet in length. The doctor says the men are not fatally bitten, but it will be some time before the swelling and pain will disappear. They leave to-night for their respective homes, feeling that they have had enough fishing and an abundance of snakes for one excursion.

The total number of coke ovens in the United States in 1880 were 12,279, employing 3,140 persons, and requiring a capital of \$5,545,058 to carry on the business.

THE MAN WHO NEVER ADVERTISED.

Sing, business man, the dark and doleful fate  
Of him who labors but that he may wait:  
The piles of goods heaped up within his store;  
Which can't be less, and never may be more;  
The man whose life has lost all fortune's prizes:  
In fact, the man who never advertised.

Sing of his start, his great ambition's scope,  
The capital that gave him cause to hope,  
His credit large, his skill and ample stock,  
His bank account as solid as a rock;  
Then fell the doom to which the man was fated  
Who never advertised, but simply waited.

So simply, and so vainly! Splendid signs,  
Which basement art irradiate and refine;  
Plate glass show windows, elegantly dressed,  
Such lovely clerks, cashiers, and all the rest,  
Served but to show him how the public sizes  
The style of him who never advertised.

He waited, and all waited; clerks, cashiers,  
Salesmen, saleswomen—such delightful dears—  
Impatient waited all the season through,  
With precious little for the crowd to do.  
The public saw—in fact there's no denying—  
But passed the store, without a thought of buying.

Business was dull, but salaries and rent  
Went on till cash and credit both were spent  
Till the merchant closed his luckless door,  
Until the sheriff closed the whole concern.  
Now, at a price which his soul despises,  
He works for one who always advertises.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Things worth noting—Invitations to drink.

Many patients at our best hospitals receive grateful treatment.—*Life.*

Why are bore trees? Because we love them best when they leave.—*Derrick.*

Breachers of promise—Those your tailor didn't bring home.—*Chicago Herald.*

A bee often meets with reverses, but as a rule he is successful in the end.—*Ex-hester Express.*

"I spread my wings from poll to poll," remarked the wig-maker as he rented another capillary ornament.

Dr. Potter, of New York, laments "the decay of enthusiasm." He should watch the small boy on the morning of the circus.

Rev. Dr. Pusey left a personal estate of more than \$80,000. All his property goes to his daughter, Miss Mary Amelia Brine. That is to say it is all salted down.

A genius advertised—"A sewing-machine for twenty-five cents in stamps," and his dupes did not see the point until they received a cannie needle.—*Bookkeeper.*

Belgham Young's grave is utterly neglected, and his widow never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so sloppy that they all caught cold.

Joseph Cook has written an article on tobacco, and fails to touch the worst of the art of carrying cigars in his vest pocket in such a manner that one's friends cannot detect them.—*Puck.*

A Western paper announces the fact that an acrobat turned a somersault on a locomotive smokestack. That is nothing. We know of an engineer who turned on the steam.—*Philadelphia News.*

The New York Sun comes out with the usual announcement that every woman in the land ought to learn how to swim. No woman knows how soon she may get trampled off a street car.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Troy girl was made stark, staring mad by the excitement of the preparations for her own wedding. She ought to have waited till she had been married a little while, when she could have found real provocation for getting mad.

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling something else always occurs.—*Rochester Post.*

A San Antonio lawyer does an immense business, according to his card in a local paper. The card reads: "I attend to all the business in the State and Federal courts." This must make it hard for the other lawyers to make a living.—*St. Louis.*

A Missouri maiden's mistake: One of the sweetest-looking girls in the State of Missouri dislocated her shoulder the other day by kicking a cat. Her handsome suitor, however, does not seem to care for her right arm.—*Atchison Globe.*

A girl shouldn't wear a black belt about her waist when she's got a white dress on and is walking with a young man in the night time. It makes it appear as if a rear window as if her fellow had his arm around her waist.—*Buffalo News.*

Boston girls never sacrifice the cause of culture to that of philanthropy. A tramp recently accosted one of them and asked her for the price of an humble meal. "I haven't any money with me," she said, "but if you'll come around to the house I'll get you some home-baked bread."—*Paradise Lost.*

Her arms were clasped about him,  
His head lay on her breast;  
Sweet were the words she murmured  
As she his hair caressed;  
She pressed her warmest kisses  
Upon his beaming face,  
And death alone could sever  
The love of her embrace.

She told him of her sorrows,  
And of her sweetest joys;  
The wedding day she longed for,  
Of love without alloy,  
And in his ear she whispered  
The fondest dialogue,  
Her latest secret told—  
Her little puddle dog.

—*Norristown Herald.*