

Domestic Serpents
Rats have multiplied to such a degree in Brazil that the inhabitants rear a certain kind of snake destroying them. The Brazilian domestic serpent is the gibba, a small species of boa about twelve feet in length and of the diameter of a man's arm. It is sold at a dollar to a dollar and a half in the markets of Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco, Bahia, etc. This snake, which is entirely harmless and sluggish in its movements, passes the entire day asleep at the foot of the stairway of the house, scarcely deigning to raise its head at the approach of a visitor, or when a strange noise is heard in the vestibule. At nightfall the gibba begins to hunt, crawling along here and there, and even penetrating the space above the ceiling and beneath the floorboards. Springing swiftly forward, it seizes the rat by the nape and crushes its cervical vertebrae. As serpents rarely eat, even when at liberty, the gibba kills only for the pleasure of killing. It becomes so accustomed to its master's house that if carried to a distance it escapes and finds its way back home. Every house in the warmest provinces where rats abound owns its gibba, a fixture to destination, and the owner of which prizes its qualities when he wishes to sell or let his house.

Its Excellent Qualities
Commanded to public approval the California Night-train remedy, Syrup of Pigs. It is pleasant to the eye and to the taste, and very safe and efficacious. Price, 25c. It cures the system, affording a safe and comfortable treatment for the malady and weakness of all who use it.

Patient Waiting No Longer
Mrs. Acres—There's a boy up in that farm across—Wall, if I start for him he'll wait till I've run 'bout half way up 'tis tree after him an' then he'll drop down an' run away. Could never catch him in the world. I'll wait.

What for?

"I'll wait till he's eat a few apples."

"What good 'll that do?"

"They'll double him up so he can't run."—Street & Smith's Good News.

GO AND VIEW THE LAND.

These Three Marvelous Adventures.
On August 25th, September 15th and September 25th, 1891, the "Great Western and Southern" will start from the stations of the WABASH RAILROAD to the Great Farming Regions of the West, South and Southeast. The great tour returning for the day after the date of departure.

The crops were never so good this year, and the Railroad Estates, via Wabash, never set out. Whatever you may want to visit, go to one of the nearest Wabash ticket agents or travel agents as to rates, time of trains, accommodations, etc.

For your next vacation to the Wabash, write at once to F. CHANDLER, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Ward Writers for the Papers.

Mad—Now that I have accepted you, please tell me what I do. Which, you know, is enough to make b'f' you post?

—I enclosed the stamp for the date return of the article in case you desired it.—Boston News.

Don't tell a man his wrongs are not wrong. You will add to his wrongs if you tell him that.

DOUBLE DICK AND JOE;

The Poorhouse Waifs.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The lookers-on marvelled as Dick set his teeth tight, and, accommodating his movements to those of the mare, sped around the vast enclosure in circles that increased in dimensions.

"Jump! Jump for your life," shouted Ben.

"No," said Ben instantly. "Hold hard—he's hard, Dick."

Dick did hold on. The white mare reared again, and the air-pawed the stirrups. Still clung to her. She plunged repeatedly, till the boy sat on her back. Her head flew up like a light, and still Ben sat as tenacious over her head.

On the contrary, as she reared again and pawed the air, Dick hit her on the right ear with his fist with all his might.

The mare dropped on all fours, then reared again, was hit again and again upon all four.

But, now, Dick did not lose time striking her. His hand struck her a dozen or more times as fast as he could move his arm.

The mare stopped and shook her head. She turned and glared at her rider. In that interval Dick had grasped a loose strap from the top of a wagon near him. This strap was now raised to meet him. The strap hit the head, shoulders and flanks of the mare; it rained blows on her.

The mare galloped across the field in a frenzy, still the blows were showered on her without stint. One struck one eye that made her frantic, and round and round the strap went and round to the end of the large field, back to and fro, and still the strap was plied unmercifully.

"If she stumbles it is death to both," said Dick.

"Yes; and there's five hundred dollars given at a clip," said Mr. Buckett, when the critter had brought from the road at a distance, where he was superintending the movements of the foremost wagons.

"Td give a thought to that plucky boy," said Mr. Buckett.

"Here, too," said Mr. Buckett.

At that instant the mare stood stock-still, the lookers-on could not see what had happened, but were surprised beyond expression. The mare turned about and instead of galloping like mad, trotted, trotted slowly and gently back to the group near the green-room, where she stopped.

As Dick looked at the crowd smiling, Buckett exclaimed: "The boy's a wench."

"I can't understand it," said Mr. Buckett, as Dick stood to the ground with a laugh.

"You are a wench," said Ben, and his blue eyes blazed like a girl.

"There's no way you can't back after that," said Buckett.

"Of I'll put him on a zebra or tiger after that," said Mr. Buckett, taking hold of the mare, which stood docile.

"Now let us have some breakfast," said Buckett.

"What can you be laughing at?" said Ben.

"I think you said he was a cur and cursed you."

The clown and his wife smiled, and the smile brought back good humor. Then they talked of the matter soberly.

"Mitchell has given the white mare a new name."

"What is it to be, Ben?"

"Think—"

"Angel—or something peaceful."

"Very peaceful. The new name is—Gentle Annie."

"Mitchell would be nearer if he called her Death on a Pale Horse," said Mrs. Brown.

"What will you do, Ben?"

"Well, to begin with, I'm responsible for Dick."

"I don't see it."

"Why I put him on a horse—If I hadn't he might be hanging around blacking boots, selling cakes and lotions. I ought to see he is not put on that brute, to be killed, maybe."

"Yes—I see, now. You must not allow it."

"There's the rub. How am I to help it? I suppose the only way is to quit Buckett and lose a week's salary in spite of all we can do."

"I'd lose a month's salary rather than see Dick hurt."

"The glad you're agreed. Well—I'll oppose it, and if the worst comes, I'll get you that room to-night."

"Well," said the Western girl. "I think I'll take this room."

And she did. She sent her trunks and satchels and hand-boxes up, and it was not until she was all bestowed that she found she was not in a boarding-house, but had unwittingly accepted the hospitality of a Southern family, and a very distinguished Southern family at that.—*Free Press*.

The excuse then was, her owner did not know how to manage horses.

The Western girl, however, did not know that the man who knew all about horses took hold of Firefly. Why, he had commanded a cavalry regiment. He mounted her one day; she took the bit in her teeth, ran away, threw him, and he died a week later.

The excuse then was that Colonel Smith was not satisfied with her; that she had fed her when he ought to have been watching her.

Firefly was fed carefully through a hole in the stable after that. Nobody cared to maim or kill by venturing into her stall.

This was the blooded mare Buckett bought just for an experiment. This was the reason Dick was sent.

It was wonderful. A boy, a mere boy who was raised in a poorhouse, bringing a bear that the oldest hands were afraid of.

There is a great deal of superstition among "show people." More than sailors rally.

But the boy who concealed this boy was thrown into his path to paralyze the public with Firefly.

Mitchell's dark face appeared in the entrance at that moment. He did not speak to Ben; as for the clown, he was a man from the master and helped himself with his own affairs. He was dressed to go on, his face was not yet painted. Dick thought his eyes flashed, and that there was less color in his face—and Dick was right.

Ben had fully resolved to protest against any attempt to place Dick before the base of the vicious mare—he had fully made up his mind to part from Mr. Buckett.

The signal for assembly sounded before Ben was ready. He gave his checks a few hasty touches, deepened a few wrinkles, hit the checkbook lightly with carnage and picked up his revolver.

The grand entry was made in magnificence. Dick was on as a princess, of course with a fair skirt which could be thrown over her head in a snap; a saucy hat.

"All you all hear him. He says 'bosh,' gentlemen. Make a note on it. Tell me at the end of the season if I am right."

Nothing more was said concerning the white mare and breakfast.

After breakfast was disposed of, the clown's wife went to the leading establishments, secured the material for Dick's dress, and taking it to a costume's instructed them fully.

The Monster Aggregation meanwhile moved on to the great city, where they were to give an exhibition that night. Mrs. Brown was to follow in the cars at 10 P.M.

Dick was delighted. He had read—

heard of New York. He had never hoped he would see the great city, and he was on his way to it.

And how was he entering it. As a hero! As a prodigy! His name (it was his now) was in big colored letters on the billboards.

He was to be a wonder to all.

Now, Dick, I'm going to teach you to stun them. Will you ride Firefly? If you do, I'll give you \$10 right now.

Here's the money, Dick."

"I'm not afraid."

"Then I'll have her brought in. Don't be afraid. You beat the Black Bass, and you beat Firefly."

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