

Where Young Snakes Go.

About twenty-three years ago, in Buebe, Arkansas, I had a guinea hen sitting near my house, in the garden. One day, while hoeing in the garden, I noticed the hen flying, fluttering, and apparently fighting something. I walked, hoe in hand, carefully up to the nest. Curled up in the nest lay a blow snake. I carefully approached her, and when she straightened out to run, with one blow of the hoe I cut her head clean from her body. I straightened her out and was examining her, and preparing to take her length, when a young snake about six inches long, and about the size of a common lead pencil, made its appearance. I cut its head off, and others followed, until I had cut the heads off twenty-seven. Some of them remained dead in the cavity of their mother, so that I know that they did not occupy a place in the stomach. The snake had swallowed twelve guinea eggs, which I proceeded to eject by squeezing from her stomach and throat. The eggs I found came from one apartment, and the young snakes from another. This induced me to examine the head and neck which I cut off. I discovered that there was an opening under the tongue, through which the young snakes entered the cavity in which they were found, and that that cavity was separate and distinct from the stomach where the guinea eggs were found. I took two smooth sticks, I ran one down the throat from above the tongue and the other through the opening under the tongue. Both came out, but through separate and distinct passages. Hence I say snakes do not swallow their young, but something like the opossum or kangaroo have a sack or pocket for them, which is entered through the mouth and under the tongue. Someone may want to know what was done with the guinea eggs. I answer, I put them back into the nest, and in about a week twelve young guinea chickens were hatched from them.—*American Field.*

Women's Equality with Men.

In the Woman Suffrage Convention held in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 9th and 10th, one of the many interesting speeches made was by Rev. Bashford; who took an argument in favor of the equality of the sexes from the Bible. The Bible, one of the ladies had observed, was always thrown at them as a weapon of attack, especially certain sayings from St. Paul. Mr. Bashford explained that these texts were designed to suit the Corinthian women whom he addressed, but that St. Paul did not intend the command to be of universal application is shown by the fact that Phoebe was minister to the church at Cenchrea, and was sent as a delegate to the great church at Rome, and especially commended to them by St. Paul, showing how far he was in advance of most clergymen of the present day in the matter of allowing women fair representation.

In the beginning God committed to woman as well as to man dominion over the earth. He does not use the singular pronoun, *he*, but always the plural, recognizing man and woman as equal.

The fact that woman was created later than man rather tends to prove that she is his superior; as God creates always on an ascending series.

St. Paul says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

It took one generation to understand and make good his first declaration, "there is neither Jew nor Greek;" it took eighteen centuries to make good his second declaration,—"there is neither bond nor free;" it may take another generation to make good this last,— "there is neither male nor female;" but it will surely come, and our children will wonder we did not see it.

Well Written.

The Providence *Journal* tells the following story of a Pawtucket clergyman: "Some time ago he was visited by a colored man, who informed him that he was invited to attend a wedding of a pair of his acquaintances, and was to make a speech, and he would like the clergyman to write a speech for him, as he could learn it and repeat it. 'Can you read?' inquired the clergyman. 'No, sir,' replied the colored man, 'but my wife can, and she will read it to me and I will learn it from her and then I can speak it.' After inquiries as to what the man wished to say in his speech, the clergyman wrote the speech for him and he went away happy. A few days afterward the clergyman met him again and asked him if he had made the speech. 'Oh yes,' was the reply, with many thanks for the favor. 'How did it go?' inquired the clergyman, with a touch of curiosity. 'Oh, first rate,' answered the colored man. 'If I had written it myself it couldn't have been better.' The clergyman pondered deeply over this answer."

"He Thort it Likely!"

In the extreme north of England there lives a wine-merchant who has waxed rich and is looked up to in the neighborhood as a model of respectability, and quite the leading man in all local events. His younger brother residing in the next town, however, has not prospered so well either in the regard or the good things of the world. Intended by nature for a successful low comedian, he retired from the stage just as he was attaining popularity. Having thus buried his talents, fortune revenged herself by leaving him in the lurch. This the *ci-devant* actor does not resent nearly so much as he does the successful career of his brother, and his one aim in life is to take down what he considers his shameful pride of prosperity. It must be confessed that his efforts in this direction have, at all events, the merit of originality. It is a matter of frequent occurrence for the wine merchant, while standing outside his office conversing affably with an admiring circle of friends and influential customers, to be tapped on the shoulder by an organ-grinder, a nigger minstrel, the leader of some German band, or some other peripatetic and unpleasant member of society. "What do you want, my good fellow?" the wine merchant will ask, with as much good-temper as he can command, knowing full well what is coming. "Be you Mr. 'Oratio Vats?" the nigger then inquires, and, on receiving a reluctant assent, continues in a loud voice, "Well, you needn't look so sour-like; I ain't a-going to ask for money. It's only that I've been a-staying along with your brother 'Dolphus, and he said if I came this way I was to be sure and come and see you and give you his love. And he did say as 'ow he thort it likely you might ask me to step round to lunch at your private manshum, me being such an old friend of his!"—*Family Herald.*

A Subscriber Lost.

The Richmond (Va.) *Religious Herald* says: "A melancholy young man came in a few mornings ago to ask us to discontinue the *Herald*, which he had been sending a young lady. Not wishing to lose even one subscriber, and feeling a compassion for the young woman who was about to be deprived of such an excellent journal, we ventured to ask the young man why he proposed to perpetrate so rash an act. He hesitated a moment, and remarked with a jerking emphasis of manner, 'Why, she is going to marry another fellow. We excused him.'"