SAVED BY A SNAKE.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some one to attempt the desperate journey across the San Juan range by way of the Devil's pass to Animas, and return with food or a rescuing party. Failing in that, springtime would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, therefore, we well men, to decide who should undertake this perilous trip, and the risk fell upon me. It was best perhaps that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time I prepared myself for the journey, and thoroughly armed early one morning before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains I bade goodby to my comrades and started.

Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by a star and at a brisk pace steered southward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with a watchful eye for Indian signs—for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity—but all day unmolested, and at last, weary and worn, as the chill shadows began to creep across the great white plain behind me, I saw looming up in front the San Juan range, gashed with a narrow gorge—the Devil's pass. Once through that horrible grave—for it was little else—and the road to Animas would be comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down I found myself just at the mouth of the canyon which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping spot I soon gathered a heap of dead limbs beneath an overhanging rock where the snow had not yet come, built a roaring fire, which warmed and cheered me, and prepared for the night. I felt little fear, for the narrow, frowning canyon walls would hide the light of my fire from all the plain country. The only disturbance which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who might threaten, but would not dare attack me, and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections, therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank a little melted snow water, lit my pipe, and rolling myself in my blanket crowded close to the rock wall behind me, now well warmed by my fire. And so in the flickering light, protected upon all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I woke with a sudden chill. It was as if some one had touched me with a cold and clammy hand, but even before I was well awake my frontiersman's caution returned, and I opened my eyes slowly and didn't move.

The fire was all but out, and the ghostly light from its dying embers touched the snow and rocks and trees about with a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppressive about the silence to me, when suddenly from just beyond my smoldering fire the sound of a step startled me, and before I had time even to move there was bending over me a hideous, painful face—the face of a savage. And in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scalping knife!

To describe my sensations is impossible. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me. Not only was I facing a danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself. This was but a single enemy. If I should spring upon him, I might kill him and so be free; but, although the reasoning was all right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible knife drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake and that I saw him, but he gloated over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and knew that in an instant more all would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic rattle sounded as if it were in my very bosom. I felt something glide from my side—a long, scaly, snaky body shot out to meet the dusky oncoming arm. There was a blow, then a cry of horror, and as the knife fell ringing to the earth a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Uncompahgre, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and the blood dripping from his parted fingers, with a long, wild death shriek, turned and disappeared in the darkness. The rattler, which my fire had drawn from his winter quarters, had saved my life and the lives of my companions.

A week later, with a party of 30 good fellows, I recrossed the San Juan range and rescued my party from starvation and the Indians, and it is because of what that snake did for me in Devil's pass nigh on 20 years ago that I let the critters live today.—Romance.

He Identified Her.

How many of us there are who are like a certain bank cashier a San Francisco paper spoke of as having his pride properly humbled, just as we all should when we grow fickle and forgetful of our loves of other days!

"You must be identified," he said to a tall, hook nosed woman in green, red and blue, who brought in a check at a time his window was crowded.

"Well, I—I—why—I—no, it cayn't be! Yes, it, is, too! Ain't you Henry Smith?"

"That's my name, madam," he replied coldly.

"An you don't know me, Hen? I'm changed some, an so are you, but I jist knowed I'd seen ye! You've got that same old cast in your left eye, your nose crooks a little to the left, an you're a Smith all over. An you don't know me! Don't you know Salindy Spratt that you uster coax to become Salindy Smith? 'Member how ye uster haul me to school on your sled an kiss me in the lane an call me your little true love? 'Member how you cut up 'cause I give you the mitten? Land, Hen, I could stand here all day talkin over them old times! You kin identify me now, cayn't ye, Hen?"

"Hen" did so, but in a mood that almost produced apoplexy.

The Lord Chamberlain's Views.

This little story of one of our compatriots is told in a London print: "A young American lady who has not very long been married was invited to the first state ball, her mother-in-law being invited to the second. As the date of the first ball drew near the younger lady was so far from well that the elder Mrs. —— called upon the lord chamberlain to ask if the invitation might be reversed, so that the younger Mrs. —— might have a better chance of recovery. 'Quite impossible,' said the stern official, and with a smile, 'I hardly believe your daughter-in-law is an American at all. Any American worthy of the name would get off her deathbed to dance at Buckingham palace.'"

THE COLOR BEARER.

It might have been at the second Bull Run or somewhere else. To particularize at this late day is not necessary, but the act of bravery that I recall was performed during one of our disastrous battles.

Brimmer was a private in Battery —. He was a happy-go-lucky sort of fellow who had been brought up tenderly at home and who had a joke and pleasant word for every one. As yet he had developed no very bad habits. Indeed he was a mere boy and had enlisted with a number of his school companions one evening at a meeting on the village green, when an eloquent orator dwelt on the duties of patriotism.

The speaker, with a great deal of spread-eagle eloquence, urged the young and middle aged men to join the Union army. But it was noticed that he showed no disposition to put on a Federal uniform himself. However, this is not to the point. Brimmer was mustered in and went to the front.

He was in some terrific fights. Courageous? Yes, he was, and this surprised many who thought he was a trifle effeminate in his manner. He was always much cooler under fire than some of the full blooded fellows who boasted of their courage around the campfire.

"Well," he would say, "I wouldn't make much show in the prize ring, but I've got an ear for music and can stand the singing of the bullets as well as any of you. Bluffer, the color bearer, might knock me out in a stand up fight. He was fed on bacon and greens and I on sillabubs and cream, but although my ancestors did not give me much muscle they gave me my fair share of pluck and endurance."

To which Bluffer would reply:

"Well, you always put me in mind of a woman, don't you know; you're so gentle and soft spoken. Why don't you yell like the other fellows and let us know you are alive once in awhile."

"I might do that if it were my nature, but as it isn't I prefer to act out myself rather than try to be something for which I was never intended. There is one thing, however, that I want you to remember, and that is, there is more real spiritual bravery among women than there is among men; so your slur don't count."

The fight was on. The cannons boomed continuously, and the leaden rain fell unceasingly. The Union men were beaten. There was no doubt about it, and Battery — was one of the last of the retreating bodies of troops. The soldiers were under terrible fire, and many a brave fellow fell never to rise again, while guns and carriages were piled together in apparently inextricable confusion. Still the colors of Battery — were borne forward, but all at once they disappeared. Bluffer said he was tired of serving as target and threw them away.

Brimmer was just behind. He remarked, "I must play the part of amateur color bearer," and he coolly stooped down and picked up what the coward had cast aside. Brimmer proudly bore the standard until the enemy had about given up the chase, and then Bluffer, who had kept well ahead, turned around and gasped:

"You might let me have the colors now. I was about to go back after them when I saw they were already secured by you."

Brimmer relinquished them with a smile, remarking philosophically:

"Well, what matters it after all? They were not lost."

That night Bluffer received many congratulations from his comrades for the way he had saved the colors, and Brimmer took a deep drink from his canteen to hide his mirth. That was his way. He enjoyed, with a quiet, humorous satisfaction, the foibles and vanities of his neighbors and had not unfortunately sufficient self assertion to command respect. He was liked as a child is liked, but no one ever thought of giving him credit for what he really accomplished. He had the fatal gift of good nature and was therefore imposed upon by men who had not half his natural abilities.

Well, the war was over, and many a young man went home with ruined health and habits acquired in the field which were worse than physical ills. Brimmer was a wreck when he returned to the old homestead. Good care restored him somewhat, but he had acquired the drinking habit, and the village tavern bar, which was reached by a series of intricate passages, became his chosen haunt when he was well enough to be about.

He needed some stimulant, the doctor had unwisely said, to keep up the circulation of his blood, and Brimmer took his medicine in frequent doses of whisky, with scarcely an effort to avoid temptation. He was a pleasant companion; he told a story well, and there were always plenty to treat him, until he began to look shabby in his dress and untidy in his person, and then his convivial friends fell off one by one, until he was left alone, a tramp, an outcast, a beggar.

* * * * * * *

It was a great day for Toptown. Bluffer was returning from the west a rich man, and his fellow townsmen were going to give him a great reception. It was to be held in the hall of the new academy that he had endowed, and the young people were decorating it with the national colors and with evergreen in honor of the occasion.

There was great clapping of hands and stamping of feet when the committee appeared upon the platform, with Bluffer arm in arm with the chairman. There was music by the boys and girls of the academy to introduce the exercises, and then the Hon. Timothy Shortright arose to welcome the distinguished guest. He alluded in glowing words to Bluffer's patriotism during the late war, how he had nobly borne the colors from the field when a less courageous man would have left them amid the wreck of battle, and the speaker concluded by presenting Bluffer with a medal in acknowledgment of one of the most daring and heroic acts ever performed by a Union soldier.

The applause which followed was deafening, and then Bluffer came forward to respond. Handkerchiefs fluttered, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and it was some time before the excitement subsided sufficiently to allow Bluffer to make himself heard. Silence at last reigned, and then the honored guest of the occasion accepted the token of esteem with thanks. It would be useless for him, he observed, to deny that he saved the colors, and he modestly said that he was only the instrument chosen by heaven to perform a brave deed.

Just then there was heard a loud snore in the back part of the hall, and the people shouted, "Put the tramp out!" The offender was seized by a dozen willing hands and forced through the open doorway. It was Brimmer. Bluffer continued his remarks, and Brimmer, sitting in the cool starlight, with his back against a tree, said, "I carry the colors now in my blooming countenance."—Saturday Evening Gazette.

The Other Way.

"It must be a magnificent trip out to San Francisco," said Americanus.

"It is, if you go via London, Paris, Brindisi, Suez canal, Hong-Kong and Honolulu," returned Toryanus.—Harper's Bazar.

THE ALARM CLOCK.

How she did laugh at him! He was supposed to get up at 7 o'clock in the morning, but this morning he had sleepily looked at his watch, jumped out of bed, dressed himself and then discovered that it was 6 instead of 7 o'clock. A few nights before he had sat reading in front of a clock that had been at 10 minutes to 10 o'clock for three weeks, waiting for it to get to 10:30 before going to bed, and had not discovered that it was not going until his watch showed that it was 12:30. Any wife would think that she was entitled to a little amusement at her husband's expense under those circumstances. But all things come to him who waits, and he waited.

It was perhaps two weeks after that that she waked him up one morning with the remark, "You'd better hurry, Henry; it's 7 o'clock now." He jumped out of bed, hurriedly put on his clothes and went down stairs. She hastily dressed herself and the children, and followed him.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed when she got down to the dining room, "the table isn't set."

"No," he returned dryly, looking up from the morning paper.

"And I suppose you would sit here and never make an inquiry," she said indignantly. "Where do you suppose the girl is?"

"In the kitchen grinding the coffee," he returned.

"Grinding the coffee at this hour!" she exclaimed. "I'll see about"——

"It's only a little after 6," he said soothingly.

"It's not!" she cried. "It's 7 o'clock. Look there!" And she produced her little gold watch.

"It must have run down last night," he said.

She put it to her ear, and her face grew red, but she recovered her self possession in an instant. A woman always does under such circumstances.

"And you sat calmly down here and let me go ahead and dress the children at this hour!" she exclaimed.

"What could I do?" he asked. "What good would my word be against your $100 watch?"

She glared at him for a moment and then broke out: "I'll have every one of those clocks fixed today. I don't care if it costs $100. If you were any kind of a man, you would have attended to it long ago."

"It's no use doing that," he returned. "I'm going to get an alarm clock today."

"What do you want an alarm clock for?" she asked. "You've never been late to your work."

"I want an alarm clock, Mrs. Henry Ellsworth Perkins," he said impressively, "so that I can get all the sleep that is due me. I am going to put it at the head of the bed, and I am going to have it distinctly understood that whoever tells me it is time to get up before that alarm clock goes off is going to get into serious trouble. That alarm clock is going to be the oracle of this house on the subject of getting up, and it is going to be dangerous for any one to try to steal a march on it or dispute its word. Do I make myself clear, Mrs. Perkins?"

Then he got the clock. He brought it home in triumph that night and served notice on his wife that he, and he alone, was to be the manipulator of it. No one else was to touch it, and it was to be the sole authority on the time to get up. Then he set it, and barring the fact that by a slip he set it for 6:30 when he intended to make it for 10 minutes of 7 it worked to a charm.

"But that's all right," he told his wife. "I'm not quite used to it yet, but I'll have it just right tomorrow."

"You had better put it upon the mantel, where it will be out of the way," she suggested, but he told her that he was running that clock, and to prove it he left it on a little table by the bed, where it was within easy reach of the children.

That's why he was awakened about 1 o'clock the following night. He had set it in the morning and simply wound it up at night, and he had not noticed that the children had been playing with the hand on the alarm dial. He had his doubts about its being the children's work, anyway, and his manner did not show that confidence in his wife that a man ought to have. Still, he could not prove anything, so he put it upon the mantel, and for three days it worked to a charm. Then one morning there was a slip somewhere again. The alarm sounded, the clock indicated that it was 6:50, and he got up and began dressing himself hastily. He was nearly ready for breakfast when he noticed his wife lazily watching him from the bed.

"Aren't you going to get up?" he asked.

"Not yet, dear," she replied sweetly.

Then a horrible fear seized him.

"Is that clock wrong?" he asked.

"I think not," she replied, yawning, "but you know this is Sunday, and we don't have breakfast until 8:30."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at her fixedly.

"And you let me dress myself without saying a word!" he exclaimed.

"The clock is the autocrat"—she began.

"Hang the clock!" he cried.

"As you please," she said softly. "But what could I do?"

It wasn't as pleasant as some Sundays they had passed together. He seemed to feel injured. A man will act that way when his wife has got the better of him on his own proposition. But the day passed and also the night, and the next morning he felt her shaking him and calling him.

"Don't be angry, Henry," she said deprecatingly. "But aren't you going to the office today?"

"Office!" he cried, starting up. "What time is it?"

"Twenty minutes past 7."

"Did—did I sleep through all the noise that clock makes?" he asked, making a dive for his clothes.

"No," she replied. "I guess you forgot to wind the clock."

"And you let me sleep?"

"What could I do? You said the clock was to be the autocrat"——

"The devil take the clock!" he said, dashing it to the floor and then in his excitement kicking it with his bare foot. "Oo—ouch! Hang it, Mrs. Perkins, you're attending to the breakfast arrangements of this house! The clock isn't."

"You're quite sure, Henry?" she asked.

"Sure!" he cried. "Well, if I'm not, I propose to be. I propose to hold you responsible in these matters, and you might as well make up your mind to it. There's no use of you trying to shirk it any longer. I've put up with this business just as long as I intend to."

She didn't say anything, but there was a smile of victory on her face as she took the clock down stairs and threw it out in the alley. She was avenged. He had been obliged to surrender, although, manlike, he had tried to disguise the fact that it was a surrender.—Chicago Post.

Intensely So.

"Is your wife musical?"

"Well, I should smile. Why, she can sit for hours and hours and listen to the most difficult operas."—Texas Siftings.

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This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from this establishment has a superior tone and finish. An inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN
NERVINE TONIC
—AND—
Stomach and Liver Cure
The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.
It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.
This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.
This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.
IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF
Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health,
Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants.
All these and many other cases have been cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.
NERVOUS DISEASES.
As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.
To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR GENTS—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.
J. A. HARDER, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.
REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every wealthy person to use this valuable medicine. A few bottles of it here would be worth more to any sick person than any amount of money. I consider it the grandest
A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.
My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.
JOHN T. MISH.
State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:
Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.
CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.
INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.
The Great South American Nervine Tonic
Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.
HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."
MRS. ELLA A. BEATTOX, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."
No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.
Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.
EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.
SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,
CHATHAM, N. B.