# CAPTURING A BOOMSLANGE.

### BY G. R. O'REILEY.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

1878, I had a large collection of living snakes which I kept in glassfronted cages for the purpose of studying their habits, temperaments and intelligence. They were all caught by my own hands. Out in the country, on the veldt and in the bush, I had watched them as much as possible in their native state, and now supplemented this study by keeping them afterward under my eyes at home. This work I had car-ried on since September, 1875, so that I had acquired a pretty extensive knowledge of the snakes of southern Africa

All the venomous kinds were already in my collection, and of the harmless snakes I had over 30 different species There was, however, a much desired one still wanting to me, one of the larg est, most interesting, most graceful and beautifully colored of all the snakes of the African woodland—the famous tree-snake. Bucephalus capensis, the "boomslange" or tree-snake of the Dutch settlers. Miles of bush I hunted through, but could never find a boomslange.

One day I had strained my foot, and It pained me so much that I declared at the breakfast table that until it was better I did not propose to do any walking, but would give my foot a rest Before we rose from the table, Kaffir boy came to the door with letter from Tidmarsh, the director of the Grahamstown Botanical gardens, which said: "Come down here as quickly as you can. I have a large boomslange in the oak trees over the avenue.'

Up I jumped from the table, seized my hat and stick, and away I ran on the strained foot. Now it didn't pain me. How could I think or pain, while the much-desired boomslange was waiting for me? At the other side of the town lay the

Botanical gardens, but the distance didn't matter; in a few minutes I was there. Panting, I rushed in at the gate; voices rang out; a dozen men called me. They were gazing upwards Into the trees, evidently watching the snake. They stood in the middle of the avenue, each side of which was bordered by a line of leafy oaks so branching as almost to meet over the

roadway. When I got to where the Kaffirs were gazing upward, they pointed out to me the snake aloft in the tree-tops. I looked sharply, but no snake could I see. "He's a big one," said they. "He's six feet long." But size didn't make him easy to discern among the leaves. Strain my eyes as I might, I couldn't

get a glimpse of him. One of the men threw up a stone and then he moved, and as he moved I saw him. And as I saw him, I ran eagerly to a tree and began to climb. "Keep your eyes on him now, every man of you!" I shouted. "I can't watch him

To take one's eyes from him for a moment would be to lose him, so closely did his colors harmonize with the greenish leaves and purplish gray branches and twigs among which he lay.

Shinning up the tree, I was soon among the limbs, and began to make way toward where the boomslang was watching the group of upturned Kaffir faces beneath. As I was now among the foliage, I could not see him, and had to let the Kaffirs from below direct my progress through the leaf-clad branches. It was difficult work, for the long snake-stick which I took with me hampered me by running foul of the branches!"

"Upward-now over your left shoulder!" should the Kaffirs; and accordingly upward over the left shoulder I climbed. Soon I was near the snake. I could see him coiled partly, and partly stretched out, at the tip of a branch. His tail was well lashed around it, his body half hidden by the leaves, while his long slender neck

At Grahamstown, South Africa, in at the posterior end of each outer dental row, and that outside each upper jaw there was a small gland beneath the skin. What was this gland for, if not to secrete venom? And why was the tooth channelled, if not to convey ven-om into the wound made by it. These thoughts troubled me, and made my

heart beat fast with apprehension. How was I to catch him with safety? Seize him with my naked hands, as was in the habit of seizing the sankes that were decidedly harmless. Hardly this. At any rate, I could not dare to grab him while he faced me, as he now did, ready to spring and grab at me. No: I would try to make him move, to follow him, and then suddenly snatch him by the neck, as he glided along some branch.

Accordingly I climbed nearer to him. I got within four feet of him. I could seize him now, but it would never do to risk those channelled teeth. Therefore I got myself in position to poke him with my stick, so as to make him move. I meant to try to grab him as he started off. Little did I dream how he would surprise me.

he would surprise me. I poked him with the stick, but he did not glide away—not he! He got ready to fight me. His anger, or fear, or whatever feeling possessed him, transformed him in an instant. He became terrible to look at. I drew back three or four fear from him. I feared three or four feet from him. I feared

He was now no longer the graceful thin-necked tree snake of speckled green and greenish yellow. His head was flattened out, and his neck had swelled to an enormous size in comparison with the thickness of his body It was bloated up with the air with which he had inflated himself. The color of the bloated part was entirely changed. It was now a purple, the skin being stretched so that the scales were far separated and appeared like little green spots scattered over its surface.

Very clearly, he was ready to bite me. But as I knew that snakes, when disturbed with a stick, will bite rather at the stick which touches them than at the hand that holds it, I did not hesitate a moment, but poked him again.

As I did so, he made a dash at the stick, and then darted away through the leaves, so suddenly that I could not tell whither he had gone. The rapidity with which he disappeared startled me. If he should always move quickly as that. I could have no chance to catch him in the trees. Nevertheless, I determined to follow him. The men running along on the ground below and holding him in

view directed me. He was now farther up the avenue, lodged in the second tree from that which he had left. The oaks grew retty close together, so that their b.anches more or less interfaced. Thus he glided from one to the other, and I, without descending would fol-low him in a persistent chase, hop-ing, sooner or later, to catch him. It was no easy work—this rapid, mon-key-like progress from tree to tree, swinging and springing from branch to branch; and still it was not alto-gether new to me, for I and my brothers had often gone thus quickly, pur-suing each other for great distances to and fro through the trees around our boyh $\sim$ od home. The worst of it was that I could not see the snake. I had to go entirely by the direction of those upon the ground beneath.

By and by I came in sight of him By and by I came in sight of him again. He was lashed in one of the topmost branches. When I approach-ed close to him he swelled out his neck and faced me, as if to spring at me. But I did not get so near to him on this occasion, for I was still eight feet away, and was just getting ready to poke him with the stick, when he darted off afresh in the same direction.

Over and over again he repeated this running and halting. Perhaps he tire he was mistaken. I was too determined to get him. I dropped stick, so that I could go faster. I dropped the went after him in a mad rush, crash ing through the branches. When he would halt, I would sneak gently through the leaves, so as to get close to him. At last he reached the upper end of the avenue, and so, panting and breathless, did I. He crossed to the trees on the western side of the roadway, and I did the same. Down western side he now came, but he made far fewer and shorter halts than before. I was coming on fast behind him. From one branch to another I often had to jump. Sometimes, where the limbs were far apart, a springing bough beneath me would serve to as sist the leap by throwing me forward till I would alight with cunging hands on another farther on. Once I swung myself on a yielding branch over a wide vacant space, where the break-ing of the bough would have precipi-tated me to death. Still this clase tated me to death. Still this clase through the branches was perhaps easier, than a continual ascending and descending of the trees. When the hunted boomslange had got three-fourths of the way down the western side of the avecue hestoreed western side of the avenue, he stopped once more and showed fight; but after a vigorous shaking of the branches he darted away, and crossing the adder and cobra: but still, I had seen in the dead ones which I had dissected and examined, that the boomslang was a "doubtful-anake"—that is, that he had large channelled or grooved teeth

Like him I tried to cross the avenue the interlacing branches, but twig-like ends, although stout enough to bear him, were not suffi-cient to support me. So I descended from the trees, crossed the roadway, and climbed again on the side where he was. Here I found him at bay, lashed in the very tip of a branch.

I had failed so often in trying to grab him as he glided along the branches, that I now resolved to try another plan, namely: to snare him by passing a running noose over his Consequently I called for my long stick, which was passed up to me with the noose fastened to the end of it. Then I slowly climbed toward him.

As usual, he faced me. By moving very cautiously I succeeded in get-ting within six feet of him; but when I pushed out the stick, with the noose dangling from the end of it within a foot of his nose, off he darted. I dashed the stick among the leaves in front of him, and back he turned. I was desperate. I could not grab him, for he was on the very outer ends of the branches.

Two were so far apart that there was an open space of perhaps four feet or more between them. Across this open space he darted, and while he was passing, down came my stick on his back, not striking, but pushing him downward. Just what I intended happened. He lost his hold and down to the ground he tumbled; for not branch was beneath for him to catch upon.

I could see him as he alighted on the grass, and down I dropped after him. As I touched the earth I rolled over, for the height was probably 20 feet. I saw the snake. He was only a few yards from me, but he was gliding away at a great rate over the short lawn grass. The shouting Kaffirs were pointing him out to me. Picking up my stick, I rushed after

him as fast as my legs could carry me. Forty or 50 yards, perhaps, he ran. Then I overtook him. Suddenly he turned and faced me. The excited Kaffirs, well in the rear, yelled out directions, praises and warnings, but I heeded them not. There before me was the long-de-

sired boomslange, a picture of beauty, coiled to strike, with the fore part of his body raised after the manner of a cobra. His head was flattened out, his inflated neck purple, the bifid point of his tongue quivering in the brilliant sunlight. Now I was his mas-ter, for I was swifter than he was upon the ground. But I lost no time admiring him, for I was ready to sink

from exhaustion. I got my stick across the middle of his back to keep him from getting away again. As it touched him he turned and bit it savagely. By a quick movement I shifted the stick, and got it close to his head. Then I grabbed him with my fingers round the throat.

He was a furious captive. To and fro he lashed himself, his long body and whip-like tail striking me all over my body, legs and face, so that I had to drop the stick and hold him with the right hand at the middle, to keep him from breaking his own neck by

is struggles. Within half an hour I had him in a cage in my room; and within an hour after that he had lost his fear of me, and I had lost my fear of him to such an extent that I allowed him to glide along my shoulders and around my neck

Beautiful, gentie and harmless, he was now the gem of my collection, and I treated him as one entitled to unusual privileges; for while the other snakes were confined to their cages, the boomstange was a prisoner at large. He lived on some branches suspended from a wire half-way be-tween the ceiling and the floor. On these branches I would put chamelons, and the boomslange would catch and swallow them as contentedly as if he were still free in the wild bush.-Youth's Companion.

### Removing a Mountain With Water.

The principal railroad of Costa Rica, now about 117 miles long, is being extended to reach from San Jose to the Pacific coast. The general manager of

Prerywhere there are bars that we may seried own and gates that we may swing open.
In my boyhood next to' the country schoolhouse there was an orchard of apples owned by a very lame man who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to bouch the fruit. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were runned by the same temptation, invaded that orchard, but they soon retreated, for the man came after them at a speed reckless of making his lameneas worse and cried out. "Boys, drop those apples or I will set the dog on you."
Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severz ruard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants all to oreme and take the choicest and the ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at sight monthe of age and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences you therefore have a right to one whole side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to the, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

side of you those whole you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to His people long ago, so He says to you and to me. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." McDonald, the Scotchman, has thou-sands of head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lving down under the trees, some are strolling over the mountains, some of them are in his yard. They are scattered all around in many places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says." I see you have thirty-six sheep. I have ying to under them." 'No," says McDonald, 'I have a great many more sheep than you found in this yard. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. I have 4000 or 5000 in my flocks. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'" So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Epis-copal fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Predo-Baptist fold, the only difference be-tween these last two being the way in which they wash the sheep, and so they are scattered all over. And we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of My flock. They are scattered all over the earth. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Of all the merciful institutions which bless this city not one more thoroughly enters into the spirit of the text than does the Bowery mission, whose twentieth anni-versary we to-day celebrate. During the past year 3000 souls have been saved through its instrumentality, and during its existence it has put its temporal and spir-itual benediction upon hundreds of thou-sands of the poor and suffering and lost. With the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of thersal life in the other, it is doing a stupendous werk, and to all its patrons Christ is asynig: 'I was hun-gry, and ye fed Me; naked, and ye visited Me. Inasmuch asy edid it unto Me, one of the least of these,

Ken heads, no crushed ankles or fractured limbs. Bring there for treatment moder-ate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sin-ners with a gloss on. It was as though at a great battle there were left 10,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to a half dozen patients in a barn hos-pital. The Major General comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the 10,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No." say the three doctors standing there fanning their patients, "we have a half dozen important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off."

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

The subscription of the contract of the contract of the contract with many regrets, to resign, and all the subscriptions of that stock had to show for their investment was a beauti-fully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he rows he wants none of the religion that the president and direc-tors of that oil company professed. But I do not stop now to know how you came into rejection of Christianity. You frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think t\_ere are some very fine things.

being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Scriptural descriptural dewas inspired of God, although you think t.ere are some very fine things, in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that thows you asys that of you.
If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you are ill t should come to you with a phial of medicine and you are. Take it, and you replied, "I do not want to take it." I have no confidence in it." I would asy, "Take it to oblige me," and you are sick of sin. I come to you with a gospel medicine. It insufficient, and you are sick of sin. I come to you with a gospel medicine. It has cured hundreds and thousands and millions. Will you take it? "No", you are sick of sin. I come to you with a gospel medicine. It has cured hundreds and thousands and millions. Will you take it? "No", you cay, "I have no confidence in it." Take it, then, to oblige me. I tell you of a physician who has cured more bind eyes and bound up more broken hearts and healed more ghastly wounds than all the doctors since the time of Aesculapius. Be obligyang, and just make the experiment.
If you are not acquinted with the ordiary modes of prayer, say in substance: "Oh. Lord Jesus, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what Thou canst do for me, I am ready to do whatever Thou commandest me. If there be any power in religion, as these people ave been take. Perhaps we may take profesionally. Perhaps we may take profesionally. Perhaps we may take profesionaly. Terhaps

The statesman. They never proached, or pretended to preach, yet, putting down one histelescope and another his parlimentarian's scroll and another his electrician's wire, came forth and commended the religion of Christ as the best thing for the cure of the world's woes. If you will not take the recommen-dation of ministers of the gospel, take the

# THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Voices of the New Year-A Noted Physician Pulls Back the Curtain of Se-crecy and Reveals the Awful Work of Rum in a Repectable Home.

I am but young, yet I am herr To all the thought, as well as care, Of all the ages past; So listen to my words, and they More than fine gold will you repay, If you will hold them fast.

To those who feed the appetite for drink, I cry aloud—you stand on ruin's brink!

They who would pleasure have, must pleasure give; Who do most good, know best what 'tis to live.

"Bright is the wine cup," poets sing, But every cup conceals a sting.

"We can control ourselves; let those who

Abstain ere you have lost control, else all is vain!

If Temperance is not everything, it tends To guide all good things to their noblest

Report exclaims "Life in the bottle lies," Echo more wisely gives the answer-Lies!

"'Tis little" is the drinker's boast, But little leads to more and most.

If you should plead your influence is small; For Temperance, then, make sure to use it all.

There is no time for evil deeds, All time is fit for killing weeds.

"he quickest way to get a sober nation is to promote the Temperance Reforma-tion.

Before you take another drop of drink, Draw back your hand and set your mind to think.

Give not your votes to the great idol

Beer, For votes above the bar of God appear! —Temperance Advocate.

# A Doctor's Story.

A Doctor's Story. "You Know nothing about intemper-ance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you." "Write one," I said. "Write one," I said. "I would be a breach of honor. A phy-sin, like a Romish priest, may not be-tray the confessional." After a moment homes. And lives and hearts that seem alignment of the soul." "The must be some scenes that it surged; "Dease think of some." "I was called to the wife of a distin-mished gentleman. Her husband sat by hyper bed fanning her, and a lovely bou-ting for some stand by her in the soul and the proper for you to tell mished gentleman. Her husband sat by hyper bed fanning her, and a lovely bou-ting forwers was on the stand by her in the one. It was a charming picture of the and devotion. "My wife fell down stairs,' said her husband, 'and I fear has hurt herself se-"I was can be shoulder. It was swol-

husband, 'and I fear has hurt herself se-riously.' I examined her shoulder. It was swol-len and black, and one rib was broken. "How do you ind her?' asked her hus-band, anxiously. "I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?" "I fell on the stairway.' "I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the home of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side. "Usen upt a staken." "When did she fall?' I asked. "Last night,' he said, after a second's pause and a glance at her. "Wy resolve was taken. "Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck,' I said to the hus-band, rising and going out. He followed me.

me. "'I was not with her when she fell,' he

"I was not winn me a fall, and it said. "The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to de-ceive a doctor." "She begged me not to tell you the

"She begged me not to tell you the truth." "Then get another physician,' I said. "Then get another physician,' I said. "Twill tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner." "Tasaw your brilliant speech in the paper, Was it wine-inspired?" "Partly. Most of the after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drak heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone and I pounde her and left her. She tried to fol-low me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept, and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my head for my morning engag-ments. I pledge you my honor I had for-potten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering, but she would not permit a physician should he sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to helive that she

and bulldog head were thrust out a foot and a half in my direction. Evidently I was not taking him at

all unawares, for his eyes, exceedingly large and bright, were intently watch ing my efforts to reach him, and his inquiring tongue every moment shot forth its trembling, double-pointed tips, menacing me, as I thought, for intruding in his leafy dominions. Otherwise he was as motionless as the branch on which he lay.

I clmbed toward him until my face came within six feet of him, but still he never stirred, except for that quivering, double-pointed tongue, which now almost continually vibrated its fine thread-like extremities in the air. The warm sun was shining full upon him, and his great brght eyes seemed to glitter with malice, but still he re mained motionless; and yet, I believe, he was fully as anxious and as nervous was.

Here I was face to face with him in the tree-top. What to do, I knew not. Was he venomous? Were they true-those tales I had heard of his virulent polson, those stories of lingering chronic sores caused by his bites, where the bitten part scaled off year after year, and sloughed away? I ught of these things now and was frightened.

I knew that he had not the elaborate

recently, said:

"There is one place on the road which has given the engineers a great deal of trouble, and which has cost many thousands of dollars every year ince the road was built. This pla about 45 miles from Port Limon, and is called Bluemud. "For about 600 feet the track runs

along a ledge on the side of a mounwith the river Reventa Zon below The mountain is composed of a bluish lay, which turns into mud during the rainy season and keeps constantly slid-ing down on the tracks. We have to keep a big gang of men at work day and night cleaning the road of this blue mud, and when the rains are very heavy traffic has to be suspended In July so much of the mud slid down over the roadbed that we could not run trains there for three weeks. "To add to the difficulty there is a

lake back of the mountain and the water from this lake percolates through the mountain and keeps it constantly wet. The lake was drained by the engineers, but they discovered that it was fed by springs and still the mountain was kept in a wet state and the mud kept sliding down over the tracks.

"At last they obtained what "At hast they obtained what is known in California as a hydraulic giant, and which throws a very power-ful stream of water with great force They rigged up this hydraulic giant and when I lott Costa Rica they were washing the mountain away with into the river."-Cleveland Ph into aler Plain

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

back last night I found her suffering, but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that sho hurt herself, more or less, when she fell.' And with an honest quiver of the chin he added: 'She is an angel and wine is a devil.' "'What are winebibbers?' "'Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?' "'I cannot tell yet. I fear she is.' "More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she hved and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart censed to throb he was inconsolable. His locg and devo-tion were the theme of every lip, and the 'rotome that so affleted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut: 'Beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in that hand of no li-cense.

gone to her now, in that land of no li-cense. "No one but myself ever knew the truth."—Selected by New York Witness.

### Labor and Temperance.

Labor and Temperance. Workingmen, by agreement, are doing a great deal of good practical temperance work. At Toledo the ore handlers and longshoremen entered into an agreement with the dock operators along Lake Erib ports that no intoxicants shall be used by the men during working hours. It means the saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the men.

## The Crusade in Brief.

The key to sobriety-Sign the pledge He who drinks to drown his despair is trying to extinguish hell with fuel.

the

Cheerfulness is the bright weather of he heart; "strong drink" withers it. The only trade that deforms, degrades and unmakes a man is the "strong drink" ende

Never withhold your hand from any ood work, nor let it touch the intoxicat-ig cup.

Never withhold your hand from a good work, nor let it touch the intoxic ing cup. More distilled spirits are exported fr this country to Germany than to any old foreign country.