

F. M. HARTER.

VOL. XXIV

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, MARCH 29, 1888.

## LIFE IN RUSSIA.

THE IMMENSE QUANTITY OF WOLVES HARBORED.

'How many people are killed by wolves in Russia each year?' I once asked of a Russian official at St. Petersburg.

Twenty thousand, perhaps; but what of it?' he replied.

If the Russian Government was not concerned about the number, he could not see why outsiders should be. And if the Government was concerned, it is doubtful if it could take any steps to greatly lessen the number of wolves or victims. From east to west and north to south Russia is a wolf country. The distance between towns and the thinly settled agricultural districts give wild beasts opportunity to increase in numbers, and it is said of the Russia wolf that he is always hungry. If statistics were preserved and published, as in India, the publication of the number of victims killed and devoured by wolves would be startling. Between the villages of Toblosky and Urkowsky—thirty miles apart—there was, in 1868 only one house. That was the half-way hotel. The rest of the road was given up to plain and forest, and for five years previous to 1868 this had been one of the most dangerous places in all Russia.

Travellers waited at either village until a band of from ten to twenty had collected, and in mid-winter soldiers had to accompany all travellers. A member of the French Legation told me that, in making this journey once, the sledges were followed and surrounded by a drove of wolves estimated to number two thousand. No attack was made, there being a large escort of soldiers.

The first time I passed over the road was in summer, and not a wolf appeared in sight. At one point, where the road traversed a plain for eight miles, I saw, without leaving the beaten track, the bones of at least fifty horses and of seventy-five persons. In some cases only a handful of bones were left to represent a person, but I was assured by the drivers that a victim had been pulled down wherever these bones lay. The smaller bones are eaten up or carried off but the larger ones are left to bleach in the summer sun or lie hidden under the drifts of winter. Even the hotel at the half-way point was not safe from attack, but had to be surrounded by a wall of stone ten feet high. When asked why a general raid was not made on the wolves of this district, and the pests exterminated or driven out, no one had an answer. Five hundred armed peasants, directed and assisted by fifty soldiers, could have made clean work of it in a day, but the idea of such a raid had never occurred to any one.

While I was lying at Urkowsky that summer the Russian Government offered a bounty of fourteen cents for the scalp of every wolf killed in that district. There was another American and an Englishman in the village, and when the proclamation came out we determined on a wolf hunt. We called in a carpenter and gave him plans of a house on runners. It was as large as one of the photograph cars drawn from town to town in the United States, and provided with three banks, a stove, and other conveniences. There were port holes in the sides and floors, besides three or four sliding doors, and when the house was completed we found plenty of room for three men and coal and provisions for a fortnight. There was great curiosity in the town as to what sort of a move we had in view, and the house had been scarcely finished when a Government official made us a call and demanded the fullest information. When we told him that we intended to draw the car out upon the plain and use it as a cover and protection while we shot wolves, his gravity increased, and he officially notified us not to move it a foot until he had communicated with his superiors. The Government had offered a bounty for the destruction of wolves, but we must get permission to destroy them!

However, we had lots of time ahead, and while waiting the appearance of the official the car was finished and stocked. It was roomy as the ordinary freight car, and we put in plenty of fuel, provisions, and ammunition. We took only shotguns and revolvers with us. It was on the 1st of December when the official

made us a second call. He was still very dignified and very grave. He had corresponded with the police inspector of the district, and that official had corresponded with a great-er man, and perhaps the case went to St. Petersburg. It had, however, been decided that we could move our car, providing we held ourselves responsible for all damages to the Czar's subjects. We did not move our car until the first week in January. It was a very severe winter, with wolves more numerous than for years past, and we had trouble to get teams to draw our house to the plain. All through December the road filled up as often as opened, but early in January we got away, having four horses to draw the house. We were to be left on the centre of the plain for a week, when the horses were to come back for a new move.

As we got out of town early in the morning we reached the spot selected long before noon. The car was hauled off to the side of the road at a favorable place, and the men with the horses waited no longer than to unhitch them before starting on the return journey. While we had not seen a wolf on the way out, several sledges had been pursued the week before in broad daylight, and the two men and four horses were certainly a temptation for the brutes to gather. In making ready we had had the advice of two or three old wolf hunters, and had adopted some of their suggestions. We had brot along some raw meat for bait; also a gallon of beef's blood. As soon as we settled down we thawed this blood, and then went out in three different directions and sprinkled it on the hard, thick crust. On our way back to the car we left a trail, and flung out a piece of meat at intervals. We had not yet reached the car when we heard the howl of a wolf, and five minutes later we could see a dozen of them scamper about. It was an hour, however, before one came within reach of our guns. The sun, which had been brightly shining all the afternoon was hidden by clouds, and a snow squall came up to still further darken the heavens.

The howling of wolves could now be heard in every direction, and pretty soon they followed the trails of blood in until we got a shot, and each tumbled a wolf over. From the instant they fell to the time their bones were clean picked by their companions was not over forty seconds. It was marvelous to watch the proceeding. The mouthful of spiced whetted their appetites and stimulated their ferocity, and the whole pack made a rush at the car. They no doubt took it for a traveler's sledge, and the attack was surprising in its fierceness. The number of wolves was not less than five, and for the first five minutes we were seriously alarmed. They were over, under, and around us, howling, barking, snarling, growling, and fighting in a way to give us chills, and had our car not been securely fastened to the broad, heavy runners, they would have upset it in their rushes. The exterior had been sheathed with sheet iron. We had objected to this expense, but had finally accepted the advice of one of the wolf hunters. We now realized the wisdom of this precaution. But for the sheathing the wolves would have eaten their way into the car in a dozen places.

Such a fierce and unexpected attack rattled us for a few minutes, but after a bit we began firing haphazard into the pack as fast as we could load and pull trigger. Then it was pandemonium let loose. The howls, yells, yelps, growls, and cries redoubled, because every victim of our guns was being devoured by his companions. We fired thirty-four charges of buck-shot into the mass, killing at least double that number of wolves, and then the pack began to scatter, and ten minutes later not a living wolf was in sight. It was a horrible looking sight around us. Every wolf but one had been devoured. Tufts of fur and bloody bones were scattered over the snow for a hundred feet in every direction and there was not a foot of snow without its blood stain. There was a wounded wolf who had escaped the fangs of the pack, probably because their appetites were satisfied for the time being. He had been shot through the hips, and could no longer use his hind legs. He was a very large fellow, and we soon had reason to believe that he was still

dangerous. The beast was about 50 steps away when we descended from the car, and the minute he caught sight of us a great transformation took place. All the fur along his spine stood up, his eyes blazed like fire, and he uttered such fierce growls that the three of us raised our guns. The brute could drag over the snow crust with his fore legs, and as we stood looking at him he began hitching himself forward to attack us. We let him come within five or six feet of us before knocking him over. From his actions there was no doubt he would have boldly attacked the three of us had he been less desparately wounded. His scalp was the only one we saved out of the sixty or seventy shot.

Not another wolf was seen until night came down. Then they gathered around us seemingly by the thousands. Looking out from one of the small sliding doors one was reminded of a great drove of sheep cantering over rough ground. Not one of them was still for a minute and a free fight was always in order. Our horse stood six or seven feet high, but they leaped over it back and forth as easily as they could have over a log. At one time several of them engaged in a fight over our heads, and we had serious fears of the roof breaking under their weight. When we finally opened fire I honestly believe there were 2,000 wolves within pistol shot. Our horse was the centre of a circle of leaping, howling, fighting, yelping beasts, each one of which seemed bent on getting nearer. It was a bright moonlight night, and we did not waste a shot. One could have shot his eyes and been sure of killing or wounding at every discharge. We limited our shots to twenty-five each, and fired slowly so as not to heat our guns. I believe we killed a hundred wolves with the seventy-five shots. If one was wounded enough to cause the flow of blood he was a goner. The unwounded would tear him to pieces with even more ferocity than they displayed toward the dead. Soon after we ceased firing the great bulk of the wolves retired, to be seen or heard no more during that night. A few who had probably failed to secure a share of the horrible feast remained in the vicinity to growl over the bloody bones and utter an occasional howl, and after midnight we slept soundly.

We were afterwards told by peasants living eight or ten miles away that packs of wolves passed their farms at dusk on their way to the general rendezvous. Some of those surrounding our house probably came twelve or fifteen miles. The keeper of the hotel saw fifty or more pass his place, and they were in such a hurry and so occupied with the project on foot that they passed within twenty feet of a stray colt without halting to attack it.

On the second day of our stay we were witnesses of a dreadful tragedy. It was a cloudy day, with occasional snow squalls, but no wolves came near us. At about 2 o'clock, while my companions were lying down, I opened a slide to take a look over the highway towards Toblosky. For four miles the highway was over a plain, and one could see every moving object. Then the road was lost in a pine forest, which stretched along for a couple of miles. I had scarcely pulled back the slide when an object came in view on the road at the edge of the forest, and in half a minute I made out horses. A sledge was coming our way, the first which had passed since we took up our station. We had a pair of field glasses in the car, and I had no sooner adjusted the focus than I uttered a shout which brought my companions to their feet. There were three horses abreast, and they were coming at a dead run, while on both sides of the sledge I could make out fierce wolves jumping up. The team was a powerful one, and coming very fast, and in a minute more I made out that the sledge was surrounded by a great pack of wolves. The driver was lashing the horses in a frenzied way, while the smoke and flame and faint report proved that the occupants of the sledge were using fire-arms to defend themselves. We had two or three minutes in which to act. Each of us had the idea that the sledge would halt at our car for protection, or that the people in it would certainly leap out at that point. We

opened one of the doors, got down our guns, and all were ready to leap out when a dreadful sound reached our ears. It was the shriek of a horse. I say shriek, for it was nothing more nor less—a shriek of terror and despair. The cause was plain as we looked out. One of the horses had fallen when the sled was hardly twenty rods away and the other two had been dragged down with him. We could not see them, however, for the wolves. We just caught sight of two or three human figures in furs, heard the reports of pistols, and shouts of human voices, and then the terrible din made by the wolves drowned all other sounds.

We should have sprung out and gone to the assistance of the beset travellers, but before we could move a foot our car was surrounded by wolves, and a monster got his head and shoulders into the doorway and hung there for a few seconds despite the kicks from our heavy boots. We opened the slides and looked out, but all was over then. The carcasses of the horses had been picked to the bone, the harnesses eaten, and the robes from the sledge were being torn apart as the wolves raced around. We saw pieces of bloody clothing scattered about and we knew that the travellers had met a horrible fate. We learned afterwards that there were four men in the sledge.

The pack of wolves, which seemed to be larger than any which had yet gathered, hung about until we knocked over at least fifty of them, and drew off, to return at midnight. We kept our position for nine days before the men would come with the horses, and although we prepared the scalps of only three wolves, we estimated the number of killed at over 800. We intended to put in a week at another place, but with the horses came that same government official, who gravely informed us that he had been instructed by his superior officer to inform us that our wolf hunt must end. We were rendering the highways dangerous to travellers by attracting the wolves.—N. Y. Sun.

## Queer Stories of the Courts.

I remember very well the first case I had to defend. My client had 'tuck a h-g.' My father left me to make my own beginning and to wrestle with justice alone. I said: 'Jim when you are called plead not guilty, and asked for a trial by a jury.'

'Yes, sah,' said Jim. When Jim was called he stood up, and the clerk read in his stereotyped way the indictment, ending, 'contrary to the form and statute,' and asked: 'Whereof are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Shah!' said Jim. 'Read it over,' said the Judge; and over again it was accordingly read, and to the same concluding interrogation, Jim again responded, 'sah!'

'See here, you,' said the Judge. 'he is asking you if you took that hog or not.'

And to my horror, Jim scratched his head and with a confiding smile, said: 'Yes, sah, Judge. I tuck de hog, and so ended my first lesson.

I once had a suit before a dignified country justice for the price of a horse which was sequestered. The defendant was a negro woman, who set up that the purchaser had paid her the horse for work. This being so, my client would lose his privileges as vendor. She took the stand and swore out her case. The matter was desperate. However, I would try.

'Susan, when your uncle paid for this horse did he put the bridle into your hands?'

'Sah, he did.'

'Did he say: "My niece, I eternally give you old Bill?'"

'Dem's de very words, sah!'

'But, Susan, didn't your uncle forget then to put a blue ribbon on the bridle?'

'Indeed he didn't, sah. I see got dat ribbon now.'

Much to Susan's surprise the justice brandished his stick and made her 'get out.'

Once during a jury trial Judge R— looked up suddenly and said to the Sheriff: 'Mr. D—, there are thirreen men on that jury.'

twelve responses. Then the Judge, Sheriff and clerk held a conference, the result of which was that the juror stood up in answer to their names. Presently two individuals arose together—one white, the other a negro. The former had his summons as a juror; the latter had been subpoenaed as a witness.

'Come here,' said the Judge, 'and show me your subpoena.'

Sam advanced close up to his honor and stuck out his tongue for inspection! As soon as the laugh subsided the Judge said kindly: 'Sam, you need calomel and of course, can't stay on the jury.'

## 'I Want My Mother.'

An old, old woman lay slowly dying. Her life had been one of care and toil, of pain and sorrow. She had outlived all of the companions of her youth. Those of her middle life had long been in their graves. In her old age, with her two daughters—themselves decrepit with the burden of seventy-five and eighty years—she had been obliged to find refuge and shelter within almshouse walls.

But she was too old to care for that. Poverty and public charity had lost all terror for her at last. She was oblivious of her surroundings. Her mind had let go its hold upon the present, and her thoughts busied themselves with the scenes and days of childhood, and in plaintive tones she exclaimed, 'I want my mother! I want my mother!'

The daughters, hearing her call, went to the bedside, asking, 'What do you want, mother?'

She looked at them with eyes in which was no gleam of recognition. All memory of husband and children had long faded away.

'Who are these old women?' she asked. 'I don't want them. Go away! Mother! mother! Why don't you come! I want my mother!'

The poor old daughters, then selves trembling on the verge of the grave, turned away, weeping. Their mother's love had stood the test till now, but in life's last hours she was again a little child, and as she felt the chill of death stealing over her, she longed for her mother's sheltering arm.

'Mother, I am so tired and sleepy! I want to be undressed and go to bed. Now hear me say my prayers.'

The shriveled hands clasped themselves together—as they had been wont to do, oh, so many years ago!—and the trembling voice faltered out:—

'Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep: If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take: And this I ask for Jesus' sake.'

'Good-night!' she added, softly, after a moment's pause. She closed her eyes, but opened them directly, with an eager, happy look. Her daughters saw her face grow young and radiant.

'O mother! mother! I am so glad you've come!'

She stretched out her arms. There was one brief minute, and then the weary pilgrim, whose feet had trod the rough paths of earth for nearly a hundred years, was at rest:—

'Where the child shall find its mother, And the mother find her child.'

Exhibition of St. Elmo's Fire. A remarkable exhibition of St. Elmo's fire was recently witnessed by the writer on the summit of the Sonmblick mountain, in Austria, about 10,000 feet above the sea level.

The synoptic weather chart shows that there was at the time, a ridge of high pressure over central Europe, with light and variable winds at the lower level stations. On the Sonmblick it had rained all day, with a southwest to southerly gale. The pressure, which was high (nearly 30.7 inches), was falling irregularly, and the temperature was about 37 degs. Fahrenheit. About 6 p. m., with a sudden shift of the wind to the north, the pressure rose and the temperature fell to 30 degs. Fahrenheit, causing rain to change to sleet and snow. About this time brushes of violet light were noticed outside the observatory upon the points of the lightning rod, the anemometer cups, etc., and even upon projecting pieces of rock. From the heads of the observers and from their outstretched hands similar brushes of light streamed (resembling the positive discharge from an electric machine), accompanied by a crackling noise and a prickling sensation. This continued until the wind, which meanwhile had fallen to a calm, changed its direction to southwest, and the pressure became stationary. The temperature soon rose above the freezing point, but the snow continued to fall for some hours.—Electrical Review.

Included in Coconut Fiber. Admiral Palla de la Barriere has had one of the ships recently built by the French government included in coconut fiber, which she claims has more power of resistance than steel.—Chicago Herald.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the most eminent medical authorities. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the bowels, and is especially adapted to the treatment of the following diseases: Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the bowels, and is especially adapted to the treatment of the following diseases: Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels.

## RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

THE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free. For sale by all druggists. If one of the others is not in possession to furnish it to you, do not be particular to take any other, but send direct to the General Agents, FEAZLER BROS., & CO., 812 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

## Attorneys-At-Law

JAMES G. CROUSE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

JACOB GILBERT, Attorney and Counselor, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

E. E. BOWER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, Middleburg, Pa.

CHAS. P. ULRICH, Attorney & Counselor, Office in Apple's Building one door above Keston's Hotel, Selingsgrove, Penna.

T. J. SMITH, ATTORNEY & MIDDLEBURGH, PA. Offers his professional services. Consultations in English and German.

A. W. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selingsgrove, Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Legal business entrusted to their care receive prompt attention. Office on Main Street, July 4, 72.

H. H. GRIMM, Attorney-at-Law, Middleburgh, Pa. Office on Market Street, one door above House, Dec. 20, 1877.

JOHN K. HUGHES, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Kants, Snyder Co., Pa. Collections promptly made.

I. GRIER BARBER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Middleburgh, Penna. Offers his professional services in the town of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office a few West of the Court House, in Arnold's building.

Physicians, &c.

DR. MARAND ROTHROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa. Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. Offers his professional services to the public. Speaks English and German.

DR. E. W. TOOL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Middleburgh, Pa. Offers his professional services to the public in English and German. Office on Main Street.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Selingsgrove, Penna.

## If you suffer

because your Stomach is angry. Now beware of all temporary expedients. TRY that never-failing, safe Remedy, Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

## SALESMEN WANTED

A few good reliable men for the sale of our NEW FRUITS and SPECIALTIES. We are now opening our NEW FRUIT and SPECIALTIES. We are now opening our NEW FRUIT and SPECIALTIES. We are now opening our NEW FRUIT and SPECIALTIES.

## Wanted

Agents to sell the HISTORY of the BLACK PHALANX.

## Wicks

Wicks and Specialties.