

TO SLEEP.

Gentle lover of a world day-worn, Taking the weary light to thy dusk arms...

The Greatest Scare I Ever Got.

By G. R. O'Reilly.

Although I have hunted for and caught the most venomous of snakes, and always kept a collection of them...

Of all the snakes of Florida, that which most claimed my attention when I arrived there was the great diamond rattlesnake (Crotalus adamanteus)...

Fortunately these great vipers are not plentiful. One may live two or three years in the wildest part of the country...

Throughout most of my sojourn in Florida I have lived or camped in the woods, that the subjects of my study might be around me.

One morning, as I was getting ready to set out from my woodland retreat for a ramble along the water-side, I saw three boys come running toward the house...

"Where is he?" "Oh, half a mile off, up there in the woods."

"Did he rattle?" "No, he didn't rattle. He's asleep." "Oh!" thought I "It's some harmless pine-snake or large king-snake; for people often mistake these big mottle reptiles for rattlesnakes."

Believing, therefore, that it would prove to be some large, harmless snake that I might possibly want to add to my collection, I seized my six-foot snake stick and set out at once with the boys. I made no other preparation whatever. I did not even put on leggings.

In a few minutes we were close to a thicket of palmetto and sweet myrtle. "In there he is," said the boys, pointing to the thicket; and just as they spoke I saw, marked across a mole-heap by the path, the broad, smooth trail of a rattlesnake. It was nearly four inches in width.

Leaving the foot-path and going over toward the thicket, I saw the same mark on two other mole-heaps. From this I judged that most probably the boys were right, and that they had really seen a rattlesnake and a large one.

Before entering among the bushes, the boys called up the dog, and held him in leash lest he should run up on the snake and be killed, as are many dogs in Florida every year.

"You go in first," said one of the boys. "We'll follow and show you where he is."

"Give me that gun, then," said I; for it was dangerous enough to have one or more rattlesnakes before me, without also having behind me a gun in the hands of a nervous boy.

We came to an open space where a tree had fallen. It was an oak laid low by a storm. Its branches were now leafless and rotten, and the trunk lay across a pine stump, which held it up some three feet above the ground.

Near by was the old oak stump from which it had broken off, with a good sized hole rotted into its side. This opening was down at the ground and at its lower part not large; but at the top it was wide.

"He is in that stump," said the leading boy. "If you go over and look down through the hole in the top you can see him."

Telling the boys to stay where they were, and watching every step I took, lest I might accidentally put my foot on another rattlesnake—because there are often two where only one is seen—I went over to the oak stump and peeped down into its interior.

"Why, there's no rattlesnake here!" said I.

"Well, he must be there," said one of the boys, "because we never bothered him; and he was asleep and didn't rattle. And we all looked in at him. Didn't we, Tom?"

"Come and look for yourselves," I said, "and you'll see he's not here now."

So they all trooped over to my side and peeped down into the hole in the stump, and were much disappointed to find that he was not in it.

As the sun was shining into the hole at the top, I dropped down on my

knees to look in through the lower orifice, so as to be sure whether a rattlesnake had really lain there or not. A momentary glance convinced me that the boys were telling the truth; for there on the soft, black mold at the bottom was the imprint of his body.

Even in the entrance the scull was freshly rubbed where he had passed, going in and coming out again.

"All right," I said; jumping up. "He was there, sure enough; and he is not far off now."

I handed back the gun to the boy who owned it, and then I said, "Will you help me to look for him?"

"Of course we will." "Very good. The first thing to do is to stand still where you are, and search with your eyes every inch of the ground you can see."

Now this open space was almost clear, the only thing growing in it being a sparse and meagre crop of huckleberry bushes not more than a foot in height. If the rattlesnake were there we could probably discover him.

For some minutes we looked and looked, but could see no sign of him. Thinking that he might be lying under the shady myrtles surrounding the open patch, I sent the boys into the bushes, with instructions to keep in the thicket about ten yards in from the edge, and beat carefully all around the circumference of the clear spot.

I explained to them that if they kept too close to the edge they would probably come upon the snake, and maybe one of them might get bitten; but by keeping about ten yards in, and walking in a line one behind the other, the sight of them would cause the snake to shift his quarters, and probably make him go back to the hollow stump.

In order to watch for this very move, I myself took up my post behind the trunk of the fallen oak, which, as I have said, lay across a pine stump that held it up about three feet from the ground.

I pulled the brim of my hat down over my eyes so as to see the better, and then, leaning my elbows on the fallen trunk, watched constantly in front on the bushes behind which the boys were beating. My six-foot stick was laid along the trunk in front of me, and while I stayed there, leaning on my elbows, I kept my hold on it with both hands.

Of course I was as motionless as if I were part of the trunk itself. The only bit of me that moved was my eyes. If a snake or any other animal had come into the clearing, it would really have considered me to be a part of the old prostrate oak, or at least a natural fixture in the place, like the stumps and tree trunks. No doubt to the rattlesnake we were now seeking I was just that and no more, for when the boys had finished their fruitless circuit and had come out again in the clearing, one of them at once cried:

"Look out! Look out! There's the rattlesnake right at your foot!" I did not move a muscle. On the contrary, I bent ever nerve in my body to keep quiet.

"My feet and legs must stay still," I thought, "but I must see him." Slowly, very slowly I bent my head and looked down.

Yes, I was in a predicament, for there was a large rattlesnake five feet long and as thick as a man's arm. He was slowly coiling himself between my feet, the coil resting on my shoes.

Now I was not greatly alarmed until the dog ran up close by, with his tail waving. The sight of the dog so scared the snake that he began to rattle. It was the most terrible signal of danger that I ever heard in my life. I have heard rifle-bullets whizzing over my head and seen them tearing up the earth round me, but they never made me feel half so grave as did that snake buzzing on my toes.

The dog heard the rattle and seeing the snake, began to jump round, barking at it, now at this side and now at that. The foolish animal dashed in nearer and nearer to the snake, which kept its rattle going and its head pointed constantly at its barking enemy. As for me, I knew that I was not in real danger so long as I kept my feet and legs motionless.

To the snake's mind, that excited dog was the danger he dreaded, while I was to him a buttress of strength behind him—a part of the fallen trunk on which I was leaning.

I knew snakes well, so I held my ground. "Call off that dog!" I shouted to the boys. "Don't you see he's going to get killed?"

They called and called in vain. But finally one of the boys flung a stick at the dog, which made him retreat some ten yards or so.

To make matters worse, the boy with the gun leveled it at the snake, crying out to me: "Stay still, mister! Stay still, and I'll blow his head off!"

"Put away that gun this instant! Don't you see you'd shoot my feet? Keep still, all of you, and I'll manage this snake. I'm not in half the danger you think. Now, boys, do just as I say. Don't utter one word, but just stand where you are in silence. Take off your caps and begin waving them over your heads."

The boys did as I told them. They waved their caps vigorously; and the snake did just as I knew he would do. He turned his head toward the boys, who appeared to threaten him, and then he kept steadily watching.

Me he heeded not, for he knew not; for, although I spoke, and even shouted to the boys and to the dog, yet I stayed all the time motionless, so that he never was aware that I lived. I proved years ago that sounds are lost on snakes, for they have no

ears, internal or external, and could not hear if they wanted to. But they are quick to see moving things, and quick to take fright, too, if the thing is large or unusual. However, if the movement is made very, very slowly, the snake will take little notice of it—none at all, if it is slow enough. Knowing this, I proceeded in the right and only way to get rid of my unpleasant visitor.

Slowly, so slowly that you could hardly detect my motion, I brought my stick, gripped firmly in both hands, into a vertical position over the rattling snake. Gradually, inch by inch, its point imperceptibly descended. Now it was within a foot of him; now within six inches; now within three; now actually inside his coil at the very spot where I wanted it. His rattle was occasionally buzzing against my leg, but there was no danger to me, for he never once noticed either me or my stick, but kept his eyes ever turned toward the boys.

To lose my head meant to lose my life. The end of the stick, as I have said, was now within his coil, at the only point where it would be surely effective. I calculated this to a nicety. It was at the exact spot on the snake's side where half of his weight lay on one side of it, and half on the other. Over the old oak trunk, gently and imperceptibly, I leaned forward and to one side, bracing myself carefully so as to be able to throw all my power into one sudden jerk. Then, just when I was quite ready, that hitherto useless stick point flew outward and upward; and the astonished rattlesnake went sailing through the air, not knowing what on earth had happened to him.

Some twenty yards off he landed near the dog; and that unfortunate brute, seeing the long flying thing alighting, rushed at it, and was instantly bitten in the neck.

I could not help him. In five minutes he was dead.

The boys gave one shout when they saw the snake sent so cleverly sailing away from me through the air; but now the sight of their dying dog roused their anger, so that I could hardly restrain them from shooting the rattlesnake, which was coiled and rattling where he fell.

But at last I persuaded them to spare the snake and go back to the house for a box to put him in.

I got him into it without difficulty. At home I transferred him to a glass-fronted cage. But unfortunately, the fire which soon after destroyed my house and one-third of my collection, reduced him and his cage to ashes.—Youth's Companion.

Can't Stand Kerosene. "I never knew until this winter," said the superintendent of a dog and cat hospital, "how thoroughly most animals detest the smell of kerosene. Several times the steam heating apparatus in this place went on a strike and we tried to raise the temperature by means of an oil stove. The smell of the oil produced a regular mutiny among the animals. Cats are particularly sensitive to the odor of kerosene. Next door to my house is a stationery store which has been heated all winter long with an oil stove. In the beginning of the season the proprietor owned a fine cat that seemed well satisfied with his comfortable quarters. No sooner, however, was that stove lighted than the cat deserted the stationer and sought a home for the winter in a steam-heated flat farther down the street. He comes back once in a while on a visit, but the smell of the oil prevents his becoming a regular inhabitant of that store."—New York Sun.

Gold in City Street. "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," were recalled in a vivid manner in the heart of the business section of town, the other day. Considerable sand had been washed down the gutter and street from the hill above, and some thinking mortal tried a shoveful in a miner's pan. He quickly found colors, and in a short time any number of business men and others were hard at work with all kinds of pans and utensils washing the dirt in a tiny stream in the gutter near by. Some made as much as \$2 in a short time, while even the veriest novice found colors. It is argued that a rich ledge lies in the hill at the end of the street, and prospecting may be started in an endeavor to locate the home of the fine gold.—Nevada City Correspondence in the Sacramento Bee.

Henry Watterson and the Spaniards. But the Spaniard disdains us. He will none of us. What does he care for our Psalm singing? What, even, for our shining dollars? Beholding with a kind of stolid ecstasy the recent sad disclosures which have overtaken High Finance in the United States he points with pride to a line of corruption a thousand years old, begot by system, born in tradition, existing by sufferance, one layer of speculation resting upon another, all perfectly understood and nobody resisting, or even protesting.

"There," says he, with an air of triumph, "with us it is live and let live; with you it is dog eat dog. Give me the good old vices of Spain."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unsuccessful Oriental Economist. Choy Hok Mun, a tutor of Swatow, while on a visit to Shanghai, urged during a lecture that if every member of the vast population of China paid only a dollar a year, the country would soon be able to liquidate her foreign debts. The tutor's appeal was not received sympathetically and he committed suicide.—The Menam Chronicle.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

When a woman is proud of a man's character it's a sign she wouldn't be if she hadn't married him.

One of the nicest things about being a millionaire is how much you can enjoy how unpopular it makes you.

A girl is so naturally innocent that if a fellow kisses her she thinks he is reciting the Ten Commandments.

It's a great comfort to a woman to think maybe she had nice, curly hair before she was sick as a young girl.

A nice thing about going to a wedding is how you can pretend you are sure they are always going to be happy.

There is nothing like the conceit of the man who spends fifteen minutes telling his barber how to trim his beard.

It is hard to make anybody believe he is having a good time unless he is spending more money to get it than he ought.

What a woman envies about princesses is she thinks they all have different colored slippers to match their stockings.

Men begin their business careers to get rich, but they become satisfied to be able to support their families and pay their insurance.

When a woman's hat costs so much she is afraid to tell her husband the real price, she is sure that is better than for it to be becoming.

When you hear a man yelling at the top of his lungs he's trying to make people think he knows what he is talking about when he doesn't.

A woman can never forgive her husband for forgetting, when the minister is visiting them, to pretend that he always asks a blessing at meals.

If nobody lets you into a sure thing in the stock market and that's the only reason you didn't lose your money you think it's because you were so smart.

The kind of man that keeps telling a girl before he marries her that he wants to throw himself under her feet is more likely afterwards to expect her to put on his shoes for him.—From the "Reflections of a Bachelor" in the New York Press.

WOULDN'T BETRAY TRUSTS. Business Secrets That Girls Have Faithfully Kept.

Not long ago a Kansas City stenographer learned that the railroad for which she was working had determined to extend its lines. She had a friend living in the town through which the line was to run. A letter to him with her savings would have enabled him to buy at a low price the land the road needed and the peculiar nature of the ground in that neighborhood would have enabled him to sell at a great profit. It would have been a business move on the part of the girl, but she would gain her money by the betrayal of the confidence, of her employers. She did not consider the thing more than a minute and then decided that it would be a dishonorable thing to do.

Another stenographer in a large real estate office became aware of a deal in which \$150,000 was involved. Certain information she possessed would be worth thousands to the other parties. They made a few advances and hinted at rewards as high as \$5000 for her betrayal of her firm. She indignantly refused and told her employers of the scheme. It never entered the mind of that young woman to betray her trust.

Another stenographer was offered \$1000 for copies of three letters which she had written. A law suit in which her employers were involved might have gone against them had the opposing party been able to secure the information contained in the three letters. The lawyer for the other side laid ten \$100 bills on her mother's table and told her they were hers for the permission to read the letters. The girl scorned the offer as an attempt to bribe her to do a dishonorable and dishonest act, and she never even told her employers about it.—Kansas City Star.

Wasteful Smoke and Noise. Before it was determined scientifically that smoke is waste smoke was fixed as the final indication and proof of prosperity. Today a smokeless chimney means nothing less than thrift and good management.

Similarly we now hear that noise is proof of urban life, progress and activity. We may answer, Decreased comfort is less and noise decreases comfort. Disturbed minds are less through a reduction of mental force. But these and similar consequences are indirect loss. There is direct loss also. A rattling ear means worn bearings and a short-lived vehicle. Otherwise railroads would not spend so much on their roadbeds and they would run trains at higher speed.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Lo Today. Among the novelties meeting the eyes of our Northern visitors today, but common to home folks, was that of a full blooded Indian riding in a carriage with a negro driving. This Indian rejoices in the poetic name of Tommy Tiger, and is always dressed in the gaudy costume so dear to the Indian heart. Tommy is a fine specimen of his race, and sits back in the carriage with the dignity and composure of one to the manner born. To those who have been accustomed to see some of the tribes of our Northwestern States, the fine person, cleanliness and agreeable countenances of the Seminole Indians are quite a revelation.



The invention of a poor cobbler in Pennsylvania was found apparently to increase the fuel value of coal four-fold. It is a solution which, applied to six parts of ashes and one of coal, produces a fiercer heat than the best bituminous.

Thomas F. Cole, mining expert, has been telling the Duluth folks that he's confident there's iron ore under nearly four-fifths of Minnesota. "The iron-bearing strata," he predicts, "will be found to extend south well toward the state's capital and west nearly to the boundary line."

From the standpoint of industrial utility, says Prof. DuCan, in Harper's Magazine, the subject of cellulose can only be characterized as stupendous. Take a pine tree, for instance. Standing it is worth \$10 a ton; cut and stripped it is worth \$25; boiled into pulp it is worth \$40; bleached it is worth \$55; turned into viscose and spun into silk it is worth \$5,500.

Ice is an almost perfect non-conductor of electricity. In this connection a prominent engineer has suggested the use of a pipe of metal for an electrical conductor. It would be immersed in a subway kept filled with water, and through it cold brine from a freezing machine would be allowed to circulate. This would freeze the water in contact with the pipe, thereby insulating it. The brine could be used in supplying artificial cold to refrigerators in stores, markets or even in private houses.

Among the many curious and unusual animals which have been found by Sir Henry Johnston, the African explorer, in the Uganda Protectorate, is the whale-headed stork. The bird resembles the common stork in everything but the head, which is anything but beautiful. The beak is enormous and gives the stork a peculiar, whale-like appearance. It is rather a puzzle to scientists to discover the reason for this enormous appendage. The whale's mouth is built to catch a multitude of small fish and possibly the stork's beak may have been evolved by the same agency.

Primary colors are the colors into which white light is separated by the dispersion of a prism. Those named by Newton are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Artists reduce these to three—red, yellow and blue. Scientists generally hold red, green and blue to represent the primary color sensations, and in one theory there are supposed to be three sets of nerves in the retina which can respond to these three colors. The idea of three primary colors is that from the combination of these three all hues may be produced which are to be found in white light.

THE AGGLUTINOMETER. Which Enables Physicians to Detect Typhoid Fever.

In his article on "The Making of Medicines," in Harper's, Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan tells of an extremely important chemical test to determine the existence of typhoid.

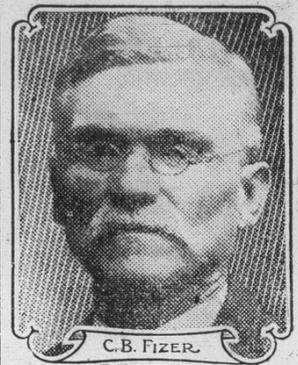
"One great laboratory concern itself, for one thing, with the typhoid agglutometer" for the diagnosis of typhoid fever, one of the greatest triumphs of applied bacteriology. The method rests upon the original discovery of Widal that the blood serum of a typhoid patient differs from normal blood in this all-important fact, that when brought into contact with living typhoid germs it causes these germs to cohere into clumps or colonies, to "agglutinate." There thus arose a method of detecting typhoid fever, depending, however, upon the use of a powerful microscope and, what made it impossible for physicians, a continually renewed supply of fresh typhoid germs as best reagents. But notice the progress: Next it was discovered that this "clumping" effect of typhoid blood upon typhoid bacteria was just as efficient when the typhoid bacteria were dead, and finally, it was observed that when the blood serum of a typhoid patient was added to a liquid suspension of the dead microbes in a test tube these dead microbes cohered to an extent so extreme that they fell to the bottom of the tube in a mass visible to the naked, unaided eye. Because of this fact, this firm now sends to physicians in the remotest parts of the country a pocket apparatus containing an ounce vial filled with sterilized dead typhoid germs, together with accessory apparatus, so that the physician may determine whether the patient's blood will cause these microbes to "clump"—to determine, in fact, whether the suspected patient has typhoid fever.

Earliest Use of Paper. A contemporary says that the earliest example extant of the use of paper in Europe is a letter, dated A. D. 1216, preserved at the Record office. It is from Raymond, son of the Duke of Narbonne, to King Henry III., asking him to collect 28 shillings for three shiploads of salt, sold by R. de Car to David de Lenie, draper, of London.—Papermaking.

Edwin Anthony, in an article published in the Chess Players' Chronicle, computed approximately that the number of ways of playing only the first ten moves on each side is 169,518,829,109,544,000,000,000,000,000.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



M. R. C. B. FIZER, M. D., Sterling, Ky., writes: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past."

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain. I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Per-una For Kidney Trouble. Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes: "I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin. I bought only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time. I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. This must be acting all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance. Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.

Alcohol From Sawdust. Samples of alcohol made from sawdust have been sent to the Department of Agriculture from one of the big sawmills, where the work is being done on a commercial scale; that is to say, a distilling plant has been installed, which is turning out several barrels of alcohol daily, though no figures are available as to the actual cost of manufacture compared with wood alcohol or that from grain. The interesting point about the sawdust alcohol is that it is a wood alcohol, having none of the properties of that fluid, but is an ethyl alcohol that cannot be told from that made from grain. The difference is that the sawdust has been treated with an acid, transforming it into dextrose, and is then distilled in the regular way. If the work can be done at a profit, and the indications from the work of the company point to this being a fact, it will not only make a valuable by-product out of the sawdust that has heretofore been an intolerable nuisance to the sawmills, but it will open up a way to make alcohol profitable from straw, cane, cornstalks and almost any other vegetable refuse.—Kansas City Journal.

Why Alligators Are Scarce. Alligators are scarce and the children of the wealthy are largely responsible for it. The demand for young saurians has greatly increased since it has become a fad to carry them stuffed as playthings. It is not unusual on pleasant days to see children, accompanied by nurse maids, carrying a young alligator by the tail. The mouths of the creatures are wide open, and they are made as realistic as the art of the taxidermist can render them. Most of the stuffed pets are from a foot to 18 inches long; their appearance, especially when they are taken to the enclosure where real alligators bask in the sun, at first fills the beholder with wonder and dismay.—New York Times.

If You Read This It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchial, throat and lung disease except consumption accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Blood-root, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, Hinghamwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, D. O., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Holt, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that has any such professional endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is concentrated glyceric extract of native medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.