

**AN ASP AND DEADLY.**

AMERICA'S MOST DEADLY SNAKE IS THE PICHU-CUATE.

**It Is Found in the Southwest—Even Snake Charmers Are Afraid of It—A Tiny Thing, but It Kills Very Quickly—A Writer Tells of His First Meeting With One.**

The southwest is more liberally supplied with venomous things than any other area in the Union. In the burning deserts, in the inhabited but arid expanses of New Mexico and Arizona, the rattlesnake abounds, and in several varieties, including the strange and deadly "sidewinder," Crotalus carastus. The so-called tarantula—really only a gigantic bush spider, but none the less dangerous because of the misnomer—is decidedly common. Scorpions are none too rare in the southern portions of the territories, and in all parts centipeds of 7 to 8 inches long are frequent and neighborly. But the chief distinction of the region in this respect is the presence of the pichu-cuate, the deadliest snake in North America.

The pichu-cuate matches the worst serpent of India. Not only the most highly venomous, but the finest and most treacherous, he would be also the most dangerous—but, luckily, he is the rarest. He is the only true asp on this continent, and in the United States is never found outside of New Mexico and Arizona. That he was also known to the ancient Mexicans is apparent from his name—pichu-coatl, an Aztec word, which was brought up to our territory by the Spanish conquerors.

My first meeting with one was in Valencia county, N. M., in June, 1890, on the sandy flanks of the Cerro del Aire. I was out hunting jack rabbits, in company with some Indian friends, and had dismounted to stalk, leading my pet horse by the bridle. My eyes were on a small chaparral bush ahead, when suddenly Alazan snorted and reared backward so violently as almost to unhinge my arm. I looked about in surprise, for Alazan was too good a horse to mind trifles. As there was nothing to be seen, I started to pull him forward. Again he protested and with evident terror, and chancing to look at my very feet I understood his fear and felt very grateful that his senses were better than mine, for in another step I should have walked upon his head.

The only thing visible was a tiny object, not nearly so large as a good stag beetle—merely a head and perhaps an inch of neck. But it was the most frightful object in its kind that I had ever seen. The head, certainly neither so broad nor so long as my thumb nail, had a shape and an air of condensed malignity impossible to describe. It seemed the very essence of wickedness and hate, fairly bulging with deadly spite, and growing upon one until it looked several times its actual size. The ugly triangle (which is the distinguishing mark of all venomous snakes, being formed by the poison gland back of each eye) told me at once that Alazan was keeping up his reputation—never did he shy at a harmless snake—and the tiny horns, which added a peculiar and grotesque hideousness, left no doubt that this was a pichu-cuate. He had buried himself most to the head in the gray sand, against which his upper skin was barely distinguishable, and thus in ambush was waiting for something to turn up.

Turning Alazan loose, I knelt at the safe distance of a yard to study the little creature, which fairly swelled with murderous rage. It not only struck madly at the chaparral switch I thrust to it, but at last, evidently discerning that the blame lay back of the switch, actually followed it up, and with such agility that I had to jump up and back without loss of time. The idea of retreat never seemed to enter that flat head. Sometimes he would lie and puff out with impotent rage, throwing his mouth so wide open that it seemed the venom must start, and sometimes he glided toward me, his head an inch above the ground, with an attitude which seemed to say, "Stand still there, and we'll see who laughs."

At last I killed him. He was neither larger round nor longer than an ordinary lead pencil; a cold, leaden gray on the back, but underneath rosy as the mouth of a conch shell. The fangs were tiny, not much more than an eighth of an inch long, and as delicate as the finest needle. A wondrous mechanism, this mouth, with its two automatic needles, so infinitesimal, yet so perfectly competent. I opened the ugly little jaws wide, pressing upon the sides of the head, and when the recurring fangs had risen from their grooves in the roof of the mouth and stood tense a stream so inconceivably fine that the eye could barely note it spurted from each, and in the space of two or three inches melted into invisible spray. Yet that jet, finer than a cobweb strand, was enough to give swift death to the largest and strongest animal that walks.

When the hunt was over, I told my Indian chums of the pichu-cuate and asked them many questions. They all knew of the snake, though several had never seen one, and all agreed that it is extremely rare. The crotalus ranks among the Pueblo divinities, and their charmers have no difficulty with that steady going and respectable reptile. But even among these people, with whom the cult of the rattlesnake has such astounding features and where until recent years every Pueblo kept a sacred rattlesnake in a sacred room, with special priests to attend him, the villainous little sand viper is accursed. Even those who have "the power of the snake" can do nothing with him. He seems to be tamed even by the dropping upon his head of the mystic pollen of the corn blossom.—C. F. Lummis in New York Sun.

**SUBDUING WILD BEASTS.**

The Special Dangers of the Tamers of Lions and Tigers.

Now and then, for no reason that any one can find, a lion or a tiger that has been doing his duty regularly and well grows suddenly rebellious. He will no longer balance on the big ball, no longer stand unprotestingly on the seesaw board, no longer ride the horse or jump the hurdles. He comes out instead with a plain, pointed, leonine "no" for the whole programme and proceeds to get square with the game by tearing the life out of some trainer or groom. Apparently his pride and hate and revenge are all stirred up together against all surrounding conditions, and the people to whom he has been most obedient are the very ones he now desires most to kill. When tamers meet a violent death, it is often under one of these unforeseen and inexplicable outbursts of madness.

But there is another and perhaps subtler source of danger to tamers. Everything goes well for two or three years, and the tamer, proud of his success and swelling bank account, becomes overconfident. One day he gets a nip from a beast or a scratch from a tiger's claw. This will happen inevitably, unless the greatest watchfulness is employed, and without any vicious intention on the part of the wild beast. But the wound lingers on hand or arm, for wounds from a wild beast's claws or fangs, however trifling, are long in healing and very painful. The member swells to double its normal size. The wound tears open again and again, and months pass before the man is healed. The moral effect of such an experience is bad. Perhaps another bite or scratch is incurred before the old one is quite well, and after a number of such mishaps the tamer, though he will not admit it, perhaps even to himself, is apt to become afraid of his animals. Then he has recourse to stimulants to "steady his nerves" before going into the ring. But by this treatment his nerves are not steadied; rather they are the more shaken. And the more he drinks the more unfit he is to face the danger and the likelier to take some reckless step which will result in his serious injury or death, for it is undoubtedly a fact that tamers are not infrequently maimed for life, and even killed. Such a case was that of the tamer Heigenreich, who was torn to pieces some years ago while giving an exhibition in Russia. A large lion sprang upon him and literally tore his life out before the eyes of the spectators. Nothing could be done to save the man. Nothing can ever be done in such a case.

Perhaps the best safeguard against these dreadful accidents—a safeguard better than hot irons or revolvers—is a ready line of hose, with a strong pressure of water, which can be turned on at a moment's notice. It has been found that a lion struck by a powerful stream of water will drop his bleeding victim when prodding with iron hooks or similar measures will only make him hold on the tighter.

This is it absolutely fatal to the tamer to fall into any fear. As soon as he gets the idea that he is going to be killed he had better give up the work at once, or the chances are that he will be killed.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

**Her Lost Ring.**

There is a wife of 10 years' standing who is mourning her wedding ring, and it is all due to a fireman's gentle way of misleading her. The woman lived in Brooklyn, when her house caught fire one night, and she escaped with the youngest child, a sealskin sack and silk dress. That's all. Her older boy was in the lower story of the house when the fire broke out, with his nurse, and when the woman was taken into a neighboring residence a tender-hearted fireman followed and broke the news gently to her that this boy had been burned and lost in the flames. The mother was crazed with grief. She wore a diamond pin at her throat, a wedding ring and diamond engagement ring on her left hand, and on her right another diamond. In the first wave of delirium she rushed into the street, tore off the pin at her throat, tore off all her rings and tossed them away. The child wasn't burned, but the young woman never found her rings, and now she wishes the fireman had waited till he knew what he was talking about.—New York Advertiser.

**Searchlights For Canals.**

A handy little portable plant is being used on vessels navigating the Manchester ship canal at night. The apparatus is practically a duplicate of that employed for lighting vessels through the Suez canal. It comprises a small engine and dynamo combined, a searchlight projector of the Admiralty pattern, and a mast and lamp and reflector. The projector barrel is 20 inches in diameter, rolled out of steel sheet, all the mountings being of gun metal finished bright. The mirror is 20 inches in diameter, 10 inch focus, with a bayonet socket attachment to the barrel, so as to facilitate removal for cleaning, etc. The electrical connections are carried inside the projector, and an instrument similar to a camera is provided at one side of the projector for viewing the arc image thrown on ground glass.—Kansas City Times.

**Judged by Appearance.**

Sweitzer cheese is comparatively unknown in Ireland; hence the mistake of an Irish immigrant employed by a down town grocer. His first job was to go down the cellar to slice off 10 pounds of sweitzer cheese. He came running up the cellar and astonished his employer by saying the cheese was full of mice and roaches, and he knew what he stated was right, because he had seen the holes where they went in.—Philadelphia Call.

**THE MASS OF JUPITER.**

Indications That Its Surface Matter Is In a Gaseous State.

Taking the earth's mean distance from the sun at 92,796,950 miles, as given by Harkness, the mean distance of Jupiter from the sun will be 482,803,970 miles. The eccentricity of its elliptical orbit being 0.04825, its distance from the sun at perihelion is 459,507,760 miles and at aphelion 506,100,180 miles. Between its greatest and least distances, therefore, there is a difference of 46,592,420 miles, or about one-half the earth's mean distance from the sun. The inclination of Jupiter's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic being only 1 degree 18 minutes 41 seconds—or less than that of any of the other large planets, with the exception of Uranus—the planet never departs much from the ecliptic, and hence it was called by the ancients the "ecliptic planet." Its period of revolution round the sun is 11 years 314.9 days.

The inclination of its axis of rotation being nearly at right angles to the plane of its orbit, there are practically no seasons in this distant world, and the only variation in the heat and light at any point on its surface would be that due to the comparatively small variation in its distance from the sun referred to above. Its mean distance from the sun being 5.2025 times the earth's mean distance from the sun, it follows that the heat and light received by Jupiter are 27 times (5.2 squared) less than that the earth receives. The amount of heat received from the sun by this planet is very small, and were it constituted like the earth its surface should be perpetually covered by frost and snow. Far from this being the case, the telescope shows its atmosphere to be in a state of constant and wonderful change.

These extraordinary changes cannot possibly be due to the solar heat, and they have suggested the idea that the planet may perhaps be in a red-hot state, a miniature sun, in fact, glowing with inherent heat. The great brilliancy of its surface, the "albedo," as it is called, and its small density—less than that of the sun—are facts in favor of this hypothesis. As the attraction of Jupiter's enormous mass would render the materials near its center of much greater density than those near its surface, the latter must be considerably lighter than water and may possibly be in the gaseous state.—Gentleman's Magazine.

**Titles For Women.**

Until Oscar Wilde burst upon the world as the apostle of aestheticism the family to which he belonged had hardly been heard of in this country. Since then occasional paragraphs have appeared in the papers regarding relatives of the divine Oscar, and now attention has been called to his mother, Lady Wilde, because of a novel movement in which she has taken a leading part. This has for its object the securing for women of the same honorific distinction for women of the same character as those granted to members of the sterner sex. Lady Henry Somerset is also a leader in the movement, and the disinterestedness of these two ladies in this crusade seems to need no affirmation when it is remembered that each is already the possessor of a title. The advocates of the new idea declare that while a man may be made a baronet or a knight because of a notable deed done no such honor falls to the lot of women, and they urge that titular honors be conferred equally upon the sexes. When it is pointed out to them that Miss Burdett-Coutts was made a baroness by way of reward for her many public benefactions, the new crusaders retort that the case of the baroness merely proves the rule.—Exchange.

**In Prohibition Maine.**

A Journal reporter had a curious experience at a Franklin county hotel a few nights ago. He arrived at the place after a long stage trip in the night. Every one was asleep but the clerk, and he took the lamp and led the way up stairs. After trying vainly to get into one room and after much rattling of the keys in the lock he suddenly recollected that the new cook had been located there earlier in the evening. The door of the next room was securely locked, and there was no key. The proprietor was called from his slumbers, but he couldn't appear to locate the key. Then the clerk remembered a box of misfits, and after a series of experiments on the lock got the door open. As he bade us good night and wiped his perspiring brow he said apologetically: "I hope you will excuse me for keeping you waiting so long. But you see I tend bar here, and I'm so busy that I don't find much time to keep posted on the rooms."—Lewiston Journal.

**Convenient Fishing.**

In Yellowstone lake an expert angler can catch trout and boil it without taking the fish off the hook. Wild as the statement seems, it is absolutely correct, and I have done it myself more than once. There are in the lake several small basins containing boiling springs, although the water in the lake itself is almost icy cold. Trout abound in every part of the lake, and a man can be standing on the rocky ledge around one of the hot springs catch a trout with a line and transfer the fish, hook in mouth, to the hot spring behind him. It will die in a few seconds and be fairly well boiled in a half an hour. The number of anglers who have actually caught and boiled fish in this almost miraculous manner may not be very large, but there are at least 100 reliable citizens with whom I am acquainted who are prepared to make affidavit that they have done so.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Expensive Tastes.**

Father—Yes, I admit that your lover has a good income, but he has very expensive tastes, very.  
Daughter—You amaze me. What does he ever want that is so very expensive?  
Father—Well, you, for one thing.—New York Weekly.

During the most of the sixteenth century the English people called the Bible the Bibliotheca, or the library, this word being limited in its application to the Scriptural writings.

A bill is better resented, and an old chair is better resented, and that is the resemblance between them, although neither of 'em looks at all like the other.

The wine export of France is greatly overestimated. France imports 10 times as much wine as is exported.



**PRAISE, ONLY, FROM ALL WHO USE AYER'S Hair Vigor**

"Ayer's preparations are too well known to need any commendation from me; but I feel compelled to state, for the benefit of others, that six years ago, I lost nearly half of my hair, and what was left turned gray. After using Ayer's Hair Vigor several months, my hair began to grow again, and with the natural color restored. I recommend it to all my friends."—Mrs. E. FRANKHAUSER, box 305, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

**AYER'S Hair Vigor**

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

I wish to call the **ATTENTION** of the public to the fact that I have received my **Spring - and - Summer Suitings,**

and that the cloth is the latest and best. My prices are made to suit the times and my workmanship is guaranteed to be perfect.

Yours for honest dealing to all,  
**J. G. Froelich, the Tailor.**  
Reynoldsville, Pa.  
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

**NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.**

Pursuant to an Act of Assembly, I will attend at the following times and places to receive County and State Taxes for the year 1894, to-wit:

- Union township and Corcoran borough, Friday, June 1st, at the Glen Hotel.
- Clover township, Saturday, June 2d, at the store of Baxter in the afternoon.
- Summersville borough, Saturday, June 2, at the Commercial Hotel, in the forenoon.
- Warsaw township, West, Monday, June 4, at house of G. W. Richards, in forenoon.
- Polk township, Monday, June 4, at the house of Fulton Shoffner, in the afternoon.
- Heath township, Tuesday, June 5, at the house of William Paine, in the forenoon.
- Barnett Township, Tuesday, June 5, at the house of Henry Waters, in the afternoon.
- Eldred township, Wednesday, June 6, at the Jones Hotel in the forenoon, and at the store at Howe, in the afternoon.
- Knox township, Thursday, June 7, at McCracken store in the forenoon.
- Pinecreek township, Thursday, June 7, at the store of George Zeller in the afternoon.
- Warsaw township, East, Friday, June 8, at house of J. A. Fox, in the forenoon.
- Beaver township, Tuesday, June 12, at the store of B. C. Reltz, in the forenoon.
- Worthville borough, Tuesday, June 12, at the house of E. H. Geist, in the afternoon.
- Ringgold township, Wednesday, June 13, at the hotel in Ringgold, in the forenoon.
- Porter township, Wednesday, June 13, at the store at Porter in the afternoon.
- Perry Township, Thursday, June 14, at the store at Perryville, in the forenoon, in the afternoon at the store at Frostburg.
- Punxsutawney borough, Friday, June 15, at the Hotel Pantel.
- Young township, Saturday, June 16, at Hotel Pantel.
- Clayville borough, Monday June 18, at the office of W. W. Crissman, Esq.
- Bell township, Tuesday, June 19, at the house of Henry Brown, in the forenoon.
- Gaskill township, Tuesday, June 19, at the store of Porter in the afternoon.
- Big Run borough, Wednesday, June 20, at the McClure House.
- Henderson township, Thursday, June 21, at the house of Andrew Pifer, in the forenoon.
- McAlmont township, Thursday, June 21, at the house of Curt North, in the afternoon.
- Oliver township, Friday, June 22, at the store in Oliveburg, in forenoon, and at the hotel in Cool Spring, in the afternoon.
- Reynoldsville borough, Saturday, June 23, at Hotel Helmap.
- Winslow township, East, Monday, June 25, at the Hotel in Rathfrim, in the forenoon.
- West Winslow and West Reynoldsville, Monday, June 25, at the Ross House, in the afternoon.
- Washington township, Tuesday, June 26, at Rockdale, in the forenoon, and at the Washington Hotel, in the afternoon.
- Snyder township and Breckinwayville borough, Wednesday, June 27, at the Logan House.
- Brookville borough, Friday, June 28, at the Treasurer's Office.
- Rose Township, Saturday, June 30, at the Treasurer's office.

Parties paying taxes at the above times and places will save ten percent, as that amount will be added when placed in the hands of the collectors.

Mercantile Licenses will be collected at all places visited and all licenses remaining unpaid after the first of July, will be placed in the hands of the proper officers for collection.

**JOHN WATTE,**  
Treasurer's Office, County Treasurer,  
Brookville, Pa., May 7, 1894.

**Grocery Boomers**

**BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT.**

**FLOUR, Salt Meats, Smoked Meats, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES**

—AND ALL KINDS OF—

**Country Produce**

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO, AND CIGARS.

Everything in this line of **Fresh Groceries, Feed, Etc.**

Goods delivered free any place in town.

Call on us and get prices.

**W. C. Schultz & Son**

**Reynoldsville Bi-Chloride of Gold Institute!**

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SOLOMON SCHAFFER, President.

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"INHERENTLY IS A DISEASE, NOT A CRIME."

**Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure for Inebriety.**

the Morphine and the Tobacco Habits.

No suffering. All the comforts of a pleasant home. The most desperate cases of Inebriety and Morphineism permanently cured in four weeks. The price we will reduce from \$100 to \$50 for the next six months, owing to the reduction in wages and financial depression generally.

Less than 5 per cent. have relapsed of the more than 100,000 cases treated with the Gold Cure during the past twelve years. When a patient relapses, he does so deliberately, not through any craving or desire, but because he desires to live and not to die. For full particulars address the secretary. Correspondence confidential.

**Every Woman**

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.

**Dr. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS**

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoints. Sent anywhere by express, Post Medicine Co., Cleveland, O. Sold by H. Alex. Stokes, druggist.

**First National Bank**

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

CAPITAL \$50,000.00.

C. Mitchell, President  
Scott McElhenn, Vice Pres.  
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Directors:  
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Does a general banking business and collects the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, furnituremen and others, providing the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.  
First National Bank building, Nolan block.

**Fire Proof Vault.**

**Royal Phosphoric Coffee!**

**Why You Should Use It.**

**Because**

All that use one pound of it will use no other.

Physicians recommend it.

It changes a person's taste for something more delicious than ordinary coffee.

A trial proves it and it is cheaper than other coffee.

L. A. STILES,  
Sole Agent for County.

**CHEAPEST and BEST Goods!**

Ever brought to our town in

**Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!**

- Brandenberg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12c.
  - Dimity, 12c.
  - Turkey Red Damask, 37c.
  - Prints, 05
  - Ginghams, 05
  - China Silk, 25
- Better Goods than you can buy any place else.

The same Great Reduction in

**Men's and Children's Clothing!**

- Children's Suits, \$ .90
- " " " " 1.00
- " " " " 1.25
- " " " " 1.75
- " " " " .50
- Single Coats, .50
- Youths' Suits, \$3.25 to 8.50
- Men's Flannel Suits, 5.50
- " " " " 7.50
- " " " " \$6 to 9.50

A fine line of Men's Pants. Come and examine my goods before you purchase elsewhere.

**N. HANAU.**