

AN ANIMAL DEADLY.

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

It is Found in the Southwest—Even Snake Changers 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 cerastes*. 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 centipedes 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 tiniest 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 banks 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 chapparero 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 my death.

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 chapparero 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 charms 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 accused. Even those who have "the power of the snake" can do nothing with him. He seems to be hated even by the dropping upon his head of the mystic pollen of the corn blossom.—C. F. Lammit in New York Sun.

A Thorough Test.
A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

Children Cry for

SUMMER FEEDING LIVE STOCK.

Do Not Attempt to Fatten Animals in Hot Weather.

The secret of success with all live stock in summer is to keep them on a cooling diet. This is not the reason for fattening, and the owner that attempts to force cow, steer, hog, sheep or chicken into a fat condition during the hot weather is running the risk of losing the creature. It does not necessarily follow from this that the animal must be kept a standstill, for the old, oft repeated saying is true that the animals must be kept growing from the time they are born till they are led to the slaughter house. This is true, but there is a difference between growing and growing fat. All of the young animals should be growing rapidly this summer, but growing in size, bulk, strength, bone and sinew and not in fat. Too many breeders do not place sufficient emphasis upon the distinction between these terms.

Hogs fed on corn right through hot weather will be very apt to develop hog cholera. The diet is too heating and fattening for their systems in summer. Poultry fed on grain, corn and chopped meat daily and given little else will lay on such quantities of fat that they will quickly succumb to the effects of the heat. There is little danger of the sheep and cows suffering in this way, for they are turned generally in the grass fields and are compelled to pick up their living in this way. And, when you come to think of it, how very few summer diseases either the sheep or cows have! They are rarely sick, and it is seldom one loses either in hot weather. Their diseases come chiefly in winter, when they are exposed to inclement and severe weather. Now, is not this largely due to their cooling diet of green grass, leaves and vegetables? This keeps their blood cool and healthful, and their systems are not clogged up with undigested food.

The summer diet for all of the farm stock should be such as to make the animals grow and thrive well, but not to fatten them. The green grass, roots and vegetables are full of nutritious substances that will make the animals grow rapidly, and when a little grain is added to their daily ration they will lay on muscle and bone as well. Our grass diet cools and purifies the blood, and it cleanses the system so that stronger and healthier food can be digested with ease. A little grain should consequently be given in the summer to make bone and muscle, but the chief diet with the hogs and chickens should be green truck.

Horses can stand this diet, too, although those engaged in hard work need more grain than grass. Nevertheless our farm horses would be better off if they had a chance to eat more green truck and fodder in the summer. There is no better green fodder for a change than green cornstalks, and these should be planted every two weeks in the fields, so that a steady diet of them can be had right through the hot weather and well along in the autumn. The first season's growth of most of the stock is very important, and it will be made almost perfect if the animals are fed plenty of green food, with a small portion of meal, bran or grains.—E. P. Smith in American Cultivator.

Live Stock Points.
If you have no shade for your live stock during the hot weather, make some. In the pasture fields set a few temporary posts and cover them with branches and leaves of trees, evergreens and any others that come handy, or with straw or whatever will make a shade. It will be a mercy to your beasts that will return to you substantially. It is well to put the shade upon the poorest, thinnest spot of ground in the field. Rough boards upon the posts will secure good shade. You can move the posts and covering from one spot to another in the field, always selecting the poorest. In shadeless pastures plant trees and protect them from being nibbled and trodden. They will grow and soon make shelter.

After rye and barley have been harvested, plant rape for the sheep. Sow any time in July or August. It will make green food late in the fall.

A coarse stallion transmits a coarse formation to his descendants.

We thought it would come, the reaction against all this craze for style, and style alone, in horstlesh, to the lack of almost everything else that makes a horse worth anything. A writer in *The Breeder's Gazette* says it is "almost to be feared" that this demand for quality may influence judges to pay too much attention to animals whose chief merit is their style and bloodlike outline, neglecting the old fashioned type which made the reputation of the horse.

One of Director's colts, Director's Jug, combines in himself more fast trotting and pacing blood than any other stallion now living. He is a fine black, 15 1/2 hands high and weighs 1,000 pounds. He has a trotting record of 2:20 1/2.

The fashionable carriage horse of the period is like the fashionable person of the period—all show with neither speed nor bottom.

The summer the great grazing lands of the west are all taken up and put under private ownership the better. In some parts of the grazing domain yet left the sheep and cattle owners are having desperate and disgraceful encounters over the question which shall have the pasture?

Dark faced or Down sheep are, as a rule, more hardy than white faced nutron sheep.

San Francisco is going to hold a great horse show this coming fall. It will bring together an array of fine horses and beautiful women the like of which has never been seen anywhere.

Steel troughs and tanks for holding feed and water for live stock are coming into use and are very popular where they have been tried. Some foundry and machine companies make a specialty of the manufacture of these vessels.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

ACTOR IN DISGUISE.

Ubiquitous Tom Oehlirre Tells How He Mill on the Doss Things.

The arrival in Washington of Colonel Tom Oehlirre after four years' absence created something of a sensation this week at the capitol. Colonel Oehlirre is always entertaining and has many friends in Washington. He knows everybody, of course, and those that don't know him know of him. When he appeared on the floor of the house the other day, he received something like an ovation. All his acquaintances gathered around him, and the noise was so great that the speaker had to rap for order and suggest that those who occasioned the disorder should retire to the cloak-room. Members clustered around the redheaded ranger of the Rio Grande to congratulate him on the cut of his clothes, the looseness of his trousers, the added 20 pounds of weight which he had gained during his residence abroad and to listen to the latest stories which he brought from across the water about the nobility of London.

The colonel is a great admirer of the British aristocracy. He does not speak familiarly about any one of a lower degree in the peerage than an earl. The way he talks about his friend the duke of this and the duke of that is paralyzing. There is only one gentleman without title in London that Tom speaks enthusiastically about. He is the American named Astor, now running a Tory paper in the British metropolis.

"William Waldorf Astor," said the colonel as he cast his weather eye toward the ceiling, crossed his legs reflectively and waved his hand gracefully through the air, "is paralyzing London by the evidence which he gives of what American wealth and American high breeding can accomplish abroad. He is worth \$200,000,000 and would gladly have spent his income in New York had he been given half a show. He is an author and a gentleman. He was anxious to enter politics and presented himself for the suffrage of the people of Gotham as a candidate for congress. As they always do in New York when a gentleman runs for office, Mr. Astor was unceremoniously turned down. He therefore concluded to move temporarily at least to a more congenial climate and is now located in London. His methods have elicited admiration and amazement from that the greatest capital in the world.

"He wished to buy a home. 'What is the best house for sale in London?' asked Mr. Astor. 'Cliveden,' said the attorney. 'It belongs to the Duke of Westminster and can be had for \$6,000,000.' 'Buy it,' said Mr. Astor, 'and bring the deeds to me in half an hour, if possible.' 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the attorney, 'it will take several days to consummate the transaction.' 'Consummate it as quickly as possible,' retorted Mr. Astor, 'and if you have six or seven more houses just as good trot them out.'

"He got Cliveden and is now spending \$1,000,000 in fitting it up, and he is beating the dukes on their own ground. A few days after, Mr. Astor, who has literary tastes, inquired in a casual manner whether any first class paper was for sale. 'I want the best there is in the market,' said Mr. Astor, 'and I want it quick too.'

"The Pall Mall Gazette," said the attorney, 'can be purchased, but the price is enormous.' 'Never mind the price, but go and buy it for me.' The bargain was struck the same evening. The next morning Mr. Astor sent for several unemployed dukes, earls, marquises and viscounts, and offered them jobs as editors and reporters on his paper. They said their prices would be necessarily high, owing to their social positions.

"Expense cuts no figure with me," said Mr. Astor. 'My object is purely philanthropic one, which is to relieve the suffering and distress among the nobility of England.' His managing editor wears a coronet as he uses the blue pencil. His police reporter is a descendant of a family which came over with Billy the Conqueror. The society reporter, when off on his vacation, lives in a baronial castle in Yorkshire. No such staff is found on any other paper on the globe. When Mr. Astor gets up in the morning and rings for coffee and toast, his managing editor is waiting outside the door to receive orders for the day. A top of his bell summons three earls and a marquis. He tried to get a countess for the lady cashier of the business office and was much disappointed at failing to do so, but expects before the season is over to complete a transaction with a dowager duchess, who will lick postage stamps and add dignity to the down stairs department of the paper.

"It can naturally be supposed that Mr. Astor's lavish display of wealth and praiseworthy efforts to relieve distress among the nobility in London have brought him into great prominence. No one puts on any frills to him, I tell you. Americans are proud of a man who could buy out the royal family and yet is a simple citizen of the United States, holding up its banner and defending its democratic traditions.

"Mr. Astor did not like the hotel in London at which he was obliged to stop. He sent for his attorney. 'Where is the best site for a hotel in London?' asked Mr. Astor. 'The Thames embankment,' replied the attorney. 'Buy it,' said Mr. Astor. 'It is not for sale,' said the attorney. 'Anything is for sale,' said Mr. Astor, 'if the price is high enough.' The attorney worked for six weeks, but was unable to secure the entire Thames embankment. He did, however, purchase an acre of ground for \$4,000,000, and Mr. Astor would have put up a \$10,000,000 hotel if the times had not been so stringent and his income slightly reduced. Before long we may expect to see another Waldorf hotel in London of which William Waldorf Astor will be the owner."—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

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