

## HELD UP BY SNAKES.

AN ARMY ENGINEER'S EXCITING NIGHT IN THE NORTHWEST.

A Walking Stick That Had Nineteen Rattles—Roosting on a Bowlder and Surrounded by Wolves—A Buzzing Noise That Is Far From Musical.

"We reached the Wolf mountain, in the Big Horn country, one day in September," said H. P. Tuttle, formerly an army engineer, "while to the south were dimly visible the outlines of the Rattlesnake mountains. These names were given to these mountains by both the Crow and Sioux Indians, who regarded them with horror. Late on the afternoon of our first day in these mountains I sent all of my party to camp, about two miles to the southwest. Going forward with my transit to where I had sent my head flagman, I placed it in position and told him he could return to camp, as I had to remain in order to make an astronomical observation early in the evening.

"Taking off his belt, which held a huge revolver and a sheath knife about a foot in length, he handed it to me, saying that I might need it after dark, as he had just seen a small pack of wolves ahead. After he had gone I looked over the ground about me and saw that I was on a flat topped hill covered with large bowlders and small stones, but entirely destitute of vegetation. Seating myself beside a big bowlder, I took out my notebook and began writing up my notes for the day, when darkness suddenly reminded me that it was about time to make my astronomical observations. This was soon over, and I started off at a brisk walk toward our camp.

"I had not gone over a hundred yards when I saw, a few feet ahead of me, a long, black object lying directly in my path. I wanted a walking stick badly, and was stooping down to pick it up when I noticed the end of it farthest from me was white. Taking a match from my pocket and tearing a leaf from the back of my notebook, I soon had the desired light, and what was my horror to see that the supposed stick was nothing but one of the deadly green rattlesnakes, completely paralyzed by the oblique night air.

"Another light showed that the white object was the snake's rattles. So old was he that his rattles had turned white. Holding my revolver within a foot of his head, I fired and blew it entirely off. But now came another surprise, which for a moment made me tremble. The report of my revolver had awakened dozens of rattlers who had sought shelter under the loose rocks before sunset. The sounds came from all directions, and some seemed close to my feet.

"To one who has been in the forest and heard the noise made by hundreds of locusts he can readily realize my situation, for the buzz of a rattlesnake is exactly like the buzz of a locust. The only thing now for me to do was to stand in my tracks all night or make my way back to the bowlder from which I started, but there was a difficulty, for in the excitement I had forgotten the direction. But 'where there is a will there is a way,' and by stooping low down and scanning the horizon I soon detected the outline of my transit against the sky, and cutting off the rattles I was soon beside the bowlder and filled with excitement enough for one night.

"Sitting down by the bowlder, I made up my mind to pass the night at that spot and was soon sleeping as soundly as one can in the open air, with only a canvas coat and the mercury below freezing. About midnight I was suddenly aroused by something trying to pull off the shoe from my left foot. In an instant I caught the glaring eyes and outline of a wolf. He had given up his grip as he saw me move, and mechanically I seized my revolver, which I had left lying in my lap, and fired as best I could with my half frozen hand.

"A loud yell showed that he had been struck, and immediately a dozen or more wolves who had been close by set up a howling, which in the still night air could have been heard for miles around. For an hour or two all was quiet, when a solitary howl a few yards from me was answered by a dozen others not 100 yards away. It was too dark to see an animal of the size of a wolf more than 20 feet away; but, trusting to luck, I took the direction of the pack as near as possible and sent three shots at them as rapidly as I could fire.

"A couple of yells showed two had been hit, most probably by glancing bullets. Soon after this the howling of the wolves ceased, and for awhile all was quiet again.

"As soon as it was light enough I picked up the string of rattles which I had secured the night before and found there were 19, and as the 'button' was missing he may have had several more. A few rods from my transit lay the cleanly picked bones of a wolf which one of my random shots had killed during the night, and on which the coyotes had made a substantial meal, but, not satisfied with this, they had devoured the big rattler I had killed, head and all.

"Returning to camp, I ordered one of my men to cut ten small poles, not less than eight feet in length, and to wake me up at 10 o'clock. At that hour we all started for the place where I had passed the night. Here we found, as I had expected, the warm rays of the sun had brought out the snakes from their hiding places to bask in the sunshine.

"We were greeted with a defiance not unlike that of a thousand July locusts, and the work of destruction began in real earnest. In one hour and ten minutes our bag contained 213 rattlers, varying from one foot to over three feet in length, and of a dark green color. Only two were found whose rattles had turned gray. We could have destroyed hundreds more had our time not been too valuable to waste in such sport. We saw but few rattlers after leaving this point, but the wolves made night hideous until we reached the Little Missouri river, a month later."—Kansas City Journal.

## ECCENTRICITIES OF DICKENS.

His Dread of Railway Traveling—Strange Mirror Antics.

In some interesting "Recollections of Charles Dickens," in The Young Man, his eldest daughter tells how, after the railway accident which befell the novelist in 1865, he often suffered from a feeling of intense dread whenever he found himself in any kind of conveyance.

"One occasion," she says, "I specially recall. While we were on our way from London to our little country station Higham, where the carriage was to meet us, my father suddenly clutched the arms of the railway carriage seat, while his face grew ashy pale, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and though he tried to master the dread it was so strong that he had to leave the train at the next station. The accident had left its impression upon the memory, and it was destined never to be effaced."

Miss Dickens, when an invalid, was frequently carried into her father's study and lay quietly on the sofa watching the novelist at work. On these occasions she was sometimes witness of a curious proceeding in which the novelist indulged:

"Suddenly my father would jump from his chair and rush to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few minutes, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then, turning toward but evidently not seeing me, he began talking rapidly in a low tone. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time."

It was not till long afterward that Miss Dickens discovered that, with his natural intensity, her father had thrown himself into the character that he was creating, "and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the personality of his pen."

## CANALS OF THE FUTURE.

They Will Be Large Enough For The Handling of a Heavy Business.

The history of the struggle between canals of small dimensions and of railroads has been the same in all countries. The fight raged bitterly for a number of years, the canals acting on the defensive, although they had as allies the states under whose patronage they were built and operated. The result has been the same in all cases—the unconditional surrender of the canals to the railroads. This, however, is not so much the fault of the system as of their management. The railroads have great advantages over canals. They are better able to abridge distances both by reason of superior speed and of facilities for overcoming elevations, spanning streams, free from danger of destructive floods, and piercing through the highest mountains, but their great success is mainly due to the fact that they have kept pace with the progress of the world.

Waterways built from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century were regarded ample to meet the requirements of trade at the time they were constructed, and there was in many instances a progressive improvement in their dimensions and appurtenances. But while the industrial, agricultural and commercial developments of the world have advanced to proportions not dreamed of a century ago canals have remained stationary. They are now obsolete and can no longer fulfill the requirements of cheap transportation in competition with railroads. The canals of the future must have the dimensions and the facilities for rapid transport to adapt them to the new conditions of commerce. They must not be barge or boat canals, but ample waterways for the free passage of such ships as are now engaged in carrying the world's trade. Of such canals we have now some important types in successful operation, and others in process of construction or in completion.—Chautauquan.

## Eloquence Interrupted.

During a political campaign, a well known lawyer in a western state was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers. Like a wise speaker—and a shrewd candidate—he tried to suit his speech to the occasion.

In a tone which he evidently considered both cordial and honest, and with a winning smile, he began:

"My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I myself was born on a farm and was, so to speak, reared between two stalks of corn."

Here his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the trumpet tones of a farmer in the rear of the hall.

"Jimminy crickets!" he shouted, "if you ain't a pumpkin!"

The house "came down," and the candidate, for the moment, at least, was sadly embarrassed.—Youth's Companion.

## Rubinstein's Charity.

Rubinstein had probably traveled more than other any virtuoso. In his time he made many fortunes and gave them away to the poor in Russia. During the famine which raged among the Russian peasants a few years ago he journeyed to Vienna, Moscow and St. Petersburg to play for charity. The price of seats rose to unheard of figures, but every penny of the money went to the starving farmers. It is said that in the course of 28 years the sum which he thus disposed of amounted to \$250,000.

## How It Happened.

"I've turned highwayman," said the sofa.

"What!" exclaimed the chair.

"Yes; I held a couple up last night."—New Rochelle Life.

## THE POPE AND HIS WORK.

What He Has Accomplished of Unity and What Remains to Be Done.

If Leo XIII were 50 instead of 84, he might hope to change the face of Christendom. His zeal, his faith, his persistent pursuit of unity could hardly fail to leave their mark upon events. Even in the 10 years of his pontificate he has achieved more than it seemed possible for a pope to compass. He has made peace with the French republic and the Russian czar, and if he has not effected a reconciliation with the kingdom of Italy it is because he has satisfied himself that to do so would be premature and inexpedient. He has, in a large measure, the imagination without which no great object is ever attained. What to less hopeful souls seems like a dream is to him a present reality. He looks out over the world, and he is not in the least daunted by the weary spectacle that meets his gaze. He sees disunion and schism all around him, but he sets to work to bring unity out of confusion as cheerfully as though his object were already half attained.

His eyes are turned at one and at the same time on England, on the east and on the United States. To each in turn he holds out an invitation to come back to his fold; for each in turn he does his utmost to make reconciliation easier. If reunion were purely a question of temper, we should set the greatest possible store by his efforts. But though a soft answer may turn away wrath it is powerless to generate conviction. What stands between the pope and those whom he addresses is difference of belief. What to one is a self-evident truth is to the other a contradiction of history. The conception of church authority which underlies the papal apostasy is radically different from that which commends itself to the Orthodox east, to the Anglican, to the Protestant. The pope hardly understands, however, that before any of these can come as supplants to his feet they must be sure of something more than a kindly welcome. They must have undergone an intellectual conversion. They must have been convinced by papal arguments, not merely conciliated by papal kindness.—London Spectator.

## ONLY A "PROPERTY."

Yet It Was the Most Terrible Figure in the Lexow Investigation.

The scene in the courtroom at the final session of the Lexow committee after adjournment had been announced is thus described by the New York World:

Presently there was a rush of handshakes for the weary arm of Mr. Goff. Then everybody moved for the door. One by one the actors made their exit. The senators were among the first. Among them it was: "Goodby, Jake!" "So long, Saxton, old man!" "I'll see you directly, Clarence!" "Take care of yourself, Uncle Dan!" And soon all of the great figures were gone, except Byrnes. He pulled his hat over his eyes and stood about, made a few steps, lingered, hesitated, glanced around and at last slipped out among the last to leave the room.

But there was one figure that remained, staid in after the last person had left, after the lights were out. This figure was, in one sense, only a "property," but in another sense it was a terrible personality, one upon which all men who came into that room have cast looks of awe and some men looks of terror. That figure was the witness chair, with its inclosing arms and its high back. It looked less harmless and was far more terrible than those iron chairs of the medieval torture rooms.

Senator Bradley had made a motion. It was to the effect that the committee should ask the city of New York for the chair in which the Lexow witnesses sat and should make a present of it to Dr. Parkhurst.

Mr. Goff announced that he had already applied for the chair, and that if he got it he was going to give it to Dr. Parkhurst.

An Echo of the Battle of Pea Ridge. William Jones, an old and well known citizen of Delano, Madison county, Ark., had a rather exciting adventure on the morning of Dec. 4. He, with his son, William, had been making a tour of five or six counties east of this in a two horse wagon, and on their return they camped for the night on Pea Ridge battlefield. On arising in the morning they made a big log fire and were waiting for their breakfast when a tremendous explosion took place. A chunk of wood struck the old gentleman on the head, knocking him down, while at the same instant a larger stick from the campfire struck the younger man on the shoulders. Daylight revealed a hole 6 or 8 inches deep, where a 10 or 12 pound parrot shell had been reposing underground ever since the battle fought March 7 and 8, 1862, nearly 33 years ago. With the exception of a dent in the tire of the wagon and a broken felly no further damage was done, and after catching the horses that had run away the old gentleman gathered up a few pieces of the shell for mementoes and proceeded on his journey.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Vigorous Swordfish.

The Norwegian bark Lorenzo, which recently arrived at Pensacola, Fla., had a sample of the strength of a swordfish. Through the metal sheathing of her hull, then through six inches of planking and penetrating the inner ceiling about three inches the fish had driven its snout, or "sword," the result being a leak which kept the crew at the pumps for six hours a day. The sword was about 2 1/2 inches in circumference at the point and 5 inches at the end where it had broken off, the piece being about 20 inches long.

## A Monument of Bankruptcy.

The great tower at Wembley park, north of London, which is intended to be much higher than the Eiffel tower, promises to become a monument of bankruptcy. The company has spent \$500,000, and the first platform has not yet been reached.

## Farms for Sale.

I have several farms, both cultivated and uncultivated, for sale in tracts of 40 acres and upwards. These lands are adapted to fruit, vegetable and sheep culture. Will be sold very cheap and on reasonable terms. Anyone desiring to purchase such lands will do well to call on or address

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Little Elk, Oregon.

## Notice.

All parties are hereby warned not to hunt on my tideland near Toledo, under penalty of the law.

THOS. HORNING.

## Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, December 18, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Lincoln county, at Toledo, Oregon, on February 9, 1895, viz:

Angeline Dobson, H. E. No. 11,264, for the southeast 1/4 of southwest 1/4 of section 14, northeast 1/4 of section 7, township 13 south, range 10 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. O'Connor, J. C. Barnes, J. A. Upton and H. Phillips, all of Waldport, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

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J. C. Barnes, H. E. No. 11,264, for the lots 11, 12 and 13, section 8, and southeast 1/4 of northeast 1/4, section 7, township 13 south, range 10 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. A. Upton, W. Holson, J. O'Connor and H. Phillips, all of Waldport, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

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