

The Daily Astorian

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ASTORIA, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1885.

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Notice of Assignment.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL whom it may concern that the undersigned has been appointed assignee of the estate of M. D. Kant, an insolvent; and all persons having claims against said insolvent, are requested to present the same to the assignee properly verified at his office at P. A. Stokes & Co., in the city of Astoria, Clatsop county, state of Oregon, within three months from this date.

PHILIP A. STOKES,
Astoria, September 2, 1885.

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Notice.
THE TAX LIST AND ASSESSMENT roll of school district No. 1, Astoria, Clatsop county, Oregon, is now in my hands for collection, and will remain with me for sixty days from date, after which time said taxes will be delinquent. Parties interested please take notice.

J. G. HUSTLER,
Clerk Dist. No. 1,
Astoria, August 12th, 1885.

Notice of Administratrix.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned was on the 22nd day of September 1885 appointed administratrix of the estate of O. D. Young, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, verified as by law required, to me at my residence on John Day's River in Clatsop county, Oregon, within six months from this date.

LUCY C. YOUNG,
Administratrix.
Astoria, Oregon, September 29, 1885.

PANTHER RATTLESNAKE.

And a Lone Fisherman Have a Very Lively Time of it.

Three men sat on a settee in one corner of the barroom of the Miners' Arms, in Front street, last evening, with heads close together, smoking short brier-wood pipes and talking in a slow way, as if they had to stop and throw their weight on it before getting a word longer than one syllable spoken. They were dressed in corduroy trousers, tucked into the tops of their boots, and short thick coats. They were going over their experiences in the Rocky Mountain regions, the hotel being a resort for old-country miners on their way East and West. Finally one of the group named Andrew McDonald straightened up and said, in a louder voice than he had hitherto used: "You may talk about sea serpents, but my pards had an adventure with a rattler last spring that knocks out any yarn you ever heard."

Half a dozen loungers and a reporter gathered around the miner while he continued: "His name was Herman Fish, and he came from western Ohio. We called him Heme for short. He could do two things better than any man I ever saw. One was to fish and the other was to handle a blacksnake whip. I reckon most of you know what a blacksnake whip is. Heme could pick a fly from the ear of the off mule of a four-in-hand, and never let the mule know a whip was anywhere about."

"Last spring he and I got on a spree in St. Louis, and when we shook ourselves together again we found ourselves in a town called Paola, Kansas. As Heme's head began to shrink, he took a notion that he should go away from there by the overland route, and so we went down to Fort Scott and joined the caravan that was bound for New Mexico across the Staked Plains."

"A caravan across the Staked Plains from Fort Scott last spring," the bartender remarked with some emphasis. "Yes," said McDonald, as though irritated. "We had followed the procession about two weeks, when one evening we camped on one of the northerly branches of the Red River of the South in a bit of timber. Without waiting a minute Heme drew a fish line and pole from his hooks under the canvas of our prairie schooner and started down the creek for a mess of fish. Somehow he didn't seem to have his usual luck. The sun was just sinking, and Heme walked on from pool to pool, now and then dropping his line in without success till he was about half a mile down stream. There in an open space, where the grass was short but the woods thick, a few rods away he found a big dead tree that had fallen into the creek and washed around with the top down stream. Just below this the water was deep and still, and as his hook sank into the water he felt the first blood-stirring tug of the evening. It was a catfish. Not very exciting sport, you will say to catch a bull head, but then the catfish of them is never to be despised. For fifteen minutes Heme was so busy that he did not notice the flight of time, but just as he felt a tug on his line for the eighth time, he became aware that something was about to happen that he had not anticipated. He said afterward that he felt just as a man does who wakes up at midnight to find himself bolt upright in bed, hearing nothing and wondering what was the matter. The feeling was so strong that instead of landing the fish he looked slowly around. Not five feet away to his left was a big panther, arching its back and rubbing the sides of its head along the grass and smiling at him, almost as if it lashed its tail from side to side. It was playing with him cat fashion. Meantime the catfish had swallowed the hook and was tugging away so hard that, in spite of his scare, which made his brood brimmed hat tremble, he turned to look at the line and the bobbing cork which he always fished wild. From the agitated water about the cork his eye fell on a six-foot rattler that was making its way over the edge of the bank of the creek from the old dead log, and was headed directly for him. From the snake he looked to the cowering panther, and then back to the ugly reptile, afraid to strike with his pole lest the panther should spring on him, and afraid to stand still lest the snake should attack him as soon as it was near enough. Somehow the movements of the panther, as it trotted about, rolled over, or jumped stiff-legged into the air, proved a stronger attraction, and for a minute he watched it attentively, until the fish gave a final effort to free itself from the hook. The panther was walking away as if to leave its victim in peace, when Heme looked around and saw the snake was passing him, headed for the timber. Then the inspiration came which saved his life. He had the pole in his left hand. Stopping over he caught the reptile by the tail. Quick as this was done the panther saw the motion, and turning about settled for a spring as Heme whirled the snake easily but rapidly over his head. The panther was too late. Heme's skill with the whip enabled him to drop the rattler comfortably about the panther's neck, and the next instant buried its fangs in the beast's tongue that showed through its half open mouth.

"Then Heme got really frightened, and with a yell, he plunged into the creek, and floundering across, ran breathlessly up stream to the camp. When he had managed to gasp out his story, the whole camp roared with laughter at the comical figure and at what seemed to be about the most unlikely yarn they had ever heard."

"See here, Mark, who primed you to tell that?" said the bartender wiping his hands on his partly white apron. "Primed be ——" said the story teller. "It's true. I've got the snake's rattle, and I'll show it to you."

He took a solid-looking valise from behind the bar, and, while fumbling for his key, said: "It took us about ten minutes to reach the spot where Heme had been fishing. The panther was still alive, but he was on his last legs. The snake was in two pieces, the panther having chewed its head off after he was bitten. I cut the rattle off, and here it is."

There were twelve of the rattles, besides the button on the end. The snake was thirteen years of age. The bartender walked behind the bar and passed down a big cut-glass bottle, and placed a yellowish fluid. As he placed a number of little smooth round tumblers beside it he said: "Help yourselves, boys. I give it up. The rattles prove it."

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the "Arabian Nights" of half their charm. The husband at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel, or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family to pass hours between dinner and bedtime, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath, because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful, or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abundantly; and it is enough to have endured the inflictions of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance. But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worthy the cultivation of those (especially those who live in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found in the domestic circle. There were fewer books, few means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winter nights outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinnet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The cat, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the metempsychosis than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.

Wasn't Posted.
The editor of the Deadwood Roarer attended church for the first time last Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted to the telegraph editor: "What in the blanked blazes are you fellows doing? How about this news from the seat of war?" "What news?" "Why all this about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red sea. Why, the gospel sharp up at the church was telling about it just now, and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle round, you fellows, and get the facts, or the Soap Slat will get a beat on us. Look spy there, and run an extra edition, if necessary, while I put on the bulletin board, 'Great English Victory in the Soudan!'"

Mr. Mullins, of the firm of Blackwell & Mullins, artists and modelers, Salem, Columbia County, Ohio, while at the World's Fair, New Orleans, was seized with a severe attack of quinsy. He used St. Jacobs Oil and he writes, that it effected a wonderful cure.

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