

THE CASCADE SNAKES.

THE MAN WHO WAS SOAKING
OUT HIS SYSTEM.

Filled the Butt of the Tree With Venom
Until it Swelled and Split—Nature Rescued
Him From a Perilous Situation—The Re-
collection Drives him to Drink.

A rather rapid young man who gave his name as Antoine Jondray, and who said he was a descendant of a Frenchman who was present when gold was discovered at Sutters mill, and who many years ago settled somewhere along the Yamima river was making himself very numerous and conspicuous about the north end of town yesterday. He said he had returned from the Klondike region several weeks ago and had been most of the time since at a hot spring in the Cascade mountains, endeavouring to soak and sluice the hoochenoo out of his system, and having succeeded in accomplishing this, he had found that he still was not happy, and was now on the back track, endeavouring to supersaturate himself with alcoholic stimulants again. He could not find any hoochenoo in the city, and despaired of ever being able to get enough of the kind of whiskey sold in most saloons into him to restore his mental equilibrium, and so had taken to making the rounds of all the dives he could find, in hope to come across something more potent, something more like the favourite Ataska tippie he had been accustomed to. Late in the afternoon he struck a "blend" which seemed to suit him, and was in high good humor, and favored a circle of friends with a most remarkable snake story, as an anecdote of his stay in the Cascades.

The spring he visited is on Beaver creek and he lodged with a settler near by. This settler said there were no rattlesnakes in Beaver creek but there was plenty of them a few miles away in a rocky gorge on Elk creek, a branch of Beaver creek. One day the visitor took a notion to go fishing up Elk creek, about four miles, without seeing a snake of any kind. He had filled his basket with fish and was unjoining his rod to go back home, when he noticed a narrow canyon a little further on and thinking this might be the place his friend had spoken of he decided to go a little farther and see if he could find any snakes.

As soon as he got fairly into the canyon the steep slope which formed the bank of the creek was covered with loose stones, mingled with huge boulders and he had gone only a short distance when he found a number of large, vicious-looking rattlers, sunning themselves on the rocks. Picking up a dead limb of a tree, he proceeded to kill several of the largest snakes, with the intention of securing their rattlers as curios. Just as he had cut the rattlers off one big fellow, he heard a loud warning rattle a little above him, and, looking up, he saw a monstrous snake on a flat rock at the mouth of a sort of low cave. This snake was evidently sort of a sentinel or guard, and at the loud whirring of his rattles an army of snakes poured forth from the cave and crevices of the rocks and all made for Mr. Jondray.

The sight of this host of snakes moving down on him convinced him that his only chance for escape lay in flight, and he started at the top of his speed for a large boulder a few rods distant. He could see snakes coming from all directions, and, glancing over his shoulder, saw that the main army was rapidly overhauling him, and that unless he could at once bound reach a piece of safety on the boulder he was a goner. The rock looked, as if it would be difficult to get on top of, and as there was a not very large chittim wood tree close by if he dropped his basket of fish and rod, and, with a great effort jumped and grasped the lower branches of this tree and drew himself up into it. There he imagined he was safe, and, having recovered his breath, he lighted a cigar and watched the snakes, and wondered how he was to get out of the scrape.

The snakes swarmed around the tree and attacked his basket, many of them striking their fangs viciously into it, and finally the cover fell open and the snake began swallowing his fish.

This however, only occupied the attention of a few of them. Hundreds of others swarmed about the tree many tried to climb it, but the butt was too large to allow of this. Finally a number of them attacked the tree, sticking their fangs into it until they broke them off, when they would retire to give others a chance, while all around scores of others lay on the rocks with heads raised and their mouths wide open, as if they expected Mr. Jondray to fall into their jaws.

Things were beginning to look interesting for the prisoner in the tree. He began to feel nervous and scared, and a sort of horrible, musky aroma which rose from the enraged reptiles made him deathly sick. He shouted for help, but no response came, and it was evident that he must play the game out. Presently he noticed that the butt of the tree was swelling from the ef-

fects of the venom which had been injected into it from the fangs of the rattlers, and the swelling kept increasing rapidly till it extended to the branches. Soon the trunk burst open, with a report like that of a rifle, and then the limbs began to split, and he saw that in a short time his refuge would be nothing but a mess of kindling wood. He concluded that his only safety lay in reaching the top of the boulder nearby, and, getting himself in position to make a leap for life, he launched himself into the air, and, by great good luck landed safely on the top of the boulder. Here the snakes could not reach him, and he sat in safety and watched the tree till it lay in fragments on the rocks. One of the limbs rested against the side of the boulder, and several of the snakes tried to climb it, but it kept splitting and their weight pulled it down.

The snakes still swarmed around and appeared to be more enraged than at the start, and Mr. Jondray had about made up his mind that he would have to spend the night on the rock, and perhaps the brief remainder of his existence, when a thunder-storm came up. The black clouds shut the light of day out of the gorge, the lightning flashed from crag to crag, and lambent flames played over the surface of the rocks, which were evidently largely composed of iron, producing a lurid glare, in which hundreds of snakes could be seen gazing venomously at their intended victim on the rock, to whom the scene appeared like one of Dante's least enticing hells. Then the rain came down in torrents and the snakes never budged. Thunder, lightning, and rain had no terrors for them when their dander was up.

After the storm had raged for an hour or so, and night was approaching, a chilly breeze came down from the summit of the mountains and the rain changed to hail. The hailstones were as large as goose eggs and Mr. Jondray gave himself up for lost. His hat was torn to fragments in a moment and he was nearly stunned before he could get his coat turned over his head, which saved his life. In a few minutes the rocks were covered with hail, and all the snakes which had not retreated among the crevices of the rocks were apparently dead. Mr. Jondray watched them for a few minutes after the hail stopped, and not seeing one of them wiggle, he slid down from his boulder and got out of that canyon as fast as his legs could carry him. He reached home just as night was falling, and next morning started for Portland. He had no more use for hot springs as his experience on that boulder sweated all the whiskey out of him, and he says he will never have it all sweated out of him again as long as he lives, if he can help it.

A Blighted Philanthropist.

Its two little brothers, its small sister and its youthful cousin had taken the baby to Lincoln Park for an outing. The baby set on the grass near a bench and cooed with pleasure, while its relatives took turns in watching it.

Meanwhile the three who were off duty played cross tag on the turf a little distance off.

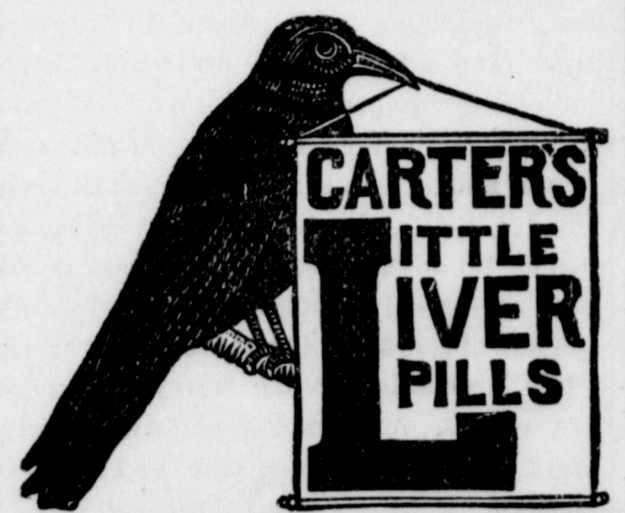
On the bench behind the baby sat an old gentleman with white hair and a long white beard. He looked the personification of benevolence.

It was the little cousin's turn to watch the baby. He was a small boy, with bare feet and bright black eyes.

The game of tag had been exciting and he had left it with evident reluctance. But the elder sister, who was captain of the guard, had commanded and he had obeyed. He was watching the other children now with eagerness in his eyes.

The old gentleman, who had nothing to do but sit on the bench in the sun, saw that the small boy was a martyr to duty and all his philanthropic feeling was roused.

He remembered his own boyhood and thought how grateful he would have been



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Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the
Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum. "When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. "After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

i, when he was busy about some unwelcome task, some older person had volunteered to take his place. He determined to watch the baby himself and he anticipated with pleasure the look of gratitude which would light up the boy's face when he told him to go and play tag with his friends.

"Come here, little boy," said the old gentleman.

The boy came, standing with one great toe boring a hole in the gravel.

"Run along and play with the other children," said the old gentleman. "I will take care of the baby while you are gone."

A quick change came on the boy's face, but it was not the look the old gentleman had anticipated.

"Say," said the small boy, "you must think I don't read the newspapers. You must think I never seen about Charley Ross, Baby Clarke and that Lapiner kid. Say, you can't work me just because your whiskers are white. I'm watchin' this baby, and you don't get no chance to kidnap her neither!"

The old gentleman, with a pained look on his face, rose from the bench and started from home. He was reflecting sadly on how things have changed since he was a boy.

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

Uneven Shoulders, Arms, Legs and Hips are Numerous.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have, rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas the tailor wants him as the portrait painter wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude, the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure, as they will be actually worn.

The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is bigger than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to take note of such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry. Sometimes, and this is commonly done in cases of more pronounced difference, symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect.

A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is some times much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the leg as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground, while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes

up the trousers more and thus gradually gradually raises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waistcoat off to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs.

It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths.

The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development and perfect symmetry of proportions, in which respect man is like all things in nature, like horses for instance, and trees: but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.

INSOLENCE CHASTISED.

An Incident Which Illustrates the Arrogance of Austrian Officers.

It is to be hoped that an incident which has just occurred at Komorn, in Hungary, may at length lead to the adoption by the authorities of some adequate measure for the protection of civilians from dangerous manifestations of that overweening arrogance which is but too frequent a characteristic of young officers in this country as well as in Germany, says a Vienna correspondent of the London Times. As the latest victim is a man of title and the son of an Hungarian State official of high rank, Baron Fiath, the Obergespan or lord lieutenant of the Stuhlweissenburg Comitat, it is not improbable that, at least in this particular instance, the result of the inquiry instituted by the military authorities may be somewhat more satisfactory than it has been in previous cases, when only members of the middle and lower classes were concerned.

While on his way to Vienna with his father, Baron Nicholas Fiath, a young man of 20, took advantage of the few minutes' stay made by the train at Komorn to go into the restaurant to buy cigarettes. There an officer, one or two who sat at a table with a number of women, said to him: "Remove your hat, or I will knock it off your head." Baron Fiath replied that he was in a public place, in which it was not customary to uncover. The officer then carried out his threat and the Baron retorted by administering a vigorous cuff on the ear, which made his assailant stagger. Thereupon the second officer drew his sword and attacked Baron Fiath. The latter, more fortunate than other civilians in similar circumstances, succeeded in defending himself with a chair, and made his way back to the railway carriage. He afterward returned to the restaurant, accompanied by his father, when cards were exchanged as a preliminary to two duels, which were fought yesterday evening with sabres. It is a source of legitimate satisfaction to know that Baron Fiath escaped unharmed, while one of his aggressors was rather severely wounded. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of these encounters is that, as in the present instance, an officer should consider it consistent with his honor as a soldier to draw his sword upon an unarmed citizen.

SMILELESS WOMEN.

Nervousness, Indigestion and General Debility Have Driven Away the Sunshine, but South American Nerve Brings Back the Heart Gladness.

Mrs. D. A. Grey, of Waterford, says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and general debility, and many times was unable to attend to my household duties. I was treated by all the doctors in the town and got no permanent relief. I read of a cure by South American Nerve which seemed to exactly fit my case. I procured one bottle and got great relief, and six bottles cured me absolutely. It certainly has not an equal." Sold by E. C. Brown.

With Tragic Emphasis.

Some people can hold a conversation in pantomime, and some cannot. Of the latter class is an army nurse, recently returned from Cuba, who, says the Washington Post, vows that she will never again go to a country whose language she does not understand.

It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow, and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked.

The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Cuban's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst.

In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life and death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death. She led the Cuban woman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

"She says," he whispered, feebly, she says the stripes in your pink shirt-waist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."

FLASHES
OF FUN.

"What is silent influence?" "Cutting down a man's salary instead of asking him to resign."

"She says her husband talks when he's asleep."

"I think that must be a mistake. He talks when she's asleep."

"Was your daughter popular at the summer resorts, Mrs. Whopper?"

"Popular? She had to make a card catalogue of her marriage proposals."

"Sergeant Skinner is a student of Dante."

"What makes you think so?"

"He tacked a card over the door of the last opium joint the police raided that bore this line: 'Abandon dope all ye that enter here.'"

"Martha, I think we will save money by buying an ice-chest."

"Why, Jonas?"

"I notice that every time you cool a watermelon in Smith's ice-chest you give them half."

Watts—It seems funny to read of applicants for military service in China being examined in stone slinging.

Potts—Well, they get into the civil service here often on account of proficiency in mud slinging.

"A man who officiates as judge should be perfectly fair minded, shouldn't he?" said a distinguished looking man at Rennes.

"Of course."

"Well, we've got to quit letting in so much evidence for the defence. The first thing I know I'll find myself getting prejudiced in the prisoner's favor."

"I," said the gruff old merchant to the young man who wanted to go away for a week, "have worked here for 22 years without a vacation."

"Yes, I know it. That's why I want to get away. But for the horrible example you present I might be willing to work on and on without a—"

Let it suffice to say that he got his vacation.

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Functions is Dr. Von Stan's
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Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets are the most important advance for the prevention and cure of sickness in the last thousand years. A good digestion is the basis of health, and all may have it by the faithful use of these marvellous tablets. Box of 60 Tablets 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Truth Above All Things.

The person who goes against his own interest by the rigidity of his devotion to truth sometimes finds that he has served his interest in that very way. An English paper tells this story:

A boy once applied at a store for work.

"We don't like lazy boys here," said the manager. "Are you fond of work?"

"No, sir," responded the boy, looking the other straight in the face.

"Oh, you're not, are you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"There aint any," said the boy, decidedly.

"Oh, yes, there are. We have had over half a dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."

"How do you know they are?" asked the boy.

"They told me so."

"So could I, but I'm not a liar."

And the lad said it with such an air of convincing energy that he was engaged at once.

An Extreme Case.

"I think my uncle Jerry," said Aunt Mehitabel, "was the contrariest man I ever see. I remember of his pickin' up a hot p'tater once when he was eatin' dinner, and there wasn't no company at the house, nuther. An' what do yoc s'pose he done with it?"

"Threw it at somebody?" conjectured one of the listeners.

"No. He held it in his hand till it blistered him."

"What did he do that for?"

"'Cause anybody else would 'a' dropped it."



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