

RATTLER CAVE IN MONTANA

People of Neighborhood Kill 250 Snakes in Their Efforts at Extermination.

A posse of extermination was organized and at least 250 rattlesnakes of all sizes were killed in Rattlesnake Gulch near Three Forks, yesterday.

The source of the hundreds of the reptiles, from which the gulch takes its name, was found in the shape of a small cave, discovered by accident by Amos Smith. Mr. Smith notified his friends in Three Forks and nearly a hundred men and boys proceeded to the scene armed with all variety of weapons.

For three hours the battle raged and at its close 250 rattlers were counted strewn on the ground, and not a man had been bitten. The reptiles were slightly dormant, owing to the coolness, but when aroused would sally forth from the cave. Clubs, shovels and rifles were used in the slaughter. When no more snakes emerged from the cave a repeating shotgun was discharged into it and about fifty more were dragged forth.

Some of the specimens killed measured more than three feet long, while others were only a few inches in length. Some of the larger ones will be stuffed and placed on exhibition. For years the farmers in the neighborhood have been bothered by the great number of rattlesnakes. The gulch of that name was literally alive with them. The den discovered by Mr. Smith is on the People's ranch. After clearing out this den it was decided to continue the crusade and there are a number of men and boys scouring the community for more snakes—Bozeman correspondence Anconda Standard.

LIGHTS UP DARK PLACES

New Illuminating Pistol Has Advantages Over Searchlight for Night Attacks.

During the recent extended maneuvers of the German army there were many night attacks in which use was made of the newly introduced illuminating pistols.

According to the new regulations, these are to be employed wherever the configuration of the land makes their use preferable to that of the ordinary searchlight. The machinery necessary for the use of the latter device is very inconvenient, and especially in rolling and otherwise difficult country, where the main maneuvers take place, it cannot be used to advantage. The illuminating pistols have not this disadvantage, as they are easily transported.

Further, the searchlight is useless in valleys and deepening plains, as their rays shoot over these and leave them apparently in still deeper shadow. For this reason, such valleys serve as excellent covers at night against the searchlights. The illuminating pistols have done away with this advantage of shelter, as the cartridges which they throw light up the deepest and darkest gullies.

There are two different sorts of cartridges, producing respectively white and red light. The white ones serve for signaling purposes between widely separated commands or divisions, even where the distance between them is several kilometers. The illuminating cartridges develop a light that makes everything within 200 meters (650 feet) visible, and lasts eight to ten seconds.—Scientific American.

Substitute for the Potato.

The scarcity of the Irish potato in the United States calls attention to its Asiatic substitute, the dasheen. For all practical purposes, the dasheen, which is seldom larger than a hen's egg, though more prolific than the potato, may be regarded as a species of Irish potato. For ages this tuber in various forms has been cultivated in Japan and China. Planted in the spring, it is gathered six months later and flourishes best in lands like those of our southern states upon the gulf. The United States government has been conducting experiments in South Carolina, with the new tuber, and our agents report that it yields from twelve to fifteen tons to the acre, while its edible protein averages 86 per cent. of the whole root, as against the 80 per cent. of the potato. It is not improbable that the next few years will see the cultivation of the new tuber in this country to a large extent, especially throughout the south.

Prevent Flirting.

Dr. Robert C. Fall, an oculist, has another new explanation for the popularity of the large library spectacles now worn by a great many men.

"Primarily they appeal to men because of the comfort and the real rest they give the eyes," said Dr. Fall, but it remained for a young married woman to give another reason.

"I'm glad John wears those big glasses," she said to a friend, "even though they look ugly as sin. Don't you know, there isn't a woman in the world who would flirt with a man wearing them?"

Bure Thing.

Sparkle—Your sister is wearing one of Miss Pinkie's rings. I wish you'd get it for me. I want to take the measure. Going to buy an engagement ring, you know.

Barkie—Eb? Haa Miss Pinkie accepted you?

Sparkie—She will, when I propose. Last night she asked me how I liked her mother?—New York Weekly.

IRISHMAN'S WORK IN CHINA

Late Sir Robert Hart Served Celestial Empire for Forty-Nine Years.

Irishmen have made careers for themselves in the most unlikely quarters throughout the whole period of modern history. While the distinction won by Irish noblemen in the service of Spain and France and the exploits of the Irish Brigade, who turned the day at the decisive battle of Fontenoy, are familiar to the world, and Irish names are found prominent among the soldiers and sea fighters and statesmen of the South American countries, it is not so well known that they have played their part in Russia and in eastern lands. Peter Lacy was a trusted lieutenant of Peter the Great and employed by him in constructing and training the Russian army. Some of the highest nobility in Russia today are of Irish descent, though their names are so Russified as to give no hint of their origin.

This capacity of the Irishman for winning success in a foreign land received another notable illustration in the case of Sir Robert Hart, who died after serving China for forty-nine years. This keen little man had wonderful constructive ability. It might be objected that his family had been settled in Ireland for only a couple of hundred years. His ancestor was a Captain De Hardt, an officer who received a grant of land from William III. after the battle of Boyne. If 200 years do not nationalize a family then surely nationalization becomes impossible if a remote ancestor can be traced to another country.

COCHINEAL IS NEAR END

Soon to Become Thing of History Like Tyrian Purple of Antiquity.

It is the opinion of M. Leon Digue, who has been studying the state of the cochineal industry in Mexico for some time, that before many years have passed cochineal scarlet will have become a thing of history only, like the Tyrian purple of antiquity. How many people are aware of the method of manufacture of this well-known dye. It is made from the dried female of the cochineal insects (coccus cacti). They are gathered by brushing the branches of the nopal cactus, on which the insects feed as soon as they begin to lay their eggs. They are then desiccated in ovens or killed with boiling water. It has been estimated that one pound of cochineal contains no fewer than 70,000 distinct insects. The color is brought out and fixed by chloride of tin. The Indians had cultivated the coccus cacti in pre-Columbian days, but the commercial possibilities of the insect seem to have been first realized by the Spaniards in 1518. It was introduced into Europe about 1523, and into India in 1795. The city of Oaxaca was the center of the cochineal country in the days of Humboldt, but only a few plantations of the nopal cactus now remain—hence the fear that the dye will soon become a thing of the past, at any rate unless some other substance is found on which to feed the insects.

Believed Doctors Poisoners.

An extraordinary story of popular ignorance is reported from Apricena, a small town in the south of Italy. A tradesman was found to be suffering from gastric enteritis, and his doctor prescribed a mixture containing a proportion of morphia. The tradesman and his wife, however, decided to test the medicine by giving some of it to the cat. Of course, the mixture, while innocuous to an adult male, was fatal to the cat, and the report was at once spread that all the doctors in consequence of the increase in the population of Italy, had received orders from the government to introduce poisons into their prescriptions, in order that the poorer people might be got rid of. It was only with difficulty that the townspeople were calmed, and, in spite of all the official explanations, it seems evident that the doctors will be avoided by the poorer classes for some time to come.

That End Seat.

The season for the "end seat hog" is passed, so far as the trolley cars are concerned, but it is just beginning elsewhere—shall we say it, and we hate to say it, in the churches? Is it possible that there is where the warrant for the practice in the trolley comes from? People see it in the church, and of course justify it in the street car. It may not always be so, but insisting on holding an end seat and making others push by or climb over has a tinge of selfishness in it that looks very strange in a church whose gospel is unselfishness. There is no place where the Christian spirit shows up more finely than where one moves up and gives his brother or sister a choice seat. It is a way of "preferring one another" that the Scriptures speak of.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Bare Sawdust From River.

Sawdust contaminates water, according to the decision of a Virginia court in the case brought by residents along the banks of a stream to prevent the owners of a sawmill from dumping the dust from their mill into the water. The farmers testified that the sawdust gave the water such a color and offensive odor that the cattle could not drink it. On the strength of this testimony and other facts brought out the court ordered the sawmill people to make other disposition of their refuse.

BUILDING UP A NEW WORD

Science Responsible for More Built-Up Words Than Classic English Ever Dreamed Of.

"Esophagoscopy" is one of the newest words which the scientist of necessity has coined. As science has progressed in its many lines, it has been responsible for more "built-up" terms than classic English could have dreamed of.

Take this new word, "esophagoscopy." It is a combination of the noun "esophagus," meaning the channel through which the food from the mouth reaches the stomach, while the last two syllables are made of "scope"—as used in telescope, microscope, spectroscopy. Thus the combination suggests a way and means for allowing the surgeon to look down the esophagus in search of foreign obstructions or of injuries to the organ.

One of the leading physicians of St. Paul has been gathering statistics showing the enormous number and variety of foreign substances that are swallowed by persons of all ages and which often result fatally. He says that in almost any case of the kind a pin, needle, button, bone and even teeth plates are swallowed and in the beginning may be little more than an unpleasantness. Here is the opportunity for using the esophagoscope. Before the sharp substance has a chance to perforate the esophagus the combined mirror and electric light may be inserted, the object seen and removed without harm. If the obstruction be left, however, it starts irritation, becomes a festering wound which almost invariably will cause death.

BOY WILL MAKE DIPLOMAT

Clever Ruse by Which Youth Gets Rid of an Unwelcome Guest.

Paul McGregor loves to have his mother tell him stories. Also he likes to have his young friends come and share the stories. Sometimes it happens that a boy who is persona non grata with Paul will drop in for a sit-in and then the host grows restive. The stories, he stoutly tells his mother, are for him and his friends only. The presence of others spoils the recital.

It was on a recent evening, in the midst of a fairy tale, that a kid for whom Paul entertains no friendship, dropped in with the others, and immediately Paul sniffed. Then he spoke up, interrupting the tale, saying, "Billy Wilke ain't got no sore on his hand."

"Yes, he has, too," rejoined the unwelcome boy. "I seen him only today."

"Don't care," said Paul, stolidly. "Billy Wilke ain't got no sore on his hand."

Again the other boy denied it, but Paul kept right on reasserting the statement.

"I'll just go and see," finally said the other boy. "I seen him today and I'm just going to prove Billy Wilke has a sore on his hand."

After he had gone, Paul, turning to his astonished mother, said, "I knew I'd get him to go. Please go on with the story, mother."

Some day Paul McGregor may sit in the seat of the mighty if diplomacy is a factor in the game.—Cleveland Leader.

Slang in Court.

Slang has at last compelled the court to take judicial notice of it. An employe in talking to his foreman referred to a belt he was compelled to use, which had a loose lap, as "rotten," and the court, on appeal from a judgment for damages for an injury resulting from the breaking of the belt (Hortman vs. Staver Carriage company, 153 Ill. App. 130), refused to hold that the meant "decayed," and said:

"We will take notice of slang phrases which obtain in this times in all walks of life, and not do violence to apparent intention by indulging in a literal interpretation of the words used, when such interpretation would do violence to the plain meaning intended by the words when taken in the connection in which they were used. In attitudinizing the belt as 'rotten' plaintiff plainly intended to convey the idea that it was his opinion that the loose lap was a menace and danger to himself.—West Publishing Company's Docket.

But Bristow Didn't Want To.

At the Country club luncheon to President Taft at Hutchinson one of the guests desired to secure a valuable souvenir of the occasion. So he got a piece of writing paper and asked each of the principal guests to write a line of sentiment and sign it.

President Taft led off with an observation on golf and signed it. Other guests followed suit. When the paper reached Senator Bristow he scratched his head a moment, and remarked, "Oh, what shall I say?" "Say any old thing," put in Senator Emerson Carey of Reno. "Just write, 'I am for Taft.'"

As quick as a flash President Taft turned toward Bristow and said significantly: "If you want to."—Kansas City Journal.

Modernized Axiom.

"Experience," said the ready-made philosopher, "is the best teacher." "Yes," replied the man who has had troubles with Wall street, "but you're so liable to go broke paying the first installment on tuition."

COLD STORAGE AS RESERVOIR

Idea of the Large Field Occupied by Business Shown in Commodities Stored.

A somewhat intelligent idea of the large field occupied by the cold storage business can be gained from the following commodities stored in a Boston warehouse. Poultry, oysters, apples, berries, dates, evaporated apples, spinach, lettuce, squash, butter, flour, peanuts, bulbs, fruit juices, apple waste, preserves, maple syrup, skins, leeks, crabs, buckwheat, hams, sauerkraut, caviare, pickled fish, holly, pineapples, string beans, sponges, pickled meats, game, fresh meats, California fruits, prunes, citron, confectionery, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, cheese, cereals, beer, condensed milk, yarn, elder, salad dressing, maple sugar, furs, shrimp, lobsters, chest nuts, hops, sausage, casings, cherries, dried fish, smilax leaves, radishes, sweetbreads, candied fruits, smoked meats, fresh fish, oranges, cranberries, raisins, apricots, currants, beans, carrots, onions, horseradish, eggs, rice, ferns, canned goods, kitta, percha, pickles, oleomargarine, oil, parsley, scallions, honey, cream, lard, anchovies, smoked fish, egg plant, hard leaves, rhubarb, olive oil, wines, dried meats, fish for bait, lemons, grapes, figs, evaporated peaches, nuts, peas, cabbage, melons, provisions, macaroni, plants, sirups, asparagus, jellies, cauliflower, grape fruit, wootens, shalotts, clams, bananas, mushrooms, olives and herbs.

BIG MOUNTAIN OF MONEY

Philadelphia Sporting Man Couldn't Sleep With His Roll Under the Pillow.

Mrs. "Gus" Rublin, the eloquent and energetic convert to the suffragist cause, said in a recent address in Brooklyn:

"The sporting man, too, would be better off if his wife had a vote—if she had more say in affairs of state, and in home affairs as well.

"What wife, if she had more say, would approve of the senseless way the sporting man flaunts his money? What is the good of carrying a roll of twenties as big as a horse collar? Nobody but the sporting man dreams of doing such a thing, but he—"

Mrs. Rublin made a hopeless gesture. Then she went on: "There's a Philadelphia sporting man who is famous for the roll he always carries. My husband said to him one night:

"I suppose, in strange hotels, you always put your roll under your pillow, eh?"

"No; oh, no," said the Philadelphia. "I couldn't sleep with my head so high."

Bees in Traveler's Pocket.

L. F. Crathorne of Kanopolis, Kan., is the first man in several moons to come through the depot carrying a whole hive of real live bees. In addition to the several hundred bees in a portable hive Mr. Crathorne carried an extra queen bee in his pocket, enclosed in a small contrivance of wire and wood that also contained a piece of candy and two ordinary working bees. The working bees were there to feed the candy to the queen. Queen bees won't feed themselves, Mr. Crathorne said. The only things they do are lay eggs, lead revolutions and get killed.

Mr. Crathorne said he had no difficulty handling bees without gloves or netting and that the small swelling under his right eye represented the only sting he received last night after sorting out three hives at twilight, the time when bees are most irritable.—Kansas City Star.

Education Outside of Books.

Actual travel, and the seeing of rare objects in nature and art, are gradually taking the place of book study," declares a prominent official of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, in pointing out the important part which that institution plays in the school life of the community. The Brooklyn Institute bulletins tell the same story. In fact, there is not today a museum of any importance, either of art or of science, in all the country, that is not offering inducements to teachers to make use of its collections. The teachers are not slow in taking the opportunity, and the galleries become a place of recreation and painless instruction for the children. It is the tendency of the age, in all directions.

Boy Fought an Eagle.

Elmer Peterson, fifteen years old, and living four miles west of Little Falls, Minn., had a hard battle with a large eagle and was saved from serious injury only by the timely arrival of a brother.

The boy had shot the bird, which was in a tree. The eagle fell to the ground and immediately went at the boy with its talons. The bird's claws became fastened in the boy's clothing and the lad was unable to free himself. Elmer was badly frightened and his strength was giving out when his brother arrived and killed the eagle with a club.

The bird measured five feet across the wings.

Nothing to Do With the Case.

"I suppose you can give references," said the woman. "I can. Everybody I ever worked for says I sure know how to cook." "But as to your character?" "I never let my character interfere with my cooking, mum, so I don't see as that's any concern of yours."

FEET CAUSE OF NERVOUSNESS

Ill-Fitting and Badly Made Shoes Are Responsible for Many Troubles.

Nervous troubles frequently come from ill-fitting and badly made shoes, in the opinion of Dr. Irvin O. Allen. He thinks them accountable for much matrimonial haggling and discord.

It is a mistake, he says, to teach the child—as is commonly done—to toe out. In the beginning the boy or the girl, in obedience to an unerring instinct, points the foot straight ahead, which is the proper way for walking. All shoeless peoples walk with parallel feet—Indians, for example.

Dr. Allen explains that the sole of the shoe should be the shape of the foot. To determine the shape, one must stand barefoot on the ball and toes upon a sheet of paper, allowing the great toe to assume its normal position—separated somewhat from the other toes. Make a mark around the toes with a pencil and then let the heel come down to the paper. Now place the weight of the body upon the outer side of the foot and complete the outline in that position.

A shoe made with a sole of this shape, and with a reasonably high vamp, will certainly be comfortable and will insure a healthy foot, incidentally doing away with "shoe nervousness." If worn in winter, however, it should have no metal nails in it. The feet are not easily kept warm during cold weather in shoes with metal nails because they tend to conduct the heat out of the body.

QUEER NAMES FOR HORSES

John-Willie-Come-On and Would-You-Believe-It Samples of Equine Nomenclature.

How much truth there is in the story I know not, but it is told that when Captain Boyd told Lady Lillian that he had bought a yearling she replied, "What a senseless thing to do!" "Senseless!" God! retorted the captain, and forthwith gave the colt that name. It was appropriate, for this good-looking gray horse, which now belongs to Major McLaughlin, is by "Grey Leg," and out of a mare called "Senses."

There are some owners who have considerable difficulty in naming their race-horses, and it is said of the late Earl of Glasgow that his friends had quite a task to get him to christen them. The teary Earl used to say that a horse should prove itself worth a name before one was given to it.

One evening he was induced to christen three, and the following were the names under which they ran: "Gire-Him-a-Name," "He-Hasn't-Gota-Name," "He-Ian't-Worth-a-Name."

There are not a few horses which have run in recent years with equally foolish and much more meaningless nomenclature. For instance, "John-Willie-Come-On" and "Would-You-Believe-It." There ought to be a censor of racing nomenclature for some of the titles chosen for horses detract from the dignity of the sport.—Gentlewoman.

Seeing the Bright Side.

There are compensations for living in New Jersey, even where the mosquitoes hang like clouds over the residents. At least, this is the mental attitude of a six-year-old boy whose home is in Montclair. His brother of nine was born in New York city, but he was a Montclair baby. One day he was being teased about being a "Jersey country bumpkin."

The youngster's eyes were flooded with tears for a moment and then his face brightened and he smiled.

"I like New Jersey better," said he, proudly.

"Why?" queried the teaser.

"Because I can have turtles as pets in New Jersey? If I lived in New York they would be taken away from me."

The teaser soon learned that it was against the New York law to keep turtles in captivity, but in New Jersey it was not. The boy was very fond of his turtles, of which he had three, and they were his consolation for being a "Jersey country bumpkin."

Try a Single Rose.

"We read," said Lucinda, "about how Adolphus brought Luella a great bunch of roses, and we can imagine their beauty, we are left to guess at their cost, but do you know it isn't really necessary in order to make home beautiful to have a bunch of roses as big around as a barrel, that a single lovely rose will do?"

"Try this: If you have spent all your money for hats and gloves and Adolphus hasn't come—my brother Claude would say hasn't come to the bat—stop at the florist's and buy a single rose, it will cost very little, and take that home and set it in the proper vase, its red petals and green leaves will please the eye and its fragrance will fill the room, an individual flower of grace and beauty and joy."

"If you can't have a bunch try a single rose."

From Two Points of View.

The king, who was in attendance at the cat show, was looking at the prize cat.

"He shows the result of careful breeding," commented his majesty. The cat, in pursuance of the ancient prerogative, was looking at the king. "His pedigree is twice as long as mine," reflected the cat, "but he must be of a common sort of strain. He doesn't look half as majestic as a policeman."

FOUND GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

Pennsylvania Man Was First to Discover Yellow Metal in Golden Gate State.

"It is not generally known," said a mineralogist, "that the discoverer of gold in California was a Pennsylvanian and at one time a resident of California. This distinguished pioneer lies buried in the soil of this state, almost forgotten. He was Gen. John A. Sutter, a Swiss, who emigrated to Philadelphia in 1834 and became a citizen of this commonwealth. His grave is in the Monroeville burying grounds at Litzitz, Lancaster county, in which village he spent the last years of his life. General Sutter was born in 1803 in Baden, Germany, near the borders of Switzerland. Upon his arrival in this country he spent some time in this city, subsequently removing to the vicinity of Litzitz, where in the midst of relatives, he engaged in farming. Possessed of a roving nature, however, it was not long before he yearned to explore the great unknown land beyond the Rockies. After many privations he reached California some time in the early '40s and staked a claim. It was in the fall of '48, after a heavy rain, that, attracted by yellowish deposits in a small stream, he made his great discovery of the precious metal. The news of his find spread rapidly, and the following spring the great rush from the east began. General Sutter amassed a considerable fortune through his gold diggings, but lost most of it through unfortunate speculations. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1871 and spent his declining years in retirement, living on the pension of \$250 a month voted him by the California legislature. He died June 18, 1880. Two of his pallbearers were Gen. John C. Fremont and Ambrose E. Burbside, who had been his friends in California.—Philadelphia Press.

AVIATORS ARE POORLY PAID

Even Best Flyers Get Small Remuneration for the Dangers They Face.

The popular supposition that aviation is a sort of Klondike where people who have a certain amount of daring can go and snatch up a fortune is decidedly mistaken. People read reports of big prizes won by aviators in contests and take for granted that it all goes to the flyers. That is wrong; with a few exceptions the flyers do not get the prizes they win. They are employed to fly by big concerns who pay them a salary, seldom exceeding \$75 per week, the usual arrangement being from \$25 to \$40 per week salary and \$50 per day when they fly at meets. This is true even where the very best American and foreign flyers are concerned, including such celebrities as Brookings, Beachey, Ely and others.

Marriage at Fifty.

An interesting and unusual estimate of the proper age for matrimony is that advanced by Mrs. Vivian, head and founder of the National Society of the Daughters of California. The happiest and most successful marriages, she says, are those between the man of 50 and the woman of 35. At that age of discretion, she claims, the male has become more mellow and tolerant as well as more solvent. On the other hand she intimates that a girl of 20 is much harder to get along with than to get along without, and that there ought to be laws prohibiting people marrying before they are 30 years old.—Success Magazine.

No Doubt About That.

"Come along downtown with me, Mabel."

"But I have no money with me."

"What's the difference? Two can shop as cheaply as one."