

BITTEN BY RATTLER

Experience of Oregon Stockman While at Spring.

Struck on Right Arm Between Wrist and Elbow by Snake, Man Makes Desperate Run for Medical Assistance.

Antelope Ore.—William J. McGrover, who three weeks ago was bitten by a rattlesnake and all but lost his life, is one of the few men in Oregon who have received severe bites and been able to describe in detail how it felt. McGrover was riding the range for horse and mule sales east of Antelope. He is a Clarno (Ore.) stockman. He was bitten by a snake on the right arm while riding at a spring to drink and was bitten in the arm. He has nearly recovered, and his story, as printed in Clack county newspapers is as follows:

Oh, yes, I'm getting along all right; but the snake died as a result of his misadventure. I've ridden the range so long that to reptile that bites me can survive.

You can say for me—and I'm an expert now—that rattlers don't always rattle before they strike. This one didn't. I had just got into position to drink from the spring in Galliger canyon when the cuss struck me on the right arm between the wrist and elbow. It felt as though some one had given my arm a hard jerk. The snake hung on by his fangs. I knocked him off with my left hand and killed him. He had six rattles and was about 18 inches long.

I immediately tore my handkerchief into strips and bound the arm tightly at wrist and elbow. I reached for my knife, expecting to cut the wound. When I found I did not have it with me, I was scared. My arm did not pain me then—it was in between my shoulders. That negro was right who said it was no disgrace to run when you're scared; so I got on my horse and lit out for Antelope, about eight miles away. By the time I reached a mud hole about a mile from the spring, I was having excruciating pains all over my body, as though my muscles were all contracting. I dismounted and plunged my swelling arm into the mud.

"I think I must have been crazed by the pain, for here I turned my horse loose and started on foot for Billy Malone's house, a distance of four miles. The only thing I remember from the time I left the mud hole till I got to Malone's house, was eating tobacco. My chaps were found later about two miles from the spring, but my hat hasn't been found yet.

"The horse I was riding was a good one, and if I had stuck to him he would have landed me in Antelope in 20 minutes from the time I was struck.

"However, as soon as I arrived at Malone's ranch John Malone cut open the wound and Jack Brogan sucked out as much of the poison blood as he could. Undoubtedly this service is all that saved my life until Dr. Bower arrived from Antelope, which was about 15 minutes after they telephoned for him. A drummer (whose name I do not know, but who has my sincere thanks), brought the doctor out in an automobile.

It was some time after the doctor arrived until he got my arm to bleeding. I was suffering indescribable agony and my arm was swollen to an immense size and was a glassy blue color. Dr. Bower worked with me all night and I understand took two quarts of blood from my arm. The doctor said Jack Brogan took me to Antelope the next morning, where the treatment was continued through the day. My brothers, George and Ed, had come over from Clarno and looked after me during that night, and then I was under the care of two trained nurses from The Dalles.

"I believe I was bitten about seven o'clock and arrived at Malone's about 9:30. So it was at least two and a half hours before I received medical attention."

SIX YEARS UNDER A CHURCH

Diver Is Given Silver Rose Bowl for Arduous Labor Under Cathedral—Scheme Cost \$500,000.

London.—The dean and chapter of Winchester cathedral, Hampshire, have presented to W. R. Walker, a diver supplied by Messrs. Stone, Gorman & Co. of London, a silver rose bowl as a memento of his six years' work beneath the cathedral. Working in about 20 feet of water, Walker had to remove the peat and seal down the water in the gravel below the foundations by means of bags of concrete and concrete slabs. This work has been carried on in darkness, and those responsible for the preservation scheme have had to trust entirely to the conscientiousness and skill of the diver, as they could not inspect the work. The scheme, which has cost over \$500,000, is now nearly completed.

Eighty Bushel Wheat.
Chico, Cal. The threshing of 400 varieties of wheat has been completed at the government's plant introduction gardens at this place. Some varieties of wheat yielded at the rate of 80 bushels to the acre. This is about twice the average yield of common wheat in California's grain growing district. The varieties producing most heavily are 'Fries' and 'Chil' wheats. H. F. Blanchard is the expert in charge of the experiments. The propagation and budding of deciduous fruits are now being followed. Corn breeding is also under way.

SHE WAS EXPERT SHOPPER

Clerks in Atchison Store Were Awestricken by Skill of the Woman Customer.

Early this morning a thin, well-dressed woman walked rapidly into an Atchison dry goods store where a big sale was going on. She stopped at the first counter she came to and began ransacking it. The woman at the counter fell back and a clerk hurried forward and respectfully looked on. The woman's hands handled the goods on that counter with the practiced skill of a surgeon when he is performing an operation; she did not miss one piece of goods, and then with a hard glitter in her eyes and setting her thin lips more closely together she darted to another counter, plunging her head first into the material piled two or three feet high. The other women at the counter looked at her deferentially, and the clerks gazed fascinated. From counter to counter the woman went, without glancing to the right or to the left. She examined every yard of goods, every ready-to-wear garment, every piece of embroidery, lace, etc.

Then, with the swiftness of an arrow, she shot into the basement of the store, and from a damaged egg beater to bolts of cloth her hands flew over everything in that basement. Everywhere where the woman encountered awestricken glances from the other women and the clerks. At last the town clock began striking 6 p. m. Clerks removed their aprons and covers were placed over the goods preparatory to closing the store for the night, and that small, thin woman, with a triumphant gleam in her eyes and a grim smile on her lips, carrying a bundle about as large as a walnut, walked out of the store, and every clerk there and every woman knew they had seen a magnificent "shopper" in full operation.—Atchison Globe.

NATURE TEACHES THE RABBIT

Instinct Alone, Not Their Parents, Tells Them How and What to Eat.

In popular "nature literature" it is often stated that wild animals "go to school"; that the wood mothers teach their young both manners and morals that lead to the saving of their lives by grace of their legs. A writer, however, who has had a pair of rabbits under constant observation, having taken them from their mother when they were but a day old, declares that nature, in the guise of instinct, was the only teacher they had or needed.

The baby rabbits got along excellently. They soon began to crawl wabblingly out of their nest and nibble at oats and to chew up whole blades of tender grass.

Of several things I am positive. They never saw their mother "freeze," nor wash her face, nor sit up on her hind legs; nor could they have learned from her what is good to eat and what is poisonous.

As soon as they were strong enough to balance themselves, I saw them often sitting erect and sniffing the air. About the same time they were observed busily to wash their faces with their fore paws. Some tried to do it and fell over, unable to balance themselves. No experience was required for them to practice the art of washing.

I tried to feed the rabbits with common vegetable poison. By giving them a very small handful of grass with several sprigs of nightshade intermingled, I was able to note their preferences. This experience was often repeated. In no case did I see them eat any nightshade. Evidently they possessed protective instincts which guarded them without a mother's teaching.—Country Life in America.

Shaping the Pony.

The formation of breeds of ponies in different parts of the world is one of the most interesting things in connection with horses, for, unlike the domestic breeds in other kinds of domestic creatures—as bantams, among fowls, or the smaller varieties among dogs—which have been bred down below the normal size by the skill of man, the diminution which has resulted in any of the breeds of really small ponies has been wholly the work of nature. The horse only attained the size that we are accustomed to consider as normal in the temperate zone and if taken to a very cold or very hot country he will inevitably deteriorate in size. He does not deteriorate, however, in other respects; indeed, the pony of whatever type is much more thoroughly a horse as regards the highest equine qualities and characteristics, than horses like those of the draft breeds, which greatly exceed in size the normal and original type.—Outing Magazine.

The Obvious Reply.

"Pa," inquired William, "what is burlesque?"
"A burlesque, son," replied the father, "is a take-off."
"Take off what?"
"Henry," interrupted the mother, who had been listening to the conversation. "If you are going to answer that question I will leave the room."
—Judge.

Diverse Causes.
"Many a man becomes a cynic because he was disappointed in love."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and many others eventually become cynics because they were not."

SKYSCRAPER OF 2,000 FEET

New York Engineers Say That Is Limit for Safety—Structure of 120 Stories Possible.

New York.—An office building 2,000 feet in height may become a reality here in the near future as the result of possibilities revealed by recent investigations. Such a building would be nearly three times the height of what is now the tallest in the world and twice as high as the Eiffel tower, which is merely of skeleton construction.

With the erection of the 700-foot Metropolitan tower, it was thought that the limit had been reached under the present building code. But construction has already begun on an office building rising 48 feet higher, and the latest investigation shows that the maximum safety height for such buildings at present is 2,000 feet.

Such a building to conform with the requirements of safety, would only have to have a base 2 1/2 feet square to stand on, and now that this fact has been brought to light there is talk of an office structure of 120 stories. While it of course would not rise 2,000 feet above the street level, it would double the height of the greatest skyscraper now existing and serve to demonstrate the value of buildings of heights never before attempted.

While the increasing value of real estate makes height a prime consideration, the problem of transportation in such a building would be a serious one. The only legal height restriction at present is that no structure shall have a weight of more than 15 tons to the square foot, and a 2,000 foot high, 200 foot square building would come within this limit.

There remains then only the solution of the elevator problem to bring to New York a building nearly half a mile in height and capacity of housing 40,000 workers.

KANSAS GUARDS FARM NAMES

Five-Acre Land Owners May Copyright Nomenclatures Given Farms—Popular in Johnson County.

Topeka, Kan.—The new law permitting farmers to "copyright" their farm names is proving very popular in Johnson county, Kansas. The law is intended to benefit fruit growers. It provides that when a farmer deposits \$1 with the county clerk he may register the name of his farm and that no other farmer in the county may use the same name. A farm is defined as a tract of five acres or more.

Thus, the address "Rosedawn, Johnson county," will mean that the mall is intended for Clement Swank, who owns a 60-acre tract just south of Olathe.

If you desire to write to Mrs. Anna M. A. Showers of Spring Hill township, direct your letters to "Pioneer Place." She is living on one of the oldest farms in the county. Her son, George, is to be found on "Westmoreland Place." Harry Klussman of Lenexa got in before the rush and was able to corner the name "Sunny Slope." Several others desired it later, but Mr. Klussman has it cornered for all time, so far as Johnson county is concerned. Mrs. Carrie Gierhardt hitched up and drove to Olathe and fled on the name of "Fairview" for her 71-acre tract before any other could get it.

No one opposed Mrs. Mary Foster's right to the name "Oak Grove Farm" when she requested it. Several showed a fancy for it, but as her farm had been known by that name 40 years they all withdrew in her favor.

"THE WIDOW" LOST ITS HOME

Paris Guillotine Moved Out of Its Old Quarters and Is Now Stationed at Sainte Prison.

Paris.—The guillotine has lost its home in the Rue de la Folle Regnault, and has been put in prison as a vagabond. For 21 years the "woods of justice," as the guillotine is called, lived in a coach house with a red door, which was rented for their reception by the government. The place had two keys, one of which was always kept in the home office, the other in the pocket of M. Delbler, the executioner.

Every week M. Delbler and his assistants called on "the widow" and grassed, and for many years the people in the neighborhood of the Rue de la Folle Regnault have protested against their grim neighbor.

The widow gave no trouble as a tenant, but on the rare occasions that she journeyed, all the riffraff of Paris clustered in the streets to see her taken out.

The lease for her home fell in some days ago, the landlord refused to renew it, and from now on the guillotine is to be stabled at the Sainte prison.

Airships Scare Away Birds.

Wenatchee, Wash.—Following an aviation meet here the strange disappearance of all bird life from this section for miles around has not been accounted for. It was noticed that the day after the aeroplanes described big circles in the air above the apple and pear orchards all birds had flown from their accustomed nesting places. Since the aviation meet woodpeckers, robins, larks, hawks, sparrows, doves, crows and blackbirds, so plentiful a few days ago, have left. Whether the birds will return again as soon as the memory of the big manbird has vanished is a question. It is believed the birds were frightened by the maneuvers in the air of the aeroplanes.

SO THEN HE TOOK ANOTHER

How the Pretty Girl Kept Her Word When Threatened With a Kiss.

With impudent daring the dashing young man having carried on a merry conversation until the third creature had not noticed how far they were straying from the house, turned to her and said:

"I believe I will kiss you."
"Sir," she exclaimed, laughingly, drawing herself up with an air of regal disdain, "How dare you?"

"It isn't a question of courtesy, it is a question of taste," he smiled nonchalantly.

"I positively forbid you to do such a thing," she declared.
"And what good does your forbidding do?" he argued. "We are away out here in the meadows. Listen to the joyous trilling of yonder birds that are billing and cooing. All nature suggests love-making, and—"

"Sir, you are positively rude!" she interrupted, stamping her little foot.

"I should be rude, indeed, not to wish to kiss so pretty a girl in such lovely surroundings," he said placing his arm firmly about her slender waist.

"I will not let you kiss me!" she asserted.
"You will not?" he laughed easily. "How will you prevent me? I am stronger than you; you cannot get away from me."

"I can still scream, thank heaven!" she answered determinedly.

With no further argument he placed his free hand under her dimpled chin, elevated it to the proper angle and kissed her.

True to her word, she exclaimed, "Thank heaven!"—Judge.

KNOTS INSTEAD OF BUTTONS

Chinese Diplomat's Explanation of the Various Kinds Used by His Countrymen.

A Chinese diplomat, dressed in brocade silk, was sitting out a dance beside a fountain with a Bar Harbor girl.

"Yes," he admitted, "my dress is pretty, and one queer thing about it is that it has no buttons—only knots and knobholes."

He showed her the fastenings of his flame colored jacket.

"You see?" he said. "Short cords, each with a knot at the end, and on the other side a knobhole. That is simpler than buttons, simpler and easier. Do you wear pajamas? Yes? Then you must know that what I say is so."

"On my pajamas," said the girl, laughing a little, "I have buttons and knobholes instead of knots and knobholes."

"How foolish of you!" said the diplomat. "But what I was going to say was that the knots we employ in place of buttons are of many kinds, and they have many names. There are plum blossom and cherry blossom knots for young girls' garments. Such you would wear. There are winter and snow knots for the aged. Soldiers have death knots."

"What kind of knots are yours?" the young girl asked.

"Mine?" he replied. "Oh, mine are just the usual married man's knots."
"And what are they called?" she pursued.

"Knots of resignation," he answered, with a sigh.

Gangrene and Oxygen.

A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the Hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot—one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A singular experiment tried upon another patient, equally aged, and equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

Didn't Need It.

It was the anniversary of his young son's birthday, and the proud father, who felt that he ought to give the lad something, stepped into a bookseller's shop.

"What kind of book would you like, sir?" asked the assistant, to whom the other had confided his purpose.

"Something that would be useful and educative," answered the father, forgetting that he always detested such books in his own boyhood.

"Well, here is a very excellent one on 'Self-Help!'"

"Self-Help!" exclaimed the father. "Ben don't need anything of that kind. You ought to see him at the dinner-table!"

A Summer Butterfly.

"That fellow thinks he has a license to flirt, but he'll get his."
"Why his sense of security?"
"Oh, he was divorced by some judge, with a proviso that he must not marry again."

LONG ON SAME SPOT

New Yorker Lived in One Place for 78 Years.

Edward Jackman Used to Catch Fish Where Skyscrapers Now Are—Kept Out of Doors Much as He Possibly Could.

New York.—Inhabitants of this island to whom life is just one apartment after another may read with wonder and with skepticism that one of their fellow-citizens, Edward Jackman, who was born some time ago on Third street, has been content to live on the same spot ever since. Not in the same house, understand, for the old frame dwelling, with the garden in front, where Jackman first opened his eyes upon the light of New York was burned to the ground in a memorable fire that wiped out the whole neighborhood.

That was when he was a little boy, but he heard the story of the big fire from his father, who promptly built upon the same site the three-story brick dwelling, where his son has lived to this day. So it is not quite three-quarters of a century that Jackman has made his home in the one house. Still, that is long enough to justify him in referring to 319 East Third street as his permanent residence.

"Do you suppose you'll always live here?" persons often ask the old man.

"I don't rightly know," was his answer the other day. "Perhaps I'll sell. Don't know where I'd go if I did, though. Might move out to Westfield with my son, or up to Harlem, but if I did that I don't know what I'd do with my dogs. Guess I'll have to be moving on, anyway, pretty soon."

He said this last with the intonation that left no doubt as to its meaning. Jackman was 78 years old a few days ago, and he does not forget it. But he is a brisk old man, who has kept out of doors for a good share of his life. That is because he loves to fish. Time was when he didn't have to go very far from his father's front door.

"There used to be a big pond between Avenues C and D and between Sixth and Seventh streets," he said. "That was a long time ago. We called it Green's pond, and the boys used to fish there."

"All around these parts there were a lot of vacant lots. Astor owned a lot of them, and held them for a rise in value. These lots, all around here, would be let out to Germans who ran vegetable gardens. It's all changed now, and the only garden I see are those little soap boxes with green things trying to grow in them that you see all along the street in the tenement house windows."

Yet that part of town is not so very modern. Very close to Jackman's door the horse car, trundling by, solves part of the rapid transit problem of the neighborhood. In his earlier days, the Drydock line of stakes ran up from the Battery to Twelfth street, and Second street had a cross-town line that was very convenient.

When Jackman talks of selling and moving he speaks with no great conviction. Yet he's just a little lonely in Third street.

"Do you know," he said, "there isn't a person left anywhere about here that I used to know as a boy. They've all died or moved away."

AMMONIA STOPS A RUNAWAY

Professor of Syracuse University Throws Powder in Eyes of Horse and Then Washes It Out.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Prof. Charles Edgar Roake of Syracuse university turned his knowledge of chemistry to practical account in unusual fashion here. He was walking on Jerome boulevard when he saw approaching a runaway horse attached to a cart. Two screaming children were in peril in the cart.

The professor happened to have in his pocket a package of an ammonia compound. He threw a handful in the horse's eyes as it came opposite him, and the blinded animal stopped as if shot.

Then, while a bystander held the horse, he stepped to a hydrant and prepared a solution of another chemical. With this he washed the ammonia from the horse's eyes in time to save its sight.

Sheep Has Too Many Legs.

Petaluma, Cal.—On the early morning train from Geyserville a six-legged sheep was brought to this city. The animal was consigned to J. L. Campbell, and has attracted much attention wherever it has been seen. The animal has four front feet, two extra feet with perfectly formed hoofs, protruding from the shoulders of the front legs. These do not reach anywhere near the ground, and consequently, do not interfere with the sheep when walking. The animal is a decided freak of nature, and may be placed on exhibition in a menagerie in the near future. The sheep was raised in the Geyserville section.

John Smith a Bride.

Milwaukee, Wis.—A certificate that Harry J. Raals and John W. Smith were united in marriage here caused some astonishment when it reached the health department bureau of vital statistics. It was explained that Miss Smith's father, in disappointment at her sex, had given her a masculine name at birth. The couple are from Beaumont, Tex.

ARE FRIENDS OF THE FARMER

Blackbirds and Other Feathered Creatures Feed on Insects That Destroy Crops.

A number of years ago blackbirds were exceedingly abundant throughout eastern Nebraska. They were so plentiful that the farmers believed they were damaging crops, so they began poisoning the birds. A single grain of corn soaked in strychnine was enough to kill a blackbird. In the years that followed, great numbers of these and other birds were destroyed during the spring and fall. At the same time thousands of quill, prairie chickens and other game birds were killed in every county to supply the market. As the birds began to disappear, swarms of locusts took their place. They are now latched on in countless millions and are doing vast damage. Many were entirely destroyed. Where blackbirds, quail, prairie chickens, plover and other birds remained, they took to living entirely on locusts. In such localities, fair crops were secured, solely through the assistance of the birds.

The members of the United States entomological commission, who witnessed the work accomplished by the birds in this region, said the results were so complete that it was impossible to entertain any doubt as to the value of birds as locust destroyers.—William L. Finley, in Success.

WAS INVENTOR OF VOLAPUK

Johann Martin Schleyer, German Pastor, Devised That System of Universal Speech.

The name of Johann Martin Schleyer, who has just died at Constance at the age of 50, is now known to but a few persons outside the number directly concerned in his work. This German pastor was the inventor of Volapuk, which was once put forward with some plausible chances of success as an international language.

Schleyer's system of universal speech was introduced to the world in 1879. It was formed on the basis of similar artificial languages which seek to exclude all elements not universal. The sounds in Volapuk are expressed by twenty-seven letters, which, generally speaking, are to be used in their Latin, Italian or German values. Words are formed from the European languages. The noun in Volapuk is the root of the word divested of all sounds excluded by the rules of the new tongue. In its final effect this artificial speech was rather a meager medium of expression, practically incapable of any special vocabulary. So changed by its processes and rules were the roots of the words taken from various tongues that they were scarcely recognizable and had to be learned by memory.

These disadvantages of the invention did not, however, prevent it from finding supporters in Europe and this country.

Was a Whisky Jack.

Three brokers walking up William street were attracted by four stuffed birds in a dingy window, says the New York Sun. One bet the two others that neither could name all four.

The other man knew the ring-necked pheasant at sight, and one of the other fowls after inspection, and made a lucky guess on a third. The fourth bird stumped him. It was about robin size with a long tail, quaker gray, fluffy, and had a white throat and a white forehead.

"Er-er—calbird," he ventured.

"Come again,"
"Butcher bird. No? Well, brown thrasher just back from Pittsburg. You win. What is the bird, anyway?"

"Whisky Jack," said the wise one. The other regarded him admiringly.
"That's good enough," he said. "I'll buy on that anyhow. I thought you didn't know him yourself!"

But a whisky Jack the bird was. His other name is Canada Jay, and he haunts the camps of hunters in the northern forests. Whisky Jack is merely the guides' corruption of the Indian name.

Mutton a Muscle Builder.

Dr. D. W. Burbank, graduate manager of the Stanford university student body, in researches for more nutritious proteins upon which to feed the varsity football squad, has discovered that mutton contains a large portion of muscle-bearing properties. He has purchased 15 sheep and is fattening them.
"The student body will erect a slaughter house," declares Burbank, "where sheep will be butchered and supplied to the training table. This year the feeding of the varsity squad on well-fattened mutton will be conducted as an experiment, and if the Cardinals can beat the University of California team this fall we will make mutton the main article of diet hereafter."

Omelette or Briles.

Senator Martine of New Jersey—the "farmer senator," as it is his pride to be called—was relating in Washington memories of his farm life.

"What quaint minds," he said, "have those New Jersey colored folks who work New Jersey farms! I remember an old uncle who once passed in a job of potato hoeing to sing in my ears the praise of chicken."
"Chicken," he said, "is so accommodatin'. Dey's so accommodatin', sub. Yo' can eat 'em befo' dey's bawn, an' yo' can eat 'em shftah dey's dead."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Les souscriptions sont ouvertes pour l'année 1918. Le montant des cotisations est de 25 francs par an.

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