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HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY

T. CRAWFORD MACDOWELL.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1878.

A Snake Story.

THE MOST WONDERFUL SNAKE-OCCURRENCE YET REPORTED.

[From the Reading (Pa.) Eagle.]

Faren Potts, aged 45, is a woodman residing about two miles from Warwick furnace. For the past six months he has been clearing a tract of land for his brother-in-law, about one-half mile from his house. He is a stalwart, broad-shouldered man, and wears his hair close cut. He has a clean face and heavy jaws. On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week Mr. Potts passed through probably one of the most terrible ordeals of its kind that any human being was ever called upon to endure. And all in the presence of his wife and four children. Wednesday of this week he left home as usual early in the morning, taking his dinner with him in a kettle, as he generally remained all day. He says he worked until noon, ate his dinner, and at 1 o'clock worked on as usual. About three in the afternoon he became drowsey, and the heat was oppressive. As he was working by the job he concluded to take a nap. He rested in the shade of a large oak tree near a clump of rocks, his head lying on his coat near a projecting root. How long he slept Mr. Potts does not state, but suddenly he was awakened by a choking sensation. He jumped up, and, as he jumped, realized that he had his mouth open during his nap. There was a strange taste in his mouth, and his throat felt raw. Suddenly he ejected about a ball capful of slime, and for a time he thought he had been poisoned. He felt very sick, and he vomited copiously and had pains. After vomiting he felt as if he was going to strangle, because, he says, something worked into his throat from his stomach, and then suddenly disappeared. Minutes seemed hours to him, and he says he was so terribly scared that perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead, and he trembled in fear. He is about 6 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 196 pounds. He worked no more that afternoon, but went to the spring and filled his kettle with water. When he stooped to dip it out, he says he distinctly felt something twisting and moving in his stomach. Then he felt possible that during his sleep he must have had his mouth open, and swallowed something. The thought nearly overpowered him, and he says that he relied on the water he had in his kettle to keep himself from being strangled. As he walked towards home, every time he felt his throat filling he drank plenty of water, and by the time he had reached home he had drank nearly every drop in the kettle. He was frightened, and when he told his wife that he had either swallowed a snake or a lizard she dropped to the floor in a fit. The oldest daughter, aged 14, was quickly sent to a neighbor for assistance. He was buying trees from an agent of a New York nursery, to be delivered in the fall. Both men hurried to the home of Mr. Potts, and found him and his wife nearly senseless. Potts frothed at the mouth, and his eyes nearly started from their sockets. The children were screaming in terror and fear. Mrs. Potts was revived, and the agent, who was a physician somewhat out of practice, went to work on the giant woodman stretched on the floor. Mrs. Potts was told to procure some strong tea of a certain kind of plant growing in the meadow, and, while this was being done, Dr. Gephart, the agent and the farmer lifted Potts to a bench and throw his head back to the wall. His throat was swollen, and he was given water to drink. He then breathed slowly, and asked for more water. Gradually he revived and he slowly told his story. The Doctor (at once realized what had taken place. Strong, hot tea was then administered, which caused a violent vomiting, but nothing unusual was ejected. All that night Mr. Potts suffered, but his friends remained with him, sitting up by turns and taking care of him. During the night he had ten spasms. At 5 o'clock in the morning the Doctor placed a wet towel on Pott's breast, and then held his ear close to it. He then turned away and seemed to be horror-struck. His worst fears seemed to be realized. At 6 o'clock he told Mr. Potts that he had certainly swallowed some sort of a hissing reptile, because its movements within him could be distinctly heard. Potts was very weak, but still he said he would submit to any treatment. Dr. Gephart assured him that he would stand by him, and do all he could. Finally Mrs. Potts was told to heat a pot of milk. Then Potts inhaled the steam of this by bending his head very low. Instantly he fell back in a strangling spasm, and it was thought he would die. He was with difficulty revived. "We must pursue that plan," said the Doctor, and more milk was put on the stove. Potts was then led out under a shed roof and asked whether he was willing to undergo that treatment. He consented. A wagon was pushed in and the men got in it. Above was a cross-beam. A strong rope was tied to this and then securely passed around the lower limbs of the suffering man. The wagon was then pulled away, and Potts was left hanging head down. He was aided in holding his head up. Then the boiling milk was brought, and he inhaled the steam. Dr. Gephart held Pott's mouth open. The patient's tongue protruded and his eyes started. The thick steam flowed into his throat, and the poor sufferer made a noise as if choking. Then quick as thought the Doctor saw a head protrude, and, seizing it with his naked fingers, he quickly pilled, and the reptile was dashed into an empty bucket. Mrs. Potts was working like a beaver, and, while the Doctor was supporting the husband, the wagon was backed in and in a few seconds Potts was lying on the ground nearly dead. He was given some whisky and water and was rubbed with coarse towelling, and finally he seemed to be resting easy. His eyes were bloodshot, and every vein seemed bulged and ready to burst. He was carried into the house and put to bed, and light food was administered. His throat was very sore, but still he was thankfull when told that the reptile had been removed. The Doctor was soon busy examining it. The snake was a singular-looking one, and measured nineteen inches in length, but at the thickest part of its body it was not more than an half-inch. It was dark green on the under side and black on top, and apparently had no scales. It was killed and put into a bottle filled with alcohol. Mr. Potts said he would not have it in the house, and never wanted to see it again. The tree agent took it with him, saying he would never forget the incident in his life. The snake is a real curiosity, because on its back, for about four inches, there are small protuberances growing, looking like feathers, and on the sides are small fins. At last accounts, Mr. Potts was getting strong again and his throat slowly healing.

Discovery of a Mammoth Cave in Wyoming Territory.

TABLE MOUNTAIN RANCHE, Wy. T., May 7, 1878.—Last week a herder discovered a cave of a peculiar nature. The entrance, instead of being horizontal, is perpendicular. Having a lariat of fifty feet he let it down without touching bottom. He then dropped down a stone or two, and from the reverberations concluded it was of immense depth. Last Sunday a dozen of us got together with ropes, a windlass, lanterns, etc., and proceeded to examine and explore it. Having fixed a strong windlass and attached a stout rope, a man descended with a lantern, his feet in a loop of the rope, and holding on with his hands. It is a sheer descent of eighty-two feet perpendicular, to where an incline of forty-five degrees commences, that upon going down about 100 feet more becomes nearly level, and branches off into various rooms, vaults and apartments. The sensation of descending in novel as well as hazardous, for your humble servant was twisted and spun around a hundred times (I guess) before reaching the bottom, and I was then so dazed and dizzy that it was full ten minutes before I could preserve an equilibrium. On feeling sure that I had reached *terra firma* under my feet, I speedily assumed the undignified attitude of a lobster in hysterics, or a turtle on his back, vainly clawing and scratching gravel to gain a foothold. At last I succeeded, only to search butt out my brains against cones and stalagmites before getting "steady." Proceeding into one of the vaults about 300 yards, I came to what I supposed to be the end. But on a closer examination I discovered an aperture large enough to admit me, and through a partition six feet in thickness, emerged into a vault of immense dimensions. Here the ceiling is fully sixty feet from the floor, and was studded with countless stalactites of all sizes, from that of a small icicle to a foot in diameter, and from a few inches to fifteen feet in length. The floor is also studded with cones and stalagmites, like inverted icicles, and presented a weird and picturesque perspective. In many places the stalactites are joined together, having the appearance of huge hour-glasses, and forming a number of pillars from floor to ceiling, adding to the grotesque grandeur of the scene. I penetrated about 400 yards into this vault, from which other vaults and apartments led off from either side; but fearful of getting lost, I proceeded no farther in that direction, and can only conjecture its length. Members of our party explored other vaults and passages in different directions, and from their descriptions I conclude that the greater part of the Table Mountain is fairly honey-combed by this cave and its numerous ramifications. All the passages radiate from where the incline commences, eighty-two feet down. The aperture of the surface is only eight feet long and four feet wide, but enlarges as one descends, being bell-shaped. It put me in mind of entering the cupola or dome of the Capitol at Washington, at the top, and descending to the floor below. One would get this impression on looking upward, it being nearly circular, and gradually narrowing from the floor to the apex. Bones of a large variety of animals are strewn around, which probably stumbled into this fearful pit years and ages ago. Buffalo heads, and those of elk, deer and antelope are numerous; while bones of smaller ruminants, carnivora and rodents are strewn all around. Bones were also found supposed to be those of human beings, but in fragmentary sections. Professors Darwin, Cope, Leidy, or an Agassiz, might possibly classify them, and give them lockjaw-contracting, unpronouncable names. But as our party could not be charged with profound erudition, and were utterly innocent of many of the "ologies," we didn't attempt it. The formation throughout the interior of the cave is cretaceous, or lime rock; but near and at the surface the formation is granite, gneiss, conglomerate and sandstone. The stalactites are opaque crystallization, some of them being dense and hard, and when struck together give off a metallic sound. Others are soft and chalky, and at the pendent extremities of the consistency of moistened gypsum.—Corr. Grand Rapids, Mich., Eagle.

The Queen of Pedestrianism.

LITTLE BERTHA VON HILLERN AS VIEWED BY HER OWN SEX.

[Washington Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial.]

We saw this little woman finish her walk of eighty-nine miles in twenty-six hours, without sleep. She walked the first heat from 8 o'clock at night till about 5 next morning, without stopping. Then with a few minutes' rest, twice, she continued the walk and finished nine minutes before the specified time, 10 o'clock. She will not walk for a wager or in competition. She receives challenges to walk matches every week, but will accept none. A club of ladies has already been started here in Washington for walking expeditions. They have pledged themselves to eat an oat-meal breakfast, put on a loose walking dress, and take a long tramp in the country at least three times a week. This will add to their health and beauty if they have that genius for continuance which most women lack. Miss Von Hillern seems to arouse in women a sort of infatuation to go on the tramp wherever she goes, and as soon as she appears they begin to straighten themselves up and feel the calves of their legs. If she causes women even temporarily to go out doors and view the beauties of nature on foot, then heaven speed her. Walking out-doors is what American people need above all things.

When not on the track, Bertha Von Hillern lives and eats and dresses like other people, with a few exceptions. She sets her face like iron against alcoholic stimulants, sweet things and pastry. She will not even let her agent rub whisky inside her shoes to keep her feet from swelling, for fear people will smell the whisky and think she is a tippler. Rare beef, vegetables, oat-meal and plain, solid food form the "chief of her diet," like that of the little old man who would never be quiet. After finishing one of her public walks she goes to bed and drops asleep at once. Toward morning, about three or four o'clock, her maid awakens her, and walks her about her room a little time to keep her limbs from becoming stiff. After one of her severe walks she suffers somewhat from what are technically called "walking cramps," which are pains around the knee-joints. To alleviate this her legs are rubbed with salt and water.

Physically there is nothing abnormal or startling about her. She weighs one hundred and ten pounds, is rather below medium height, and has the face which, after all, is the best for steady wear in this world, a face which would not be noticed for being handsome or homely. Her hair is very heavy, and of the fashionable blonde gold color. She would like to wear it cut short, but out of regard to people's prejudices wears it long. Further, it may interest some dress reformers to know that she wears an ordinary corset during her walk. Bertha came to this country about two years ago. She was famous among her acquaintances in Germany for her walking feats as a school-girl. She is a native of Freiberg, in Baden, and is a zealous and pious Roman Catholic.

She carries about her a little instrument called a pedometer, which registers every mile she walks. It is kept going by the motion of her body in walking. When we saw her she wore a sort of flowered polonaise, reaching down a little below the knee, with a light felt hat, of the "pork-pie" shape, on her head. She is more muscular than plump, and her movements are energetic as well as graceful. As she races around the track she looks like a fish darting through the water. She is as straight as an arrow, and her shoulders are very broad and square for a woman's. Her walking is not in the least like that of ordinary persons. It is like that of an Indian on a long journey. She seems to propel herself along with her arms and shoulders as much as her feet. The peculiar swing of her elbows and shoulders reminds one continually of the motion of a bird's wings. Her toes do not turn out, as civilized people's are supposed to. They go straight ahead, and the left foot, perhaps, points slightly inward. She always turns upon her left side as she rounds the curve of her track, and this constant turning to the left has made a slight difference in her sides.

She is very popular with ladies everywhere, but dislikes exceedingly to have them kiss her. We noticed a lady bid her good-by, and observed that at the hand-shaking moment Bertha slightly drew her head back.

"There," said the agent, smiling, "she is afraid that women is going to kiss her. She hates awfully to have women kiss her."

I hope nobody will go now and say Bertha Von Hillern is crazy.

Only one man in America can make her shoes, and he lives in Chicago. Her fast walking gait is so different from her ordinary one that, when she stops to take her brief rests during the walks, the moment she stops an attendant lifts her in his arms and carries her to her room, and she does not take a step till she is carried back. She would loose her gait if she did, and it would require some little time to get it back again. The human mind is a very strange machine. Music and applause help her along wonderfully in her walks. If a band can catch the time of her step it increases her speed several seconds on the mile. The bottoms of her feet are soft and tender like other people's, and she is not particularly muscular, except the calves of her legs. They are as hard as the back of a Cincinnati sugar-cured ham.

The last mile of her walk was exciting. The whole audience was excited. Men cheered and applauded, and several women cried like babies. Bertha did not like that.

"I look at 'em and I laugh a little, to make 'em know I didn't feel bad," said she, "but they cry all the same."

The music struck up lively at the last mile. Bertha put her head down like a race-horse, and looked before her with the determined eye of a woman that meant business. The excitement grew higher as she approached the last rounds. "17, 18, 19," called out the tally-keeper. Faster and faster she flew around. Men stamped their feet and shouted, women clapped their hands and cried, some of them; "21, 22," said the tally-keeper. Her cheeks flushed faintly, and there was a pleased quiver about her lip. "23, 24," said the tally-keeper, and amid a roar little Bertha finished her last mile. She had walked it in eleven minutes, the best time she had yet made. It is no use for anybody to say he wouldn't care to see her walk. He would be interested and he couldn't help himself. E. A.

A Wicked Old Gentleman.

HOW HE SANG BASS AND BARELY TOOK IN THE BOYS.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sang that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practice in accompanying the big fiddle, and withal had the bland benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was "looking round the house" next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretense of having an engagement, winked to the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle; I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes thort I'd like to take a hand jes' for fun."

"Just so," said another; "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes' for the fun er the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante. "Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky and put in $5 he'd got it instead of those eight cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle; now, why don you go in for a $5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing round the cards. "I dunno but I will, but I hain't got nothin' but a $20 bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well, uncle," said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'll go yer twenty and you can put it in the missionary box when you win it, if you like."

"Sho! so I kes," said the old man. "I don't think 'twad be gamblin' at all of that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to his companions.

"Wall, then, I don't care of I go yer this 'ere other fifty—but I s'pose you'll think I'm doin' on it to skeer ye—but our denomination's tarnal poor, and a big contribution is just what they're hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no, I cover your fifty, uncle, we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on til finally the old man remarked, "Wall, I'd no idee I had this here roll o' bills in my pocket—so you call, do ye?—$500 up!—yes, you hev got three pictures—three queens and a jack! Well 'his kinder queer I got tother queen—haw! haw! haw!

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" said the young man triumphantly.

"Well, three on 'em ez kings—way, darn it all that are pot o' money's mine, young feller!" said he stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up. "Praps, mister, you'd like to take your hand again?" said he to the other, who had returned meantime; "they are goin' to sing some sam tunes up stairs before going to bed, and I promised I'd jine 'em."

There was a blank of amazement in that circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.

"Don't I Told You So?"

One night last week a jolly old German farmer rode to Chestnut Hill from Whitemarsh after a physician for his wife, who was very sick. He dismounted from his horse in front of a saloon just as the boys inside had begun to make merry over the first keg of beer. He approached, and looked cautiously around the scene. The foaming glasses were held high above the heads of the revellers, as one of the number pronounced a toast appropriate to the occasion.

The silent watcher licked his lips and wished his errand had been one not requiring so much dispatch. He was turning reluctantly away, when the crowd saw him.

"Hullo!" they shouted, "there's Fritz. Bring him in!"

He was laid hold upon and hauled up to the bar, all the time protesting.

"Boys, I was in a quick hurry. Old vooman sick like the tayval. I was come mit der doctor, sooner as lightnin'!"

"Well, you can take some beer while you're here, and kill two birds with one stone," was the reply.

"Yaas, I kill von chicken mit a couple of stones, und der ole vooman die mitout der toctor, I ton't forget myself of it, eh?"

"Oh, she won't die. You don't get beer often, and you're got the old woman all the time. Fill 'em up again."

"Yaas, I got her all der time, but exposen she go dade. I don't get her any more somedimes. It's better to go mit ter toctor, seldom right away."

But he didn't go. As one glass after another was forced upon him by the reckless crowd, the object of his errand was floated further and further from his vision, until it was carried out of his mind altogether, and his voice, untinged with anxiety, joined in the drinking songs and arose above all others.

Thus he was found by his son, late that night. The boy grasped him by the sleeve, and said:

"Fader, come home."

Fritz turned, and at the sight of his boy a great fear arose in his mind, swept away the fumes of the beer, and brought him to a sense of the situation. In an awestruck tone he asked:

"Yawcob, how you vas come heres? Vas somedings der matter?"

"Yaw," replied the boy.

"Vell, spoke up about it. Vas der ole vooman—vas your modder—is she dade? I can't shtand dem best. Don't keep your fader in expense, poy. Shpid it out. Vas ve a couple of orphanses, Yawcob?"

"Nein," answere the boy, "you vas a modder. A leedle baby coom mit ter house."

Fritz was overcome for a moment, but finally stammered out:

"Vas dot so? I expose it vas not so soon already. Vell—vell, in der middle of life, ve don't know vot's to turn up next. Men exposes. Fill up der glasses."

The boy ventured to ask the old man why he had not sent the doctor.

"Vy, did she vant a toctor? Petter she told me so. I get him pooty quick. Navare mind, I safe more as 10 dol. toctor bill on dat baby. Dot vas a good child. Fill up der glasses. Whooray for dat little buck baby! Ve won't go home till yesterday."

Fritz got home at last, and was in Chestnut Hill again in a couple of days after some medicine. The boys couldn't get him back again, though he said to them:

"You hate I tend my peeseness now."—Kenesaw Gazette.

"BLOWER."—Recently an old gentleman, white-haired and apparently very respectable, walked up to one of the paying cashiers' desks in the Bank of England, took a chair, mopped his forehead, put his umbrella on another chair, and complained of the heat. He then asked the clerk for a check, and begged him to be so good as to fill it up—£20 was enough he said. He then signed it, and in reply to the question, "How he would have it?" he answered, "In gold." The twenty sovereigns were paid over to him. He put on his hat, buttoned up, and wishing the cashier a very good afternoon, walked slowly out. The check was signed "Blower." On examination of the signature book it was found that no such man had an account there. The cashier had been in the bank twenty-five years. "Blower" has not yet been seen.—London Truth.

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HAVING FORMED CONNECTIONS WITH Railway Stock Manufacturers in England and the United States, I am prepared to lay down Narrow Gauge Railways and Steam Tramways from $1,500 per mile and upwards—not including bridges.

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