D. AND H. CANAL ROMANCES

A CHANCE MEETING IN THE WOODS THAT LED TO FORTUNE.

Cheap Rates at Which the Wurts Brothers Acquired Valuable Coal Lands—Two Lads Who Started at the Bottom and Became Magnates in the Transportation Business.

"When I read the Van Beek romance of old canalling days in THE SUN the other day," said a resident of Wayne county, Pa., who was an employee of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company sixty years ago, "I was reminded that the early days of that now abandoned canal were attended by a great many romantic incidents. In fact, it was due to one that the company itself came into existence. This romance began in the township of South Canaan, Wayne county, Pa., near the border of the unbroken wilderness that covered all the Lackawanna Valley then above the little settlement where the city of Scranton now is. David Nobles, a woodsman of that township, had got into debt to a man named Goodrich to the amount of $15. Nobles held title to a tract of wild land in the Lackawanna Valley. That land is now part of the site of the city of Carbondale. The debtor refused to accept a deed of the tract in payment of the $15, and got judgment against Nobles, who fled to the wilderness to escape imprisonment for debt. This was in 1814. Since 1812 the two Wurts brothers, Philadelphians, who were among the earliest believers in the future of anthracite coal, had been prospecting all over that wilderness for signs that would warrant them in getting possession of land overlying coal deposits, their idea being to locate mines near the tributaries of the Delaware River, so that the Delaware might be used as the highway to transport the product to Philadelphia.

"Although confident that coal existed in that part of the Lackawanna Valley, they made no discovery that promised a realization of their hopes, and they at last determined to abandon that field and continue their quest for coal in the southern part of the Lackawanna Valley. William Wurts had actually left the valley and returned to Philadelphia, and his brother Maurice had turned his face southward, after making a final search for coal, near the present site of Carbondale, when he came suddenly upon a man in the garb of a hunter, who was making efforts to conceal himself in a thicket. Wurts, supposing the man was some mountain hermit, addressed him, soon quieted his fears, and engaged him in conversation. The hunter proved to be the fugitive Dave Nobles, who told Wurts why he was thus hiding in the wilderness. Thinking that perhaps this woodman might have at some time seen anthracite coal in his wanderings, Wurts questioned him on the subject. Nobles said that he had a tract of land nearby where there were curious black stones, and if they were coal he knew where there was abundance of them. Wurts offered to buy the tract right there and then and asked Nobles what he would sell it for.

"'If you will pay old Goodrich the $15 that I owe him, so that I can go home once more,' replied Nobles, 'I'll give you a deed for the lot.'

"Wurts lost no time in satisfying the judgment against Nobles, and the land he obtained for that outlay is known as the Grassy Island tract, where the first coal mine in the Lackawanna Valley was put down, and out of which enough coal was taken to pay the entire cost of the canal and railroad that transported its product to market. So it may truthfully be said that if Dave Nobles had been able to pay his debt of $15 to Goodrich instead of having to flee to the wilderness to escape imprisonment, there wouldn't have been any Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, with its millions upon millions of property, and a good many men who are opulent to-day might be working for a living. I heard John Wurts, another brother of Maurice, say once while he was President of the canal company, in response to a remark made by some one that the Wurtses were the founders of the company and it fortunes:

"'No,' said he. 'Providence—and Dave Nobles. They were the founders.'

"That meeting with Maurice Wurts was a great thing for Dave Nobles, though. He got a job at $50 a month to guide his patron around through that region and buy up coal lands for him, so that the owners might not suspect anything. The wily Quaker kept in the background until all the land he wanted was secured, thus getting for a few thousands of dollars property that came to be worth millions. After that Dave Nobles was allowed to work all through the summer of 1815, at the same wages, clearing out the channel of Jones's Creek, the water nearest the Delaware River, and down which the Wurtses intended to run the first cargo of coal to market. This creek was nine miles long, and emptied into the Wallenpaupack Creek, twenty miles above the point where that stream emptied into the Lackawaxen River, which had a sixteen-mile flow thence to the Delaware. After he had cleared the channel of Jones's Creek Nobles built a raft and on it the Wurtses loaded two sledloads of coal from an opening they had made in one of their coal deposits. The raft was made of dry pine trees. Nobles started with this pioneer cargo of anthracite to pilot it to the Wallenpaupack. The water was high and the stream crooked and swift. The raft did not get more than a mile on its voyage Philadelphia-ward. It was wrecked on a rock. The cargo went to the bottom and Dave Nobles came near sharing the same fate. He was saved from drowning by one Alpheus Hollister, who happened to be chopping timber near where the raft was wrecked. With this adventure Dave Nobles severed his connection with the Wurtses, and so his name does not appear in any of the chronicles as one of the founders of the canal company.

"The Wurtses did at last succeed in getting a raftload of coal down the Wallenpaupack, the Lackawaxen and the Delaware to Philadelphia, and, seeing success in the project, obtained authority from the Pennsylvania Legislature to improve the channel of the rough and turbulent Lackawaxen River, so that it might be made safe for navigation, the plan being to haul the coal in sleds during the winter to the bank of that stream, thirty miles through the wilderness. But before this work was completed the Lehigh and Schuylkill coal regions were opened, and competition with them by the Wurtses being out of the question they abandoned the idea of Philadelphia as a market and turned to New York, the result of which was the canal between Honesdale, Pa., and tidewater on the Hudson River, at Rondout.

"Any one who has been much in that part of Orange county, New York, lying east of the Shawangunk Mountains and that part of Sussex county, New Jersey, adjacent, must have noticed how many citizens of that locality have been and are christened Coe F. Many years ago the most conspicuous person in all that country was Coe Finch. He was a man of means, strong mind and great force of character. He was upright and liberal, and his influence dominated the affairs of that region. He was held in high esteem by all, and when the first son was born to any family in that farming community to have him named for Coe Finch was regarded as the proper thing to do. The tradition of it is yet potent there, and to this day one will find youngsters named Coe F. this and Coe F. that. In Coe Finch's day a well-to-do and much-respected farmer named Young lived just over the Sussex county line. Following custom and inclination, Farmer Young named his first son Coe F. Sixty years or so ago this son was a lad perhaps 15 years old. He was unusually bright, but his bent was mischievous. He was inclined to idleness and restlessness. He had a genius for sleight-of-hand tricks, for imitating the songs of birds and cries of animals, and for ventriloquism. These gifts and his uniform good nature made him a favorite everywhere in that rural vicinage, especially with the good housewives and the young people. It was not in him to work, and the hard-headed old farmers did not look with approval on his visits, which he made frequently about the district, because, as they declared, the boys wasn't worth a cent on the farm when he was around, he carried 'em away so with his foolishness. The lad particularly liked to visit at Farmer Durland's at Minisink, but Farmer Durland did not think his presence was good for the boys and the farm hands, so one day when the boy turned up the old farmer told him plumply that he couldn't stay; that he must go back home until after haying and harvest were over. This grieved the farmer's wife greatly, for the boy was a great favorite of hers, and she didn't want him to go, and so she told him to go and hide in the barn. He went and hid in the barn. Mrs. Durland took her son into her confidence, and they carried good things out to him and fed him like a prince for two days, when Farmer Durland discovered him. Then the farmer ordered the boy off the premises, and told him he never wanted to see him there again, for if he did he would flog him within an inch of his life.

"This was a great humiliation to the namesake of the great Coe Finch, and he turned his head toward the west and walked. He did not stop at the Young farm, but walked clear across Sussex county to the Delaware River, and kept on through Pennsylvania, crossed into New York State at Port Jervis, struck the towpath of the Delaware and Hudson Canal and followed that. He was bent on seeking his fortune somewhere in the coal regions. He had walked several miles on the towpath, when he was taken on board a canalboat bound for Honesdale. On this boat was a Scotch family, recently landed in America, on their way to the new coal country. One member of the family was a boy about the age of the wanderer from New Jersey. By the time the boat reached Honesdale the two boys had become fast friends. The destination of the Scotch family was Carbondale, which, like Honesdale, had been called into existence by the operations of the canal company. The father of the family was a skilled mechanic and was to go to work in the company's machine shops at Carbondale. The boy, Young, remained in Honesdale and procured work on the canal. It was not long before he had a boat of his own and his ability attracted the attention of the magnates of the company and other leading men, particularly Thomas Cornell of Rondout, whose partner he became in the then great freight line of Cornell & Young. Then he was placed at the head of the freight department of the canal company, and on the death of Russell F. Lord, general superintendent of the canal, Coe F. Young succeeded to the place.

"There is a tradition that the Scotch boy whose acquaintance Young made on the canalboat became a mule boy in the company's mines at Carbondale. He did drive a mule in the mines, but it was not compulsory, and it was only for a day or two, when his superior intelligence gained him a good place in the company's employ, and his advancement was so steady that he at last became President of the company in whose mines he had driven a mule. His name was Thomas Dickson. Soon after Dickson became President of the company his old towpath friend, Coe F. Young, was made Vice-President and general manager. It was the sagacious and aggressive policy of these two men that secured to the canal company the gigantic railroad system of central and northern New York that it now owns, and the possession of which makes it possible for the company to abandon the canal.

"When Thomas Dickson died Coe F. Young received an offer of the Presidency of the canal company and declined it. He subsequently retired from the management, his son succeeding him. While he was in charge of the canal company's freight department Mr. Young married the sister of Thomas Cornell. One of his daughters married a son of Thomas Dickson. After Coe F. Young became rich and prominent he returned frequently to the scenes of his boyhood, and never failed, so long as she lived, to drive over and see Farmer Durland's good wife, whose hiding of him in the barn, he declared, led to his fortune."

POPULAR NAMES OF WARS.

The Conquered Nation Almost Invariably Comes First—Many Cases.

The conflict between the United States and Spain has passed into history as the "Spanish-American" war. At first glance there is nothing strange in this fact. Nobody has ever found out the real source of the names of the millions of objects and events. Ordinarily it might almost seem that names were given by accident or chance. The matter of naming wars, however, seems to follow a set rule. Examination reveals the fact that in almost every case the designation of a war by a certain popularly accepted name shows at once the victor and the vanquished, and that in such cases the first name, if two be given, or the one name, if there be only one, is the name of the conquered nation. The two that will at once occur to any one's memory are the "Franco-Prussian" war, in which the French were defeated, and our own "Spanish-American" war.

But—there are others. In the Trojan war, so called, the Trojans were defeated by the Greeks, and Troy was besieged and captured. The Macedonian wars were gained by the Romans. In the two Punic wars (*Punicas*: Phœnician; Carthaginian, because Carthage was a Phœnician colony) the Carthaginians were defeated and Carthage was seized by the Romans. In modern times the "Napoleonic" wars, so called, ended in the destruction of the armies of Napoleon and the capture and imprisonment of the Emperor. The "Indian" war of 1841 resulted in the establishment by Great Britain of its power over the Indian Empire. The "Crimean" war was significant of the defeat of Russia by the allied armies (1856). The "Austro-Italian" war (1859-1860) ended with the defeat of Austria and the independence of Italy. In the "Schleswig-Holstein" war (1864) the Danes were defeated and forced to cede Holstein and Schleswig to the victorious Austro-Prussian coalition. It was of this war about a very complicated situation that Disraeli said, when asked to explain it, that only two men, of whom he was one, in the whole United Kingdom, had ever understood what it was all about; the other man was dead, and he had forgotten. Next comes the "Austro-Prussian" war, in which Prussia, by winning the decisive battle of Sadowa, defeated the Austrians. Then we have the "Franco-Prussian" war, ending at Sedan (1870) with the annihilation of the French. The "China-Japan" war, in which the Japanese were conquerors; the "Græco-Turkish" war, resulting in victory to the Turks; and our own "Spanish-American" war completes the series, and seems to sustain the contention that wars are named from the conquered and not from the conquerors.

GOING TO SURPRISE EUROPE.

McNally Proposes to Beat the Swimming Feats of Leander and Others.

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—Peter S. McNally, the noted Boston swimmer and life saver, is to make another European trip next summer, with the idea in view of covering the Old World swimming courses made famous by Leander, Byron and others. He will go first to Rome, where he will give the modern Romans an exhibition of Horatius at the Bridge, but, instead of landing on the opposite bank, as the old-time hero did, McNally will swim on down the Tiber to the Mediterranean, sixteen miles away. He will then go overland to the ancient Hellespont, the Dardanelles, and will not only emulate Leander and Byron, but will also go them one better by swimming the straits in their widest part. He will next visit the Bosporus and the Suez Canal, and then he has planned a fifty-mile trip down the Rhine, from Frankfort or Cologne. Returning to America, McNally proposes to swim from Newport, R. I., to Block Island, twenty-five miles, and later from the Battery, New York, to Coney Island.

Some of McNally's long swims in the past are as follows: Down the Kennebec River in July, 1884, twenty miles, in 6 hours and 51 minutes; from Charlestown to Brookline and return in July, 1886, sixteen miles, in 6 hours and 57 minutes; from Newport to Narragansett Pier, August, 1886, rounding Brenton Reef lightship, sixteen miles, 4 hours and 57 minutes. In July, 1897, McNally set out to swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais. He covered twenty-five miles in 15 hours and ten minutes, getting within three miles of Cape Grisnez on the coast of France.

It is as a life saver, perhaps, that McNally is best known, having a record of 100 persons rescued. He has medals from Congress and from the Massachusetts Humane Society.

UNHORSED BY A METEOR.

Midnight Adventures in Kentucky with a Bedevilled Fire Ball.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

LANCASTER, Ky., Dec. 4.—A huge meteor passed over the western portion of Garrard county about 12 o'clock Wednesday night, alarming nearly every one who saw it. It came out of the southern heavens, rushing northward at high speed, and exploded among the cliffs of the Kentucky River with a noise like the discharge of a cannon. It was apparently about the size of the full moon. Its path was wild and erratic and unusually close to the earth. It seemed literally to bore its way through the air, moving in a spiral, twisting fashion, alternately dipping toward the earth and rising from it, and all the while emitting sparks and sinister hissing sounds as it sped furiously onward. For a minute all that region was brilliantly illuminated.

Several persons in Bryantsville, seeing a sudden bright glare in their rooms, ran out to ascertain the cause of it, but were puzzled still further at finding no explanation, as the light had quickly disappeared. Henry Burdett of that village, who was fox hunting in "Polly's Bend," and who saw the meteor coming toward him, lashed his horse into a gallop to get out of its way. But he unfortunately headed in the wrong direction. A moment had scarcely elapsed before it passed with a swish and a roar, a short distance above his head, causing his horse to plunge so violently that he was thrown headlong from the saddle. He escaped serious injury by falling into a thick patch of broomsedge. Before he had regained his feet and while still temporarily blind from the intense light an explosion reverberated like thunder among the neighboring cliffs.

Burdett says he distinctly felt the heat of the fireball as it passed over his head. He also heard it sizzle. He didn't recover his horse until some time next day. Only an instant before Burdett's mishap, but at a point some six miles further south, sparks from the ball ignited a huge strawrick on the crest of Hackley's Hill, and it was quickly reduced to ashes.

Millard Rout and Dick Moore, residents of Marksburg, who were on their way home from a 'possum hunt, saw the phenomenon and were considerably frightened by it. They describe it as a sort of gyrating, globular missile of intense brilliancy, which rushed uncertainly across the country in a northerly direction, leaving behind a vivid sinuous train. They heard a distant detonation. Among others in that vicinity who saw it was an old colored man, who galloped excitedly down the Lexington pike on a mule, shouting at the top of his voice that the judgment day had come. These cries aroused Pat O'Connor from deep sleep, causing him hurriedly to thrust his head out of a window and scan earth and sky for some moments with apprehensive looks. Seeing nothing, he concluded that the negro was either drunk or demented. "The howlin' black ape," he exclaimed, pulling down the window and again retiring, "who iver heard of judgment day coming in the middle of the night."

Reports indicate that the meteor first became visible somewhere near the Tennessee line, as it was seen by persons as far south as Jellico and Corbin, near which places it passed at a much higher altitude than was afterward shown at any point in its erratic course. The path of such a phenomenon is rarely so near to the surface of the earth as this one seems to have been, nor is it often so erratic. It is probable that one or more meteoric rocks were liberated at the time of the explosion, but none has yet been found, although several parties have been searching for them in a certain locality near the river on the northern border of the county.

NOTABLE SNAKE STORIES.

NOTABLE BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT BEYOND BELIEF.

Some Varieties of United States Snakes Described—Differences in the Appearance of the Venomous and Harmless.

From a Paper by M. C. Holmes, Read Before the Philadelphia Natural History Society.

Harmless snakes generally have two rows of teeth in the upper jaw and one in the lower, these teeth being slender, sharp, comparatively short, and not set in sockets, as these animals do not tear or mutilate their food. The teeth are simply used as hooks by which the food is drawn into the snake's throat. The bones of the jaw being movably joined together, the teeth are advanced on one side, securing a hold on the prey, and then on the other side, in which way the swallowing is accomplished. Poisonous snakes have two long, sharp fangs which appear to be flattened out like a knife blade and then bent up, forming a groove, in some cases forming a closed tube, open, however, at both ends, the upper end of which is fastened to a bone in the cheek which moves with ease, so that the fangs when not in use can be folded or packed away. The saliva of all animals, even man, contains poison; though in man it is greatly diluted and of use in assisting digestion. In the poisonous snakes it is collected into sacs or glands placed on each side of the upper jaw. A delicate canal extends from the poison gland forward under the eye to the edge of the jaw and there opens into the fang, and to use the poison the snake has but to strike the prey; as the fangs enter the flesh the muscles of the jaw press upon the poison glands, squeeze the poison through the little canal down through the hollow of the poison fang in the wound. There is a most ingenious arrangement in the fang. The opening is not at the very tip, where it would be liable to get plugged up with skin and flesh, but it is a little way up in front of the groove, so that the sharp point goes in first and makes a little hole into which the poison flows.

Snakes vary greatly in color, some being very beautiful, and in many cases their coloration is highly protective, green snakes occurring among a luxuriant vegetation, while gray snakes generally frequent rocky districts. The skin, which consists of a coat of scales, formed from the epidermis and generally overlapping each other, is shed during the summer months. The eyes have no lids, being covered with a delicate film or membrane, giving to them that stony glare with which we are more or less familiar. The poisonous snake has a large flat head and a short, thick body, and as a rule possesses a vertical keel along the centre of the scales, while the non-poisonous snakes have small heads, long bodies, and no keel on the scales.

Perhaps of our poisonous snakes the best known are the rattlers. The northern rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) has the widest geographical range, being found in nearly every State of the Union from the Gulf of Mexico to northern New England, and west to the Rocky Mountains. Its appearance is not very pleasing, it having a large, flat head, brilliant eyes, and between the eyes and the nostril a deep pit. The horny appendage to the tail, which is termed the rattle, and gives to the snake its distinctive name, consists of a number of hollow dry rings ending in a rounded button, which rattle together when the tail is vibrated, which vibrating or rattling is done whenever the snake is alarmed. The exact use of this rattle is not known, but it is supposed that the animal is provided with this appendage because it lacks the power of hissing.

The idea that a rattle is added every year is not borne out by facts. A specimen owned by one observer, Dr. Holbrook, developed two rattles within a year. Mr. Peale, the naturalist, kept a rattler for fourteen years. When he obtained it it had eleven rattles, and during the fourteen years it lost several; but new ones took their places, so that at the end of this time the snake still possessed eleven rattles. In disposition the rattlesnake is mild and peaceful when not provoked, and will submit to a great amount of teasing before showing any signs of retaliation. A friend of mine, when a little girl, amused herself for nearly an hour teasing a rattlesnake while it was lying in a clump of blackberry bushes, by throwing stones at it and poking it with sticks. A rattler scarcely ever goes out of its way to attack a human being. It can strike stretched out at full length quite as well as when coiled, despite the prevalent idea to the contrary. The rattlesnake's alleged powers of fascination—in fact, the powers of fascination of any snake—are simply mythical. It is only that the presence of the animal so inspires the individual or animal with horror that they become fairly paralyzed with fear, just as a person crossing railway tracks will become so horrified at the sight of the near-approaching locomotive or trolley car as to be stupefied with fright and unable to move out of danger; yet no one would say that the person had been charmed or fascinated by locomotive or trolley car. So with snakes. Their presence so inspires the victims with fear that they are unable to move out of their way and are consequently attacked; so that in reality the rattlesnake is not the dreadful creature it is often made out to be, but a perfectly inoffensive, harmless animal when let alone.

In the secluded parts of Pennsylvania and on the shores of Lake Champlain these snakes are abundant. In Sullivan and Ulster counties, N. Y., many men are employed as professional rattlesnake hunters, as the skin is very valuable for making belts, pocketbooks, card cases, &c., and the oil is sold for a large sum, being believed by some to possess great curative powers. Many of these snakes are killed during the summer months, but the grand hunting season is in the fall, when the reptiles have returned for the winter to their dens. The hunters well know these places of retreat and choose for the hunt a bright, sunshiny day in October or November. When the snakes have come out of their holes to bask in the sun, lying on the rocks huddled together in great numbers, the hunters arm themselves with old-fashioned flails and attack group after group of the reptiles, but few of them escaping.

There are seventeen species of this snake in the United States. The diamond rattler (*Crotalus adamantus*) is strictly a Southern species, found south of the Carolinas, and in the same locality is found the ground rattler. The greatest variety, however, seems to occur in the Western States, Arizona and New Mexico containing several different species, while in California and Oregon is found the *Crotalus Lucifer* or black rattler. Their bite is extremely dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. Most animals succumb to it, and man, if proper remedies are not at hand. In most localities there is some one who has a remedy for snake bite, but the most effective perhaps is whiskey. Onions are also very good, as, when applied to the wound, they will draw out the poison.

Prof. Frazer of Edinburgh discovered that the serum of the blood of an animal whose whole system was impregnated with snake poison, or the blood serum of the poisonous reptile itself, is an excellent remedy for snake bite. He found out the minimum dose required to kill an animal, and, starting with an amount much smaller than this, gave the dose to the animal, increasing the dose at intervals of ten days, until he found that the animal was taking fifty times the minimum dose, or enough snake poison to kill fifty animals of its own weight and size, without developing any bad effects therefrom. He then injected into a healthy animal some snake poison, and as soon as it began to produce a bad effect on the animal, he immediately injected into the wound the blood serum of the poisoned animal, which serum immediately counteracted the bad effects of the poison. This certainly is a most valuable discovery.

Another snake perhaps more feared by some than the rattler is the copperhead (*Ancistrodon contortrix*), known as the cottonmouth moccasin and red-eye in the South. It ranges from the Catskills to the Gulf States, and west of the Mississippi River, generally attains a length of two feet, and inhabits grassy meadows, also mountain regions, where it preys upon small animals, rarely attacking large ones, unless stepped upon. Sometimes cows and horses, not seeing the copperhead in the long grass, accidentally tread on it and are immediately bitten. The bite of the copperhead is poisonous, but not necessarily fatal, when proper remedies are applied.

The water moccasin (*Ancistrodon piscivorus*) is of a very pugnacious disposition, and will with savage ferocity attack both man and brute. It is found from the Pedee River to the Gulf States. In Texas there is a species known as the Texas moccasin, but the great stronghold of this animal is the great swamp of southern Florida. These reptiles are essentially watersnakes, and live principally upon fishes and small reptiles.

The care of the snake for its young is a question which has been very much discussed, a great many instances having been recorded of eyewitnesses to the parent snake taking, when alarmed, its young into its mouth; whereas noted naturalists have asserted that they have never been able to discover this trait in the snake. A gentleman living in Georgetown, S. C., discovered that the shrubbery on his lawn near a stream was tenanted by a water moccasin, and, locating the snake one day, he placed a rabbit on a log near the stream and removed a short distance to watch the snake, which when it spied the rabbit immediately descended from the bushes and crawled along by the log to the rabbit. When the moccasin had the prey about half way down its throat, the gentleman approached, when the snake suddenly disgorged the rabbit, and, making a noise like a shrill whistle, a number of small moccasins quickly ran out from under the log, entered the snake's mouth and she rapidly crawled away. It would seem, therefore, that the moccasin used this means for protecting her young. The rattler and copperhead are also supposed to resort to this habit when alarmed.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful snakes of the United States is the harlequin (*Elaps fulvus*). This snake has permanently erect poison fangs, is venomous, but not fatal, and is of an extremely mild disposition. Its coloring is exceedingly rich and beautiful, being red, with seventeen broad black bands bordered with yellow. The harlequin is found from Virginia to Arkansas, while four other species inhabit Florida and Texas. They spend most of their time under ground, often being turned up by field workers, and seem to have a fondness for sweet potato patches.

The blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*) is of a beautiful steel blue color. It is wild and untamable, and particularly bold during the breeding season—very often going out of its way to attack passersby, and will sometimes chase an intruder for quite a distance. The blacksnake is a powerful foe of the rattler, who, being of a sluggish disposition, is easily overcome and squeezed to death. The snake is a great climber, and preys upon birds in their nests, seeming to prefer the catbird and redwing, often penetrating thickets in search of them. This reptile is an inhabitant of the region east of the Rocky Mountains, where it is a very familiar form, always in districts where there is water.

The coachwhip (*Bascanion flagelliformis*) is a long, slender form of the Gulf States, which has been vested with remarkable powers by the Indians on account of its rapid movements, and by them has been made the subject of many legends, which are still believed by some, particularly the negroes, who assert that the snake has the power of cutting its antagonist in twain, and can take its tail into its mouth and roll along the ground like a hoop. There is a story current among the negroes that a little boy who was playing in a field one day was attacked by one of these snakes, which lashed his limbs just above the ankles, entirely cutting off both feet. This is, of course, a myth. The species inhabits the Southern States as far west as the Mississippi River.

The *Ophibolus triangulus*, or milksnake, is found from Canada to Virginia. It also bears the name of thunder and lightning snake, chicken snake, and house snake; the latter as it often frequents cellars and outhouses, where it preys upon mice and other small vermin. It also feeds upon snakes and lizards. The milksnake is very graceful in its movements and reaches a length of four feet. Its disposition is exceedingly pugnacious, which trait it exhibits when very young.

A more Southern species and nearly related to the milksnake is *Ophibolus getulus*, or chainsnake. This, like most of the Southern snakes, is a very beautiful reptile, being of an intense black, ornamented by a series of narrow white rings arranged one after another in the form of a chain, whence its name. The negroes hold it in high respect, calling it the king of snakes, from the fact that it is the deadly foe of the rattlesnake. The chainsnake lives on lizards and small birds, as well as weaker members of its own species. The hognose or blowing adder is a large, unsightly snake, found in the eastern United States, but it is perfectly harmless, spending most of its time basking in the sun. When one meets it it does not try to escape, but flattens out its head and body and seems all ready to strike. This it rarely does, but should it strike it can do no harm, being non-poisonous.

A very active but a very timid snake is the pine or bull snake, deriving its name from its wonderful bellowing note, much like that of a bull, produced by filling its body with air, which it noisily expels. This ranges east of the Mississippi River and south of the Ohio. It burrows holes in the ground into which it rapidly retreats when approached and emits a very sickening odor, thought to be a sort of defence. The odor is so sickening that one approaching the snake is very apt to stop for a moment to find out what it is, thus giving the snake time to retreat.

The watersnake found in the Eastern United States is a most harmless, inoffensive creature, found almost always in meadows near pools and streams. It is often seen around water courses, hanging from the branches of trees over the streams, into which it rapidly drops when approached. A watersnake, having thus taken to a stream, was observed to swim quite a long distance, keeping its head well out of water, when it opened its mouth and a number of little watersnakes ran into it.

A very beautiful snake is the green *Leptophis æstivus*, which is very common in the South. It is of a brilliant green color, and a perfect mimic of a vine—often surprising one by starting up from among the leaves of a vine and darting away. It has a habit of coiling in birds' nests, but is perfectly harmless, and, like our common greensnake of the North, is easily tamed.

The *Virginia striatula*, which is found in the south of Virginia and Texas, is a very pretty little snake, but is very modest and retiring. Its back is a beautiful reddish brown, and its under surface salmon colored, but we are not often favored with a view of this pretty reptile, as it is nearly always hidden away under some log or old fallen tree or pile of dead leaves.

The most familiar form of all is the gartersnake, a non-poisonous reptile, of which the United States contains ten species. This snake is the first to crawl out in early spring, and the number found around streams at this time is remarkable. At this season of the year they are always hungry, and one snake has been known to eat three adult toads within an hour. These snakes are perfectly harmless and easily tamed, so that they will even feed from the hand.

FEEDING CITY PRISONERS.

The Bill for Their Sustenance Will Be a Large One for 1899.

The last report of the Commissioner of Correction of the city showed that there were then in his custody 3,500 persons. For the expenses of this department next year the appropriation is $700,000, and of this sum $350,000 is needed for supplies of various kinds. One of the most notable items in the sustenance account of city prisoners is the item of fish, bids for which are to be opened on Dec. 22. This is the fish bill of the city prisoners for 1899: Common fish, 100,000 pounds; Boston steak cod, 5,000 pounds; bluefish, 2,000 pounds; blackfish, 1,000 pounds; fresh mackerel, 1,000 pounds; halibut, 5,000 pounds; shad, 3,000 pounds; smelts, 1,000 pounds; salmon trout, 5,000 pounds; flounders, 2,000 pounds; whitefish, 2,000 pounds; seabass, 2,000 pounds; lobsters, 1,000 pounds; hard clams, 30,000 pounds; soft clams, 2,000 pounds; box oysters, 10,000 pounds; oysters (culls), 20,000, and scallops, 200 quarts.

This, however, constitutes only the amount needed for Manhattan and the Bronx, as Brooklyn has its own fish order for the prisoners in the Kings County Penitentiary, whose demands (presuming the fish supply to be wholly for their benefit and sustenance) differ from the New York Manhattan supply considerably, showing a variance of piscatorial taste on the two banks of the East River. In Brooklyn, instead of 30,000 pounds of hard clams, 100,000 clams are to be furnished. Instead of 1,000 pounds of fresh mackerel, the Manhattan order, the Brooklyn requirement is 3,400 pounds of mackerel—salt mackerel. The Brooklyn bids call for 66,400—no more and no less—of oysters and there is no order for lobsters or for scallops on the Brooklyn side of the East River. It has long been a disputed point whether "terrapin" belongs in the category of game or fish. Some persons have contended that the terrapin is a fish; others have held that it is game, and the controversy has even taken on, so to speak, an ecclesiastical side, it being alleged by some and denied by others that it comes within the exemption of meat on days of fasting. So far as the New York Correction Department is concerned this mooted question must remain unsolved, for no provision has been made for terrapin as an article of diet of those in the correctional institutions of the enlarged New York, and if any of them desire terrapin, therefore, they must either get it at their own expense or abide their discharge from custody.

Among the other articles needed for the Correction Department of the city for 1899 are 35,000 pounds of chicken, 25,000 pounds of turkey, 670,000 pounds of beef, 170,000 pounds of salt pork in barrels, 170,000 pounds of mutton, 60,000 pounds of roasting beef, 40,000 pounds of sirloin steaks, 35,000 pounds of corned beef, 40,000 pounds of hindquarters of mutton, 5,000 pounds of fresh pork, 10,000 pounds of veal cutlets and 8,600 pounds of bologna sausage.

In addition to these the city requires for next year 33,000 quarts of milk (condensed), 2,500 pounds of yeast and 12,000 loaves of Vienna bread. This does not include the annual order for groceries and vegetables for city departments. In these orders are 7,500 pounds of currant jelly, 250 pounds of macaroni, 10 pounds of cloves, 20,000 pounds of coffee, 16,000 pounds of beans not older than the crop of 1898, 15,000 pounds of turnips, 75 bushels of sweet potatoes, 30,000 pounds of onions, 260 dozen lemons, 9,000 pounds of Oolong tea, 32 barrels of soda biscuits, 100 dozen bottles of chow-chow, 1,800 pounds of pepper, 2,200 pounds of prunes, 75 dozen bottles of Worcestershire and sauce, and 75 pounds of smoked tongues, city cured.

One explanation of the apparently liberal and evidently generous table which the city of New York sets for prisoners is found in the fact that the tastes of the warders, keepers and various employees have to be consulted, as well as the demands for sustenance of the prisoners, and it seems sometimes to some persons as if the first preference was accorded to the officials, to which may be due the fact that "supplies" for this department cost $250,000 a year.

Dawson City's Isolation.

From the Toronto Globe.

It is a curious and almost anomalous position that Dawson occupies. There are few, if any, towns of its size in all the world so locked away from the outside world for nine months in the year. Think of it! A city of 10,000 souls, and the centre of a district of 30,000, a live, busy city, with the streets thronged with men, its big warehouses, its growing interests and civic problems, shut away entirely for at least three months in the year, during those seasons when the ice is forming and breaking, and with only occasional and laborious communication during the three other months. Whatever happens of fire or flood or fortune, it must remain for many weeks or months unknown to the larger world outside.

CHOLERA'S SWIFT STROKES.

QUICK DEATH TO WHICH PEOPLE IN INDIA ARE EXPOSED.

Cases Where White Residents Have Passed from Health to the Grave in a Few Hours—Memorial of a Physician—Wiping Out of a Whole Family in a Single Day.

JHANSI, India, Oct. 27.—The plague this season is striking its roots into raw soil. Bangalore, a city in the Madras Presidency, is now a plague centre, and other parts of South India are affected. Karachi, on the western seaboard, where a year ago the plague raged, is now almost entirely free from the scourge, but it still clings to Bombay. One feature of the plague at present is the number of Europeans attacked, while in the beginning Europeans were almost entirely exempt. Hitherto nurses in charge of plague patients have enjoyed such immunity from the disease that it has sometimes been said that no place seemed so safe from infection as the immediate vicinity of a plague-stricken patient. Within recent months several nurses and others assisting in the care of the sick have fallen victims to it.

In the immunity which Europeans have until recently enjoyed the plague has furnished a striking contrast to cholera. Cholera strikes down a victim here and there in the most favored sections of a community, so far as regards sanitary conditions. One of our neighbors several years ago was a Judge, one of the rising men of India, who occupied a large house in the midst of a fine compound, all the surroundings being salubrious. A friend had been spending a few days with him, and on the return of the visitor to his home the Judge accompanied him to a neighboring town, intending to spend the day with friends. He was stricken with cholera soon after his arrival and died in a few hours. The guest of the Judge reached his home, was also stricken with cholera, and died about the same time as his late host. When an examination was made of the house it was found that the cooking utensils, which, in India, are usually of copper and are tinned every three or four weeks, were in a very bad condition. The wife was absent in England and the Judge had trusted his servants with the result that two lives were sacrificed.

Stepping from the railway train at the central station in this city, and passing through a spacious hall to the place of exit, the traveller sees before him a fine drinking fountain. This was recently erected in memory of the civil surgeon, a man greatly beloved, who fell a victim to cholera more than a year ago. The disease had been very prevalent in the city, and the doctor had been frequently summoned to attend the sick. He was asked the day before his death to go to an adjoining city to treat a brother physician, who had been stricken with cholera. He returned by an early morning train, took his usual refreshment of tea and toast after reaching his bungalow, then visited the city hospital, the railway hospital, the jail, and lastly his private patients. His round of visits made, the doctor returned home, and at 1 o'clock sat down to his breakfast, complaining of great weariness. During the afternoon he was attacked with cholera and died at 10 o'clock in the evening. He was buried the following morning with full military honors. He had been in attendance on a patient in my family, and the echo of his retreating footsteps seemed scarcely to have died away when on the still morning air the mournful strains of the "Dead March" were borne to me as the doctor was carried to his burial.

A young English chaplain asked of a friend whose house was set in the midst of a beautiful park on the banks of the river Jumna the privilege of coming to his house for a few days for a change of air, as he was not well. He came, but only to die of cholera, with which he had doubtless been smitten before leaving his own bungalow.

During the famine which so recently desolated India many of the European servants of Government in charge of famine relief works were victims of cholera. One young civilian, very zealous in the discharge of his duties, came in one day from his work, saying that he was not well. There was nothing in his condition to excite alarm. The following morning his companion, a brother civilian, before going out, looked in at the door of his hut to make inquiries, but found him sleeping, and therefore concluded that he was as well as usual.

Returning to the camp at a late hour in the morning, he was startled to find his friend lying unconscious on the ground not far from the tent. The young man had risen, dressed, and attempted to mount his horse, but had fallen to the ground in the attempt. Medical assistance from the nearest town was at once summoned, but he was dead of cholera before help could reach him. It was a sad procession that made its way back to the home which the young man had so recently left in health and fine spirits, his horse led by his groom and carrying the empty saddle, his folded tent, and all that had been his, and the body prepared for burial.

But perhaps in all India there is no sadder memorial of the ravages of cholera than the Deserted House at Seringapatam, a city in South India, built on an island in the channel of the Kaveri River. This island was for a time the seat of government of Hyder Ali, a noted Mohammedan ruler. The place was taken by the British in 1799, and a detachment of British troops was quartered there, commanded by Col. Bruce. The commandant built a very English looking house on the banks of the river, with terraces to the water's edge, a charming spot, in the midst of a lovely garden. When the house was ready for occupancy Mrs. Bruce came out from England to join her husband, bringing with her their two little boys, 5 and 7 years of age. It was the beginning of the delightful cool season, the time of flowers, and through the garden bright with bloom coveys of birds in brilliant plumage flitted, and the bees hummed in sweet content. Mrs. Bruce was charmed with her beautiful new home. The boys romped in the garden, and took delightful rides on their gentle little ponies, or long strolls with their faithful bearer. All too rapidly the pleasant cool season passed away. When the days grew long and the heat outside oppressive, the restless boys played on the broad, shady verandas. Then, as the pitiless heat increased, the verandas were deserted, all the outer doors were closed, and the rooms partially darkened to shut out the blinding glare, while suspended from the ceiling huge punkas lazily swung by night as well as by day. It was suggested that Mrs. Bruce with the children should seek relief from the heat in some hill retreat.

"Not this year," was always the reply to such suggestions. "The children are losing their fine English color," she would add, a little sadly, "but they have their home strength and will do well enough until another year. I wish to stay here with my husband, since he cannot leave his duties."

Slowly the long days of the long summer wore away. The rainy season brought some relief, for the outer doors could again be thrown open during the day and the parched and brown earth took on a mantle of green. At the close of the rains, near the middle of September, cholera appeared in the native city, sporadic cases only, and, removed as were the residences of the Europeans from the vicinity of the Hindustani population, little danger was apprehended. One morning before the end of the month the Colonel was summoned from his orderly room by a messenger bringing the tidings that his younger son was very ill. It was cholera and the boy was dead at noon. Just as the sun was going down the casket containing the little form was carried to the cemetery and laid in the newly opened grave. Before this time the older boy had sickened and by nightfall the mother. Long before dawn of the next day both were dead, and with such mournful haste as is necessary in this land, preparations were made for burial. The father seemed stupefied with grief. When the grave had closed over the last of his household he returned to his desolate home and threw himself into a long armchair, strangely calm; and thus he sat through the remaining hours of the day, "waiting for the cholera," the servants said. When darkness had settled down over the earth the Colonel rose, walked through the empty rooms so recently resounding with the music of children's voices, out into the starlight and the flower-scented air, past the terraces leading down to the river, and, in the delirium of grief, threw himself into the water. The next morning his body was found a few miles down the stream and was buried beside his wife and his two boys.

The shutters were closed, a key turned in the lock and the house was left dark and silent, since no one cared to occupy a house around which such memories clustered. After the British troops were removed from Seringapatam the house became a habitation for bats and other noisome features. The grass grew rank where once had been a well-kept garden and the jackals rioted in the jungle. It was a haunted house, the natives said, and not a foot crossed the threshold. When the present ruler of Mysore took up the reins of Government he gave orders that the jungle should be cleared away, the rotting roof repaired, the broken window panes replaced by new, the interior of the house cleansed and the discolored walls whitewashed, while all the articles of furniture were to be preserved, the old piano with its mute keys, the cots of the children, the bed on which the mother died, and the chair in which the Colonel sat during the hours of his last earthly day. The garden was once more made tidy, flowers bloomed and grass grew on the terraces leading down to the river. Now the house is shown to the few visitors who find their way to Seringapatam and its sad story perpetuated.

India, with its dazzling sunshine, its barbaric splendor, and its many fascinations, in spite of its squalid misery, is yet to the white foreigners who seek its shores, whether for gain, for scientific purposes, or to uplift and evangelize its depressed and benighted millions, a land full of sad experiences, sad memories and severed households.

"India is nearer heaven than America," once said a missionary, who after many years of earnest service in India, with shattered health, had sought his native shores for recuperation. Short is the passage often in this land between abounding health and the grave.

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

One of the Things He Is Going to Do When His Ship Comes In.

"If ever I get rich," said the man of moderate means, "one of the things that I shall do is to travel. I do love to travel. I should poke about not only on the highways, but the byways. New York is getting to be a centre of world travel, but it's nothing like London and Liverpool. If I had the money, I should go to those towns and read the advertisements in the papers, and look up the shipping guides, and pick out my trips. From either of those ports ships go literally all over the world; not alone along great routes of travel, to familiar though distant lands and cities, but to many strange and curious and interesting places that ordinarily one would never even dream of.

"The trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer, among a lot of people, is like a brief journey in a floating hotel. I'd like to take a long journey in a fine ship. The very finest steamers in the world come to this port; but there are many fine ships running out of the Thames and the Mersey that we never hear of at all, running, not on our familiar Atlantic ferry, but going half round the world and back at every trip; and I would like to travel on them all. And then there are long-distance coastwise trips along strange lands, and trips to distant points to connect with other boats that go further still to places yet more remote, where the passenger travel is small and the boats infrequent and sailing when they get ready. Think of loafing under such circumstances.

"Then back to London or to Liverpool after a while, and off again. I should travel all the lines. I should like to know all the ships, and the officers, if they wanted to know me, and all the seaport towns the world over; that means I'd like to know the world. No exploration business, no hard work anywhere; some discomfort, perhaps, but mighty little, and comfort always in sight, and just loafing; a feast of loafing with a sauce of strange sights; and a familiar knowledge, finally, of the earth's strange places.

"And I want to go more or less on tramp steamers on long voyages. I imagine that that's the place for rest. I want to be the only passenger on a tramp. I've dreamed a-many times of swinging up and down the swells of the ocean, and of sitting on deck under an awning in port, the only passenger, and of seeing the passenger boats go by; and then, when our turn had come, loafing off to the next port or loafing home.

"And I shall have a look around my own country, too, when I have the means. I shall travel on all the river lines of boats, of which there are not so many as there were, because the railroads are carrying the people more and more, but of which there are yet many after all. There are within the boundaries of this tremendous country scores, I suppose hundreds, of rivers and other waterways traversed by steamboats; rivers and boats that a man living in one locality never hears of at all. I'd like to travel on 'em all, but I don't suppose one would quite have time for that. But I'd like to travel 'em all if I could; and I should travel all the main lines, and that would include many rivers scattered in all parts of the country. And when I read among the steamboat advertisements in the local papers in some Southern or Western city in which I might be the notice of a line of boats running up some stream whose name I had never even heard of since I had learned it in the geography, in the days of youth and romance, why, I should go right straight and take passage on that boat and stay there till she got back; and brush along against the banks and go ashore when she landed, and so just wander along this watery street through the country.

"I love to ride on the cars. I never got tired of it. I have never found a journey on the cars too long. Every individual car and every locomotive wherever I may see it interests me. I like to read the names on the sleepers; I like everything about the railroad.

"There's nothing in the papers that I like to read more than I do the railroad and steamship advertisements. I never get tired of them. As a matter of fact I suppose I read them a dozen times a year; though I read the advertisements of the limited and the other long distance trains, and the advertisements of ships to many ports; I love to read 'em; and I am going to all these places, some day."

HIS ONLY PRACTICAL JOKE.

An Old Man's Reminiscence of One of His Boyhood's Experiences.

The apples and cider and the genial warmth of the glowing coal fire caused the old man to grow reminiscent. He placed his slippered feet up on the fender, and, while a brighter light came into his faded eyes, he talked of the "good old times."

"Once," he said, and he smiled at the recollection, "I did a very funny thing when I was a very small boy. I think I must have exhausted all my genius for fun in that one grand effort, for I have never had the heart to attempt a funny thing since.

"It happened when I was about 10 years old. I was then helping father to run the farm, and, I suspect, we ran it pretty hard, too, for the first thing I knew it got away from us; but that is another story. As I was saying, it happened when I lived on a farm. We had a hired man, a great, raw-boned, overgrown Irishman, as full of mad pranks as Peck's bad boy. He was always playing some trick on me. One night he placed a large thistle in my bed. It was summertime and I had no underclothes on; and when I lay down on that thistle there was a sensation, several million of them. The Irishman stood and laughed at me until the great tears rolled down among the red stubble on his face. I swore, as well as a young fellow could swear, that I would get even with him. I spent all the next day studying out how it could be done, and by night I had a plan worked out which I thought so good I had to go out behind the barn, where nobody could see me, and have a good laugh over it. Afterward I was glad I had the laugh anyway.

"That night I stayed up until all in the house except myself had gone to bed. Then I went and got mother's largest washtub, sat it at the foot of the stairs, and filled it with water. Next I secured several lengths of stovepipe and scattered them at judicious distances upon the stairs. You see, the hired man slept upstairs. So did I, for that matter; but, then, he was always up an hour or more before I was, and so, of course, he would come downstairs first. In fact, I intended that he should come down head first, and then cool off in the tub of water.

"Every part of the plan was carefully thought out. I was confident it would work like a charm. In fancy I could see the look of astonishment that would jump all over the big Irishman's face when his feet struck the stovepipes on the stairs and his head started for the tub of water. Then I would have the laugh on him, and I thought of the thistle pricks and the sweetness of revenge as I cautiously crept upstairs to bed. It was some time before I could get to sleep, I felt so good over the joke I was about to play on the Irishman. In imagination I saw him go sprawling down the stairs, yelling like a wild Indian, and I fancied how funny he would look when he picked himself up out of the tub of water, blowing like a whale and swearing like himself.

"However, I at length fell asleep, and slept the sleep of a tired boy until suddenly I was awakened by some one wildly crying: 'Fire! fire!! fire!!!'

"I always had a horror of being burned alive. The cry frightened me out of my wits. I did not stop to think; but sprang out of bed and rushed for the stairs. My feet struck a stovepipe and started off on their own hook. I followed, trying to get ahead of them and succeeded just in time to land head first in the tub of water.

"What a racket I and the stovepipes made! How the water flew in every direction! All in the house rushed to the stairway to see what the matter was. The big Irishman stuck his head through the open door, and, seeing me standing shivering in the tub of water, wearing a skinned nose and a wet shirt, mildly inquired: 'Did ye iver git left, me darlint?'

"Mad? Mad is not the name for the state of my temper. I was raving, tearing, boiling with maniacal fury," and the old man chuckled softly to himself at the picture memory held before his eyes of a youth now long, long dead.

Bought Hot Skates from a Burning Building

The New York firm that added a postscript to their advertisement after midnight, when one of their stores was in ashes, reminded the reminiscent man that when he was reporting a fire in his town the owner of the destroyed and damaged stock hung out this sign in the front of the building on which the engines were playing:

> REMOVED.
> DAMAGED STOCK WILL BE FOUND
> AROUND THE CORNER RIGHT NOW.
> GREAT BARGAIN SALE!

"And it was so," said the reminiscence, "for I went around there and bought my boy a pair of Christmas skates while they were still hot. There was no insurance to be adjusted, and the merchant could do as he pleased, and it is a fact that he did more business on his scorched stock than he had done with that which was unimpaired."

LASLEY FAMILY STALLED.

A PICTURESQUE GROUP ON WHEELS FROM THE FAR PACIFIC.

Poetic Father, Tawny-Haired Mother, Five Freckled Children, a Sleepy Cat and a Weary Dog All Stuck in a New Haven Snowbank — Their Long Journeyings.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 10.—The Lasley family, a picturesque group of continental fame, is stalled in New Haven and laid up for repairs. The Lasleys do not enjoy the situation, for they have long nourished a grudge against this town. The recent snowstorm and the impassable Connecticut roads have been too much for even their perseverance, and they are probably quartered upon the city for some time to come.

When heard of last before the present occasion the Lasleys were five in number. They are now seven. There is Mr. Lasley proper, a heavy bearded, swarthy complexioned Westerner; Mrs. Lasley, a buxom matron with golden hair and a freckled face, and five little Lasleys, with physical characteristics strikingly like their mother, and there are also a very old and sleepy cat and a weary, crestfallen dog, whose chief reason for pride is the fact that he has walked across the American continent, from San Francisco to New Haven. The Lasleys pretend that this uncomplaining creature prefers to walk along by the side of the wagon, but the shrewd observer suspects that the old rough shingled vehicle is getting too densely populated for his comfort and that he has been crowded out by the last baby. The little Lasleys range all the way from this infant in arms—also golden haired and freckled faced—to an energetic girl of ten or a dozen years, who assumes a large share of the family burdens. A glance at the group would not disclose the fact that the Lasleys had any particular hold upon the sympathies of the public. They are surely not industrious; they are certainly not well behaved, and a glance into the portable cabin in which they live at once discloses the fact that they are not over-clean. Nevertheless, the Lasleys are famous. There is hardly a State in the Union that does not know them, and as things in this world go they are fairly prosperous.

The time was when Mr. Lasley was an obscure though rising young upholsterer in Seattle, Wash., and when his family, which at that time had not reached its present proportions, had no thought of the extensive voyages which have since been its good fortune. That was about five years ago. It was in 1893 that Mr. Lasley made the important discovery that it was cheaper to move than to pay rent, though he carried out his idea in an unusual way. His departure was brought about by a stroke of ill fortune. In an unguarded moment he gave his note for $50 secured by a mortgage on his Seattle home and a timber claim of 180 acres. It was a sad day in the Lasley household when that note came due, for the family had a week in which to seek another home and move out all the earthly possessions left by the courts. Mr. Lasley had nothing but his own strong arms with which to work out the fortune of his family, for he had lost not only his house and his timber claim, but his job as well. His only available assets were two old spavined horses.

The genius of the Lasleys was equal to the occasion. In a few days Mr. Lasley was found busy at work chopping down cedar trees, which he split into stakes with his own hands. In a few days he had transformed these into a rough and homely dwelling, about twelve feet long and six feet high set on four wheels. It was lighted by three windows and two doors. The inside was divided into two rooms, was lined with cloth and neatly papered and adorned with pictures. The window was roofed over with four thicknesses of cloth. This dwelling was furnished with a folding table, a camp stove, placed out of the way in one corner, a folding bed, a rocking chair for Mrs. Lasley, a high chair for the baby, a medicine chest, a wardrobe and a line of cooking utensils. At the appointed time Mr. Lasley and his family left his former house, piled into the improvised house on wheels, and left behind them the unfriendly streets of Seattle.

That was about five years ago. They have been eventful years in the lives of the constantly increasing Lasleys. They have had many wild adventures, many hair-breadth escapes, and have travelled many thousands of miles. They have ridden through the mountain passes and cañons of California, have gone across the Western prairies, have lived upon friendly terms with the Mormons of Utah, the greasers of New Mexico and the cowboys of Oklahoma. They have suffered all kinds of privations, have huddled together in their little house when the thermometer was 18° below zero, have been burned out once or twice, have been snowed in under enormous drifts, have been reduced to their last penny and obliged to live for two weeks upon the berries and wild fruit they could pick up in the woods, have been through various sick spells and brought to death's door, have crossed twenty mountain ranges, eleven divides and thirteen mountains, some of them 8,000 feet high, have forded eleven large rivers and ferried eleven, have travelled at least 10,000 miles and have had any number of breakdowns. They have met many notables, have visited the White House and have shaken hands with the President.

At the present time they are perfectly satisfied with their novel way of livelihood and have elaborate plans for the future. When they leave New Haven they will start on a return trip to San Francisco, where they expect to arrive in the spring. In 1899 they intend to ship their outfit to England, make a tour of that country, and arrive in Paris in time for the Exposition of 1900. They then propose to drive across Europe and down through Asia into China, taking in all the important places on their way. From Hong Kong they will ship their house on wheels to Japan and take a drive through the sunny kingdom, and after they have travelled to their hearts' content will ship their wagon to San Francisco and seek new adventures in their native land.

Two children have been born to the Lasleys since they began travelling five years ago, the births having taken place in the house on wheels. Mr. Lasley is the sort of man who rejoices in a large family, and it would be impossible to find a happier group. They have been in pretty hard luck during their forced stay in New Haven. They arrived here just before the big snowstorm and have been unable to leave up to the present time. The family treasury has been running pretty low, and Mr. Lasley has attempted to refill it in several characteristic ways. He applied first for permission to exhibit his household upon some important New Haven thoroughfare, but was promptly turned down. He then offered his own services and his wagon to help to remove the snow from the city streets. This was also unsuccessful. New Haven employs only home talent for this exacting work and Mr. Lasley has not been here long enough to establish a residence. All the Lasleys, from the head of the family down to the baby boy, are thoroughly disgusted with this Puritanical town. They say they have never been appreciated in New Haven and are waiting the first favorable opportunity to shake its dust—or, rather, its snow—from their wagon wheels. Mr. Lasley, who, in addition to his nomadic tendency, dabbles somewhat in literature, both in prose and verse—his love songs to his tawny-haired wife and his "Sonnet to his Last Dollar," have a somewhat extended circulation—has already written many unkind things about the Elm City, and doubtless as soon as he succeeds in extricating himself from the snowbank in which he is at present involved he will find further opportunity to exercise his talents for gentle satire.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

An Equine Pet Protects His Master from the Tusks of a Savage Boar.

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.

George Howard, 19 years of age, who has been employed on the farm of George Lent, about a mile outside the city on the Buffalo road, is at the Homœopathic Hospital suffering from injuries inflicted on him by a hog. That young Howard is not a subject for the Coroner instead of the hospital surgeon is due to the fact that a horse, which has been a great favorite of Howard and is greatly attached to the boy, kicked the enraged hog away as the brute was about to fasten his teeth in the boy's throat. The horse has always been looked upon by Farmer Lent as a remarkably intelligent member of the equine family, but now he is considered a wonder, and had the farmer not himself witnessed the act of the horse he would never have believed that an animal could display such intelligence.

The hog which made the attack on Howard was a large and particularly ugly brute. He broke out of his pen yesterday afternoon and made a rush for the barn. The door was open and young Howard, who had just placed his favorite horse back into his stall after a careful grooming, was just starting to go out the door when the enraged hog entered with a rush. The brute made a savage attack on the boy, and, fastening his teeth into the calf of the leg, tore and lacerated the flesh. Howard fell back into the stall and close to the feet of the horse he had just groomed.

The hog was springing at the throat of his prostrate victim when the horse raised his hind feet and gave the hog a kick which sent him ten feet and caused him to squeal with pain. Mr. Lent, who had been attracted by the screams of the boy, was just entering the barn door as he saw the horse kick the hog off the prostrate body of the boy.

It was found that Howard had a bad wound in the leg, and, as the attendance of a physician was necessary, Mr. Lent hitched up the faithful horse and took the injured boy to the hospital.