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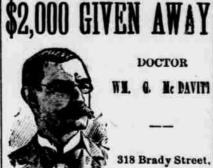
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AN ASP AND DEADLY.

AMERICA'S MOST DEADLY SNAKE IS THE PICHU-CUATE.

It Is Found In the Southwest-Even Spake Charmers Are Afraid of It - A Tiny Thing. but It Kilb Very Quickly-A Writer Tells of His First Meeting With One.

The southwest is more liberally supplied with venomous things than any other area in the Union. In the burning deserts, in the inhabited but arid expanses of New Mexico and Arizona, the rattlesnake abounds, and in several varieties, including the strange and deadly "sidewinder," Crotolus cerastes. The so called tarantula-really only a gigantic bush spider, but none the less dangerous because of the misnomer-is decidedly common. Scorpions are none too rare in the southern portions of the territories, and in all parts centipeds of 7 to 8 inches long are frequent and neighborly. But the chief distinction of the region in this respect is the pres ence of the pichu-cuate, the deadliest snake in North America.

The pichu-cuate matches the worst erpent of India. Not only the most highly venomous, but the tiniest and most treacherous, he would be also the most dangerous-but, luckily, he is the rarest. He is the only true asp on this continent, and in the United States is never found outside of New Mexico and Arizona. That he was also known to the ancient Mexicans is apparent from his name-pichu-coatl, an Aztec word, which was brought up to our territory by the Spanish conquerors.

My first meeting with one was in Valencia county, N. M., in June, 1890, on the sandy flanks of the Cerro del Aire. I was out hunting jack rabbits, in company with some Indian friends, and had dismounted to stalk, leading my pet horse by the bridle. My eyes were on a small chapparo bush ahead, when suddenly Alazan snorted and reared backward so violently as almost to unhinge my arm. I looked about in surprise, for Alazan was too good a horse to mind trifles. As there was nothing to be seen, I started to pull him forward. Again he protested and with evident terror, and chancing to look at my very feet I understood his fear and felt very grateful that his senses were better than mine, for in another step I should have walked upon my death.

The only thing visible was a tiny object, not nearly so large as a good stag beetle-merely a head and perhaps an inch of neck. But it was the most frightful object in its kind that I had ever seen. The head, certainly neither so broad nor so long as my thumb nail, had a shape and an air of condensed malignity impossible to describe. It seemed the very essence of wickedness and hate, fairly bulging with deadly spite, and growing upon one until it looked several times its actual size. The ugly triangle (which is the distinguishing mark of all venomous snakes, being formed by the poison gland back of each eye) told me at once that Alazan was keeping up his reputationnever did he shy at a harmless snakeand the tiny horns, which added a peculiar and grotesque hideousness, left no doubt that this was a pichu-cuate. He had buried himself most to the head to turn up.

Turning Alazan loose, I knelt at the safe distance of a yard to study the little creature, which fairly swelled with murderous rage. It not only struck madly at the chapparo switch I thrust to it, but at last, evidently discerning that the blame lay back of the switch actually followed it up, and with such agility that I had to jump up and back without loss of time. The idea of retreat never seemed to enter that flat head. Sometimes he would lie and puff out with impotent rage, throwing his mouth so wide open that it seemed the venom must start, and sometimes he glided toward me, his head an inch above the ground, with an attitude which seemed to say, "Stand still there,

and we'll see who laughs." At last I killed him. He was neither larger round nor longer than an ordinary lead pencil; a cold, leaden gray on the back, but underneath rosy as the month of a conch shell. The fangs were tiny, not much more than an eighth of ! an inch long, and as delicate as the tiniest needle. A wondrous mechanism, this mouth, with its two automatic needles, so infinitesimal, yet so perfectly competent. I opened the ugly little jaws wide pressing upon the sides of the head, and when the recurving fangs had risen from their grooves in the roof of the mouth and stood tense a stream so inconceivably fine that the eye could barely note it spurted from each, and in the space of two or three inches melted into invisible spray. Yet that jet, finer than a cobweb strand, was enough to give swift death to the largest and strongest

animal that walks When the hunt was over, I told my Indian chums of the pichu-cuate and asked them many questions. They all knew of the snake, though several had never seen one, and all agreed that it is extremely rare. The crotalus ranks among the Pueblo divinities, and their charmers have no difficuty with that steady going and respectable reptile. But even among these people, with whom the cult of the rattlesnake has such astounding features and where until recent years every Pueblo kept a sacred rattlesnake in a sacred room, with special priests to attend him, the vilainous little sand viper is accursed. Even those who have "the power of the snake" can do nothing with him. He scorns to be tamed even by the dropping apon his head of the mystic pollen of the corn blossom.—C. F. Lummis in New York Sun.

In England and Scotland milkmaids believe that if they forget to wash their hands after milking their cows will go dry. This superstition is diligently fostered by the owners of the cows.

BLOOD SPOT IN ITS PULP.

The "Mike" Apple Thought to Com-orate a Murder of Long Ago.

A peculiar species of fruit is the "Mike" apple. It has a fair skin, an excellent flavor and is extensively propagated in the vicinity of Norwich, Conn. Each individual apple exhibits somewhere in its pulp a red speck, like a tinge of fresh blood, and thereby hangs a strange legend.

The apple obtains its name from Micah Rood, a farmer who lived upon the outlands of the Connecticut town in the eighteenth century. The son of Thomas Rood, one of Norwich's early settlers, Micah tilled his fertile acres with all the zest of youthful ambition.

But of a sudden his habits changed He grew idle, restless and intemperate. He lost all interest in both work and worship. His cattle were neglected and his neighbors shunned. Some attributed the change to witchcraft. Others hinted at insanity.

Winter wore away, spring returned, and the orchard of Micah Rood burst into blossom. On one tree, it was then observed, the flowers had turned from white to red. The superstitious neighbors wondered, especially as Rood seemed drawn to this tree by some resistless fascination. August came and the red blossoms developed into fruit. When the large yellow apples fell from the branches, each one was found to con-tain a well defined globule, known thereafter as "the drop of blood."

The freak of the apple tree deepened the mystery of Micah's behavior. Conjecture followed surmise, and soon it was remembered that during the previous fall a foreign peddler had passed through Norwich and had spent the night at Micah Rood's. He had never been seen again. Some one suggested that the young farmer had murdered him for his money and buried the body much too easy, as the ordinary tendency

ander the apple tree. Search was made for the body of the stranger, but in vain. Nor was any from modern scientific methods. This trace of his stock found among the faith leads many to venture at least possessions of the unhappy Micah. If a oad of crime rested upon the conscience of the suspected farmer, it never forced a confession from his lips. His farm long as faith without reason is domidrifted gradually to decay, and, too nant in many minds.-Professor Cole broken down to reclaim it, he wandered about town, disordered in mind and

He died in 1728, but while the blood spotted apple continues to grow his name and history will be perpetuated. -New York Herald.

LI HUNG CHANG CARRIED HER.

China's Viceroy Took Literally an Invita tion to Escort a Lady. Speaking of the first meeting of Li Hung Chang and John W. Foster, on which occasion the Chinese viceroy entertained a woman at dinner for the first time in the person of Mrs. Foster, the Washington Capital vouches for the following story, which is one of the best illustrations of true oriental courtesy, combined with the peculiar serious ness and matter of factness of the Chi-

nese mind, ever related: When she was introduced to the viceroy, Mrs. Foster wondered how she was to be taken into the banquet room. Some time before, it seems, Li Hung Chang had been guest of honor at a dinner given by the Russian embassador, in the gray sand, against which his up- and being asked to take the embassador's per skin was barely distinguishable, and thus in ambush was waiting for somecomply with a literalness which aston-ished all the guests. The viceroy is a giant in stature, and the embassador's wife being a small woman, he had no difficulty in picking her up bodily and

carrying her to the table. Mrs. Foster did not yearn for such' honor and called upon her husband's diplomacy to arrange that she should be escorted in a less vigorous manner. Mr. Foster's tact was equal to the occasion. and when the doors were thrown open Li Hung Chang led the way, and Mrs. Foster followed him.

Compensated. The epigrams of Voltaire, the French philosopher, were often ruthlessly sarcastic and severe. He could, however, exercise tact and gentleness, and as is usually the case with brilliant persons those qualities became him wonderfully

He met the famous statesman Turgot and cordially inquired about his health. "It is as you see," replied Turgot, "I am tormented with gont. I can hardly drag my feet about.

"You remind me of the statue Nebuchadnezzar, M. Turgot." "Yes," assented the invalid sadly,

'you are right, poet, the statue had feet of clay. "And a head of gold," cried Voltaire trial at Hartz & Ullemeyer's drug warmly, "remember that, a head of store. gold."—Youth's Companion.

The new woman is only copying after the ancient dame when she rides astride, as is now the fashion of the royal princesses and the leading equestriennes of both England and America. Joan of Are rode astride at the head of the French army, and Queen Elizabeth used to ride to falcon hunts in this fashion behind Lord Leicester. It was only in the sixteenth century that the sidesad dle came into use in England, and women rode astride in Germany until the close of the eighteenth century. In most foreign countries the fashion of riding on one side has never been adopted by women.—Chicago Tribune.

Both Are Pavorites.

"Your story is a little vague at one point," said the publisher, and the young woman naturally wanted to know the whereabouts of the alleged

"Where you say," explained the pub-lisher, "that 'she, defeated in argument, had no recourse but to woman's most effective weapons against the tyrant man.' Now, do you refer to tears or flatirons?"-Cincinnati Enquirer.

All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteons are both im mortal and divine. - Socrates.

PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINES

The Ever Palling, Never Ending Search Closely allied to the periodically recurring claims for the production of perpetual motion are the class of exhibitions which have been profitable to their inventors by organizing companies through active promoters, upon evidence, for instance, that a few drops of water can produce a pressure of 10,000 pounds per square inch, as though this was tantamount to the performance of a

useful amount of work. Again, there is the line of pseudo ex perimentation, based upon the oft re-peated assertion that harmony of sound can set up such motion as to produce large mechanical effects, such as the rotation of machines, or act with explosive power in guns. All such devices may properly be considered as perpetual motion machines, for in such cases the power manifested is much greater than that required for its initiation, and it must follow that the machine, after supplying itself with such initiatory excitement, will have much surplus en ergy left over for useful purposes, if the facts are as stated. In fact, such surplus energy has been looked for by the promoters, but has not yet so far revealed itself as to render feasible the construction of machines of practical use and commercial value.

The means to carry on exhibitions of such reputed inventions are obtained from widely scattered sources. Generally those who have furnished the capital are not interested in the exposure of the frauds or do not realize that advantage is being taken of their credulity, while those who are not pecuniarily interested are afforded no opportunity to prove the correctness of their assump-tion as to the frandulent nature of the display. The floating of such schemes is of the human mind is to freely believe that remarkable results may be obtained small investments, in the hope that large returns will be realized, and I fear this tendency will continue to exist as man Sellers in Cassier's Magazine.

Couldn't See the Suke. One evening last week there sat in North Side beer garden two stout old Germans enjoying their pipes and lager beer and placidly listening to the strains of an orchestra. In moving his chair one of them stepped on a parlor match, which exploded with a bang.

"Dot vas not on de programme," h said, turning to his companion.

"Vat was not?" "Vy, dot match."

"Vat match?" "De match I valked on." "Vell, I didn't see no match. Vat abond it?"

"Vy. I walked on a match, and it went bang, and I said it vas not on de programme." The other picked up his programme and read it through very carefully. "I

don't see it on the programme," he said. "Vell, I said it vas not on the programme, didn't I?" "Vell, vat has it got to do mit the programme, anyvay?"

A weary look came over the face of the first man as he said: "You tam fool! eer, waiter."—Chicago Chronicle

At the Pearly Gates St. Peter (from within)-Who agi tates the celestial latchstring?

Strong Voiced Shade-Tis I, the new woman. A mere man is with me. St. Peter-'Tis well. Let each state is attributes.

New Woman-You know me. I came, saw, I conquered. The Mere Man-My office is to salute. ubmit and surrende St. Peter-The I's have it. Place your

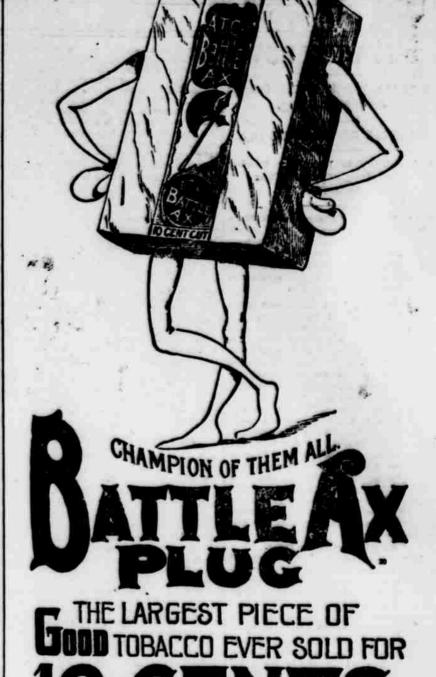
sycophant on the toboggan and step in-side.—Washington Times. The Discovery Saved His Life. G. Caillouette, druggist, Beavers-ville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with la grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store, I sent for a bottle and began its use, and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free

mattem Cured in a Day. "Mystic Cure" for rhematism and neuralgia cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarka-ble and mysterous. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly relieves, 75 cents. Sold by Otto Grotian, druggist, Rock Island and Gust. Schlegel & Son, 220 west Second street, Davenport.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will care blind bleeding, ulcerated and fitching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Wis liams' Indian Pile Outment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing cise. Every box is guaranteed. sold by drug-gists, sent by mail, for 50 cents and \$1 per box Williams Manufacturing company. Proprie

When Budy was suck, we gave her On When she was a Child, she cried for Car When the became Miss, the chang to Chan Then the bed Children, the gave them One

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.





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