THE SPRING SNAKE CROP.

Mr. Martin and His Sons Gather a Rich Harvest at Corydon, Pa.

This locality is the headquarters of more rattlesnakes than can be found in any other spot in northwestern Pennsylvania. The experience of Henry Martin and his son cap the climax. Martin and his family wring a scant subsistence from a rocky farm on the banks of the Alleghany River. Last Friday while old Martin and his son Charles were removing a huge pile of stones, the collection of a number of years' picking in the field, they unearthed what seemed to be a ball of black rope, knotted and curiously interlaced. The mass was as large as a bushel basket, and covered with a light powdery substance more resembling bran than anything else. The sun was shining with much warmth for an April day, and as the ball felt its genial influence it began to quiver. Old Martin yelled "Snakes," and jumped away. Charles, who was of a more inquiring turn of mind, procured a long pole and stirred up the rapidly yielding mass. The touch and warmth revived the dormant reptiles, and the surface of the ball was seen studded with rattles that swayed to and fro with a sound resembling the blowing of wind through the dead leaves on a tree. The tails protruded more and more as the snakes unlocked their intricate coils. They appeared to be packed with the heads in the centre. One of the men tossed a small stone into the writhing mass to "stir 'em up." He succeeded most effectually; the ball of snakes fell apart, disclosing some fifty or sixty rattlesnakes of all sizes, those within covered with whitish slime that had exuded from their bodies. Thoroughly aroused, the venomous reptiles lashed their tails in fury and glided over each other with surprising agility, their wicked little eyes shining with rage, their mouths wide open and forked tongues protruding as they hissed defiantly at their persecutors. One huge reptile, nearly six feet in length, glided from the centre of the group, and turning its flat ugly head toward the intruders, opened wide its mouth, and swayed to and fro, hissing angrily. Another stone was thrown, this time of some weight, crushing and maiming many of the reptiles in its fall. The scene then was simply frightful as described by the men. In their agony the wounded snakes writhed and hissed with redoubled fury, twisting over and over in the blood and slime, while the uninjured ones, escaping from the pile, glided toward the Martins with heads upraised and rattling ominously. The air was filled with the peculiar musky odor exhaled by the rattlesnake when alarmed or angered, so much affecting the two men that they felt a deathly sickness. It is said the venom of the rattlesnakes is especially deadly at this season. The situation looked decidedly unpleasant, and the two men armed themselves with stout clubs and began killing snakes. The largest sported seventeen rattles, which old man Martin cut off and took home with him to convince disbelievers. Fifty-six snakes were laid low. Never in the ophidian records of Corydon had there been such a capture.

Phonographic Toys.

The phonograph promises to afford as much recreation to children as it does interest to grown folks; The phonographic doll is the first step in a long line of phonographic toys upon which inventors are now at work. When these are put upon the market they will create a wonderful sensation. Among them may be mentioned phonographic animals. These are toys made out of papier-mache, paste-board, composition and other material, each and all of which are strong and durable. Each animal contains in his interior a phonograph, which, when set in motion, produces all the natural cries of the original. There is a cat that purrs, meows, spits and caterwauls in the most approved style; a horse that neighs and whinnies; a dog that barks, snaps and howls, and a sheep that bleats in a way that would deceive the mother ewe. By using a megaphonic attachment the amount of noise may be increased to almost any desired extent. Much more interesting than the phonographic animals are the phonographic birds; we have secured the melodies of the lark, the linnet, finch, robin and canary bird, and can reproduce them indefinitely. With canary birds the success is notable. We have preserved in metal the entire repertoire of a number of the finest bred and highest priced birds in the market, and by combining the songs of two or three into one whole we have an artificial canary that will outsing any natural one whatever. The phonographic orchestra and the phonographic miniature theater are other novelties to be soon produced. In the former a band of little images, dressed up in glaring military colors, are seated on the stage as in some great concert, or stood around a drum-major as on a parade. The moment the phonography is set going, each little musician moves his hands and instruments in the natural style, while the cylinder inside reproduces the music of a full orchestra with startling fidelity. In the theater we can reproduce all the spoken parts of the play. Another novelty that is half a toy and half a luxury will be a great boon to all mothers whose young children insist on being sung to before going to sleep. It is a phonograph into which a lady has sung her best songs at her leisure and which is placed near the crib or cradle. A mere touch upon a spring starts the machinery and gives the child as much music as he or she may want. A singular feature of the phonograph is the fact that if the speed of the mechanism be increased the pitch of the voice it reproduces is heightened, and on the other hand if it be slowed the pitch is lowered. At the same time the character of the voice is not changed in the least. This odd peculiarity enables a man to hear how his voice would sound if it had been born a high tenor like Campanini, or the young girl if she had been born a basso-profundo."

It seems probable that at no distant date the British Government will assume control of telephonic communication in the United Kingdom. The French Government has already decided upon a similar step. The monopoly of the company which is operating in Paris expires next September, and the Government now proposes to purchase its lines and work them itself. In 1886 the company signed a contract with the Department of Posts and Telegraphs for a term of thirty-five years, during which a rent was to be paid to the State, which, at the end of the term, would enter into possession of all the lines without payment. This arrangement, however, was not ratified by Parliament.

THE ESCAPE OF THE CALLIOPE.

Half a Knot in the Teeth of the Gale was All the 15-Knot Ship could Do.

The London "Time's" correspondent at Sydney, N. S. W. gives the following particulars of the thrilling experience of the "Calliope" in the recent cyclone at Samoa:—Her Majesty's ship Calliope has arrived from Apia, Samoa, bringing full confirmation of the terrible and destructive hurricane last month, and particulars of her own wonderful escape from the fate which befell the American and German men-of-war. The Captain of the Calliope states that the ship's barometers gave due warning of the approaching storm, but no one supposed it would be more serious than others which had been previously experienced. The usual precautions, however, were taken. Even when the barometer had fallen unusually low and the hurricane was almost at its height, some natives on board the Calliope declared it was nothing more than an ordinary storm. The hurricane increased in fury every hour, and at length it became evident that the Calliope in her then position would not be able much longer to stand against it. Already one after another the cables of four out of her five anchors had parted before the tremendous strain, and the vessel had commenced to drift. One anchor alone was holding her, and that was perceptibly dragging. For a while the Captain thought the best plan would be to beach the Calliope on a soft patch to which he thought he could guide her. But such tremendous seas were running that it seemed impossible that any ship could hold together for long after being run ashore. The captain therefore determined to risk everything in an attempt to reach the open sea beyond the dangerous reefs. The remaining anchor was therefore slipped, and the Calliope's head turned toward the most practicable opening in the line of reefs. The wind at the moment was blowing with tremendous force. The Calliope's engines, capable of steaming at a speed of fifteen knots, seemed almost powerless, and, as a matter of fact, the highest speed attained in the teeth of the gale was half a knot, at which rate the vessel gradually got out of the dangerous harbor. The Vandalia of the American squadron was still holding by her anchors, and the Calliope twice came into collision with her, but fortunately without serious damage to either vessel. The Calliope, however, sprung her foreyard, damaged her head and stem, and lost all her boats except one, partly by the collisions and partly by the seas. She did not, however, lose a single man, though one seaman was seriously hurt, but his injuries are not considered dangerous.

KING MILAN'S CONSTANT FEARS.

His Daily Life a Misery, Through Dread of Assassination.

No wonder King Milan wanted to get out of Belgrade. He was as much a martyr to dread of assassination as the Czar of Russia. It is told that he slept in a room with double doors, iron-cased, which he locked himself and bolted from the inside. A powerful mastiff slept at the foot of his bed, and he kept a loaded revolver on the table. There was no chimney-place in the room, lest dynamite should be dropped down it; and no coal was burned in any room which he occupied, because he once saw a murderous Nihilist engine which looked outwardly like a lump of coal.

He was so afraid of poison that he always had the wine he drank uncorked before him. His coffee was always made in his presence with a spirit of wine apparatus, and he would never when eating alone, touch a made dish, but only plain toast or a boiled egg—for there is no putting poison into an egg. Suspicious of bread, he ate brown-bread biscuits of English make, of which there were always a tinful in his study.

Minority Can Defeat Majority.

The New York "Herald" recently published a remarkable table showing that it is possible for a political party in the United States with a popular majority of over 6,000,000 to be defeated at the polls in a presidential election. This is due to the fact that there is no common unit of representation in the Electoral College, that is to say, an elector from one State may represent ten times as many people as an elector from another. For example, a Montana elector represents about 13 000 people, while a New York elector represents over 147,000. Ten votes of the people in New York, therefore, have no more power than one in Montana. In the next Electoral College there will be 414 votes, and the "Herald's table shows that the aggregate population of thirty-one States which will have 208 of these votes is 21,788,000, while that of eleven States which have the remaining 206 votes is 27,832,000. Should the States divide in this manner at a Presidential election, the side having a popular majority of over 6 000,000 would nevertheless be in a minority of two in the college. This, of course, would be an extreme case, but, as our readers are aware, at the last election the candidate who was the choice of a minority of the people secured the Presidency.

Empress Eugenie's Stolen Wealth.

Besides the large sums of money remitted to England by the late Emperor Napoleon during his reign and duly invested on his behalf by Messrs. Coutts, the Empress Eugenie has also the capital sum which was handed over to her on account of the sale of such possessions in France as were proved to the satisfaction of the French Courts to be the private property of the Emperor. A third source of her large annual income is in Spain, where she had several valuable estates in the neighborhood of Granada. It will be to visit this Spanish property that the ex-Empress will shortly leave England, and she will probably stay on the most beautiful of her estates during the Spring months. Her abode will be a Chateau en Espagne of the most substantial kind, which she has not previously visited since she left it to become Empress of France, thirty-seven years ago.

The adventurous man, Lord Lonsdale, may be taken as a good instance of the daring spirit in exploration which centuries ago brought fame to England. The English race has not declined in a love for those exploits by which Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh and Franklin carried the name of Englishmen to the four corners of the earth. Lord Lonsdale has not got to the North Pole, nor did he even get a glimpse of it sticking in the snow, but his perilous feats will serve to cool off other intending discoverers for a little while.

WOMANLY COURAGE IN DANGER.

Not Overcome by Gleaming Eyes in a Helmet.

Wadsley Hall is a large, old-fashioned English house built during the reign of the Tudors. It is a picturesque pile, situated amid extensive grounds, and partly hidden from the public gaze by great oaks and tall poplars. Two miles to the eastward lies Sheffield, the third manufacturing town of England.

At the time of which I write, my brother had just attained his twenty-first birthday, and in honor to the scion of the family, a party was given him. There were many guests present, and the house was awhirl in merriment far into the wee sma' hours.

My room had been given a friend down from London, and I was assigned quarters with my mother. The chimes pealed forth 3 before we sought our room. We were neither of us long in disrobing, and while mother was putting away the diamonds that had been heirlooms for generations, I hied me to bed.

By chance, I turned to look at mother who was then paying her devotions on her knees, meanwhile gazing intently upon a suit of armor. My eyes wandered to the same object, which stood at the end of the room. Gradually I became aware that two gleaming eyes were looking out from the visor of the helmet. I knew at once a human being was concealed in the armor. What was to be done?

As quietly as if all was well, mother arose, and after extinguishing the lights came to bed. I felt by intuition she too was aware of that awful presence, but I did not speak. To be brief, the hours passed very slowly, but dawn came at last and we arose. The eyes had disappeared and we knew we were alone.

The jewels were missing, however, which surprised neither of us. After dressing, we went out ostensibly for an early walk, and wended our way afoot to Sheffield, where, with the assistance of Sheriff Clayton, we secured a warrant for the arrest of one James Elmore, our butler, whom my mother at once recognized as the burglar in the helmet.

He came in the dining-room to serve us at breakfast, as usual, and was captured immediately, searched, and the diamonds and other stones found upon his person.

Although it is many years since the above happened, I can recall every detail as vividly as if it were only yesterday.

THE DANMARK.

Rescue of her Passengers and Crew by the Steamer Missouri.

LISBON, April 24.—Three hundred and twenty passengers and 42 of the crew of the Danmark have arrived here. Mr. Raben, the first officer, who is among them, reports that on April 4th the Danmark's shaft was broken. On the next day the disabled steamer met the steamship Missouri, from London, March 28th, for Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Missouri towed the Danmark until the 6th, when the latter seemed to be about to sink. At first the Missouri was only able to take aboard 20 of the Danmark's passengers, but after having jettisoned a portion of her cargo she found accommodations for all the crew and passengers of the Danmark. The Missouri then proceeded to the Azores and left there the first and second officers and 320 passengers. She then continued her journey to Philadelphia with 340 passengers and the remainder of the crew. The captain and three engineers of the Danmark left the Azores on the 14th for London on board a steamer from Demerara. The Danmarck was about 800 miles from Newfoundland when the accident happened. Some say that the engines broke down. Engineer Kaas was found dead in the engine room after the accident.

Forty two sailors and all the passengers left at the Azores by the Missouri came to Lisbon on the steamship Acor.

The steamship Missouri is a new vessel and this is her first trip. She is in the carrying trade between London and Philidelphia.

Wild Horses in the Northwest.

Up in Northeastern Wyoming and Northwestern Nebraska many bands of wild horses still roam as fearless and as fleet as in the days when the country was an unexplored wilderness. Now that the buffalo has gone here is big game to hunt. All through the West ranchmen and cow-boys have regularly organized parties to go out and kill off the wild stallions.

The loss of mares sustained by horse-breeders has at last become so large that some measures must be adopted to reclaim mares stolen away by the wild stallions. In Colorado, Wyoming, Southern Idaho and Nevada there must be now roaming at large fully 5,000 wild horses. Each stallion selects twelve consorts. If a band is large enough they are divided into small lots of twelve mares and one stud.

Occasionally a male is found wandering alone by himself, but he is not a bachelor by choice, having been driven away by the stronger males. As far as possible these family relations are strictly kept up—that is, held at an even dozen. An old hunter who had scoured the Big Horn and southern spurs of those monstrous piles from childhood once discovered far in the depths and beyond an almost impassible rocky barrier a beautiful basin, wherein was one poor old stallion and twelve fine, beautiful mares. This old fellow, not able to hold his own against the younger and stronger males on the plains, had sought out this retreat and enticed a family of twelve to go with him.

He was in clover, so to speak, keeping his family intact without fear of molestation, as the entrance to this horse Eden was evidently known to none of his rivals. He never left the stronghold and never allowed any of his mates to wander away. Had he chosen a home on the plains his family would no doubt have been stolen from him one by one.

The fertile North-west rivals the Sahara in mirages. The town of Medicine Hat has repeatedly been seen from Grassy lake, fifty-five miles distant, and occasionally the people of Lethbridge get a glimpse of Dunmore, which is one hundred and nine miles away. At Goderich, on lake Huron, the opposite Michigan shore has been seen, and in the desert regions of both Africa and Asia, similarly remarkable instances of "looming up" are noticed, but it is doubtful if there is any parallel on record of an instance of mirage overcoming in a comparatively level country the distance between Dunmore and Lethbridge.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

How the Tallest Artificial Structure on the Earth Looks To-Day.

The monstrous tower designed by Engineer Eiffel for the Paris Exposition has three stories or divisions. The first story is sixty metres high (a metre is equal to thirty-nine inches) and rests on the arches which join the four foundation columns that carry upon them the entire weight of a huge tower.

The tower has four distinct sections. Each wing is provided with a refreshment saloon that may be reached by means of winding staircases under the foundation piers. Notwithstanding the centre of the space has been set apart for the elevator there still remain 4,200 square metres of floor room for the accommodation of visitors who may desire to promenade and enjoy a view of the city from that height.

The apartments are very roomy, and precautions have been taken to insure the visitors against all possibility of accident.

An iron railing about four feet high, with an arched roof to exclude the intense rays of the sun, surrounds the extreme edge of the platform, as it may be called, which has been reserved as a promenade for those who desire to walk about. The requirements for the comfort of the inner man, too, have not been forgotten. Kitchens, storerooms, ice-chests and the like have been fitted up in the most handy manner imaginable, so that there is little occasion to fear that the supply of stimulating refreshments will give out, even in the days when such lodgings in the hotels and private houses will not be obtainable for love or money. Each one of the four cafes is provided with a cellar capable of storing 200 tuns of wine.

Everything about the structure is absolutely fireproof, for iron is the only material that has been used in its construction. Two thousand persons per hour can ascend and decend the staircases leading to the platform, and 4 000 can find seats to rest upon in the cafes at one time.

The second story, which is sixty metres above the first one, is also reached by four staircases built inside of the supporting columns, which make a sharp inward curve, leaving but 1,400 square metres of surface for the platform and promenade. Here, too in the commodious and handsomely decorated cafe the thirsty and tired sightseer may fidd something more potent than Seine water to recuperate his strength.

This story is 91 metres above the tip of the Notre Dame steeple and higher than the tower of the palace of the Trocadero, on the other side of the river, and, as may easily be imagined, the view of the surrounding country to be had from such an altitude is almost indescribable. From here on the columns of the tower fall in towards each other until they ascend a distance of 275 metres above the ground, where the third and last story is situated.

Only one staircase leads to the third story, which is for the exclusive use of the persons employed in the tower, and all visitors are expected to use the elevators, two in number, to reach that point. The platform is 18 metres square, still large enough to erect thereon a comfortably sized dwelling. The view here is simply superb. The story is equipped with reflecting mirrors and a large supply of field glasses for those who wish to use them. It has been estimated that the ordinary eye can discern objects seventy miles away.

The tower terminates in what is known as the lantern, 25 metres above the third section, but this place has been set aside for the use of the scientists for making observations.

King Milan's Dread.

One of the reasons which induced King Milan to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon him, and to relinquish his throne, was a dread of assassination. The precautions which he took seem almost incredible. There were double doors, plated with iron, to the room in which he slept, and a powerful mastiff kept watch at the foot of his bed, while a loaded revolver lay ready at his side. His breakfast in private consisted principally of *œufs a lo coq*, and toasted bread, while his coffee was made in his presseence with a spirit lamp. Brown bread biscuits of English manufacture and tinned meats (opened by his own hand), formed his lunch, and when dining it was always observed that he keenly noted who was partaking of the same dish as that to which he helped himself, and dallied with his food until he saw it was eaten freely by others. In public, and when wearing his State uniform, the king looked much stouter than when in plebeian costume, and this was caused by a light suit of protective mail, which he invariable donned before leaving the palace. He was extremely particular about his attendants, and nervously anxious to secure their good will by lavish presents. The maid of Mme. Christics was the recipient of some munificent gifts, and the confidential valet who watched over the amorous pair during their private interviews reaped a rich harvest as the reward of his discretion.

Two Englishmen Chase the Golden Gate Special 500 Miles and Catch It.

Among the arrivals by the Golden Gate special who walked into the Palace Hotel in San Francisco about 10 o'clock the other night were A. J. H. Carbill, of London, and Loring Bushby of Foochow, China. These are the two Englishmen who chartered a special train at Omaha on Wednesday afternoon to catch the Golden Gate special, which was five hours ahead of them. The chartered train had the right of way, and everything possible was done to facilitate the passage of the speedy travellers The Golden Gate, which awaited the special, was caught at Cheyenne at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning. The 500 mile run was made in very good time, and the record would have been broken but for the heavy wind which blew against the Englishmen's train. Several miles were made in less than fifty five seconds. The Englishmen wanted to catch the Arabic, which sails for China this afternoon. The little run cost them $600, but they did not seem to mind it as they leisurely signed their names on the Palace register. "Carbill" seems quite an appropriate name for such a trip.

This social slip is even worse. A city man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades. "You should speak to him with firmness and recall him to his duty," said the friend. "But he pays not the least attention to what I say; he listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."—[Chambers' Journal, March 2.

"FIGHTING BOB."

And the Bird a Tin Peddler Matched Against Him.

The man who has never had anything to do with game chickens can't give a rooster credit for what there is in him. One of the right blood likes a battle, and the right sort of a trainer can teach him tactics which you would think only human beings could learn. Down in L——thirty years ago we had the champion fighting cock of the State. He was picked up in the country by a chicken buyer, and no one knew his breed. He was big and solid, and after he had been taught how to save his wind and to use his spurs he cleaned out everything which could be put down before him. His longest battle lasted only seven minutes, and the number of cocks he knocked out in two or three would fill a moving van. He was in his zenith, and the half dozen of us who owned him were in financial clover when a tin peddler drove into the village one night, and began to banter us to sell. He offered us $5, $10, $30, for "Fighting Bob," but we would not have taken $200.

"I've made a big offer for a second-class bird," he said as we laughed at him.

"Second class! Where is one to whip him?"

"Right in this yere waggon. He can lick the stuffin' outer that rooster in five minits!"

"Bet you two to one!"

"Go a leetle slow, boys, a leetle slow. I've got a fightin' bird in there, and don't you forget it, but he's got a pecooliarity. He won't fight with the lights on. If he would I'd bet you ten to one. If your bird could only fight in the dark we might make a match."

"How in the dark?"

"Wall, s'posen we put 'em in a box stall in the barn? The lamp will throw some light, but it'll be dark enuff for 'Jinuary,' as I call him, to feel his oats. We'll shet 'em up together fur half an hour, and if your unterrified terror hain't licked by that time you kin take my hundred dollars. If your bird licks mine—wall, I'll bet two to one he don't.

We were wild for a fight, and we scraped up $60 and bet it against $100 that our "Bob" would lick the stranger. He had good eye sight, and as we had the privilege of putting gaffs on him we felt that he could take care of himself against anything. The peddler got his bird out of his wagon, keeping him covered with a piece of cloth, and by and by the pair were placed in a stall near the back end of the barn. All of us withdrew to the lantern hanging in front. In a couple of minutes we heard a sort of "Who-who!" followed by a cackle of alarm and a flapping of wings, and we nudged the peddler in the ribs and expressed our sympathies.

"That's all right, boys—all right," he replied. "Give 'em three minutes more and then see which is on top."

At the end of five minutes we carried the lantern down and opened the door. Our Bob lay there, dead as a herring, and standing over him was an owl almost as big as a goose. That was the "bird" the peddler had rung in on us, and as we looked from one to the other in our amazement he said:

"Kinder sorry for you, gents, but you orter sold me that 'ere rooster when I offered you $30 dollars for him."

Saved in Spite of Themselves.

The London was literally "swamped" at sea, and there are no recorded parallels to the case on such a scale. Vessels, indeed, are often lost by great leakage produced by collision, but the cases are rare in modern days and in well-found ships, where ordinary leakage and water "shipped" on deck makes any great difference, and in steam-ships the pumps worked by the "donkey" engine, as a rule, effectually prevent any danger from these sources. The London was a first-class passenger steamship of her day. She was nearly new, of 1,700 tons, and valued at £80,000. She belonged to a distinguished firm, and had been constructed on the most approved principles. Her commander, Capt. Martin, was an officer of ripe experience, and this was her third voyage. She had acquired a first-class reputation; and for months before the time of sailing, berths were so eagerly engaged that it would have been difficult to accommodate, in the roughest manner, many more, while in the saloon there were no vacancies. One lady, who was desirous of proceeding with her family from Plymouth to Melbourne had made repeated applications to the owners' agents, and the captain had been consulted, but, fortunately for the applicant, had declared that the cabins were so full that he could not possibly accommodate her—a result that, at the time, caused her much disappointment; afterwards she had reason to thank her good fortune. A second-class male passenger was so alarmed at the rough weather which the London encountered on her way from the Thames to Plymouth, that on arrival at the latter he went ashore, resigned his passage, and returned to his home, thus unwittingly saving his life. A young man, as the result of some family quarrel, had left his home, and taken a passage by the London. He was advertised for in the *Times*, and importuned to return, his friends being at first unaware of his whereabouts. Messengers were sent down to Plymouth, his friends having later acquired some clue to his movements, and an influential shipbroker in the town was employed to intercept his flight should he attempt to sail thence. Fortunately, he was detected among the passengers of the London, and the fact communicated to his family by the broker, the result of which was that a brother of the young man went down to Plymouth, and persuaded the would-be emigrant to forego his voyage.

hn Bright could not be buried in Westminster Abbey because he had not been baptized according to the ritual of the Established Church of England. But a monument is to be erected to the memory of Matthew Arnold, who more than any man, perhaps, sapped by his writings and beliefs on which the Church of England is founded. As the son of a distinguished clergyman of the English Establishment, he was, of course, baptized according to the rubric of that Church. Thus the custodians are saved the reproach of refusing admission to one of the most distinguished and most exquisite of modern poets. The larger part of the $35,000 collected will be given to his wife, but Poet's Corner will contain a memorial of the gifted author of the "New Poems."