

THE SAUGER RATTLER

THRILLING STORIES OF A REPTILE IN A WHEAT SHEAF.

In the Coils of Headless Snake—A Smart Hog's Ingenious Use of a Barbed-Wire Fence to Shake Off a Blue Racer.

SOUTHERN Michigan has long been noted for the large number of massasauga, a short, thick, but exceedingly venomous variety of the rattle-snake. They infested the marshes, of which there are many thousand acres in that section. This summer great numbers of them have been encountered, and many stories are told of thrilling adventures with these generally sluggish, but exceedingly ugly serpents. This is because of the failure of the tame hay crop on the uplands, which compelled farmers to look to marshes for their hay supply to a greater extent than for many years past.

The "sauger" lies in the cool depths of the thick, rank grass, watching for frogs, but ready at all times, and frequently with little warning, to sink its deadly fangs deep into the body of any living thing which ventures within its reach. Wheat fields bordering on marshes are also a favorite resort for it and especially fond it is of reposing its ugly, foul-smelling body underneath the newly cut wheat shocks. It has even been known to crawl into the bundles, and there quietly remain during the process of stacking, to be discovered only when the stack was dismembered at threshing time.

A farm a few miles from Jackson is owned by J. C. Wood, and is worked by a man named Seneca Williams. They were engaged in threshing one day, and had just worked down through the top bundles of the stack when suddenly a colored man who was pitching the bundles from the top of it, uttered an exclamation of fright, and dropping his fork, jumped wildly from the stack to the ground. He said he had uncovered a big sauger on the top, which had struck at him twice most viciously, but fortunately, without biting him. Efforts were then made to dislodge the sauger, which was in absolute possession of the base of supplies. It would seem at first glance a very easy task for eight or ten men, but when it came to action there was a striking lukewarmness on the part of the men. The trouble was that no one knew where the sauger lay.

A council of war was held and a number of plans were suggested. At last, Seneca Williams announced his purpose of doing battle with the snake. Putting on a heavy coat, which he buttoned up close about his neck, protecting his hands with heavy gloves, and arming himself with a long, stout stick, he began crawling carefully up the ladder, which had been placed against the side of the stack. At the same time several of the men began pounding against the opposite side of the stack with long sticks, hoping thus to draw the attention of the snake away from the side up which Williams was ascending.

The ruse succeeded very well, for as Williams cleared the top, he saw the sauger lying coiled well over to the other side. Its uplifted head and angry mien showed that it was prepared to instantly strike. As it saw Williams it quickly uncoiled, and crawling to about the middle of the stack, it coiled again, and, with head raised angrily, shrilly rattled its defiance.

The sauger miscalculated a little, and hardly succeeded in placing itself within striking distance. Williams quickly took advantage of this, and before the snake had time to take another position he brought his heavy club with crushing force down upon it. The battle was quickly over. The snake proved to be an unusually large one and it had eighteen rattles.

A startling experience was that of young Ray Nelson, of Jackson, on the Henry marsh last summer. He was at the time visiting an uncle, Judson Keith, a part of whose farm is embraced in the marsh. During the haying season he went down to the marsh to watch the work. He wore a pair of new shoes, which is a perilous thing to do where saugers abound. As he was following the mower, suddenly, and without the slightest warning, a huge sauger coiled tightly about his ankle, just above the shoe. Only a thin sock separated the snake from Nelson's flesh. How he felt as the serpent's cold, slimy body drew tightly about his leg, can be more easily imagined than described. Nelson uttered a frightful scream, and those who saw him declare that he jumped at least six feet into the air. As he struck the ground he began a series of frantic kicks, accompanied by frightful cries, and soon succeeded, fortunately, in dislodging the snake.

Why he had not been bitten he could not at first understand, but the reason became very apparent when, a moment later, he saw that the sauger's head was missing. An examination of the body showed that the mower had cut it off. The sauger had evidently been lying in its way, and doubtless raised its head to strike as the machine drew near. Nelson had stepped on the body, which, in the convulsions of death, coiled involuntarily about his ankle.

From Liberty township comes the account of a battle to the death between a "blue racer" and a snake-hunter. In which the latter displayed some of his most remarkable feats of strength and skill. The dog

has a violent antipathy for snakes, and kills them on sight. The favorite snake game of this hog is the sauger. As the hog approaches, the snake coils, and, with sharp rattle and head erect, awaits its assailant. The hog has no fear of the serpent's fangs, for it is a curious fact that snake venom has apparently little effect upon the hog. Nevertheless the hog snake-fighter always uses stratagem in attacking a snake. He circles about the sauger with bristles erect and a savage look in his eye and uttering sharp, angry grunts. At the right instant, he jumps at the snake, striking it with the sharp edge of his hoofs and cutting it to pieces.

One day a man by the name of Lyman, on the Brerly place, where the hog "Jim" is owned, saw him going through the usual preliminaries of battle on the edge of a tamarack swamp. He was in an unusual rage and evidently loath to come to close quarters. Finally he jumped at the sauger, but failed to disable it, for the next moment Lyman was startled to see a huge blue racer coil itself with lightning-like rapidity about Jim's neck. Jim fought desperately to bring his sharp forehoofs into play, but the racer was coiled too far down toward his shoulders. Around and around they went, but the powerful, constrictor-like folds never relaxed a bit. The hog was breathing hard, and Lyman was thinking how best he could help him, when Jim suddenly turned about and ran rapidly away in a straight line.

He continued on his course for about twenty rods, Lyman following. The hog came to a barbed wire fence, and in another moment, it became very apparent that he had sought the fence with a well-defined purpose. Working his head carefully between the wires until they reached the snake's body, he then plunged forward with his whole weight and strength, with the result that the long, sharp barbs inflicted most frightful wounds on the snake's body. Again and again did he repeat it until the snake, seamed and torn with the most frightful wounds, relaxed its coils and fell to the ground. The barbs inflicted several quite ugly wounds on Jim's neck also, but they could not deter him from jumping on the snake and finishing it to his entire satisfaction.

DOES THE MOON TEMPT.

Queer Theory of Prof. Burroughs About Light-Attracted Insects. "An emanating point of light," said Professor Burroughs, of Georgetown Heights, Washington, recently, "will attract winged creatures, which will fly for miles to reach the luminous point. The fact has been exemplified hundreds of times since the long-distance searchlight has been in use.

"When the 200-mile arc searchlight for signaling purposes was placed on the summit of Mount Washington the number of birds and insects that found their way to the immense ray-thrower excited much attention and interest, but the thing has become so common it has assumed the form of a nuisance to the operators.

"A delicate question arises in my mind when I think of how winged creatures will fly any distance toward a light, and the question may never be answered. It is: 'Is not the moon an everlasting source of attraction for birds, bats, beetles and butterflies?'

"Probably instinct prevents such a thing. But if nature does not step in and prevent such affairs millions upon millions of creatures fly upward toward our satellite nightly, and ascending as high as the air will sustain them, remain fluttering their wings on the boundary strata, as it were, until exhaustion causes them to fall, fall, fall, and drop to terra firma or to a denser air. How is that theory?"

To Purify the Atmosphere.

New York Sun: Noxious gases arising from imperfect sewage may be destroyed by the free use of copperas water poured down the pipes. Sauces of chloride of lime put about the bathtubs and under the traps purify the atmosphere of a house.

JETSAM.

Telegrams are distributed in France by messengers mounted on bicycles. At the close of the late war the Government had 671 ships in its navy, with 6,700 officers.

Kansas City's parks have been provided entirely by the street car companies of the city. Senora Juanita Tomsoni, a wealthy Mexican widow, has a steam launch which she has learned to handle herself.

Otto Wallers von Gogh, the recently arrived anarchist, just over from Germany, is said to be a very handsome man. One effect of the general use of typewriters has been a decided increase in the capacity of the sensational novel writer.

A Rockford, Ill., groom was assaulted by his new mother-in-law just as he was leaving the church after the wedding ceremony.

A resurvey of the boundary line between Nevada and California gives the latter country a strip several square miles in extent. President Carnot's widow has decorated a small drawing-room in her house with the ribbons from the funeral wreath of her husband.

A big crowd attended a snake show at Ferris, Ind., so large that the building fell, and people and snakes were mixed up indiscriminately. No one was hurt.

A woman at Paterson, N. J., became suddenly blinded by a flash from a trolley car. Her sight is slowly returning, but will be impaired the rest of her life.

Above Mannheim the Rhine is to be made navigable as far as Strasburg. As a canal will be inadequate, important changes must be made in the river bed.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CURRENT NOTES OF INTEREST TO WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

Some Late Fall Fashions—Frock Coats of the Louis XVI. Cut Will Be Worn—New Woman Does Not Exist—Advice for a Girl—The Household.

ROCK coats of Louis XVI. cut will be worn in velvet, in rich combination with wool skirt and Brocade waistcoat, making very handsome street gowns that will render an overgarment unnecessary until very cold weather. Many of the new coats are very gorgeous affairs, exceedingly rich of material, and displaying no little artistic ingenuity in their designing. Jacket bodices are fewer and ordinarily more modest in their materials, but some of them are not far behind the other style of bodices in the novelty and tastefulness of their designs. One of these is the artist's contribution here, and was found in blue and black striped suiting, combined with plain blue cloth. The skirt had on each side a panel of the plain stuff finished with machine stitching and ornamented



and laws. You simply cannot dress a bit "manny" and be in the mode of this fall, for all of the newest things are French to the backbone, and you know that, even if every French woman were a "new woman," which few of them are, their dress would show little lingering traits of their old love for finery. One of the most fly-away little coats of the season is of black velvet, made



very round and smooth in the body, and very flaring and full in the skirt. It is double-breasted and fastened with immense pearl buttons. There are no sleeves, merely full capes let in at the shoulder and allowed to flare out over

desired; the accommodating show woman next brings out a love of a coat, and one's resolutions, a la cape, are thrown utterly to the winds, for can there be anything more completely stunning than these short skirted, impertinent little affairs called coats? Such a droop and fluffiness as the big sleeves show, which, after all, are the biggest part of them. One of these swagger little garments is shown in a very shaggy beaver, having long shaggy hairs all over it, and so wonderfully furry and costly looking. The color is a deep hunter's green, such a refreshingly clear tint. It has a short, loose body, flaring as much as possible at the back of the skirt, and fastened across the front by two huge metal buttons. The rolling collar is faced with hunter's green velvet, and the deep cuffs finishing the huge gigot sleeves are of the same rich material. With this is worn a hat having a perfectly straight brim of braided green felt, faced with velvet, and the top massed with choux of green and black tulle, and two sharp quills, one of rose and one of yellow. There is nothing which quite equals the delight of the first appearance in such a jaunty suit of fall toggery, when one is perfectly conscious of their being very much up to date and extremely swagger.

The New Woman. Elizabeth has read a great deal about the New Woman and her doings, and would very much like to know what she is and where she is to be found.

SMART INDOOR AND OUTDOOR ATTIRE.

with small silk buttons. The fitted jacket bodice had a short, full basque, and was cut out in a novel manner in front to admit the insertion of a blue silk vest, trimmed with several rows of Valenciennes lace. In the waist the jacket had an imitated girdle ornamented with buttons, and like buttons appeared on the sleeves and upper part of the bodice. Of course, the buttons at the sides of the skirt panels indicated pockets, and these are not merely imitations, but are really true pockets. Though of about man's size, they are put so low that there is no danger of the wearer's carrying her hands in them, man-fashion, so there's still a chance for further advance toward "new woman" notions. In the matter of coats that are intended for protection against severe cold, it is rumored that women are going to button themselves into great Russian cut overcoats of cloth, lined throughout with costly fur, and finished with fur collar and cuffs. If this is so, what's to be done with all the lovely fur capes invested in last season? Yet from this reflection women should not despair, but comfort themselves with the pleasing certainty that lots of women won't button themselves into such great coats, but will wear pretty capes of American cut.

Nothing Mannish About Them. It must be an exceedingly trying, not to say flat, stale and unprofitable time of the year for the "new woman"—this season, when there is nothing talked of but the newest modes of gown and bonnet, things in which they, of course, have no interest, or, at least, should have none, for such frivolity is only for the weaker sisters, who do not aspire to ruling all sorts of conditions of men

the sleeves of the gown. These capes are richly lined, as is the entire jacket, with a soft, dove-colored satin, and finished about the edge with a deep band of gray-tinted lace. It is worn with a simple but striking gown of dove-gray mohair, perfectly plain unless one notices the softness and richness of the lining of satin. A petticoat of dove-gray taffeta, trimmed about the foot with deep frills of gray lace add the finishing touch.

Shaggy Cloth and Balloon Sleeves. When one is deciding as to what form of fall wrap, or, at least, trying to de-



side, a visit to the shops, instead of being helpful, only intensifies one's bewilderment. A cape is shown, which, for fetchiness, cannot be competed with. It seems as if this were the very thing

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depends simply, and solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Prevents itching and dandruff. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. Sold by all Druggists.

Two Private Roof Gardens. New York World: Plans have been drawn for two new houses that are to be built uptown on the West Side of New York for private residences, and each of them is to have a roof garden. This would indicate that their owners intend to spend part of the summer months in New York. "I know of no better place in New York for a private roof garden," said the architect of one of these houses, "than the high ground on the west side of town. The house that I am going to build will be four stories high, and as there are no high apartment buildings near the roof garden on the top will be private in every sense of the word. It is the owner's purpose to have it so arranged that he may have his breakfast or his dinner served there in warm weather. Under these circumstances he may forget that he is in the city. From his roof he can look over Riverside park and across the river to the Jersey shore. This is the coolest part of the town in the summer, you know, and I expect to see many of the new residences up there equipped with roof gardens."

Wrong Diagnosis. "What you need," said the doctor, "is rest." "Rest!" echoed the tall, gaunt caller, rising to his feet and glowering down at him. "Rest! You miserable quack! I'm a walking delegate!"—Washington Star.

WANTED—Any lady wishing to make some money quickly and needing steady employment should work for me selling my "WATER" Address A. M. Dan, N. D., 212 Columbia Ave., Boston.