HURRY'S ONE-EYED SNAKE

ITS WILD CAREER IN A CAVE, A RIVER, AND A VILLAGE STORE.

One of a Thousand that Gave Him Several Anxious Hours, and Afterward Spread Panic Through Lewiston—A Hunter's Story of a Search for Deer, and a Day and a Night in a Cave Full of Reptiles.

A terrible winter swept over the Niagara region in the early fifties. Cold of great intenseness marked the period; for days the mercury lingered round the zero point, oftener below than above. High winds prevented much outdoor work; deep snow fell, blowing sometimes in great clouds. The great lakes froze far out from shore, and knowing ones looked for a late opening in the spring. But suddenly in January a warm wind blew strongly from the southwest, and forced the ice in Lake Erie down into the mouth of the Niagara River. In great pieces it began to pour into the rapids and over the falls, and it filled the gorge below from bank to bank. People ventured the old prediction that the back of the winter was broken, and outdoor life became active.

Andrew Hurry, the famous hunter and story teller of Niagara, looked out of his door early on the morning of the fourth day of the thaw, smelling the air and searching the heavens for indications showing what the weather would be for the next twelve hours. The south wind still blew, the air seemed hazy, and far above he saw the clouds moving, as he said, against the wind. His best judgment told him there would be a change, but the fever of the hunt was upon him, and he determined to venture for the day into the forests on the Canadian side. He thought that his chances for a deer were good. The snow was soft, so tracking would be easy, and he guessed that by supper time he would be back skinning his big game in his shed. He get out and examined his gun. He filled his pouches with

POWDER AND BUCKSHOT.

He stuffed a pocket full with old newspapers for wadding, and loaded another with matches, tobacco, and a pipe. Then he boiled water on the stove, cooked a half dozen of eggs until they were hard, put up salt and a lot of red pepper for seasoning, and tucked it all away in his game bag together with a half a loaf of bread. Last of all he filled a flask with old Scotch, and hid it in a deep pocket. He was ready for the woods and a long day's tramp, and he sped away before the sun was up, across the new bridge and down the further bank. The snow was deeper and softer than he had supposed He turned back to borrow a pair of snowshoes from a neighbor, and then sped on again. He rounded the head of the whirlpool and entered the woods which at that day covered the country to the edge of the mountain.

Hurry wandered long under the snow-laden trees searching for game that he failed to find until late in the forenoon. Then he found traces of a deer where it had slowly forced its way through the deep snow. Andrew took up the trail and pushed along as fast as possible. When he saw, far through the trees and underbrush, the brown form of the game, he raised his gun and fired quickly. The deer started off, but the tell-tale line of blood showed that it had been wounded. Hurry followed the trail. It led toward the edge of the bluffs above the river. Suddenly it stopped. The hunter was amazed. There was no path leading down the steep banks to the river below, and the only conclusion was that the deer had jumped off.

Deer were getting scarce in the Niagara country, and if Hurry lost this one there was little chance that he would find another that day. He therefore decided to go to the bottom of the gorge. The path was roundabout and long. He went northward a mile or more, and then scrambled down into the low-lying Fosters Flats. Thence he made his way slowly and perilously over the masses of fallen rock on the narrow beach and the

HUGE DRIFTS OF FALLEN SNOW.

Suddenly he felt the north wind blow up the gorge. It increased swiftly, and soon he was buried in clouds of whirling snow. It became cold. He could hardly see through the blinding storm. He became fearful for his safety, but he could not retreat in the face of the gale, so he looked for shelter. He knew that he had seen often from the American side, about a mile below the whirpool, a deep cave at the very base of the Canadian cliffs. He found it and crawled in. It was quiet inside. He could see the storm raging without, but within he was sheltered completely. He found on the floor a few dry sticks, and, with one which seemed fit for a back log, he made a small fire. Then he ate an egg or two, sandwiched with a piece of bread, and finally, lighting his pipe, sat down, fairly satisfied with his surroundings. He dozed a little, but a disturbance in his fire aroused him; he looked and was surprised to see that his back log was missing. It did not worry him, but he could not understand it. Gathering up the scattered embers, he blew up a little flame, and thought he saw in the flickering light his missing back log disappearing in the corner of the cave. He brushed away such ideas, however, and gave his attention to the storm outside. He could see the blast was still at its height, and he concluded he might best pass the night in his snug hole. So after tasting a wee bit of the old Scotch, and eating another egg, he lay down on the rocks for a night's sleep.

It must have been long after this, although it was still dark outside, when the sleeper was aroused by a grinding at the door of his cave. The crushing and smashing of something heavy was in progress. He felt his way to the opening, looked out and at once understood the situation. The three days' southwest wind had driven the waters and ice of lake Erie into the river until its level was above normal; the succeeding wind from the north was interfering with the flow of the ice and was forcing it up on the banks. Already ice had reached the small mouth of the cave, and, as he looked, it slid higher and higher. If this kept on he would be shut in, but he could not escape since the storm and ice had made the pathway on the river's edge impassable. So he pulled himself back into the cavern, where he was at least safe and warm.

In the afternoon the storm still raged, or at least it seemed so as Hurry peeped through the ice windows of his house; but the cavern grew warmer and the round stone softer. At last a snake lifted its head from the mass, but he seemed

DAZED AND HELPLESS.

The hunter left him alone at first, but other heads began to wriggle, and several tails to shake. Hurry decided to begin to experiment. He pulled from his pocket the package of red pepper and dropped a few grains in the face of the most active snake. The snake was at once most wide awake. It thumped about, rubbed its face against the ball, and finally sneezed. Hurry always declared it was a genuine sneeze. It looked as if the snake would soon work itself out of the mass, so Hurry gave it another dose, right in the eyes. The reptile went crazy this time. It hissed and threw its head about, and rubbed its head on the hard floor. Finally it quieted down a little, and, lighting a match, Hurry found that in its struggles it had knocked out its right eye. "If I ever meet a one-eyed snake," he said, "I'll know where he came from." Then the hunter got out his flask. He was reckless, and wanted more fun. He carefully inserted the neck of the bottle into the mouth of the snake, and a good drink went down its throat. That one woke up also, but in a happy mood. It held out its head for more, but was disappointed. Then it tried to sleep, until Hurry pushed a lighted stick well covered with pepper under the roll of snakes. Then they all moved and a chorus of sneezes followed. Hurry, too, began to sneeze, and he withdrew to the other end of the cave.

By morning he was completely shut in. He could get some light through his ice door, and the closing of the opening raised the temperature in the cavern until Hurry felt he could remove his great coat and be comfortable. The pushing and falling of some ice on the floor caused him to build his fire further back in the hole. Then he sat down to his breakfast and pipe. After a time the fire and the ice raised the temperature again, and the man pulled off his under coat and sat in his shirt sleeves. Then he felt what seemed a slight movement in the rock on which he sat, but it stopped. Again he thought he saw through the clouds from his pipe what seemed like his missing back log moving across the other end of the cave. He rubbed his eyes and looked once more, but it was gone. He had taken a drop that morning, and concluded that it was the drink or biliousness that made his head a little dizzy. Then, again, he felt the seat move under him; there could be no mistake this time, so getting up he looked at it, but it seemed all right. Then he kicked it and was surprised to feel it give under his toe. He was dumbfounded. He knew all the kinds of rocks on the frontier, and he never before saw one which would give. Striking a match, he examined it closely, and he was startled to find the rock was nothing but a great roll of rattle-snakes. They were torpid, half frozen, and in the midst of their winter sleep. The heat of the cave was undoubtedly having its effect on them, and they were waking up. Then his quick wits told him that his missing back log was a snake which the warmth of the fire had brought back to life. For a time he was safe, for the ball was not fully awake, but he hunted up the back log and smashed it over the head.

After half an hour Hurry went back to look at his collection of snakes. It was well he did. The ball was rapidly going to pieces. All the snakes were awake and working to get loose. He looked at the door; it was solid ice. The ball must contain hundreds of snakes, he thought, and it would be impossible to kill them all. His only weapon was his gun, which was worse than useless against such numbers. Something must be done, and that at once. Andrew jumped quickly for the masses of ice which had fallen on the floor and rapidly threw them over

THE WRIGGLING MASS.

But it was not enough. He jerked out his hunting knife and carved large bits from the cakes at the doorway. He worked fast, and he saw the ice was having some effect on the snakes. He increased his efforts, and at last he got the whole mass covered, but not before he had cut through the ice door, letting in the chilly air. He brought in snow, and packed that in the open places between the pieces of ice, until he had at last a solid snowball. Not until this was all done did he feel safe. The storm still raged outside, and it was already dark, so he prepared to pass another night in the cavern, feeling sure, however, that the snakes would not now disturb him.

The next morning opened clear and calm; the storm was over and Hurry could start homeward; but he determined that first he would put an end to the snakes, once and for all. He crept outside and waded through the deep snow until he reached the nearest woods. There he cut a long, stout pole. He returned with it to the cave, chopped and beat through the snow and ice a good path to the edge of the boiling river, quickly cleared away the mass of snow and ice from the snakes. He found them frozen. Using the pole as a lever, he slowly rolled the ball toward the door. Not a snake stirred. Finally he got the mass outside, and sent it splashing into the river. It disappeared with the current down the stream. Hurry knew that if the snakes were not drowned or dashed to death on the rocks and ledges in the river they would float into the solid ice field which filled the still water at Lewiston at the foot of the rapids. Here they would remain frozen until spring. Water and frost would undoubtedly end them. A month later Hurry was at Lewiston, and he saw frozen solidly into the ice opposite the dock a round, black object which he knew must be his ball of snakes.

One warm day in the succeeding month of April, just after the ice had left the still waters of the river, the people of Lewiston reported a pest of serpents. One snake was killed in the barroom of the hotel at the dock, just as it had got its mouth near a bottle marked "Old Scotch." Others were killed in the main street. One got into the church. Houses were invaded, and the inhabitants were in a panic. The Selectmen hired Indians from the neighboring reservation and set them to hunting and killing the snakes. At length the pest was exterminated, but not before an enormous fellow had been killed in the village store and placed on exhibition in the window. The snake had but one eye. Hurry examined it and identified it as his acquaintance, but he held his peace in Lewiston.

A BEDROOM "WIND-CURTAIN."

An Ingenious Contrivance Whereby the Sleeper Is Defended Against a Direct Current of Air.

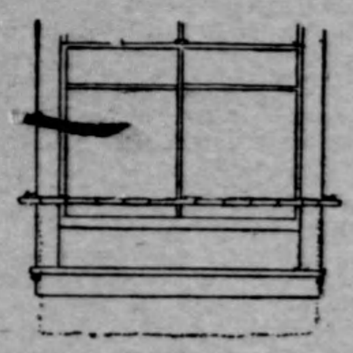
To get plenty af air into a sleeping-room at night without the cold or damp wind blowing directly on the bed is necessary alike for comfort and health.

The familiar device of a board fitted to set tightly into the window frame underneath the raised lower sash answers for extremely cold nights; but it does not give enough air in moderate weather. On the other hand, if a severe wind is blowing upon the opened window, although the temperature may not be very low, the strong current is too trying for most sleepers.

To those who wish to enjoy the open window at night, and yet to be defended against a direct current of air, the wind-curtain will be valuable.

About a foot above the window-stool, on both edges of the casings, insert diagonally a pair of two-inch screw hooks. Being on the outside edges of the casings, they do not mar the wood, and are unnoticed during the day. Prepare a light curtain-pole, say an inch in diameter, and insert screw-eyes to correspond with the hooks. This pole may be a regular curtain-pole with brass knobs, or a bamboo pole, or a humble broomstick—painted, however, we will hope.

Hang upon this pole, either by rings, or by a broad hem through which the pole is thrust, a short curtain of burlap, as indicated by the dotted line in the cut. This



coarse cloth is suggested because of its very openness; while breaking the force of the wind, it admits much of it in a gentle way. This may be trimmed tastily with a half-inch hempen rope, or with cat-stitching.

To prevent the curtain from flapping in the wind, sew to it a pair of small rings, which can be loosely attached to another pair of small hooks screwed on the under side of the window-stool at its extremities

The chief admission of air will not be through the interstices of the coarse burlap, but above and around it, from the three or four-inch space between it and the sash. A shawl or an afghan may be thrown over the pole instead of a regularly hung curtain, and will answer the purpose equally as well. In the morning the pole is lifted from its inconspicuous hooks, and stored away in a closet out of sight. If it is preferred to have the window opened at the top, the same contrivance may be used—the window-shade being run up out of the way, and thus preserved from flapping or from damage by rain.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Art is nature concentrated.—Balzac.

No wise man ever wished to be younger—Swift.

Idleness is as fatiguing as repose is sweet.—De Levis.

As your enemies and your friends, so ar you.—Lavater.

Our souls much farther than our eyes can see.—Drayton.

Next to excellence is the appr ciation of it.—Thackeray.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds.—Lamb.

The greatest medicine is a true friend.—Sir W. Temple.

Good taste is the modesty of the mind.—Mme. de Girardin.

Short sentences drawn from a long experience.—Cervantes.

Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man.—Bacon.

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.—Martial.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

Shun equally a sober air and vivacious sallies.—Marcus Antoninus.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—Matthew Henry.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—Haliburton.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.—H. W. Beecher.

A Prince who falleth out with his laws breakest with his best friends.—Saville.

Between two evils choose neither; between two goods, choose both.—Tryon Edwards.

Hope is a leaf-joy which may be beaten out to a great extension, like gold.—Bacon.

If you see one cold and vehement at the same time, set him down for a fanatic.—Lavater.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—Lamb.

He who has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself or others.—Colton.

Do not ask if a man has been through college. Ask if a college has been through him.—Chapin.

Likely to Escape Notice.

Miss Million (of uncertain age)—The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know—

Miss Rosebud (viciously)—Oh, don't worry. They'll think you're his mother.

HEALTH.

Why We Cook Food.

It would be absurd, in the face of the tempting viands daily placed before us, to say that food would be just as well uncooked. Yet to render food more palatable is the least of the reasons for cooking it.

Man is endowed with teeth which are suitable for the mastication of both flesh and a vegetable diet; and it would need but a comparatively short time to accustom him to raw food of either description.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, all food has to undergo certain changes before it can be taken into the system as nourishment. Part of these changes take place in the mouth when the food is subdivided by the process of chewing or mastication, and part are made by the action of the juices of the stomach upon the mass.

Nourishment depends upon the completeness with which food is changed by the processes of mastication and digestion. In this modern era, when everything is done with a rush, there is great danger of throwing upon the stomach more work than it can do, by the hasty and inefficient manner in which we chew our food.

Here we perceive the great province of cooking—that of an intermediary agent between an insufficient, mastication and an overtaxed stomach. In other words, cooking may be made to serve, to some degree, the purpose of mastication. Potatoes cooked till they are "mealy" need much less time and chewing than those which are boiled hard and "soggy."

On the same principle, the pride of the housewife is in her "light and spongy" bread. It is better than the hard cakes of milled corn and water that were relished in primeval days, because the minute bubbles of air which are incorporated into the bread facilitate its digestion, without the labor of long chewing which the cakes demanded.

Meats and vegetables, upon being properly cooked, lose the covering inside of which the fibres and grains of nutriment are hid, a result which, it is true, may be similarly obtained by mastication.

We must not suppose, however, that it is easy to obtain proper results in cooking, or to recognize them when they have been obtained. Because an article of food is palatable and slips into the stomach without effort, may be the last of reasons why it should be nutritious and easily taken care of by the stomach.

Indeed, so great are the difficulties in mastering the proper methods of cooking, and so important are such methods to the human economy, that the subject deserves to be treated rather as a science than as an art.

Nervousness Explained.

Nervousness is an exceedingly indefinite word which is used to express not only different but opposite conditions. A young lady is so timid that she is startled at the rustling of a leaf, and she is said to be nervous. A housewife is so cross and irritable that a mild purgatory is preferable to a home with her, and she says she is nervous. A professional man drives his engagements as if life were all to be lived in a week, until his hands shake and he is trembling all over. He is called nervous. A little girl is pretty, whimsical, impossible to please, and her mother says that she is nervous. A dyspeptic is gloomy, apprehensive, dreading some disaster, and he says that he is nervous. The word is thu made to cover a multitude of ails. Rea nervousness is an irritable condition of the nerves arising from the rasping of a chemical or mechanical irritant, or from a deficiency of a cell salt whose function is to transfer nerve pabulum (food) from the blood to the nerve cells; in other words nerve starvation. If the trouble comes from chemical or mechanical irritation, and the cause can be removed, the effect will be likely to cease. If from starvation that has not gone too far, the sure remedy is to feed the lacking cell salt. It is with nerve starvation as with body starvation, a degree of emaciation may be reached from which there is no recovery; but there is the striking difference that bodily wasting shows to the eye and upon the scales, while nerve emaciation may co-exist with a plump outline and weight actually increased.

Rules for Old Age.

Dr. Richardson's "Rules for Old Age" are as follows:—When old age has really commenced, its march towards final decay is best delayed by attention to those rules of conservation by which life is sustained with the least friction and waste. The prime rules for this purpose are:—To subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season. To take food, in moderate quantity, four times a day, including a light meal before going to bed. To clothe warmly but lightly, so that the body may in all seasons maintain its equal temperature. To keep the body in fair exercise and the mind active and cheerful. To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labours and pleasures as though old age was not present. To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. To spend nine hours in bed at least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at 60 degrees F. To avoid passion, excitement, and luxury.

The Reason He Had.

One—You haven't a single reason why you won't join our club.

Tother—Perhaps not, but I have a married reason.

Steps are being taken to provide Owen Sound with a dry-dock capable of accommodating the largest vessels that run on the great Lakes. It will be 430 feet in length, with 16 feet of water on the sills.

A CARLETON CO. MIRACLE.

Back to Health After Years of Extreme Suffering.

Yielded to the Advice of a Friend and Obtained Results Three Doctors Had Failed to Secure.

From the Ottawa Journal.

Mr. George Argue is one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of North Gower. He has passed through an experience as painful as it is remarkable, and his story as told a reporter will perhaps be of value to others. "I was born in the county of Carleton," said Mr. Argue, "and have lived all my life within twenty miles of the city of Ottawa. Ten years of that time have been years of pain and misery almost beyond endurance. Eleven years ago I contracted a cold which resulted in pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. Other complications then followed and I was confined to my room for five years. The doctor who attended me through that long illness said that the reason I was unable to move about was due to the contracting

I COULD HOBBLE AROUND ON CRUTCHES.

of the muscles and nerves of my hands and feet through long confinement to bed. I could hobble around a little on crutches, but was well nigh helpless At this stage a second doctor was called in who declared my trouble was spinal complaint. Notwithstanding medical advice and treatment I was sinking lower and lower, and was regarded as incurable. I was now in such a state that I was unable to leave my bed, but determined to find a cure if possible, and sent for one of the most able physicians in Ottawa. I was under his care and treatment for three years. He blistered my back every three or four weeks and exerted all his skill, but in vain. I was growing weaker and weaker and began to think the end could not be far off. At this juncture a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I yielded to his solicitations, and by the time six boxes of pills were used I found myself getting better. I used in all thirty boxes, and they have accomplished what ten years of treatment under the physicians failed to do. Thanks to this wonderful medicine, I am able to attend to my duties and am as free from disease as any man in ordinary health is expected to be. I still use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they are the medicine for me, and so long as I live I shall use no other. If I had got these pills ten years ago I am satisfied I would not have suffered as I did, and would have saved some hundreds of dollars doctor bills. It is only those who have passed through such a terrible siege as I have done who can fully realize the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Argue's experience should convince even the most skeptical that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of other medicines and are one of the greatest discoveries of the age. There is no disease due to a poor or watery blood or shattered nerves which will not speedily yield to this treatment and in innumerable cases patients have been restored to health and strength after physicians had pronounced the dreaded word "incurable." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Refuse imitations and do not be persuaded to try something else.

Classing Dogs.

A correspondent of the Times, of India, who vouches for the truth of the story, tells how a lady traveling between Kurrachee and Multan with two tame squirrels was stopped at a station and told she must take a dog ticket for each squirrel, as squirrels were "dogs;" and was further compelled to put them in the dog box. Railway natural history in India would seem from the above to differ from that taught on English railway lines, where, according to the famous classification, "cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, and parrots likewise; but this yer tortis is a insec' and there ain't no charge."

It Has Happened.

What every man who goes to a barber daily fears may happen has happened at last in England. A schoolmaster was being shaved, when the barber drew the razor across his throat, nearly cutting off his head He missed them sin arteries, however, and the victim may recover. No cause can be found for the act.

Sunstruck, Then Frozen.

The changeableness of weather in Minnesota is something remarkable. Last week, while the mercury was up near the boiling point, a man in Goodhue County, Minn., was sunstruck. He fell to the ground, unable to get up again, and, as nobody saw him, he remained there. Then the cold wave came along and he froze to death.

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA