

A Louisiana Snake Story.

We were yesterday informed by Mr. Smith, living on Quapaw bayou, that while he and his son William, aged about 13 years, were out in the woods on Monday afternoon last, driving up cattle, their attention was attracted by the bleating of a calf some distance from them. Thinking probably that the poor animal had bogged, they started to its assistance. They had gone a short distance down the bayou when they discovered a steer about two years old, in the coils of a huge snake, the body of which was suspended from the limb of black gum tree about 20 feet from the ground, and which projected from the bank immediately over the water. Mr. Smith and his son were almost terror stricken at the sight, and stood speechless for several moments, unconsciously watching the movements of the huge reptile as he twined himself around the dead body of the animal; and every coil of the snake they could hear the bones break.

After coiling itself around the lifeless form of the animal and crushing every bone in its body, the serpent let loose its hold from the tree and dropped down along its victim, and began licking it all over, preparatory, it is supposed, to swallowing it. About this time Mr. Smith recovered his senses, and after watching the monster snake open its capacious mouth several times, he fired on it with his rifle, striking it on the head, and was quickly followed by his son, who discharged a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot. Both reloaded as quickly as possible and again fired on his snakeship. In the meantime the reptile had coiled itself into a huge mass, and was making a hissing sound that could be heard fully one hundred yards, and was protruding his forked tongue several feet. After discharging about a dozen volleys each, Mr. Smith and his son succeeded in dispatching one of the largest snakes ever seen in Louisiana, and, probably, North America. It measured 31 feet in length, and the body measured 10 feet from the head 30 inches in circumference and about the centre of the body 42 inches. It has a regular succession of spots, black and yellow alternating, extending from its head to its tail, while either side is a deep purple. Mr. Smith has no idea what kind of a snake it is, but thinks it must be of the boa constrictor species. No doubt this snake has for many years inhabited that section of the country, and depredated upon the young calves and animals that came within its reach. The skin of this huge snake has been preserved, and will be sent to Shreveport and put on exhibition.—*Shreveport Times*.

A Sudden Cure.

In a letter received a few days since from a person in New Hampshire, occurs this sentence: "Old Simon Love stopped here yesterday on his way home. He is almost 92, and hale and hearty."

And that brought to mind an incident which happened five and twenty years ago—yes, 29 years ago—it was in the autumn of 1848. The same Simon Love, then 63 years of age, and living with his son-in-law on the Great Intervale road under Monte Mountain, had been laid up more than a year with what the doctors called a species of lumbago. He could not rise from his chair without assistance, nor could he move from chair to bed without the help of a strong man, for he was himself very heavy. There seemed to be a sort of paralysis of all the muscles of the lumbar regions, and when the pain came it came furiously. I don't know how many bottles of liniments and patent unguents had been rubbed upon the outside, or how many barrels of swash he had poured down his throat, and with the prospect of another hard, long winter before him, he didn't think he should survive it.

Well, one day in early October, while the pigeons were very plenty, Mr. Hammond, Love's son-in-law, was fixing his double-barrel gun for a shot at them. He had just cut a piece of India wheat, not far away, and there the pigeons would be sure to gather, and he meant to be ready for them. He had loaded both barrels heavily, and put on the percussion caps; but as the caps were slightly small for the tubes, he had to press them on

which he was wont to do by easing, the hammer down upon them.

Old Simon sat by the fireplace, bolstered up in his greasy chair, with padding of pillows and blankets for his back, and cushions for his feet.

"Look out, Nathan!" he cried, as he saw the double muzzles pointed uncomfortably near him.

"Pooh! there ain't no danger, dad," returned Nathan, pressing the hammer down upon the cap.

But the cap was a very sensitive one, and he pressed a little too hard, and—

Mersey! what a crash! and what a howl. The right barrel of the gun was discharged with a report that shook the house from ridge-pole to foundation, and a few of the shot grazed Simon Love's leg. He, poor man, believed that he was shot dead. He sent forth a howl, loud and long, and leaped to his feet.

"Murder! Murder! Murder! I'm dead!—killed—shot all to pieces. O! O! O!—MURDER!"

And away he leaped out of doors—out into the yard—where he danced up and down, yelling like mad all the while, until Nathan and his wife, and a hired man, came to his assistance. They got him into the house, and got him down into his chair, and after critical examination they found two or three lines upon the calf of his right leg, where a stray shot had just grazed the skin.

"Ain't I shot?"

"No. Get up and see."

He was up in a moment, standing first upon one leg and then upon the other, and presently the thought occurred to him that he had really risen unaided. He started off upon a brisk walk without pain and without hindrance. He could hardly credit the evidences of his own senses. He leaped and danced; he ran to the well and back again.

"Glory, hallelujah! Nathan, I'm a well man!"

And he spoke truly. The terrific shock, convulsing every nerve, straining every muscle, had healed him, and from that time he had not another touch of the old trouble.—*Ex.*

UGH!

Hugh Gough, of Boroughbridge, was a rough soldier on a furlough, but a man of doughty deeds in war, though before he fought for his country, he was a thorough doughty-faced ploughman. His horse having been loughed in an engagement with the enemy, Hugh was taken prisoner, and I ought to add, was kept on a short enough clough of food, and suffered from drought as well as from hunger. Having on his return home drunk too large a draught of usquebaugh, he became intoxicated, and was laughing, coughing and hiccuping by a trough, against which he sought to steady himself. There he was accused by another rough, who showed him a cough which he had caught on a clough near; also the slough of a snake which he held at the end of a tough lough bough of eugh-tree, and which his shaggy slough had found and had brought to him from the entrance to sough which ran through and drained a slough that was close to a lough in the neighborhood.—*Toledo Commercial*.

A Survivor of the Custer Massacre Becomes an Indian Chief.

The commission which was sent to Sitting Bull made an important discovery in the fact that the warrior has in his camp a white prisoner captured at the Custer massacre. Before reaching Fort Walsh rumors reached the commission that Sitting Bull held some of Custer's men as prisoners, and after the first conference one of the half-breed interpreters employed by General Terry visited the camp, and, while passing through, was accosted in English by a person dressed and painted as a chief, who said that his name was Martin Ryan, who was a corporal in Company I, Seventh Cavalry, Colonel Keough's company, and had been taken a prisoner at the battle of the Little Big Horn with Custer. Inquiry apparently substantiated his assertion and the following facts were ascertained: Ryan's life had been spared by Sitting Bull himself, who adopted him into his own family. Ryan made several attempts to escape, but being care-

fully guarded was unsuccessful, and on each occasion he was severely beaten. He has now apparently accepted the situation, and Sitting Bull has made him a war chief and married Ryan to one of his own daughters. Ryan has let his hair grow long in Indian fashion, dresses as an Indian, and is known by the Sioux as the White Chief.

Upon the return of the commission to St. Paul, Gen. Terry caused the muster rolls of Company I, Seventh Cavalry, to be examined, and found that Martin Ryan's name is borne as corporal, and that he was present for duty when his command went into that fatal action of June 25, 1876. It was stated by the friendly Indians that there are several others of Custer's men prisoners in Sitting Bull's camp, but Ryan's case was the only one verified. Sitting Bull was asked the question direct by Gen. Corbin if he took any prisoners of the Seventh Cavalry, and answered flatly: "That is none of your business." In regard to Corporal Ryan's case, Gen. Terry has written a letter to the State Department through Secretary McCrary, detailing the facts as ascertained, to the end that the assistance of the British Government may be asked to effect his release.—*Boston Herald*.

A San Francisco reporter was once detailed to report the sermon of an eminent divine in that city. When the preacher was about half through the reporter bethought himself of a yacht race, and folding up his notes made his exit through the vestry room. The next day the sermon appeared in print. The reporter had given a correct report up to the time he left, and then getting the general idea of the theological argument, tacked on an extra column of brilliant metaphor and highly-colored descriptive matter, without much regard to theology. The doctor came round next day, and wanted the reporter discharged. During the week, those of his congregation who had attended the church congratulated him on the last half of his superb discourse.

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