The Weekly Independent

BY H. HUCKINS.

LINCOLN, - - NEBRASKA.

The Utica Press thinks the international yachting races "are calculated to promote patriotism." So they are—if you win.

China has a big lot of money to raise, and cannot very well economize on her methods of living. She is on "a diet of rice" now.

"What's in a name?" Only this: An Ohio woman recently presented her husband with his sixteenth child, and her name is Moore.

It must be admitted that the cattle crop is also pretty good when we read that 200,000 head in Texas will soon be ready for shipment.

Mrs. Noe was arrested in Little Rock for wearing bloomers. Judge Wilson dismissed the case, and handed down a decision that "bloomers are just the thing."

Miss Marie Millard, a Boston actress, announces her engagement to Count Raoul De Brabant of France. Miss Millard has scored in the game of love. She won a count.

In places east mischievous persons have purposely placed glass, tacks, and nails on the highways used by the bicyclers for the purpose of wrecking the tires of the wheels. At Chicopee, Mass., an ordinance has been passed making such an offense finable, the penalty being from $2 to $20 for every such offence. Such an act is mean enough to richly deserve a much heavier punishment.

Two gentlemen of Newport, Ky., while engaged in painting that town a vivid scarlet, gave offense to a sensitive cow, which chased them into a convenient church. The Louisville Courier-Journal says that a crowd speedily came to the scene and rescued the gentlemen "from their perilous position." The phrase shows the peculiar esteem in which the church is held in Kentucky.

Dr. Heine Marks of St. Louis says bicycle riders form a great suicide club that threatens to depopulate the world. All the functional and constitutional disorders to which the race is subject are ascribed by the doctor to bicycle riding. On some fateful day in the course of his lifetime Dr. Marks probably thought he could ride a wheel, and found that he could not. That would explain his extreme hostility.

So much grave robbing has been going on in the small cemeteries around Indianapolis recently that owners of the cemeteries have adopted the plan of placing nitroglycerin in graves. An old man was buried at Greenwood the other day and three sticks of nitroglycerin were placed on the coffin. Some day a carelessly dropped clod will produce a premature resurrection that will not only raise the dead but the living.

The "new woman" has broken out in another way in Georgia. This time she comes to the front as a distiller. A woman in Jasper county and another in Cherokee have been granted the necessary government license to enable them to establish registered distilleries from which to make peach brandy. These are the first cases of women distillers who appear on the books of the revenue department. There have been isolated cases of women who were alleged to own illicit distilleries, but those have been Spartan women who took the blame on themselves in the hope that the courts would be lenient with them. Now let women acquire the habit of drinking the stuff and going home with jags like men and beating their husbands next and their triumph will be complete.

The abandoned telegraph line which the Western Union Telegraph company set about establishing through Alaska about thirty years ago is to be revived, the company deciding that there is sufficient business to warrant its construction. The line will be built to Forty Mile Creek on the Yukon, and branches will run to Sitka and Juneau, thus putting Alaska in touch with the world. The plan thirty years ago was to construct a line through Alaska by way of Behring Straits to Siberia, and thence to St. Petersburg. Before the line had been finished to Alaska, the success of the Atlantic cable made the trans-Siberian line unnecessary. One of the principal difficulties the telegraph encountered was from bears, which took the telegraph poles for bee trees and the humming of the wires as the sound of disturbed bees. They tore down many poles in their active search for the honey supposed to be concealed in them. Bears are still numerous in that region, and the enterprise of carrying the telegraph to that far region may be found more difficult to accomplish than is now thought.

The Roosevelt regime in New York is imprisoning milkmen for watering the milk they sell, but is not doing anything to the men who water the whiskey they sell during the six days of the week, if they will only refrain from selling on the seventh. With water full of mud, and milk full of water, and no whiskey nor beer on Sundays, New York is having a dreadfully hard time.

It is said that Li Hung Chang is the richest man in the world. We trust the Chinese government will refrain from asking him where he got it.

SNAKE FARM IN EAST.

ITS UNCOMMON LIVE STOCK, BREEDING METHODS.

The Possibilities of the Snakeskin Industry Suggested to Mrs. Haskins by the Belts and Pocketbooks of Summer Boarders in Cooperstown.

(Special Correspondence.)

UP in the Otsego Hills in New York State many strange industries are carried on, but there is none stranger than that of Hiram Haskins and none that returns a better profit. Mr. Haskins is a snake farmer, and so profitable has his business become that he has undertaken to domesticate the reptiles and breed them. While traveling through Otsego with wheel and camera a few weeks ago the writer heard at Cooperstown of this strange man who had gone to raising rattlers and pilots for the market. His place was found up in the hills near Schuyler Lake. He lives in a comfortable frame dwelling, where the writer was invited to partake of a meal of fresh milk and boiled cracked corn.

"Kem up to look fer snakes, did yeou, neow?" said the old man as his bright, gray eyes twinkled, and he chuckled: "Waal, I guess I kin show yeow a powerful sight of them."

"What induced you to go into the snake trapping and breeding business?"

"Waal, about five years ago Mrs. Haskins an' me was down to Cooperstown,

HOME OF THE SNAKE FARM.

an' we seed so many ladies at the hotel with snakeskin belts an' pocketbooks that we wondered if they was common rattler skins. One day some weeks later I was cradlin' late oats an' I killed a spotted adder with the blade of the cradle. I took him home and skinned him jist like I would an eel, that is, stripped his hide off whole without splittin' it. Then I cleaned it and cured it with white oak liquor, and when it was dry and cured it was soft and shiny like. Mandy, that is, Mrs. Haskins, says, says she, 'Hiram, I'd send that pelt down to New York to some pocketbook maker and see if it's worth anything.' Waal, I sent it to a feller on Mercer street that deals in fancy leather an' in a few days I got a letter with a check for $3.50. He said if I had any more spotted snake pelts to send them along. I didn't hev any, but Mandy says, says she, 'Hiram, you kin git some more, can't you?' 'I dunno,' says I, 'but I guess I kin when buckwheat mowin' begins, as 'her'll sure to be some snakes in the ten-acre buckwheat lot or I'm mistaken.' Then I begin to think an' to ruminate around in my mind how I cud git a lot of snake pelts. A few days later I got a regular windfall. I run into a den and killed five full-grown spotted adders, a rattler, and a purty brown mottled sarpint that I didn't know the name of. I cured these skins an' sent 'em to New York an' my returns was $25. The man that bought the pelts said he'd take all I cud ketch.

"'Mandy,' says I, "do you think I could trap snakes in a trap? I'm going to try anyhow.' 'I don't see why not, Hiram,' says Mandy; an' then I made up my mind to to try an' ketch snakes in traps. A few days later I went to Cherry Valley an' bought one of them big wire French rat traps. It's like an eel pot; the snakes could slip easy like into the trap but cudn't get out, as the wires stuck into them. They cud git into the trap, but cudn't reach the bait. Then I ketched a couple of them English sparrers in a snare an' baited the trap an' put it out in the long grass in the east medder, where I had heard an adder hiss a few days before.

"The next mornin' I went down to the trap, and, bless me, if there wusn't an

THE SNAKE HOUSE.

adder full six feet long an' big as my wrist crowded up in the trap. I run a bodkin through him behind the head and took him outen the trap and set it ag'in and went away. Before night I hed ketched a beautiful brown pilot, full of shiny green scales; that is, they looked green when the sun fell on 'em sideways. I killed him, an' went on that way ketchin' snakes all over the farm until it was time fer 'em to go to their holes. I hed over 100 pelts—adders, pilots, a couple of green moccasins, rattlers, and several green an brown mottled pelts of snakes I couldn't call by name.

"I thought, now that I hed a fine lot of pelts, I'd go to New York with 'em myself. I fixed up and went down, and when I kem back I hed a clean $300 in my wallet. While I wuz down there the feller who bought my pelts says to me: 'If you keep on this way you won't hev no snakes left in the counties of Otsego or Chenango. You hev brought more pelts to me than any perfessional trapper on my list, an' I've got lots of men ketchin' snakes. Why don't you build a snake house an' raise em?' Waal, I laughed at that, but the idee struck me that I'd try anyhow, so I asked if he could reccomend any one to me as had a snake house, an' he told me to go up to Central Park an' see how they kep' snakes there. I went up there an' seed the glass place where they kep' the snakes, an' the keeper says to me, says he: 'The varmints 'ud breed here, if we wud let 'em, but we don't want any young snakes.' There wuz all kinds of snakes there, an' the idee struck me to build a glass breedin' house. I seed a powerful sight of other kinds of varmints up at Central Park, but I s'pose you hev seed them, too. Howsomever, we're on snakes now. I reckon we'd better stick to snakes.

"When I kem home I went to work to build a snake house. I made a purty good one, as you'll see. There wuz no more snakes to ketch that fall, so I rested until spring, when they kem outen their holes. I hed good luck an' ketched a lot of young ones an' soon hed my snake house stocked. I hed all kinds, but didn't know much about the nature of puttin' the wrong kinds of snakes together. I ketched one of them big ringed neck racers—blacksnakes, you know—an' he wuz a fighter. No sooner did I let him into the cage than he tackled a rattler I hed there an' in a switch of a lamb's tail he hed grabbed that rattler in the back of the neck, jumped into the air with him, an coiled around him, squeezin' the life outen him. That giv me a lesson, an' I didn't put rattlers an' racers in the same cage ag'in.

"Waal," said the old man, as he looked up at the sky, "I think mebbe we'll hev rain; let's go an' see the snakes."

He led the way to a frame shanty with double walls like an ice house. Inside was a row of wire-netting cages, covered with glass. In the cages were as choice an assortment of snakes as one would care to see. In one compartment were spotted adders by the score, little and big, all coiled and twisted in a squirming, wriggling mass. In another compartment were twelve or more copperheads—the old man called them pilots. In still another compartment were all kinds of snakes of the garter and whiplash species, green scaled, brown and white mottled, and of nearly all shades of drab and gray. Another compartment contained fully twenty rattlers, all lying still, as if dead.

In the fall, the old man said, just before the snakes were ready to hibernate, he culled out all the big ones, and, after killing them, stripped off the

HASKINS AND ASSISTANT.

hides and salted them dry. He did not tan-cure them now, as the purchasers preferred to dress them, as they could dye them in many colors at the same time. He got just as good prices for salted skins as for cured ones. The remark that there were no blacksnakes in his menagerie caused Haskins to explain: "I kill all them fellers. They scales, an' only the snakes as hev purty skins bring big prices. When I ketch a good-sized racer in my traps I send him down to York for breeders, but I jinerally kill the no-good things."

Girdled with Lightning, But Lives.

One of the most unusual and closest escapes from death from lightning ever recorded was witnessed at Gray Eagle, Minn. During a heavy electrical storm, while Otto Huffman stood on his porch, a bolt of lightning struck the top of his head, tearing his hat to pieces and tearing off a lock of hair on the back of his head, near the base of the brain. After this act the electrical fluid passed around to his breast, blistering it, and on down his right leg to the foot, where it tore off the shoe, and passed into the the ground. Huffman was made unconscious but is recovering.

Could Commence Again.

Mrs. Manhattan—I read in one of your Chicago papers of an old couple over seventy years of age getting divorced.

Mrs. Lakeside—Well, why not? They may still enjoy several years of married life.

She Had the Floor.

Cholly Chumpleigh—We have met before, I think, Miss Coldeal. 'Twas in a crowd.

Miss Coldeal—It was. A crowded car. I stood up.

A Dreadful Suspicion.

He—I had a beautiful dream last night. I dreamt that we were walking in a garden and I gave you a kiss.

She—Yes; but are you sure nobody saw it?

The Last Chance.

MRS JOHNSON HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE HER LIFE.

Now Does the Work of Three Average Women.

From the Ledger, Mexico, Mo.

Mrs. Lucinda Johnson lives in Mexico, Mo. The Ledger has just succeeded in obtaining an interview with her. This is the substance of her story:

In the winter of '92 and '93 Mrs. Johnson was, like many of her friends, attacked with la grippe. Yes, we've most of us had it and know its wrecking powers, when it gets in its work on a good constitution. Well, Mrs. Johnson, along about Christmas, was prostrated. All the medical aid here in the city only "brought her around," as an "herbs and roots" female sympathizer expressed it, and she was left in a debilitated and exhausted condition, and experienced a constant pain in her left side. She was wholly unfit for her domestic duties and was unable to do any work about the house, even after the la grippe fever and its characteristic sickness had left her. She is a consistent member of the church, and one Sunday, between the Sunday school and church services, being barely able to be conveyed there, she heard of a miracle that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had performed, and she resolved to try them. It was like the drowning man grabbing at the last straw. It was her last and only chance to save her life. She procured one box of these pills from the south side druggists, French & Garrett, in this city, and by the time she had used half the box she and her watchful friends noticed a marked improvement in her condition. Taking the rest of the box of pills and one more box she recovered remarkably in an exceedingly short time. Before she had used the first box she resumed her household duties, and has been steadily at work for the last eighteen months. It took only a few boxes, perhaps five or six, to entirely cure her. Since then she was attacked by rheumatism, caused from careless exposure, but by at once taking the Pink Pills for Pale People she drove that painful and dreadful malady away. She told the reporter that whenever she felt that she was going to be ill, she took one or two of the pills, and she never got sick. Mrs. Johnson is perfectly healthy now and promises to live to a ripe old age. Her friends have never ceased to talk about her almost miraculous recovery and are loud in their praise of the Pink Pills for Pale People, and all who have tried them say they would not be without them under any conditions.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

The Kangaroo at Bay.

When pursued, the kangaroo, if possible, directs his flight toward the river. If he reaches it he enters, and, thanks to his great height, is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim. There he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail, and up to his shoulders in the water he awaits the attack of the dogs. With his forepaws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him, and as he is more solidly balanced than his assailant he holds the dog's nose under the water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free the half-drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold its own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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The Statue Granary at Bamian.

The wonderful East Indian statues and temples cut from the solid bowlders and stratified rock are duplicated if not excelled, by the Afghans. Professor J. A. Gay, in one of his recent lectures on the far East, tells of a stone statue of a god which he saw at Bamian, near the Russian frontier. This particular statue was one of a score, but was the giant of the lot, being 173 feet in height and large in proportion. It was used as a storehouse for grain, and at that time contained over 2,000 bushels.

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 5,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm and a home.

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Hammers.

It is a somewhat curious commentary upon the principles which govern handicraft procedures that one of the hammer-heads of the gold-beater is heavier than the single-handed sledge-hammer of the forgeman and smith, which weighs only ten pounds. The heaviest hammer of the gold-beater weighs seventeen pounds.

TRAMP IN MAYOR'S CHAIR.

Wanted Pants and Heard His Honor Was Dispensing Them.

A tramp, the most miserable-looking tramp that could be picked out in a day's travel, played Mayor of New York the other morning, says the New York Sun. His clothing was in tatters and was in danger of falling off. His face was old, and he was three years away from a bath. Janitor Larkin went into the mayor's office at 6 o'clock in the morning and just missed having a fit when he spied the specimen sitting in the mayor's big chair. As the janitor came in the tramp stood up and leaned against the desk.

"What!" exclaimed Larkin.

"Sir?" aid the tramp.

"What the blazes are you doing here?" demanded Larkin.

"I only want a pair of pants," said the tramp with a tremulous voice.

"Think this is Baxter street?" demanded Larkin. "Think we run a pants factory? Think this is the headquarters of the Hebrew Pants Makers' Amalgamated Reform Union? Well, it ain't, and how in blazes did you get here?"

"I came in through the window," said the tramp softly. "The door was locked."

He looked at Larkin and Larkin looked at him. For a moment neither spoke. Then the tramp said: "I understand the mayor distributes pants every morning, and that a great crowd gathers to receive them. I merely wanted to be on hand in time, and so I climbed up and came through the window."

"Well you'll come out of the door," said Larkin.

"Certainly," said the tramp.

Larkin held him in the hall until a policeman came and took him to the Oak street station, where he said he was Andrew Bradley and had a home in Brooklyn. Later he was arraigned in the Tombs court and was sent to the workhouse. Nothing in the mayor's office had been disturbed.

IT MAKES SOME MEN TIRED.

But Jennie's Brand New Husband Decided That He Was at All Fatigued.

They were from some locality up north and on their wedding tour. In taking in the sights of Detroit they boarded a Woodward avenue car for a ride to the terminus and back. As they sat beside each other, her hand in his hand and his straw hat fanning them both, a grumpy old codger on the next seat sneeringly observed:

"'Nother case of love's young dream, I see!"

The newly wedded looked around at him, but made no reply, and pretty soon he said:

"There ought to be a law against this spooning business! It just makes me tired!"

"Oh, it does!" retorted the young man as his cheeks began to redden. "Mebbe you never spooned when you was a young man?"

"If I did it was not in such a public place!"

"What's the place to do with it? Can't everybody tell right off the handle that me'n Jennie are just married?"

"I should say they could."

"And that we are on our bridle tower?"

"Yes."

"And that we are just honey and peaches?"

"That's what thes me."

"It does, eh? Well, it don't tire us. She dotes on me and I'd die for her, and we are going to kiss and hug and squeeze hands and eat gum-drops as long as our $17 holds out, and you and all the rest of the old mossbacks in this town can lick your chops and go to grass!"

And he sat down and put one arm around his turtle dove and hugged her till the grumpy old man came to his corner and dropped off with a grunt of disgust.

NEWSY MORSELS.

England has decided to increase the pay of the native Indian soldiers by 64 cents a month.

Basrelief memorial medallions of Oliver Wendell Holmes are being worn by Boston people.

Saco, Me., is bragging of a 2,005-pound cow that it declares is the largest one in the world.

The Japanese grow dwarf oak and pine trees that are only eighteen inches high when 200 years old.

A scholarship has been founded in memory of Jay Gould in the college of the University of New York.

The maximum age assigned to the pine is 700 years; to the red beach, 245; to the oak, 410, and to the ash, 145 years.

A car containing 5,000 chickens, valued at $1,400, was shipped from Clay Center, Mo., billed to San Francisco, last week.

It is said that more visitors to Mount Auburn cemetery, near Cambridge, tarry at the tomb of Edwin Booth than at any other.

Erie will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its founding September 10 and 11. A century ago the place was called Presque Isle.

A Hartford manufactory has just made a four-ply leather belt 115 feet long and 78 inches wide. The hides of 100 steers were used.

Among every 1,000 inhabitants in the United States there is an average of 381 who are under 16; in France there are only 209 such to the 1,000.

Rhode Island has some seventy large and small lakes of sufficient size or interest as to appear by name on the map. Block Island has over 300 peat ponds.

Paris has given up the idea of instructing its school children in military drill. The municipal council has disbanded the battalions and ordered the guns and equipments to be sold at auction.

Fall Medicine

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