

THE FOURTH IN FRANCE.

Parisians Assist in Celebrating Independence Day.

LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE DECORATED.

Speeches Made and Volleys Fired Over the Tomb of the General—Minister Reid Throughs Open His Residence.

Patriotic Parisians.

[Copyright 1889 by James Gordon Bennett.] Paris, July 5.—[New York Herald Cable.—] [Special Telegram.]—The day of Lafayette was most successfully and brilliantly celebrated here, not only by the resident and visiting Americans, but also by the Parisians themselves.

The Americans the celebration commenced at 10 o'clock in the morning, when, to the number of several hundred, they assembled at the Convent Dames des Sacres Coeurs de Jesus et Marie in the Rue de Picpas for the purpose of decorating with flowers the grave of General Lafayette.

The ceremonies were the same as those with which Decoration day is observed in the United States. The presence and participation of the detachment of United States marines in charge of the American exhibits at the exhibition, contributed much to the solemn impressiveness that characterized the scene.

The French also decorated the grave of the hero, and the decorations of the Grand Army of the Republic, Legion and Order of Cincinnati, and here and there were also to be seen members of the Association of Veterans of the Mexican War.

Senator Edmond de Lafayette, standing in front of his grandfather's tomb, spoke as follows in English:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Permit me to thank you for myself and in the name of all the other members of our family for your presence here to-day, and for the honor you have paid to the memory of my grandfather.

What you have done has deeply touched our hearts, and I cannot find words which to express what I and my relatives feel at this moment.

It is also peculiarly touching to us to-day, in this anniversary of the birthday of the American republic, military honors should be done in the capital of the French republic to the memory of General Lafayette by the French people.

There was no further speech-making, the firing of three volleys over the grave by the marines bringing the simple ceremonies to an appropriate conclusion.

The afternoon ceremonies at Haut de Greenlee were of the most interesting and official character. President Carnot, accompanied by General Brugere and his military staff, arrived at 2 o'clock, escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers. He was received at the entrance to the bridge by M. Spuller, minister of foreign affairs; M. Chateaupuis, president of the municipal council; Minister of War, Law and M. Loeze, prefect of police, who escorted him to his palace under the handsomely decorated canopy erected in front of the statue.

Nearly 2,000 persons were present by invitation, and as many more had assembled on the bridge outside the line of police that was ordered to be served for those provided with white, purple and yellow cards. These included members of the municipal council, in whose name the invitations had been issued, scores of senators and deputies, almost the whole resident American colony, and hundreds of others from across the Atlantic.

Speeches were made by M. Chateaupuis, president of the municipal council, Minister of War, Whitelaw Reid, and M. Spuller, minister of foreign affairs. The latter, in the conclusion of the ceremonies five steamboats conveyed the invited guests to the Hotel de Ville, where, with honor was offered to them by the city authorities.

This consisted of iced champagne and other cooling drinks, and while it was being taken the national airs of France and America and other selections. An informal but highly interesting reception was given at 6 o'clock, and was marked by the utmost cordiality and friendliness between the French and Americans present.

Dr. B. T. Coppedge, of Verona, Mo., says he has sold a large quantity of Swifts' Specific, and to a great many customers, and knows it to be successfully used for malaries of the blood.

SOUTH OMAHA NOTES.

The Old Check Racket. Jesse Osborn, a traveling gray-beard, from the backwoods of Wisconsin, advanced \$30 to "J. W. Williams," an elderly and pious-looking gentleman, on a \$500 check on Friday. Suspicion lurked in the granger's mind, and he called on the police.

Notes About the City. Members of the Albright Methodist Episcopal congregation gathered at the pleasant home of the Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Luther Thursday evening and enjoyed a most pleasant social evening and partook of a bountiful spread.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Backstedt is very sick with cholera infantum.

The cigar-makers' union will hold an important meeting Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Fred H. Meyer, formerly city engineer of this city, is in his capital city, St. Paul, Minn., in possession of such a big snake, with which he was on terms of the closest intimacy, elevated him greatly in the eyes of the natives, who looked upon him as the largest kind of a medicine man.

John Grochick will build on Eighteenth and Milroy streets.

A permit has been issued to George Stefenson for a cottage on Twenty-second and streets.

The Rev. J. K. Keeler, general missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, will preach at the Third ward school house Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

The Royal Legion of Temperance, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will hold a picnic at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, those interested will meet at the temperance tent, Twenty-sixth and M streets, at 1:30 o'clock and march from there to the tent.

DIED. HINKLEY—In this city, July 5, at 4:50 P. M., Dora H., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hinkley, 144 South Twenty-sixth street, aged eight months and nine days.

Two More Victories. LONDON, July 5.—The Massachusetts rifle team shot against the Sussex team at Brighton yesterday. The former won, making a score of 988 points, against 919 by the Sussex. They won another victory at Nunhead range to-day, defeating the London riflemen with a score of 1065 to 1025.

You can not accomplish any work or business unless you feel well. If you feel used up—tired out—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will give you health, strength and vitality.

PUBLIC WORKS.

An Important Meeting Held by the Body Yesterday.

A Very Odd Optical Duel in Southern California.

HE OUT-OGGLED THE BRITISHER.

How an Audacious English Tourist Was Rescued From a Huge Serpent's Toils by a Familiar Ditty.

A Patriotic Serpent.

One of the best known characters in San Diego county, in the southern part of this state, is George Lamb, the driver on the stage to San Jacinto, twelve miles distant. Mr. Lamb has been a settler in the country for a good many years, where he has taken up a piece of land among the San Geronimo mountains along the stage road, over which he drives daily, writes one of the snake artists of the San Francisco Examiner.

It is a lonely spot, nestling among towering crags and broken by rough ravines, principally inhabited by coyotes, wildcats, rattlesnakes, and occasionally a mountain lion. The land is, however, fertile and produces fine crops of barley, alfalfa and some fruit, so Mr. Lamb, who is no tenderfoot, does not worry about his uninvited tenants.

The semi-tropical climate of this part of California appears especially adapted to the growth of snakes, which here attain enormous size. The old stage driver, perhaps on account of his peculiar temperament, or from the loneliness of the country, for years has been devoting himself to the study of the habits of the different varieties of snakes who meet on his travels.

Whenever he discovers a singularly large rattler or rarer he does not try to kill it. He studies it quietly if it chances to be snoring itself on a rock by the roadside, and he prefers to make a detour rather than alarm it, if such a course is possible. In this way he has become on good terms with some of the most venerable and colossal snakes in the country.

Some time ago finding himself in a predicament of being used up by a surplus alfalfa he started a piggy, but in spite of all his watchfulness against coyotes and wildcats the young porkers kept disappearing.

One warm afternoon as he lay stretched out comfortably under some fruit trees, smoking his pipe and tending his pigs, he was startled by hearing one of the smallest ones give vent to a snoring sound, which he hastily in that direction Mr. Lamb's eyes.

ALMOST POPPED FROM THEIR SOCKETS at beholding an immense serpent wrapped round and round about the unfortunate porker, seemingly bent on swallowing it. Curiosity got the better of his timidity, and Mr. Lamb instantly determined to capture his new acquisition if possible. The struggles of the little porker were soon over, and the snake began devouring it. The grass and weeds had concealed most of the serpent's body so that Mr. Lamb could not make way with the pig, the snake's entire body came into view.

If Mr. Lamb had been astonished in the first place, he was simply paralyzed now on beholding twenty-five feet of yellow and black, nearly the thickness of a man's body. But he was still resolved to capture it, so quickly returning to his cabin he procured some old blankets, fashioned them into a net and stealing up to the reptile, which was now fast asleep, completely unfolded it. Leaving the monster firmly secured he selected a box canyon about half a mile from his house, which had on three sides high, rocky cliffs, with smooth perpendicular sides, and the fourth he constructed in a few hours a strong wall of rock and adobe.

Obtaining the assistance of three Indians, he next conveyed the snake to his new quarters, leaving it to feast on its prey, and in a spring of water bubbled up from among the rocks, and catching a number of cottontails and jack rabbits he set them loose in the enclosure. Every day he would visit the place and see how his charge was getting along, and soon he and the snake became well acquainted.

Among other accomplishments Mr. Lamb is a fine performer on the accordion, and knowing the passions of the serpent family for soft music of any nature, he used to spend many of his evenings sitting on the edge of the canyon filling the surrounding atmosphere with the dulcet strains of such melodies as the "Bluegrass March," "I Believe It, For My Mother Told Me So," "The Scaly Monster," his head reared above the ground, and a look of unmistakable pleasure.

IN HIS GLITTERING EYE, would indulge in a gentle hissing, meanwhile swaying to and fro in time with the music.

The fame of Mr. Lamb's huge pet soon spread throughout the adjacent country, and the Indians of the neighboring village began flocking to his place in squads, and on leaving would generally carry away more than they had brought with them. As they were all armed with long knives and carried revolvers in their belts, Mr. Lamb felt constrained to treat them with respect and not hurt their feelings by any allusion to his losses.

He therefore stood it as long as he could, for in addition to being a mild-mannered person he had considerable pride in his capture, and he was in possession of such a big snake, with which he was on terms of the closest intimacy, elevated him greatly in the eyes of the natives, who looked upon him as the largest kind of a medicine man.

But their constant visits to his place were slowly reducing him to beggary, as they generally brought their keen appetites with them and very little provender. He began to think he would be obliged to let the snake loose again or kill it—the last alternative he could not bring his mind to consent to—when an Englishman with a passion for gunning and tramping over wild country put in an appearance one night and accepted Mr. Lamb's hospitable invitation to spend the night.

It happened that the visitor was a great lover of Scotch whisky, always keeping a large supply in his luggage. He had been indulging in his hobby in his favorite tipple previous to reaching Lamb's ranch, and during the evening brought out his big flask, and many a hot toddy Lamb and he consumed ere retiring for the night.

The dawn of another summer day was breaking when the Englishman proposed to the ranchman to go and take a look at the big serpent, which, from his host's description, he felt convinced belonged to the boresomest species of tropical America. The old stage driver was loath to make such an early call on his pet, who was not likely to roll over awakened and might resent the invasion of American soil by a representative of John Bull. After much persuasion, however, he consented.

TO SHOW HIS VISITOR THE SNAKE, so, carrying under his arm his faithful accoutrement, he set out for the snake's den. The serpent was sunning itself in the enclosure when two arrived there.

The Englishman, in whose head the fumes of the previous night's flowing bowl still lingered, despite Mr. Lamb's warning, climbed upon the stone wall and began recklessly whistling, "God Save the Queen." In vain Mr. Lamb entreated him to cease, explaining that the unfamiliar hymn would only irritate the snake. The half-inebriated son of Albion merely crossed his legs leisurely, winked at the monster once or twice, inserted his monocle in his eye, and continued whistling in a most offensive manner. Once or twice the snake hissed ominously, but otherwise paid no attention to his visitors.

Nothing daunted by the chilliness of his reception, the Englishman, without a moment's warning, jumped from the wall directly into the enclosure, announcing his intention of subduing the reptile with the power of the human eye. Horrified at this temerity, Mr. Lamb hurried to the edge of the cliff and gazed down upon the reckless Britisher, who was serenely inspecting the big snake through his single eye-glass.

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The music acted like a charm, and the poised snake remained motionless. Mr. Lamb did not dare to call out, fearing that the least discord would break the spell. Slowly the now sobered and horrified Englishman drew back, while the reptile, perceiving that the foe was foreboding at the awful scene Mr. Lamb played on.

"Drill, You Tarriers Drill!" followed "Rock-a-By." Again the air changed, and the soothing broad American ballad plaintive harmonies of "Rattle-Dazzle." The serpent slowly swayed to and fro, never for a moment taking his eyes off the retreating Englishman.

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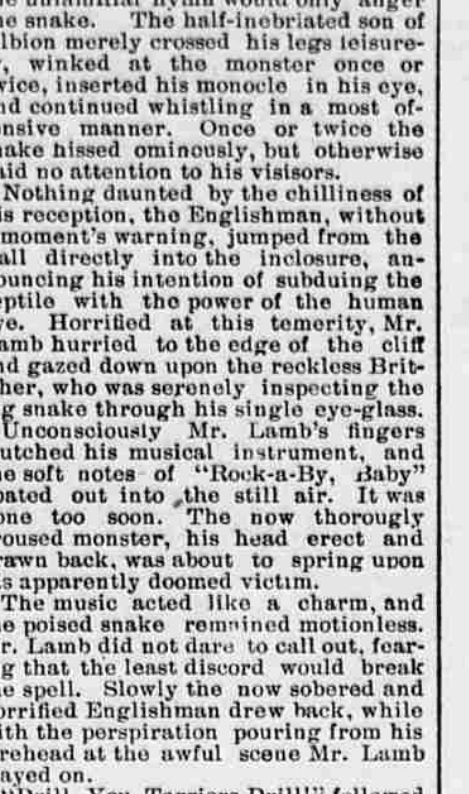
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