

His Female Accomplish.

A certain man, who was lately wed, dwelt in the country far from the noise of any town. It chanced one night that his wife fell sick, and, being ignorant of the ways of women folk he mounted his cart horse and galloped exceeding fast toward the town in search of a skillful leech.

On the road he met a gaunt and withered hag, who asked him:

"Whither so fast, good man?"

"To get a leech for my wife, who is sick unto death."

"Know ye how to tell a good doctor?"

"Nay, mother, I take the first which God leadeth me to."

Whereupon the ancient dame gave him a sprig of euphrasy and said:

"Hold this to thy eyes when thou lookest at a doctor's house, and thou wilt straightway see the ghosts of those who have died from his bungling. Take thou the doctor with the fewest ghosts."

Thereafter whenever that man came to a doctor's house he held the mystic herb to his eyes, and Oddzooks! a fearful sight met his clairvoyant gaze. Around every doctor's door shivered a ghastly crowd of uneasy ghosts, and what seemed strange to that man, the larger and more comfortable the house, the greater was the awesome troop at the door.

Through the deserted streets he galloped from doctor's house to doctor's house, seeking in vain for one whose gates were not besieged by uneasy spirits. At length, up a quiet lane, he espied a modest house bearing a doctor's shingle, and lo! but a solitary ghost sat upon the door-sill.

Here, by God's grace," quoth the man, "is the doctor for me."

But little time had passed, I ween, before that stout horse was bearing the man and his physician along the road to the sick woman.

When they were well on toward the end of their journey the doctor smiled a pleasant smile to see, and said:

"Wonder right well what good chance you called on me, for you know I have only been practicing medicine two days, and your good wife will be the second patient I have treated."

[The profane ejaculation that followed is perhaps better omitted.]

Strychnia and Snakes.

Dr. Mueller, an Australian physician, has successfully treated a number of cases of snake bite with strychnia. This he has done on the hypothesis that the poison affects the nerves, weakening and paralyzing, them in fact, that the venom is not, after all, a poison in the common sense, and does not directly cause any change of tissue. Its effect is simply produced by the operation of dynamic force—that is, it suspends the action of the nerve cells for a longer or shorter period. Hitherto all antidotes have been administered on the theory that the virus affected the blood, and the most successful results have come from the administration of alcohol, which seemed to maintain the strength of the sufferer until the poison was eliminated by natural means.

Dr. Mueller's theory at first sight is at variance with the fact that the blood in case of snake bite does actually change, but his explanation of this change is that the pulmonary capillaries, through which the blood corpuscles pass when going to the lungs to exchange the carbonic acid of effete blood for fresh and life giving oxygen, have lost their power. They owe the tension—the healthy contracting power—to the influence of the vaso motor nerves, and when the latter are paralyzed the corpuscles lose their power, so to speak, squeezing out by the superfluous carbonic acid, and leaving the corpuscles free to take up oxygen. Thus the corpuscles pass through the lungs unchanged, carrying back to the heart blood as full of carbonic acid as they brought from it, and they themselves absolutely die bursting in consequence of this load of carbonic acid. Dr. Mueller's remedy is the injection of strychnia by means of the hypodermic syringe, the application of artificial heat, and the interference with the tendency of the patient to sleep. He thus sets up a rival dynamic force which fights it out with the original poison, and if the antidote is applied in time generally with success.—London Hospital.

A Laugh That Rings.

From the Chicago Journal.

A young man who is credited by his friends with being a good deal of a philosopher, penned me up in a corner today and harangued me as follows: "Did you ever study the human laugh as an index to human character? It is an infallible test, me boy. Did you ever know a man who simpered and giggled like a girl who wasn't a sneak in his heart? And, on the contrary, did you ever know a fellow who laughed squarely out with a good honest roar who wasn't the prince of good fellows?"

"A shrill laugh is indicative of deceit, and a deep chuckle proves sincerity and good nature. By this I don't mean that a man with a tenor voice can't laugh as though he was honest, or one with a bass voice cover his insincerity with a mere bellow. It's the ring that talks. If the laugh has no ring in it you can put the fellow down as a half-hearted cuss, no matter if his laugh is loud enough to lift the roof off the Auditorium. Stand

Plants Protected by Their Juices

When a drop of the juice of sorrel, garlic, saxifrage, or nasturtium is put upon the tegument of a snail the animal manifests pain and exudes abundance of its mucus secretion; yet it is not thus affected by a drop of water. When snails avoid plants marked by such juices we have a right to regard the plants as defended by a chemical armor. The offensive substance may also be important to the nutrition of the plant, but that is not the question we are dealing with here. Many plants are evidently lacking in this means of defense; for, of some plants, all the animals experimented upon have been found to prefer fresh to dead parts. Others are never touched by them, whether living or dead. Hence we may conceive that an infinite variety may exist in the degrees of chemical armoring between total absence of protection and complete protection.

Plants containing perceptible tannin are disagreeable to nearly all animals. Only swine will eat acorns as if they regarded them as food. Other animals reject them, except when they cannot get anything else. Leguminous plants containing tannin in weak proportions are eaten by horses and cattle, but snails are not fond of them. But the garden snail, which lets fresh clover alone, will eat it freely after the tannin has been extracted with alcohol.—Henry de Varigny, in the Popular Science Monthly.

Gigantic Ghost in White.

It is said that a ghost was seen in the ridges of Walker county, Ga., by some parties returning from church. It appeared in the road, about as near as they could guess 100 yards ahead of them. It was in the shape of a human when first seen—eyes looked like two great balls of fire, teeth as white as snow, hair almost trailing on the ground. As they neared the object it appeared as a woman dressed in white and of giant size. The party became scared, and, but for fear of being laughed at, would have turned and run. A few moments' consultation with advanced energy caused them to advance. They had moved but a few steps when the ghost commenced moving backward, all the time appearing larger to the frightened party. It moved on about 200 yards, when very suddenly it appeared to explode and throw its fragments in every direction, resembling the explosion of a coal oil lamp. Every fellow made for his respective home, scared within an inch of his life. No explanation of the apparition has been offered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Electrical Currents.

We have in the case of electric waves along a wire and a current within it, and the equations of Maxwell allow us to calculate these with perfect accuracy and give all the laws with respect to them.

We thus find that the velocity of propagation of the waves along a wire, hung far away from other bodies and made a good conducting material, is that of light, or 185,000 miles per second; but when it is hung near any conducting matter, like the earth, or enclosed in a cable and sunk into the sea, the velocity becomes much less. When hung in space, away from other bodies, it forms, as it were, the core of a system of waves in the ether, the amplitude of the disturbance becoming less and less as we move away from the wire. But the most curious fact is that the electric current penetrates only a short distance into the wire, being mostly confined to the surface, especially where the number of oscillations per second is very great.—H. A. Rowland.

Running by Soda.

"George, dear," she said in her most insinuating tones, as they were passing a soda stand with a tempting array of colored sirups, "did you read in the morning paper about the newly invented locomotive made to run by soda?"

"No, I didn't," replied George, turning pale at the hint, "but I am a good deal like that locomotive, Susie."

"How so?"

"Made to run by soda," and he did, because, you see, he hadn't the price of two sodas about his clothes.

—Texas Sittings.

The Difference.

Speaking of the pioneers in electrical application who have reaped golden harvests, Progressive Age says Professor A. G. Bell was at one time walking about Washington anxious to sell telephone stock for ten cents on the dollar. Before that he was teaching a deaf and dumb school in Boston. The telephone brought him fame and riches, and he has now an income of hundreds of dollars a day and a fortune of \$6,000,000. C. F. Brush is said to have been working at \$15 per week before he struck the electric light, which made him a millionaire.

A Fiddler's Fortune.

How Baby Gladys cried the day she lost her playmate, and declared she would never be happy again. Giacomo was only a street boy, and no companion for the daughter of Mrs. de Luce, but Gladys was just as fond of him as if he had been born to the purple.

What happy days they had spent together in play until that fateful morning when Mrs. de Luce had sent her housekeeper, Mrs. Bacon, to put a stop to the friendship by forbidding Giacomo to come near the house. But even after that Gladys had the satisfaction of knowing he had not wholly forgotten her. After dark she could hear him playing "I Remember Thee" on an old violin she had given him, and he had played so well that all the neighbors raised their windows to listen.

At last he came no more.

"Come here, little fellow," a musician had said to him one night. "You are a genius. And, in the name of heaven, how do you come by such a violin?"

Then he talked to the boy and it ended in his taking him abroad with him. He had called to see Mrs. Bacon, to tell her what had happened, but she was away, and the waiter did not think it worth while to remember the message.

Fifteen years had passed. In a little room in a small suburban house sat an old woman and a young one. No one who had ever seen Mrs. Bacon could have failed to recognize her, though she had aged considerably. The girl was Gladys de Luce. Strange things had happened since those old days when Mrs. Bacon was her mother's housekeeper. That mother, left a widow, had married a rascal, who had wasted her fortune and finally broken her heart. Gladys had found Mrs. Bacon her only friend. The old woman had taken her little savings and kept a humble home for them both in this little cottage, while Gladys gave lessons on the piano to young children.

She was no genius, but had had good masters and taught patiently.

To-night she was busy trimming a pretty, though simple bonnet for evening wear. Two tickets had been given her for a grand affair. A violinist, said to be unequalled, was to appear for the first time in America and tickets were utterly beyond her reach; but the bachelor uncle of one of her pupils had given her two, which he had intended to use but could not, being obliged to leave the city on business.

"It was so kind," said Gladys, "and we will enjoy the music, I know. Oh, Aunty Bacon, do you remember little Giacomo? I believe he was a genius. I wonder what became of the sweet little fellow."

"I wish I knew," said Mrs. Bacon; "I do indeed. I hope it was no harm. He was a good little fellow, and he might have stayed in that big house. His meals would never have been missed by anyone; but your ma wasn't very apt to take poor folks."

So they talked over the past, and Gladys felt herself on the verge of tears as she recalled the memory of those nights in which she was awakened in her warm bed to hear the little violinist playing "I'll Remember Thee" in the cold street below her window. She never heard anyone else play that air in all her life.

The night of the concert came. Gladys chaperoned by Mrs. Bacon, took her place in the large room, filled with fashionable women and men of society. The lights were bright, the dresses elegant. Great pots of plants adorned the stage. Beyond hung a rich drapery of cream-colored velvet. It formed an exquisite background for the splendid figure and beautiful, dark face of the great musician, as he advanced toward the footlights.

He played; none who heard him ever forgot. Thunders of applause filled the hall. He played amid a rapture of silence. Encore followed encore.

In reply to one of these, he stepped forward and turned his face toward the seats in which Gladys and her old friend sat. His eyes met those of the girl across the heads of the other listeners and suddenly she heard music like a revelation from an angel's heart, so sweet, so low, so tender. Not the less great for its simplicity was that to which the audience now listened; they did not know the name of the composition, but Gladys knew. She had heard it in the street below her window many a winter night. It was the tune little Giacomo had bidden her keep in mind—"I'll Remember Thee." Yes, he had remembered; for she saw her—he was playing it to her, and this was Giacomo.

Shortly after an usher brought Mrs. Bacon a card. It was from the great violinist, begging them to remain seated after the performance.

That night they drove to their humble abode in his carriage. He held a hand on each.

"But for your gift I never should have been what I am," he said to Gladys; and then he spoke of the old times, of the little cakes Mrs. Bacon had given him, and of the kindness which had kept him from suffering when he was left an orphan. "Did

you ever hear me play beneath your window?" he asked Gladys; and she answered:

"Oh yes, I have always remembered how I used to cry for you there in the lonely street."

"Poor little fiddler," said the great man, "I can hardly believe that it was I yet here beats the same heart; and, remember, it is to you I owe it all."

Well, reader, you know how this story ends just as well as I do. Imagine the wedding, and make it as splendid as you please, only I will tell you this much: In the elegant home to which Signor Giacomo conducted his bride there was a place of honor for good Mrs. Bacon.

Odd Private Charities.

From "Conversations in a Studio."

For my own part I cannot help feeling more admiration for secret, spontaneous, unexpected, and even odd private charities, which seek no reward and hide out of sight, than for those who were made with a great flourish before the world. For instance there was B., who in crossing the English Channel fell in with a lonely old lady, whom he had never seen, and out of pure kindness of heart he helped her to a seat and paid her a number of little attentions, to make her comfortable, and finally on arrival, called a cab, put her into it, and said good-bye; and shortly afterward the old lady died, and to the astonishment of B., she left him all her money. Now this is what I call a dear old lady, and I have never failed since then to be polite attentive to every old lady I meet in my travels. Then again, there was the artist whom I knew in Florence years ago, who was struggling through adversity, with no orders and no hopes of any, when one day a notary came into his studio and informs him that an old gentleman opposite—an Englishman, of course—has just died and left him his entire fortune. "But I didn't know him; it must be a mistake," said A. "But he knew you, and it is no mistake," said the notary; "and though he never spoke to you, he used to watch you, and he informed himself about you, and then made his will in your favor, and I am come to announce the fact to you." I need not say that from that day forward he had more orders than he could execute. But this is the way of the world. Still another person I know whose ancestor obtained a fortune from an utter stranger simply by opening his pew door to him a seat. The stranger had entered the church and was rather embarrassed where to go. The cold Christian shoulder was turned on him as he went down the aisle, until this gentleman, observing his shyness, rose, opened his pew, and motioned him to take a place in it. The stranger thanked him on leaving the church after service, informed himself of his name by the hymn book, went home, and left him a fortune by his will.

San Benito's Squirrel Ordinance.

The board of supervisors of San Benito county have done a wise and timely thing for their section in the passage of an ordinance outlawing the gophers and squirrels which infest the grain fields.

The ordinance provides that any owner or occupant of lands whose lands are free from squirrels or gophers, or who is endeavoring to destroy the same on his own lands, may give notice to the owners or occupants of adjoining lands whose lands are infested with squirrels or gophers, and who are not using diligence in endeavoring to destroy said animals, to immediately commence the destruction thereof. And if the owner or occupant of said lands so infested does not comply with the demand within ten days thereof, then the person giving the notice, or his agent or employe, may enter upon the lands so infested for the purpose of destroying the said squirrels or gophers. And the expense thereof shall be a claim against such owner or occupant and a lien upon such land in favor of said adjoining land owner or possessor giving said notice, which may be enforced in any court of competent jurisdiction and a judgment obtained therefor against said owner or possessor neglecting to comply with said demand. And the lands of said person shall be sold in satisfaction of said judgment.—San Jose Mercury.

No Further Need of the Lamp.

Over beyond Kate's mountain the colored brethren were holding a series of "shouting services" in a meeting-house with one big lamp. Late one evening a big youth got up to "jess his sins." He made the frankest and fullest confession of the series. He owned up to every crime in the calendar and every sin in the decalogue. He kept on and on with a flood of fluency which roused his hearers almost to the hysterical point, suddenly a voice from the rear broke in: "Put out dat lamp." "Why for?" demanded the presiding clergyman, excitedly. "Kase the viles' sinner done return," said the voice. And there the confessor collapsed.—Philadelphia Record.

Never retort sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

A COUNTRY WEDDING.

Almost everybody knows old man Stringfellow. He is a tall, lank personage, with shoulders like a dromedary's. His face is long like that of a horse, and he has black hair, streaked with gray, on his head, with a tuft of the same on his chin. Old man Stringfellow wears neither mustache nor whiskers, being very particular to shave himself at least twice a week, undergoing some pain, and twisting his long face into all manner of contortions—which a circus clown would give \$1,000 to be able to imitate—during the operation, owing to the stiff nature of the crop, he is reaping and the dullness of the instrument with which he works. He seldom wears a coat, going in his shirt sleeves summer and winter, only changing the garment of hickory for the garment of wool as the seasons vary—his jean pantaloons being hoisted up with suspenders—galluses he calls them—almost to his armpits, making him look at a little distance like some queer animal with very long legs.

He lives in a log cabin of one room, with a shed attachment, and has a wife and six children, equally divided as to sex. In the room, which is roomy enough, he and Mrs. Stringfellow occupy one bed, and the three girls—Nancy, Gin, for Jane, and Merier—another, and here all the cooking is done in the wide clay fireplace of the stick and mud chimney. The shed attachment accommodates the boys, Bill, Ben and Jim.

Occasionally a belated traveler will stop at the Stringfellow mansion and ask for a night's lodging. He will be invited to "light an' come in," and when he has done so will be treated with primitive hospitality.

These people are poor and uneducated, but there is a spirit of independence about them that nothing can conquer, and so long as their potato banks hold out and their razor backs come home, to pick up a little fat in the field after the crop is garnered, and then pay tribute to the larder, they care not for king nor kaiser. They never treat anybody, no matter who he may be, as anything more than an equal, and would show no difference to the czar of all the Russias should he chance to travel their way, with all his cortege. Should he stop he would be invited to "light," and the boys would ask about the price of potatoes in town, the old woman inquires as to market value of eggs, while the girls stood in a request for a chew of tobacco—that is, if they did not mistake the whole affair for a circus, as like as not, they would. They had walked fifteen miles once to see a circus—all except the old woman, who rode a shaggy pony about as big as a yearling calf, and with more hair on his hide than flesh under it.

I happened to be a guest of the Stringfellow family once. Finding myself near their residence one night, when it was so dark that I could see nothing but the glimmer of a light in their cabin, I rode for it through brush and briar, and when I reached it hallooed in the usual country style. Immediately the light, which came from the open door, was shut off by two human forms, and I was bid to "light an' come in."

The family was just preparing to eat supper, and a savory mess of pork and potatoes were being dished up. I was invited to join them in their meal, during which I was pumped pretty dry of all I knew about the affairs of the town, which was too far off to be visited by any of them very often. But to this I did not object, knowing that such information as I could impart was all I would have to pay for the entertainment of myself and beast—which had been led off by one of the boys to share the stable of my talk flow in a continuous current, turning on my inevitable valve at the same time, to give a sparkle to plain facts indispensable to make them enjoyable.

During the evening I gathered from the whispering and giggling going on among the young folk that there was some mystery afloat—something in which they all seemed more or less interested—and when they had gone to bed (the old woman had retired immediately after supper, getting into one of the beds without my knowing anything about it until I heard her snoring) old man Stringfellow enlightened me after a rather peculiar fashion of his own.

"Well, stranger," he said, "I disremember yer name. I reckon you'll stay."

I had already told him my name half a dozen times, and he had often disremembered it, so I did not repeat it, but told him I proposed to stay—a fact which I supposed he was already cognizant of.

"Yes," he said, rubbing his long jawbone thoughtfully, "I 'lowed yer w'id, an' I'm glad uv it; yes, I am; fur the 'no' comp'ny'll be better on sich a 'cassin.' Ye'll be welcome, stranger, an' a honored guest."

I was a little puzzled, and began to think the old man was not exactly in his right mind, but I said nothing, and he went on.

"You see," he said, looking at the fire, while he talked, "gals an' boys will git married sooner or later, an' thar ain't no use a throwin' obstacles in thar way, an' so when Merier, thet's the young'un, and Nanc', she's the eldest, comes an' tole me thet they 'lowed to take unto tharse ves he'pmeats, which was Dick Dander an' Pete Pringle, why, says I, 'all right; jes' go ahead an' fix it to suit yerselves; fur though nyther one uv them boys comes uv good stock as the Stringfellers, I reckon they's 'bout as good as yer' pick up hereabouts.' So they done like I

said, an' ter-morrer's the time it's to be."

"Ah," I said, "so there's to be a wedding."

"Yes," he replied, still looking musingly at the fire; "the marriage garments have been prepared an' the gues's have been bidden, an' though you wuzn't bidden, yit, es I said afore you'll be welcome an' a honored gues'."

As I was in no particular hurry I concluded to accept an invitation so cordially given, and laid down on the mattress that had been spread out on the floor for my accommodation, thinking of the happy golly way in which people in the country get married.

About noon the next day the guests who had been bidden began to arrive—some on foot, some on long legged horses and some on short legged ponies, while others came in rickety wagons drawn by oxen that looked as though they might have been imported from the kingdom of Lilliput, and from that time out there was fun and feasting—that is, if potatoes and pork served in various ways can be said to constitute a feast.

About sunset a man reeling drunk rode up and was helped off his horse.

"How are yer edge?" said mine host.

"H'lo, String'ler," said the jedge, looking round stupidly at the assembled guests, who were laughing and giggling, "which's th' 'used'?"

"Why, you ain't in co't," jedge," replied Stringfellow. "This here's a marriage fea's yer've come to—yer've come here to marry my to gals, Nanc' an' Merier."

"That's so," said the jedge, rubbing his head. "I knowed th' wuz somp'n I'd come fur. Le's b'gin."

"Well, come inter the house fust," said the old man.

"All right, c'm'on," and with a lurch and a tack the speaker got inside the door, when he fell sprawling on the floor. He was helped up and given the back of a chair to steady himself by.

"Th's 'ere's th' doggone' ones'ner' flo' I've seed, String'ler," he said. "Stan' 'p, pris'ner."

"I tells yer this here ain't no co'rt jedge," said old man Stringfellow, beginning to get nettled, "an' my gals ain't no pris'ners."

"Oh, well, 't's all same," said the jedge. "Stan' 'p, gals, 'n hole 'p right han'."

"Wat's thet fur?" asked Nancy, as she and her sister and the two bridegrooms stood up in a row.

"Guilty or not?" began the jedge, and then recollecting himself: "Do you," pointing at Nancy, "everlastin'ly swar to take this here young f'ler," pointing to Merier's affianced.

"No, I don't," said the girl; "thet's"

"To have an' t' hole," went on the jedge.

"No, I don't," repeated Nancy stamping her foot.

"Yer don't?"

"No, I don't."

"Then t's case nol pros, an' this here co'rt 'journed."

"Look a here, jedge," said the girl's father, "I done tole yer this here ain't no co'rt—this here's a weddin'—thet's w'at it is, don't yer onnerstan'?"

"Yesh, that's all right, ole man," said the jedge. "Y'see I knowed I hed a case t'ry an' got sorter confused. Le's g' back an' b'gin over. Wat's weddin's name?—men w'at's gals' an' f'ler's name?"

"Thar's two gals'," said the old man. "Nanc' an' Merier Stringfeller, an' thet's a going to marry Dick Dander an' Pete Pringle. Thar they stan's right afore yer, now go ahead."

"All right, D'you, Nanc', take this here Pet—"

"No, I shan't," said Nanc', "he ain't!"

"Yer don't an' y' shan't; thet 'pears to be 'bout all yer're guilty 'v, pris'ner," said the jedge, relapsing into court jargon, "an' don't see nocht'n t' do but scharge you. Give's a drink, String'ler; co'rt's 'journed."

Stringfellow was at his wits' end, though his son, Bill, said it was as good as a circus, and the company in general seemed to be highly delighted with the general performance. There appeared to be no possibility of keeping the jedge on the right tack, and the court was about to be adjourned sine die, sure enough, when I suggested the propriety of complying with his request, and giving the legal functionary a dram, which might brighten him up long enough to enable him to go through with the ceremony properly. Accordingly he was taken into the shed room, where the boys slept, and in a few minutes came out again with his face wreathed with smile. I may use the expression in the very truth in this case, for every feature seemed to be twisted this way or that with a smile of its own, so that he presented a most comical appearance of would be affability.

He was hurried to the front while the steam was up, when he went through the usual formula in a disjointed way and immediately collapsed and was put to bed, where he lay snoring through all the noise made by the young people, only shouting out occasionally, "Silence 'n co'rt."

The frolic lasted all night, the cabin, from which the beds had been removed, being transformed into a ball-room, in one corner of which an old crippled negro sat scraping a rasping fiddle and calling out the figures of the dance with a stentorian voice that was somewhat cracked.—Robert Boggs in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Jumped a Rabbit.

S. B. Bird, a colored farmer of this county, says that two colored women were fishing three miles southeast of the A. S. Mills place and their dog jumped a rabbit and ran it into a hollow near by them. They did not stop to get the rabbit and in a short time the dog ran another in the same hollow, whereupon they stopped and went to get the rabbits, and when they cut into the hollow they found nine opossums, two rabbits, one turtle weighing thirty-five pounds, and a moccasin snake, all from that one hollow. Early County (Ga.) News.