

**My Watch.**  
When I was unmarried and could do as I pleased I never carried a watch. I never could understand the value of a watch except as an article that might be hypothesized in a pecuniary emergency. I could always ascertain the time, because every church and ample room boasted a clock, and what was the use of purchasing what could be had for nothing?

By my system of consulting these public time-pieces, I always managed to make my connections right. I never entered a theater after the curtain had risen, or reached the station at the moment when the train was vanishing. I was made happy in more ways than one by not having a watch. I didn't have to tell fifty people the hour every day, and I never worried about the safety of the contents of my vest-pockets in a crowded horse-car.

One night I was awakened rather suddenly. I felt a strange hand under my pillow. It was a burglar's, feeling for my watch.

"I have no watch," I remarked, as politely as I could; "but you'll find a dollar brass clock in the kitchen, if you want to know the time."

In his great hurry he passed through the window, and I shuddered as I heard him trickling down through the arbor below.

But after marriage it was different. I was told that I should wear a watch, in order not to appear poverty-stricken in the eyes of the world. I argued that it would place me on a par with weasel-headed clerks whose bangs and eyebrows meet. I was told that if I wore no watch every one would think I had one drawing interest for an avuncular relative.

This seemed to be a very subtle argument in favor of having a watch. And, besides, it completely upset me. I imagined on the same basis people would fancy I had all sorts of things in pawn that I didn't wear, such as a sealskin overcoat, diamond rings, etc.

As a tentative measure, I got what I call to this day a "patent-medicine watch," because I bought it in a drug store. It was an advertising scheme to attract people to the patent medicine. I should much prefer to swallow the contents of a drug store than carry one of those watches a week. It had to be wound up every night, and took nearly all night to wind it. It didn't keep very good time, but I continued to wear it, that I might wind it for exercise. It superseded my dumb-bells until the stem wore the skin off my thumb and forefinger. When buried in profound meditation, it was my custom to take the watch out and wind it in an abstracted manner, just as others in a similar mood pick their teeth or whittle. I stated at home that I merely purchased the patent-medicine watch to learn how to take care of and manipulate one before getting a more expensive specimen.

This bit of news gave great satisfaction. I was looked upon as a good-natured, self-sacrificing being, who would soon wear a long watch-chain stretching all the way across the chest, and emptying into two pockets. As a reward I was presented with a watch.

The first day I wore it I was told I was wrong by a man who had just set his watch at some jeweler's. So I changed mine to make it agree with his. It seems it lost time, and I missed my train that night, a thing I had never done when I did not possess a time-piece.

Every few minutes I was asked the hour, to get me accustomed to pulling it out, and inside of a week I had acquired an artistic negligence and indifference of manner that was pronounced beautiful.

But the watch became eccentric. The eggs that were timed two minutes by it came out as hard as cobblestones, and, trying to regulate it by tapping it against my leg, I thoroughly disorganized it, and was obliged to leave it for a week with a jeweler, who lent me, in its stead, a great silver machine that I was ashamed to take out of my pocket in daylight.

In short, when I got it back I did nothing but miss trains. It was never right. It was either too fast or too slow. Sometimes I would start for the cars thinking I had ample time, and reach the station after their departure, or else I would start on a run and half kill myself to get there in time, only to ascertain that I had arrived half an hour too soon.

It would take too much ink to tell how many sorrows and tribulations that watch brought upon me. I protested against wearing it many a time, but my protests were in vain. Finally, I concluded that I would allow myself to be martyred, so I still carry it, but not for use. I wind it up about once a month, and never look at it. I go by the clocks I see around me, as I did before, and catch my trains and make all other time connections right. I don't like to say anything harsh of it, because it is a nice watch, and it would be simply perfect if it could only keep the right time.—Puck.

**Equal to the Occasion.**

A new story is told about the well-known lawyer and wit, Joseph H. Choate. He was sitting in his law office, when a young man very well known in New York society—who is always extremely well dressed, takes great pride in his family connections, and has a pretty high opinion of himself generally—entered and introduced himself as follows:

"I am Mr. J. Van Rensselaer Jones."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Choate, "take a chair."

"Yes," continued the young man, bent upon pressing his importance upon the lawyer, "I am—the son-in-law, you know, of Gov. Smith."

"Indeed!" rejoined Choate; "take two chairs."—Rochester Herald.

**The Electricity of Rain.**

The suggestion having been made that the ignition of petroleum tanks may sometimes be caused by sparks from the rain of thunder clouds, some interesting results obtained with an old piece of apparatus have been called to mind. In these experiments an electrometer showed that the drops of occasional showers are almost always more or less charged with electricity, and that it is only totally absent dur-

ing foggy, moist days, and long storms. The strongest charges were obtained during thunder-storms; but the air even has given indications occasionally of an electric charge without any fall of rain.

**A Southern Camp Meeting.**

A writer gives a vivid description of a visit to a negro camp ground in Florida:

"Long before we arrived upon the grounds we were made aware of the vicinity by stentorian shouts, and presently we came in sight of the sheds, log huts, and cottages built for the accommodation of the campers. The Florida dandy knows his value, and does not look up to or bow down to the white population, as a rule, like his black brothers of the other Southern States. Not he; he rather patronizes them, except in the cases of old family slaves who have not outlived their good manners. It must have been one of these, an aged man with stooping shoulders and with a patriarchal face, who invited us to 'witness de exelcises.' We had already 'witnessed' some of the exercises of a few outsiders who were very full of whisky, but they were probably not of the brothers. There were no seats. The people were standing, reclining on the ground, and in some instances kneeling. An African preacher with a peculiar countenance and immense ears was holding forth on 'De Day ob Judgment.' 'Y'all be dar, Broder John, 'n' you, Sister Sally Mudge, 'n' y'all hef to 'par befo' de great jedge ob all de yeth, 'n' what'll yo' say 'fo' yo'self when he axes yo' 'fo' yo' record? What'll yo' say? 'I'll tole yo' what; yo'll call on de san' ob Floridy to jes' scoop 'n' swallow yo' all up. Dar ain't no hills, no mountains her, but de san' is mighty shifty 'n' de sun mighty hot; but dar's a place hotter 'n' Floridy.' Terrible groans burst forth at this, and as the daring preacher pictured the torments of that opposite condition to paradise the yells and shouts and even shrieks became deafening. One big black woman, whose vociferations were louder than the rest, managed to keep one eye on us and one on the preacher during the entire sermon.

"The preacher's description of heaven was amusing, the principal delights of that region seeming to consist in having no work to do, no corn to shuck, no taters to hoe, no cotton to pick; and the hallelujahs were correspondingly intensified. Then the singing! The most graphic pen could not do justice to that. I did not hear any very cheerful music, but all smote the ear with sadness, no matter what the words were. Presently the sexes separated, the men standing off in a circle, the women massing together, led by a tall crane of most unearthly countenance, her hair carried up from her temples to a point, two long tusks falling over her lower lip and growing longer every time she opened her mouth. This strange woman began the exercises, lifting one hand after the other, wagging her head, stamping right and left, with a curious monotony, and soon every woman and child in the meeting engaged in the holy dance, the men looking on and appearing to be affected by the rhapsodies of their wives, sisters, sweethearts, and children."

**Monkeys Who Mixed Their Drinks.**

As well as the apes in general our labors were passionately fond of strong liquors, and had a peculiar propensity for meris, a kind of beer made of the grains of durrah by the inhabitants of the Soudan. Brandy was not to their taste, but unfortunately they made an exception one day. After having swallowed copious quantities of meris each one of the troop was offered a big glass of date brandy, which he drank. As a consequence they became completely intoxicated, insolent, passionate, bestial, and grinded and gambled in a fearful manner; in a word, they offered the hideous caricature of drunken men. The next day thirteen of the drunkards were suffering from the consequences of the spree, and looked sick unto death. All food gave them nausea; they turned away with disgust from meris, and even from wine, a favorite beverage in ordinary times; the only things they accepted were lemons, of which each one ate an average of twenty pieces. In this wretched state they comforted themselves like men, and would doubtless have enjoyed a sour herring if had been possible to secure this antidote in the country of the Mahdi. In the evening they felt better, and were all right the next morning. I hoped this hard lesson would teach my pupils the advantage of abstinence, but alas! I was mistaken once more in my life. They drank and reveled all they same, and from that day drank brandy with predilection.—Popular Science.

**Accounts of the Bank of England.**

It is a popular superstition that to have an account at the Bank of England is rather a sign of distinction or of wealth. An introduction, such as any other bank requires, is all that is necessary to enable any one to open an account at the Bank of England. The only peculiarities about the institution as a private banking concern are that it does not allow its customers interest on money left on deposit, and that any customer whose balance is not "remunerative" is charged a commission proportionate to the amount of trouble and expense involved. A remunerative balance is an average balance throughout the year of twenty shillings for each check drawn.—London Truth.

**The Coming Woman.**

Some one was speaking of the end of the world.

"Do you think it will come soon?" asked eight-year-old Effie, eagerly.

"No, I guess not," was the reply.

"Oh! I hope it won't," said the wee girl; "it would be too mean if it did—before I got a chance to be married."

It has been observed by Prof. Holdreife that beet seed sown in a pot in which the soil was exposed to the electric light germinated two days earlier than similar seeds without the action of the electric light. Another interesting observation is that of Herr Scholler, who has notched an exceptional luxuriance of beets in a small plot which had been struck by lightning.

**"Crouset Man in Alabama."**

"Do crouset man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a wayside home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "crouset man" seemed at every opportunity with everything earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1857, he said: "I didn't like its form; its tail should have been fan shaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half-dressed, and offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear-complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit, and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife; "we are both married now to him."

"How?" I asked, in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband, your friend when leaving handed him a box of Warner's snuff. He took it, and two other boxes, and now—" "And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growing old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.

**The Vision and Hearing of Fish.**

But little has been written on the development of vision and hearing in fish, and that little has been theory rather than deduction from actual experiment. My own experiments as to the effects that sound produces on trout (and I assume that all fishes are more or less alike in this respect) have been confined to this: Frequently, when able to observe, and now and then myself unseen, I have screamed and shouted at the top of my voice. These demonstrations have invariably been without the slightest effect; but when varied by a concussion which would communicate itself to the water this has no longer been the case, and evidence of alarm, or at least that the concussion was felt, has been apparent. In an English work, the name of which I in vain endeavor to recall, an account of some very interesting and more decisive experiments are given. The writer caused a building to be erected over the water, and made his observations through small apertures constructed for the purpose, so that he was quite concealed. His trout were well accustomed to the wiles of the angler and timid. Sending a man out of sight behind the building, the firing of a gun by him produced not the slightest effect on the trout, who rose freely during the experiment to flies blown toward them through a tube. I am, therefore, convinced that no sound is injurious which does not communicate its vibration to the water. But concussion upon the side or bottom of a boat, or jumping from rock to rock, or blows upon the hard bottom with the wading-staff or with hob-nailed shoes, I think are so invaded through by the water as to be in some measure perceptible to the fish and alarm them. That fish possess the sense of hearing their anatomical structure goes far to prove, while that they are not insensible to sounds produced in the air must be admitted, unless the doubter is prepared to call in question the numerous accounts by alleged eye-witnesses of their coming to be fed at the sound of a bell, etc. This I, for one, hesitate to do, notwithstanding I have never been able to make a sound in the air which seemed to produce the slightest effect on trout in water, to which fish my experiments have been confined. It may, however, well be that the sound was perceived, while the fish were so habituated to the roar of the waterfall and similar noises, without any ill consequences ensuing, that sound alone was not regarded by them as an indication of danger.—Fry Rods and Fly Tackle, H. P. Wells.

**George Sand's Male Attire.**

My thin boots wore out in a few days. I forgot to hold up my dress, and covered my petticoats with mud. My bonnets were spoiled one after another by the rain. I generally returned from the expeditions I took dirty, weary, and cold. Whereas my young men acquaintances—some of whom had been the companions of my childhood in Berri—had none of these inconveniences to submit to. I therefore had a long gray cloth coat made, with a waistcoat and trousers to match. When this costume was completed by a gray felt hat and a loose woolen cravat, no one could have guessed that I was not a young student in my first year. My boots were my particular delight. I should like to have gone to bed with them. On their little iron heels I wandered from one end of Paris to the other; no one took any notice of me or suspected my disguise.

**Sense-Points of the Skin.**

Blix, of Upsala, and Eulenberg, of Berlin, have observed that there are definite points on the skin at which sensations of cold only are aroused; others, distinct from the first and equal definite, for the sensation of heat; while between the two sets of spots sensations of pressure only are aroused. Donaldson, an American experimenter, has tried to make accurate maps of the spots of temperature sensation, and has found that their distribution differs on different individuals, that the spots for cold are more numerous than those for heat while the latter are the more sensitive, and that the spots are mostly less than one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter.

**Journalistic Item.**

A young man of ability, but not of much means, was talking about starting a new paper in Houston, and was telling a friend about it.

"You can borrow \$50 and start a new paper," said the friend, encouragingly.

"You darned fool!" replied the would-be journalist; "if I could borrow \$50 what would I want to start a paper for? I want to start a paper so I can borrow the \$50."—Texas Siftings.

**Late Discoveries in Photography.**

Late discoveries in photography make it possible to locate stars that will never be visible through the telescope; but the whereabouts of a skipping cashier will be apt to remain a matter of more or less guesswork for some time to come.

**Brought Home in a Wagon.**

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Mr. J. Helms, Vice President of the City Brewery, was brought home in a wagon, carried up stairs by two of his men and laid on the bed. He was suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism contracted in the ice vaults of the brewery. He refused to have a doctor, but dispatched a servant for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, with the result that in one week he was entirely cured and able to return to his desk.

**Matrimonia.**

Maud—I intend to marry a banker, when I marry, and then I'll wear a seal-skin saque for every month in the year, and my toilets will be the admiration and envy of the feminine world.

Belle—I intend to marry a plumber. Then I will not have any anxiety about the bursting of banks and other corporations. The water-pipes will have to do the bursting for my husband. And you can depend on it that my toilets will be bang up.

Blanche—You're just terribly off, girls. I intend to marry an editor. Then I won't need any nice toilets. But you'll see me appear in the paper next morning resplendent as Solomon in all his glory. And your poor earthly raiment will just crawl into a corner and hide its diminished head. You're welcome to your bankers and plumbers; but I'm looking around for a nice eligible editor, and when I get him you can wager a six-button pair of gloves that I'll make my female acquaintances just weep with envy.

Maud—Oh, how awfully nice! I'm going to marry an editor, too.

Belle—And so am I.—Whitehall Times.

**Every Meal is a Trial.**  
To the dyspeptic. Flatulence, heartburn, oppressive fullness of the stomach, are the inevitable sequences of his use of the knife and fork. To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of appetite would be a gross satire. He only appears them. Is not attainable? Certainly, and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Will it cure immediately? Certainly not—it does not effect miracles. But it does give prompt and unrepeatable relief, and will, if persisted in, produce an ultimate cure. Not only does it impart relief to the food, but promotes its conversion by the stomach into rich, healthy, and strength-sustaining blood. Super-sensitiveness of the nerves, mental depression, and inquiet slumber, produced by interruption of the digestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is the most preventive and curative of malarial disorders, and relieves constipation, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments and liver complaint.

**A Sensitive Nature.**

Two not very prepossessing-looking gentlemen were toasting their feet at a stove in the back room of a saloon. One of them was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Why, Sam and Bill Boggs have been stealing horses in Kansas. Bill was captured and is to be tried for it, but Sam was shot and killed while running from the sheriff."

"You don't say so! Well, I am glad Sam was killed. I knew them boys. I am glad Sam did not survive, for he was very high-toned, and it would have almost killed him to have had his brother convicted of stealing. He was too sensitive, Sam was—had too much family pride to succeed in a rough frontier country."—Texas Siftings.

**Years Teach More than Books.**

Among other valuable lessons imparted by this teacher, is the fact that, for a very long time, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has been the prince of liver correctives and blood purifiers, being the household physician of the poor man, and the able consulting physician to the rich patient, and praised by all for its magnificent service and efficiency in all diseases of a chronic nature, as malarial poison, ailments of the respiratory and digestive systems, liver disease, and in all cases where the use of an alternative remedy is indicated.

There is a man in Hunter's Point so crippled up with rheumatism that he is tallest when he lies down.—Brooklyn Times.

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PARENTS, BE CAREFUL.

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