The Pulaski Citizen.

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BUSY BEES IN A HOTEL.

A Drummer's Lively Experience in a Southwest Georgia Town.

"Did you ever see busy bees making honey in a hotel?" The question was put by a traveling man who had just returned from a six weeks' trip through the southern portion of the state.

"I wouldn't have believed," he continued, "that people and bees could live together, but I have seen it with my own eyes, and I am convinced that they can. Last week, as I was making my return trip to Savannah, I stopped over at Oglethorpe, and I spent the night in that industrious little town at the Drummers' Home, the only hotel there. It is kept by Judge Willis, the largest merchant and one of the wealthiest men in southwest Georgia. I was sitting out on the front porch just after supper, smoking a cigar, and I kept hearing a rumbling noise, as if water were pouring off some place. The sound came and went at intervals, and sometimes I could hear it distinct enough to almost tell, I thought, what it was. From the artesian well, situated in the center of the town, runs a small stream. It runs down a hill over rocks and pebbles, making a rumbling noise like that of a brook, and forms a branch further down the hill, and the rippling of the little stream is heard at the business houses.

"I got up and walked down to the south end of the porch, imagining that I could smell the sweet fragrance of the violets and honeysuckles on the branch, when a bug, as I supposed, whizzed by my head. I threw my hand up to my head when something lighted on it. I wasn't frightened, but skittish of bugs. I made a desperate brush at the insect with my left hand and struck it. It did not fall dead to the floor as I expected. Its sting was in my hand, and the poor thing could not get loose. The sensation was unnerving, and with an energetic use of my cap I got rid of it. It was a bee. I smelled him and his scent was abroad. I leaned up against a column to get breath after the experience and jarred the post considerably. I stooped down to pick up my cap, and when I straightened up I 'ran my head into a bee nest.' There were more bees there than I ever felt before. They 'pitched' on my face and head, and as fast as one would sting he gave place to the next one, who gave me a whack. I ran into the room, and in some way they got the bees off of me. I remained over in Oglethorpe two days—that was longer than I expected to stay, but I wanted to stay until my fondness for the place 'swagged down' to its natural size.

"Two days afterward, a few hours before I was going to leave, I thought I would take a last look at the 'fated spot.' I found the column against which I leaned, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the rumbling noise that I heard two nights before. Looking at the top of the post I saw a bunch of bees that would have filled my hat. They were going in and out of a crack in the post, just as they go in and out of a gum. They were making honey. I had made a discovery. I made known what I had seen to the proprietor of the house. He investigated it and found that the column, which is about ten feet high and eight inches in diameter, was full of honey up to within two feet of the top. After calculating awhile, we found that the column contained over 200 pounds of honey. It was a find of between $80 and $100. Nobody had ever seen the bees before, and, notwithstanding the rumbling noise had attracted the attention of numbers of people, they attributed the sound to the branch just as I did. I was told that the bees would be robbed of their honey the next day, if I would remain over, but I was two days behind, and had to pull out. The two families live peaceably together now, I am told, and no hostility will be manifested until the post gets full of honey, then the whites will begin pillaging and robbing."—Savannah News.

How to Disinfect.

Clothing which requires disinfecting should be submitted for about three hours to a temperature of 230 degrees in a chamber charged with sulphuric fumes from a large quantity of sulphur. The chamber should be so constructed as to prevent the fumes from passing off. No germs can stand this.

After a room has been used by a person sick with any contagious disease, it becomes necessary to disinfect it before it is fit to be used again. This is done by removing and burning the paper on the walls, removing the bedsteads and other furniture, and exposing them to air and wind, and giving them a fresh coat of varnish; by having the mattress made over new and the hair boiled; by burning in the room three pounds of sulphur, and by whitewashing, painting and papering the room anew.

Now that it is generally conceded that consumption is caused by germs which multiply in the lungs, a method of disinfecting them, which shall be harmless, has been sought for, but as yet without avail. The vapor of creosote, the oil of the eucalyptus and carbolic acid have been tried, and to some extent they may paralyze or stun the germs and prevent their rapid increase, but as the passages of the lungs are delicate, and the vapor cannot be brought very near to them without injury, the good effects are slight. But there is one method which cannot fail to prove beneficial and that is the inhalation of large quantities of fresh, pure air. This is worth more than any disinfectant for the lungs, and can do no harm.—Practical Farmer.

Too Much Paris.

Edward—Poor Jack! Sailed for Europe a few months ago in good health, and now he's dying in France of paresis!

Aunt Letty (of Butler county)—Just the way with them bright fellows. They go to Paris, get into all sorts of mischief, and die of Parisis.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

In the Mexican Mausoleum.

Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned in crowns of gold. Dark and parchment dried faces were seen, with their golden hair, rich as ever, and twisted with gems and golden nets. The cardinals wore still their miters and red cloaks and splendid rings. On the breast of Cardinal Carlos (son or Ferdinand I) was a beautiful cross of white enamel, with the effigy of Christ in black and surrounded with emeralds, and on his hand a rich sapphire ring.

On that of Cardinal Leopold, the son of Cosimo II, over the purple planeta was a cross of amethysts and on his finger a jacinth, set in enamel. The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro were draped by a dress of black silk of beautiful texture, trimmed with black and white lace, with a great golden medal on her breast, and the portrait of her as she was in life, lying on one side and her emblems on the other; while all that remained of herself were a few bones.

Anna Louisa, the Electress Palatine of the Rhine, daughter of Cosimo III, lay there, almost a skeleton, robed in a rich violet velvet, with the electoral crown surmounting a black ghastly face of parchment, a medal of gold, with her effigy and name on one side and on her breast a crucifix of silver, while Francisco Maria, her uncle, lay beside her, a mass of putrid robes and rags.

Cosimo I and Cosimo II had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia, and so had Eleanora Toledo and Maria Christina and many others to the number of twenty.

The two bodies which were found in the best preservation were those of the Grand Duchess Giovanna d'Austria, the wife of Francisco I, and their daughter Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and they lay there, fresh in color as if they had just died. The mother, in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high heeled shoes, the earrings hanging from her ears, and her blonde hair as fresh as ever, and equally well preserved was the body of the daughter—the color of their faces scarcely changed.

And so, centuries after they had been laid there, the truth became evident of the rumor that ran through Florence at the time of their death that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life had preserved their bodies. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also there—the bones scattered and loose within his iron armor and his rusted helmet with the visor down. And this is what was left of the great Medici.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Horses Look Gawky in Pictures.

"Instantaneous photography is a nuisance," said an artist, whose business is to draw cuts for the magazines and newspapers. "Before they began to take those blamed photographs all you had to do was to draw a horse so that it looked natural and lifelike, and the papers and public were satisfied. Now, though, since that Philadelphia fellow printed his book, and especially since The Sun reprinted the cuts from it, nothing will do but that we must draw running horses just as they are, and not as they look. Of course the pictures don't look nearly so pretty, and the horses are as awkward and unnatural as donkeys, but they are accurate, and that is the craze just now. We have had to learn our animal drawing all over again, and have to puzzle our brains by the hour over cuts of instantaneous photographs, trying to find some position that has at least a bit of grace and life in it. For my part, I think it is ridiculous. Compare the magazine pictures of horses a year or two ago with those Scribner's had last month and tell me if you don't think the old ones gave a better idea of the beauty of the animals in motion. Imagine Rosa Bonheur's horses with their fore feet stuck out straight like ramrods, or think of Messoniers' troopers charging before Napoleon on horses that had all four legs doubled up under them at the same time!"

Whatever may be the opinion as to the justness of the artist's criticisms and complaints, there is no doubt that he is right on his facts. The horse pictures in the magazines nowadays nearly all show at least an effort to make the positions correspond with those shown by instantaneous photographs. The picture horse of the past is relegated to the circus poster and the bills of the racing associations.—New York Sun.

Was It a Vision?

We were having a new home built and my husband went to it every day to see what progress was being made. One day, as he stood in the front room upstairs his attention was attracted to the street. Looking out the window he saw a funeral procession passing from the door and out through the gate. The casket was small, white and covered with flowers. He recognized friends and neighbors in the crowd, and through some indefinable impression, he understood that the corpse was that of his son. His son, though he had no son at the time. Surprised and startled at the thought, he saw the procession vanish, and he felt unable to account for the experience.

Within a few months a little son was born to us, and before three years it was carried out the gate in a flower covered, white casket and followed by the same friends my husband had seen that noontime long before. What explanation can be given of this circumstance?—Amarala Martin in Hall's Journal of Health.

Not Civilized.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, was once expressing surprise that since the advent of the whites into his state, the Piute Indians had increased in number, whereas all other aborigines in this country had withered and perished when brought in contact with civilization. "I can't account for it," said Mr. Jones. "To me," ventured Sunset Cox, "the explanation is simple. The Nevada Indians have not yet been brought in contact with civilization."—San Francisco Argonaut.

SELLING REAL BIRDS' NESTS.

The Odd Industry a French Woman Has Built Up in New York.

"When the Robins Nest Again" seems likely to have a future bearing upon trade. In conversation with a pretty little French woman the other day, a World reporter discovered that the largest part of her living was made by the sale of natural and artificial birds' nests, containing from three to five tiny eggs and mounted or not, as the purchaser desired. Her story is that in Paris, where she had been employed as an artificial flower maker, her wages were so low that to exist was possible, but to lay up a cent for a rainy day was not. An American lady, who had given her some orders and been attracted by her pretty face, offered to pay her expenses to this city and assist her in a small way until she could swim the sea of life alone. She disliked, as all foreigners do, to leave Paris. This was not because she had been so happy there, for hers was a hard lot, rising early in the morning and working away into the night in order to make the few francs per week which she required to keep body and soul together. Then there was the long walk from the little back street, where she lived, to the great shop where she daily disposed of the delicate flowers her deft fingers had created.

But to make a long story short, "Steamer Day," as Americans call it, arrived, and what little of this world's goods the little French flower maker had were easily packed and ample space left all around them in a small box not two feet square.

A brilliant idea came to her one day when she visited a toy shop in Fourteenth street. She there saw a bird's nest made by human hands and in it were glued little eggs about the size of an ordinary pill. Eureka! Her day had come and a means of livelihood had dawned upon her anxious brain. In her enthusiasm she almost leaped through the streets to go and lay her scheme before her benefactress. Not long after this an advertisement appeared in one of the morning daily papers in which an offer of fifteen cents was made for natural birds' nest without eggs and twenty-five cents with them. It had its cruel side, to be sure, but it was responded to in double battalions, and for days afterward she had no time on her hands. The small boy occasionally brought in a trophy, but her purchases were mostly made of farmers, who bring in the precious burden with their produce for the markets, and go away with a satisfied chuckle, thinking the fools were not all dead and that them ere eggs represented a few encroachers which the scarecrow would take no part in frightening away from his fruit orchards.

The enterprising little tradeswoman lives, moves and has her being in a contented way, giving no signs of nervousness through being haunted by visitants from the world of the departed spirits of birdlings. Carriages of wealthy women roll up to the small shop where her merchandise is, and, without hesitation, leave the $3 which is her price for her nest with eggs, and, being tastefully mounted on a pile of stones or rustic branches in the shape of a corner piece, they make a unique decoration for a home. In this greed for gain on one hand and a desire to have beautiful, if forbidden, fruit on the other no notice is taken of the robin's song, which has changed from merriment to woe. No one thinks of her as she reaches the home tree and finds her nest gone and her hopes blasted.—New York World.

Valuable Crop.

A western man, proud of his immensely productive acres, was showing a visitor from Vermont over his farm, and, while boasting somewhat loudly of his own crops, turned upon the Vermonter with the question:

"You can't raise much back there on those stony Vermont hills, can you?"

"Oh, yes, yes; we generally get fine crops."

"But you don't raise much grain, do you?"

"Oh, yes; we raise a sight of barley."

"You do?"

"Why, certainly; I don't know what our farmers would do if it wasn't for their barley."

"Do you get much for it?"

"Oh, we don't sell it, no, sir; we don't sell a grain of it."

"You don't feed it to your stock?"

"Oh no, no; you don't ketch us wasting barley like that."

"Well, what do you with it then?"

"Why, man, we save every grain of it for seed—that's what we do with it!"

This is the western man's story, and he naturally thinks this a queer kind of "farming for profit."—Youth's Companion.

No Bouquets with Strings Wanted.

A Bird had picked up an earth worm and flew to the limb of a tree overhanging a brook to dispose of its meal. While opening its bill too wide the worm dropped out and into the water. It had hardly touched the surface of the water before it was seized by a Trout and swallowed. An Angler who had been fishing several hours with no result addressed the Trout:

"How is it, tell me, that you so eagerly seized the miserable, half starved worm that fell from the bill of the Bird and you refuse the fine, fat worms I offer you?"

To which the Trout replied:

"Deceit is not the nature of birds, and so we do not regard with suspicion the worms that drop from their bills; and then, again, we have, in common with the human species, an aversion to presents with strings tied to them. Selah!"—New York Herald.

What Next?

Georgia papers report the discovery of a "turpentine well" in Laurens county, Ga., thirty feet deep and so easily worked that it has already furnished thirty-two barrels of pure spirits of turpentine. A Savannah journal thinks it necessary to remark that there "may be trickery about the matter."—Drake's Magazine.

Mosquitoes at the Play.

"You would not think," said an old actor, "that a little, festive mosquito would break up a performance, would you? Well, such is the fact. You remember Ned Buckley, don't you? Used to be a leading man in Boston theatre; also with Booth and Barrett. One rather warm night, before some sort of a holiday, Ned took a snap company out of town in western Massachusetts to do "Julius Cæsar." It was not a sumptuous performance, by any means, but still it pleased the audience. Buckley played Cæsar, and did it well. If I am not mistaken, Fred Bryton was the Marc Antony. It became so hot before the performance had fairly begun that the windows in back of the stage were wide open. It was not very long before the stage was swarming with mosquitoes, they being attracted, no doubt, by the strong light on the stage. Buckley had on a pair of white tights, and he discovered at the last moment that there was several small holes in the legs. So he got a piece of billiard chalk, and whitened over the tights where they were burst.

"Well, the play ran along smooth enough until the time came for Marc Antony to bury Cæsar and not praise him. Poor Julius was lying on the bier, and just as Marc began the oration he felt the infernal little animals getting in their work. Buckley said forever afterward that they were educated. They just picked out the spots where he had used the chalk. He stood the agony just as long as he could; then he began murdering his tormentors. Several times did Julius slap his limbs, and every time he slapped he grunted with relief. He kept slapping his limbs and grunting all through the oration, the audience shouting with laughter all the while. The audience just about knew the cause of the trouble, because they were doing some slaughtering on their own hook. Buckley stood the agony just as long as he could, then he gave Antony a tip, and the oration was cut remarkably short. The audience was tickled immensely, and insisted upon the actors going before the curtain several times. The mosquitoes who made the hit went with them. The performance was a farce for the rest of the evening. Every time that somebody began to act one of the audience would begin to laugh, and everybody would join in the chorus.—Boston Herald.

Music to Look At.

Rossini, who had always le mot pour rire, used to say: "In olden time they used to compose music for the brain and for the ears; but it seems to me that nowadays people are quite content when the thing looks well." This, I feel confident, was often his guiding opinion. For instance, when Meyerbeer gave "The Huguenots," his lawyer and coreligionnaire Cremieux gave a luncheon, where he invited some influential friends to meet Meyerbeer. Rossini, one of the guests, ate nothing. Mme. Cremieux, with the lynx eye of any hostess who has people round her table invited for a meal, suddenly pounced upon her abstemious guest with that question which every lady imagines must go straight to the heart of her guest: "I am sure, M. Rossini, you don't like that dish; one cannot easily please such a fine connoisseur as you are." "Pardon, madame, that is not at all the reason, but I never eat between my breakfast and my dinner. Of course, you will ask me why, then, did I come to a luncheon party? I will tell you. The other day I was invited to hear a performance of my 'William Tell' overture. At the moment where the allegro begins I saw two men in the band putting their trumpets up, but I could not for the life of me hear one note; so I asked the manager why they did not play. 'Oh, that is very simple,' he said. 'I could not get two trumpeters, but I thought I'd get some men to hold up the trumpets. It always looks well to see trumpets in an orchestra; but of course as they can't play, you can't hear them.' Now I can't eat any more than they could play; but as Meyerbeer, who is so superstitious, would have taken it for a bad omen if I had sent an excuse, I thought I would just sit behind my plate, because it looks well to have old friends sit round one's table."—Temple Bar.

Rare Postage Stamps.

A discovery was made here that will be of great interest. It consisted of three government postage stamps, issued according to the law by the postmaster at St. Louis, for the state of Missouri, in 1845, the denominations being two of the ten cent and one of the twenty cent series. These stamps were issued in five, ten and twenty cent denominations, and are among the rarest and most valuable to stamp collectors of all those issued by authority of the government for use as postage. J. H. Wymer was postmaster of St. Louis in 1845, and gave the order for the plates to J. M. Kershaw, a local engraver. The five and ten cent stamps are found on two varieties of paper. The twenty cent were printed from an altered plate of the five cent, and are perhaps the rarest stamps known. The stamps bear the arms of Missouri, with "St. Louis" above and "Postoffice" below, are rectangular in shape, and printed in black on blue paper.—Galena (Ills.) Cor. Chicago Herald.

Death from Tight Lacing.

A verdict of death from tight lacing is, perhaps, still to be sought among the curiosities of law. But a Birmingham jury have come near to it in a verdict of death from pressure round the waist. The victim was a poor servant girl who died after a fright, and her death was attributed by the medical witnesses to the fact that she was too tightly belted to enable her to stand the wear and tear of any sudden emotions. She was a notorious tight lacer; her collar fitted so closely that it was impossible to loosen it at the critical moment, and under her stays she wore a belt so remorselessly buckled as to prevent the free circulation of the blood.—St. James' Gazette.

The Fate of Vatel.

The fate of Vatel is intimately linked with all memories of Chantilly, as it has come down to us in the piquant letters of Mme. de Sevigne. The prince was giving a great fete to his monarch, Louis XIV. The formal splendors of Versailles were cast in the shade by the rural delights of Chantilly. The tables were spread in the open air, the ground being thickly strewn with jonquils. Vatel had surpassed himself in the menu; the wines and liquors were of the choicest; the king was in the best of humor, and all went as merry as a marriage bell.

To the eye of the chef all was not well. The roast had fallen short, and at two tables, out of twenty-five or more, it had been wanting altogether. Vatel felt himself overwhelmed with shame. He retired to his chamber in despair. The prince himself hastened to comfort him and restore his artist's pride with words of praise and appreciation. But it was of no use. His highness was full of goodness, said the dejected chef; but there remained the melancholy fact—the roast had failed.

And the strain of preparation had been too great for the unhappy Vatel; for nights he had not slept—nor could he sleep now—and in the early morning he wandered forth to seek rest for his perturbed brain in the coolness of the morning air and the freshness and verdure of the park.

On the way he met one of the purveyors of the household, who had arrived with a meager supply of scafish. "Is this all?" cried Vatel, overcome with despair at the sight. "It is all," was the reply. And Vatel went back to his room with death at his heart. To the fiasco of the roast had now succeeded the disaster of the fish. He could not survive the disgrace, so he threw himself upon his sword.

And, after all, the fish arrived, seafish from the Norman coast, fresh fish from the rivers, fish enough and to spare, in ample time for the table, but too late to save the chef. The prince wept bitter tears over his body—as much for the cook as for the man—for his loss was irreparable.—All the Year Round.

The Royal Family of Spain.

It consists of an assemblage of women and a child in arms. These women are not all Spanish. The queen is an Austrian and the infanta Paz lives in Bavaria, but the queen dowager, better known as Isabel II, has unmistakable national characteristics. Unconventional and acute, kindly and full of fun, the quintessence of "gracia," good natured to all, making up for the grave defects of her education by the keenness of her wits, the Queen Isabel (let history appreciate her political conduct, I am talking at present of her character) is a pure Spanish type; she is what Taine would call a "representative type," of not a few Spaniards. Nor does her daughter, the infanta Isabel, Countess of Gergenti, belie the country of her birth. Familiar and gay, a marvel of liveliness and activity, no slave of etiquette, endowed with a frank and decided character, the infanta Isabel practices virtue in a thoroughly Spanish manner, without augularity, supersensitiveness or affectation, and without the smallest trace of prudery. What distinguishes her from the group of Spanish women with whom she would naturally be classed is a manly independence, an affection for sport and bodily exercise which seems rather to belong to the Saxon race. No one can deny individuality to the infanta Isabel, and this quality makes her very "sympathique" and assimilates to her the women of the Renaissance. The infanta Paz possesses refined tastes, such as love of painting and making verses, but has given no proof of a really artistic temperament. The infanta Eulalia, elegant and high strung, has no distinguishing mark among the multitudes of ladies who are the ornaments of ball rooms and delight the eye with their beauty.—Fortnightly Review.

The Summer Heat.

The original source of the summer's heat is the sun, but many local causes tend to modify and vary the action. The earth is really farther from the sun in summer than in winter, so that the warm weather does not depend upon the greater proximity of the source of heat. It is due to the fact that in summer the northern hemisphere is turned more directly towards the sun, so that it receives its rays in a more vertical direction, while in winter it is turned farther away, and the oblique heat rays are unable to raise the temperature to any great degree. The varying length of the days is also an important element, as the long days of summer allow the earth to be exposed for a longer time to the influence of the source of heat.

The thermal summer, that is, the period of greatest heat, does not correspond with the astronomical summer. On June 21 the sun's rays are most nearly vertical, and the earth is exposed to their influence for a greater proportion of the twenty-four hours, but the hottest weather is not generally experienced till about a month later, and, similarly, the greatest cold does not occur until after the winter solstice. A certain amount of time is necessary for the increasing heat of the approaching summer to counteract the cold of the preceding winter, and vice versa. A similar delay is noticed in the daily fluctations of temperature; the hottest part of the day is not at noon, but about 3 o'clock, while the lowest temperature of the night is reached in the early morning hours.—Popular Science News.

About Spiders.

All observant people must have seen the yellow spiders on yellow flowers, and white spiders on white flowers, that catch bees and other insects which visit the flowers, not noticing their enemies because of their deceptive coloring. These spiders live by their looks, and never go to the trouble of spinning a web. James Angus considers these white and yellow spiders belong to the same species, and that they can change their color according to the flower they select.—Boston Budget.

MISSED BY A RATTLER.

An Incident Recalled by Dr. Conklin, of the Park Menagerie.

"I would rather almost treat any sick animal in the world than a sick snake," said Dr. Conklin of the Central Park menagerie to a reporter the other day. "Not that I mind handling a snake particularly, but on account of the accidents that are likely to happen.

"A few years ago," continued the doctor, "I had an experience in treating a sick boa constrictor that will last me until the end of my life. We had at that time a big cage of boa constrictors and several poisonous snakes as well in the lion house. Very often a snake's mouth becomes sore, and it is necessary to rub medicines between its jaws to save its life. I prepared some medicine and went into the house one night with a new attendant we had just hired. This young man's name was Joe, and he had been a snake performer with a traveling menagerie. The sides of the cage were of glass, as they are now, and inside were about forty snakes of all kinds. There were a dozen big constrictors, a python or two, and a score of rattlers, moccasins and copperheads. As Joe began rattling the door of the cage the inmates woke up, and when they saw the light they were ready for a fight. The sick snake lay at the other end of the cage.

The usual way in such cases is to throw a rope noose over the snake's head and drag him to the cage door. Then his head is drawn out and covered with a meal bag or piece of carpet. After that it is easy enough to catch him back of the head, press open his jaws and rub in the medicine. This was done up to the point where his head should have been drawn out through the door. The rattlers and other small snakes were twisted together in a squirming tangle in the upper end of the cage, and the sick constricter was threshing his big tail about like a dying whale.

"'I'll go inside, Mr. Conklin,' said Joe, 'and give it to him there. I ain't afraid of any snake that ever crawled.'

"Before I could stop him he sprang into the cage and grabbed the constrictor back of the head, opening his mouth a yard wide, it seemed to me. Then he took the bottle in his left hand and proceeded to rub the sore spots. Of course he was busy watching his patient and didn't have eyes for anything else. But it was different with me. I saw one of the biggest rattlers coiled for a spring. If he bit Joe it would be certain death, and inside of a fraction of a second the blow would be struck. My blood seemed to turn into ice water. My head swam round and round, and my heart stopped beating. I would have called out, but my tongue was hot, dry and stuck to the roof of my mouth. I finally manage to spring toward the door. At that instant the rattlesnake darted his head forward with a vicious spring, landing between Joe's fingers. At the same instant Joe dropped the constrictor's head and sprang from the cage to the ground.

"'Suck your hand, quick,' I shouted, 'and here's some whisky. Don't waste a minute, man. Time is precious.'

"'What's the matter?' he asked, as though surprised at my conduct.

"'Matter enough. You're bitten by a rattler.'

"'Not quite as bad as that,' he said, with a little laugh. 'It hit the bottle in my hand, I'm not touched. That's nothing. I didn't think you saw it.'

"'I'm not a coward by nature,' continued the doctor as he reached for his hat, 'but I felt as weak as a baby when Joe stopped talking, and the next man who expects to go into a rattlesnake cage with my consent must chloroform me first."—New York Sun.

A Fearful Stroke of Lightning.

There was a blinding blast, a terrible crash, as if the skies had been set on fire and the earth had fallen in pieces. On a Sunday afternoon the people of East Point, a village six miles from Atlanta, were shocked from a stroke of lightning the like of which had never been experienced by any of them before. About dusk a gray cloud hung over the town. There had been no lightning, no thunder, nor any indication of an electric storm. Suddenly a flash and a crash came simultaneously and people rushed from their houses with blanched faces. The danger was past, but the brief experience was terrible. There had been an electric shower. The lightning had separated into twenty or more bolts and struck as many places within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The air was filled with the odor of brimstone and a copper colored cloud floated northward from the city. A windmill was struck and damaged, the grass on a lawn burned up, a window in a house was shattered and the carpet in a bedroom scorched, a cow was killed, and a tree split open, and a telegraph operator knocked from his chair. The most wonderful thing about the electric shower was the rolling of great balls of fire up the railroad tracks. The small masses went bouncing and cracking along the rails to the terror of the citizens. It was certainly a terrible bolt of lightning, and those who were near will remember it to their dying day.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A Test for Tea.

A Russian analyst gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not: Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water and shake it up well. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated or painted leaf. Now boil both sorts separately, and let them stand till cool, and the difference between them will be most marked. The false tea will become still stronger after along standing, but will remain transparent, whereas pure tea will become muddy or milky. This last appearance arises from the tannic acid, which is a natural property in pure tea, but which in artificial tea is entirely absent.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A Western Union operator in Alabama, while taking a message, was shocked by a flash of electricity which came from the sky. He died in a few hours.

JAP MILLER.

Jap Miller down at Martinsville's the blamedest feller yit!
When he starts in a-talkin' other folks is apt to quit—
Tears like that mouth o' his'n wuzn't made for nothin' else
But jes' to argify 'em down and gether in their pelts
He'll talk you down on tariff; er he'll talk you down on tax,
And prove the pore man pays 'em all—and them's about the facts!
Religen, law er politics, prize fightin' er base-ball—
Jes' tetch Jap up a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.
And the comicalest feller ever tilted back a cheer
And tuck a chaw tobacker kindo like he didn't keer.
There's where the feller's strength lays—he's so common like and plain.
They haint no dade about old Jap, you bet you, nary grain!
They 'lected him to council and it never turned his head,
And didn't make no difference what anybody said—
He didn't dress no finer, ner rag out in fancy clothes;
But his voice in council meetin's is a turrer to his foes
H's fer the pore man ever' time! and in the last campaign
He stumped old Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain,
And held the banner upards from a-trailin' in the dust,
And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd and cuss'd and cuss'd!
He'd tell some funny story ever' now and then, you know,
Tel, blame it! it wus better'n a jack o' lantern show!
And I'd go furder yit, today, to hear old Jap orate
Than any high toned orater 'at ever stumped a state!
W'y that air blame Jap Miller, with his keen, sarcastic fun,
Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run.
Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you
They allus coincide with your'n the same as two and two.
You can't take issue with him—er at least they haint no sense
In startin' in to down him, so you better not commence—
The best way's jes' to listen, like yer humble servant does,
And jes' concede Jap Miller is the best man ever wuz!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Fooled the Agent.

"You are a man of business," he said, entering the office without an invitation, "and you ought to have your life insured for about $10,000 at least. I represent the safest company on the face of the earth and should like to make out a policy for you. Don't you think it would be a good idea?"

"Certainly," replied the harassed man, while a strange look flitted across his face; "I have often thought of it. By the way, just pass me that bottle of cough mixture on the shelf—I am troubled with a terrible cough, and can't seem to get rid of it."

"Now, you see, in this company you"——

"Excuse me a moment while I take a dose of this consumption cure, won't you?"

"Certainly. As I was saying, if a man is perfectly sound in health, as you are, we"——

"Just stand over there while I enjoy an epileptic fit, please," and the business man had a nice little fit on the floor. "It's hereditary," he said, wiping the dust from his clothes; "you mustn't mind it."

The agent looked a little doubtful, but continued:

"The premium is very low—one on $10,000 and"——

Here the merchant suddenly leaned back, closed his eyes and grew cold. Recovering in a moment he said to the frightened insurance friend, "Only a little stroke of paralysis—you mustn't notice it. Now, as you were saying"——

But the agent had fled. The business man leaned back in his chair, gave a sigh of contentment, and said to his clerk who came in:

"Did you see me fix him?"—Exchange.

A Wonderful Watch.

At the time of her coronation at Moscow, in 1724, Catharine I, empress of Russia, was presented with a watch as wonderful in every particular as the famous Strasburg clock; even more wonderful when the delicacy of its construction is taken into consideration. It weighed seven ounces and was both a repeater and a musical time keeper. On the opposite side from the works or time keeping part of the wonder there was an exact counterpart of the holy sepulcher with a carved image of the Roman guard; this scene could be viewed through the glass in the case. Upon opening the case the imitation stones would roll away from the mouth of the miniature sepulcher, the guard would kneel, angels appear at opposite sides of the opening, and about this time the music would start up and play, in soft, sweet strains, the Easter songs so well known to all Russians. The maker of this wonderful piece of mechanism is said to have worked upon it almost uninterruptedly for a period of nine years.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

A Beauty on the Water.

Down past the steamboat wharf at Bar Harbor floated a thing on the water, that seemed endowed with life. Its broad white wings were spread to the wind and it swept along to the open sea at a high rate of speed.

"See the beautiful yacht," cried a near sighted dude on the wharf, adjusting his monocle.

"How gracefully she breasts the waves!" exclaimed his exquisite female companion, who was also near sighted.

"Chawming—weally charming!" exclaimed the dude.

A titter that almost swelled into a roar rippled among the other people on the wharf—for with their undimmed eyes they saw it was the garbage scow, loaded to the rail.—Lewiston Journal.

Almost the hardness of the diamond is said to be given by German workmen to steel engraving tools. The tools are made white hot, plunged repeatedly into sealing wax until cold, and then just touched with oil of turpentine.

No Royal Road to Sport.

A farmer owned a trout brook, from which he was wont frequently to take fine messes of fish. He was annoyed a great deal by the trees and bushes in his way, and so he and his sons cut away the trees and removed the bushes.

"Now I shall have splendid sport and plenty of trout whenever I like without any inconvenience," he said to himself.

But his efforts with rod and line resulted only in securing dace, redfins and brook pike.

"Why is it, O Brook," he exclaimed one day, "that you so poorly reward the work I did in removing the trees and bushes and now give me nothing but the lower grades of fish?"

To which the Brook replied: "It is just on that account. When you removed the cool shelter of trees and bushes the trout left me and sought places where the water is cooler, and there they bide. There is no short road to plenty of trout, and the beautiful things of this life are attained only with constant difficulty."—New York Herald.

A SOLDIER'S WORD.

How It Was Kept by a Confederate at the Risk of His Life.

Lieut. C. A. Coryell, formerly of the One Hundred and Forty-first New York volunteers, Twentieth army corps, was with Sherman on the famous march to the sea. One bright Sunday in December, 1864, the lieutenant was detailed to take charge of the picket line in front of Savannah, on the edge of a rice swamp. There was a truce between the pickets, and everything wore a Sabbath like stillness.

Coryell had nothing to do and was out of tobacco. How to get a chew was the question. Finally a handsome young officer from the Confederate line strolled out between the lines. Coryell hailed him at once.

"I say, Johnny, if I come over to you can I get tobacco and return safely to my lines?"

"Come along; I'll treat you right."

"How do I know that I'll not be taken prisoner?"

"You have the word of a gentleman and a Confederate officer."

Coryell thought a moment and then decided to make the venture. He laid aside his sword and belt and started across the narrow dike leading to the Confederate line. On either side of the dike the water in the rice fields was five feet deep.

The lieutenant reached the opposite shore without any misgivings. The Confederate produced some tobacco and a trade was made in no time. Then the two fell into a pleasant conversation.

Suddenly Coryell saw a signal flutter from a house some distance in the rear of the Confederate line.

"What does that mean?" he asked, sharply.

"I don't know," replied the Confederate.

Just then an orderly dashed up on horseback and, with a dignified salute, said to the Confederate officer:

"Lieutenant, the general orders you to take the Yankee officer to headquarters."

Coryell was dumfounded. Then he looked at the Confederate lieutenant and noted his honest eyes and manly face.

"Am I your prisoner?" asked Coryell.

The Confederate extended his right hand.

"I offered you my protection," he said. "Go to your lines. I will follow you over the dike, and if my body can shield you from Confederate lead, you shall reach your command in safety. Good-by, and God bless you!"

The Federal started on his return trip. He was half way across when the first shot came. There was another and another, until a whole brigade seemed to be firing at him.

The fugitive walked rapidly onward until he reached the Federal lines and vaulted over the breastwork. Then he looked back and saw his protector on the dike. The Confederate waved his hand, turned about and marched back to his own side. He had kept his promise like a true soldier.—Atlanta Constitution.

Poison Rings.

In Italy the poison ring was carried to the perfection of malicious imagining. The "anello della morte" was occasionally resorted to as a means of putting an enemy out of the way. A hollow point in the bezel, worked by a spring, communicated with the receptacle behind, for the poison, in such a way that its villainous wearer could, in giving his adversary a hearty grip of the hand, inflict a mortal scratch. The point was fashioned to look like an ornament. So deadly and enduring was the poison contained in these rings, that some twenty or more years ago death was nearly occasioned by handling one unwittingly. A curio fancier was turning over gems in a shop in Paris, when he fell fainting and was with difficulty restored. It was found that he had been wounded by a poison ring.

This instrument of destruction was also worn in perilous times, in order that the owner might commit suicide rather than fall into an enemy's hands. Another kind was furnished at the back with a slide, which could be slipped back by the wearer, who would drop the poison into the wine he offered to a hated guest. This kind was affected by Cesar Borgia, whose own signet ring bore an inscription little suited to his character—"Fais ce que dois, avien que pourra." Another form of poison ring was the one which had for its bezel the key to a casket. The wearer would hand his ring in a confidential manner to a visitor, and desire him to hand him some article from his jewel box. The key, in being turned in a somewhat stiff lock, would give the unwary confidant a prick, which had for him fatal results.—London Standard.

A Two Headed Fish.

Dr. Williams of Waycross, who is tenting with his family at St. Simons, has a natural curiosity in the shape of a minnow with two distinct heads.

The doctor was walking on the beach when he came to a pool of water. He naturally desired to see something of the inhabitants of the pool, and after throwing some of the water out he noticed this strange looking fish. Picking it up he conveyed it to the pavilion, where it excited considerable surprise.

It is a common sized minnow, its body and tail being of the usual shape and size.

The two heads branch out from the body, and a peculiar thing is that the fish has four eyes.—Brunswick Times.

The Cautious Prophets.

Down in Georgia an old darky calling himself the prophet Daniel induced three young men to walk into an iron furnance. They did it as easily as anything you ever saw done. But coming out again was part of the feat that caught them cold, and they stayed in. The queer thing about these religious lunatics is that God never tells them to do anything of that sort themselves; he always tells them to get somebody else to do it. However, the stock of fools in the world is always large. We suppose you might burn up a couple of hundred of them every day for six weeks, and then find a good market for any kind of an elixir you should advertise.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Transmission of Heat.

Heat is transmitted in three ways—by conduction, as when the end of a short rod of iron is placed in a fire and the opposite end becomes warmed—this is conducted heat; by conviction—by means of currents—such as the warming of a mass of water in a boiler, furnace or saucepan; and by radiation, as that diffused from a piece of hot metal or an open fire. Radiant heat is transmitted like sound or light, in straight lines in every direction, and its intensity diminishes inversely as the square of the distance from its center or point of radiation.—Once a Week.

Cautious.

Ted—Are you going to call on that heiress this evening?

Ned—No; not with this terrible cold.

Ted—What difference does that make?

Ned—Why, my boy, in these days an heiress isn't to be sneezed at.—Harper's Bazar.

What is CASTORIA

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