

WHIP POOR WILL.

When purpling shadows westward creep
And stars through crimson curtains peep
And south winds sing themselves to sleep:
From woodlands heavy with perfume
Of spicy bud and April bloom
Comes through the tender twilight gloom.

Music most mellow,
"Whip po' Will—Will, oh!
Whip po' Will—Will, oh!
Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will
—Will, oh!"

The bosom of the brook is filled
With new alarm, the forest thrilled
With startled echoes, and most skilled
To run a labyrinthine race
The fireflies light their lamps to chase
The culprit through the darkling space—
Mischievous fellow,
"Whip po' Will—Will, oh!
Whip po' Will—Will, oh!"

Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will
—Will, oh!"

From hill to hill the echoes fly
The marshy brakes take up the cry,
And where the slumbering waters lie
In calm repose, and stilly feeds
The snipe among the whispering reeds,
The tale of this wild spirit's misdeeds—
Troubles the billow,
"Whip po' Will—Will, oh!
Whip po' Will—Will, oh!"

Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will
—Will, oh!"

And where is he of whom they speak?
Is he just playing the hide and seek,
Among the thickets up the creek?
Or is he resting from his play
In some cool grotto, far away,
Where lullaby crooning zephyrs stray,
Soothing his pillow,
"Whip po' Will—Will, oh!
Whip po' Will—Will, oh!"

Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will, Whip po' Will
—Will, oh!"

—M. M. Folsom in *Atlanta Constitution*.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

"You are a dead man," said the Doctor, looking fixedly at Anatole.

Anatole was astonished. He had come to spend the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious savant, whose studies of poisonous plants had made him famous. It was not his fame, however, which attracted Anatole to the Doctor, but his nobility of heart and almost paternal kindness. And now suddenly, without any preparation, the young man heard this terrific prognostication from the lips of so great an authority.

"Unhappy boy," continued the Doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole.

"Think. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten, what you have inhaled?"

This last word was like a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from a friend who was traveling in India. In this letter he found a flower which the tourist had plucked on the banks of the Ganges, an odd-looking little red flower, whose odor, he remembered, seemed to him to be strangely pungent. Anatole looked in his pocket-book and took therefrom the letter and the flower which he showed to the savant.

"There is not a doubt!" exclaimed the Doctor. "It is the *Pyramenis Indica*, the fatal flower of blood!"

"You really think so?"

"Alas! I am certain."

"But it is not possible that it should prove fatal to me. I am only twenty-five years old, am strong and in the best of health."

"At what hour did you open this fatal letter?"

"At 9 o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a peculiar pain in your heart, and that will end all."

"And you know of no remedy, no means of—"

"None," said the Doctor.

Then, clasping his head in his hands, the savant fell into a chair, overcome with grief.

The emotion of his old friend convinced Anatole that he was indeed doomed. He reported at once; he was almost insane. A cold sweat on his forehead, his ideas confused, walking mechanically, Anatole went forth into the night, unconscious of that was passing about him. For a long time he walked thus, then, coming to a bench, he sat down.

This rest did him good. Up to that moment he had been like a man who has suddenly received a severe blow on the head. At last, however, his mind seemed clear, and he began to gather his scattered ideas.

"My situation," he thought, "is like that of a man condemned to death. Such a case, however, can still hope for—"

But how long have I to live? He looked at his watch.

Three o'clock in the morning. It is time to go to bed. What! I go to bed to sleep the last six hours of my life? I have certainly something better than that to do. But what? Why, I will try to make—"

Not far away was a restaurant which was open all night. Thither Anatole went. He ordered a pot of coffee and a glass of ink," he said, as he seated himself at a table.

He drank a cup of coffee, and, looking at the paper lying on the table before him, he thought, "I have neither father nor mother. I have no one to whom I can leave my money—Nicette."

Nicette was Anatole's second cousin, a girl of eighteen years, having a fair and large dark eyes. Like Anatole, she was an orphan, and this similarity had long since established a sympathy between them.

He was quickly drawn up. He felt that he was dying. He drank a second cup of coffee.

"Nicette!" he thought, "she was the last time I saw her. Her eyes were looking beyond the sea."

with instruments which he teaches pupils of the Conservatory to play, did not do right in promising her hand to a brute, a bully, whom she detests. She detests him all the more because she loves someone else, if I have been able to understand her reticence and her embarrassment. Who is this happy mortal? I know not, but he is certainly worthy of her since she has chosen him. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving, Nicette deserves the best of husbands. Ah! if she might have been my wife! It is outrageous to force her to marry a man she hates, to ruin her life by entrusting such a treasure to the care of a brute. But why may not I be Nicette's champion? I will be. I will undertake the matter to-morrow morning. But to-morrow will be too late; I must act at once. It is an unseasonable hour to see people, but as I shall die in five hours I cannot consider their convenience. It is decided! My life for Nicette!"

Anatole left the restaurant and hastened to the house of M. Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when he rang the bell. Once, twice, three times he rang. At last M. Bouvard himself, astonished, his night-cap on his head, opened the door.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Is there a fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bouvard," replied Anatole. "I have come to call on you."

"At this hour?"

"All hours are good in which one can see you, M. Bouvard. But you are in your night-clothes; you had better return to bed."

"That is what I'm going to do." And then, leading Anatole to his chamber, he continued: "But I suppose, since you have aroused me at this hour, that you have something important to say to me."

"Very important! It is necessary, M. Bouvard, that you should give up the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"Never! never!"

"You must not say never."

"My resolution is taken; this marriage shall take place."

"It shall not take place."

"Well, we shall see. And now that you have my answer I will not detain you longer."

"You are not very amiable this morning, M. Bouvard. But I am not offended, and as I am persevering I remain."

"Stay if you will. I, however, shall imagine that you have departed and I shall say no more." Then, turning away, M. Bouvard muttered: "Who ever heard of such a thing! To disturb a peaceable man, rouse him from his sleep to talk about such nonsense!"

Suddenly M. Bouvard jumped into bed.

Anatole got the Professor's trombone, in which he blew as though a deaf person were trying to play it. The sounds it emitted were infernal.

"My precious trombone! the gift of my pupils!" exclaimed the Professor.

"M. Bouvard," replied Anatole, "you have imagined that I have departed. I imagine you are absent, and I am using myself awaiting your return." Then, after blowing furiously on the trombone, he exclaimed: "Ah, what a beautiful note!"

"You will cause my landlord to give me notice to leave the house. He will not let me play on my trombone after midnight."

"Ah, the man has no music in his soul!"

Again the trombone thundered.

"For heaven's sake, stop!"

"Do you consent?"

"To what?"

"To give up the idea of this marriage?"

"But I cannot do that?"

"Very well, then—"

The trombone finished Anatole's sentence.

"M. Capdenac is a terrible fellow. If I should offer him such an affront he would kill me."

"Does that fear restrain you?"

"Yes."

"Then leave the matter to me. Only promise me that if I obtain M. Capdenac's acquiescence my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, I promise you she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Now I will leave you. But, by the way, what is this Capdenac's address?"

"It is 100 rue Deux-Epees."

"I will go there at once. Goodbye."

"Ah!" thought M. Bouvard, "you are going to throw yourself in the lion's den, and you will get what you deserve."

Anatole hastened to the address the Professor had given him. It was six o'clock when he reached the house. He rang the bell violently.

"Who is there?" cried a deep voice behind the door.

"Let me in. I have an important communication from M. Bouvard."

Anatole heard the rattling of a safety chain which was being removed, and the sound of a key which was turned in three locks successively.

"Well, this man is well guarded!" exclaimed Anatole.

At last the door was opened, and Anatole found himself in the presence of a man who had fierce curling mustaches and was arrayed like a buccaner.

"You see—always prepared," said M. Capdenac. "That is my motto."

The walls of the reception room were covered with panoplies. In the little room to which Capdenac led his visitor one saw nothing but arms—yataghans, poisoned arrows, sabres, swords, pistols and blunderbusses. It was a veritable arsenal. It was enough to strike terror to the soul of a timid person.

"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What does it matter? I shall die within two hours in any case."

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "what is the object of—"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, interrupting him, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her."

"Ah, blood! and who will prevent me?"

"I."

Capdenac gazed at Anatole who was not very large, but who looked very determined.

"Ah, young man," he said at last, "you have the good fortune to find me in a

good humor. Profit by it. Save yourself while there is yet time. Were I not in an amiable mood I would not answer for your days."

"And I do not answer for yours."

"A defiance! to me! Capdenac! Do you know that I have fought twenty duels, that I have killed five of my adversaries and wounded the other fifteen? Go, young man, go. I have pity for your youth. There is still time; go."

"I see," replied Anatole, "by your manner and your surroundings that you are an adversary worthy of me, and that increases my desire to measure swords with so redoubtable a man. Come! Shall we take these two swords or those two battle-axes or cavalry sabres or do you prefer these yataghans? Are you undecided? what do you say?"

"I am thinking of your mother and of the sorrow that awaits her."

"I have no mother. But perhaps you prefer carbines or revolvers?"

"Young man, do not handle those firearms."

"Are you afraid? you tremble?"

"Tremble! I! It is the cold."

"Then you must fight, or renounce the hand of Nicette."

"I admire your bravery. The brave understand each other. Shall I tell you something?"

"Speak."

"For some time I myself have thought of breaking this engagement; but I did not know how to go about it. I would, therefore, willingly consent to your request, but you understand that it will not do for me, Capdenac, to seem to yield to your threats, you know, you have made threats."

"I withdraw them."

"Well, then, the matter is settled."

"Will you write and sign a paper stating that you relinquish the hand of Nicette?"

"I have so much sympathy with you that I cannot refuse."

Having obtained this precious paper, Anatole hastened to the house of M. Bouvard. He reached the door about 8 o'clock and rang the bell.

"Who's there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home and go to bed," cried the Professor, roughly.

"I have Capdenac's relinquishment of Nicette's hand. Open the door, or I'll break it in."

M. Bouvard opened the door. Anatole gave him the paper, and then went to the door of Nicette's chamber and cried:

"Cousin, get up; dress yourself and come here."

A few moments afterward Nicette, fresh as a rose, entered the little reception room.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"The matter is," cried M. Bouvard, "that your cousin is mad."

"Mad he is!" said Anatole; "but Nicette will see that there is method in my madness. This night, my dear little cousin, I have accomplished two things: M. Capdenac renounces your hand, and your guardian consents that you shall marry the man you love."

"My guardian, are you indeed willing that I should marry Anatole?"

"It is you, my cousin, whom I love."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. What caused it? Was it the pleasure which Nicette's unlooked-for avowal gave him? Was it the pain foretold by the Doctor? Was it death?

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried poor Anatole. "She loved me. I see my happiness before me, and I am going to die without attaining it."

Then, grasping the hands of Nicette, he told her all; he told her about the letter he had received, the flower whose odor he had inhaled, the warning of his old friend, his will, the subsequent events and his success in obtaining her freedom.

"And now," he added, "I am going to die."

"That is impossible," exclaimed Nicette. "The Doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never deceived, Nicette; he is Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, laughing. "Listen to this paragraph in the morning newspaper: 'The savant, Dr. Bardais, has become suddenly insane. His insanity has taken a scientific turn. It is well known that the Doctor has devoted himself specially to the study of poisonous plants. He now believes all persons whom he meets have been poisoned, and he persuades them of the fact. He was taken at midnight to an insane asylum.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The lovers were clasped in each other's arms.—*Epiph.*

The Organ of Cremation

There is a paper published in Germany called *Die Flamme*, and which is devoted to the advocacy of cremation. Unwittingly, perhaps, a recent issue contains the strongest sort of argument against that method of disposing of the dead. It seems that a Professor Ungarelli, of Ferrara, was taken ill and apparently died. He was laid out, the funeral service held, and the coffin was being put in the grave, when one of the workmen heard a groan. Examination showed the supposed dead man to be alive, and that he had been conscious all the time, though unable to move or express himself. Had cremation been practiced a horrible death must have resulted.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Language's Mint.

The rapidity with which words are coined by the English-speaking race is wonderful, and to England some of the most remarkable instances are due. The verb "to burke" (to rifle graves of corpses) and its origin are well known, and it has been in use for many years. The word "boycott" is of too recent origin to need more than passing notice. But perhaps the most remarkable instance yet afforded is now seen in the English papers, which have adopted the verb "to whitechapel." The new word certainly has the merit of being much less suggestive and objectionable than the expression which it represents.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE MADSTONE.

WHAT IT IS AND ITS ALLEGED MIRACULOUS WORK.
Pronounced by Doctors a Tradition of Ignorance—A Madstone Described—Latest Story About One.

Miraculous stories of alleged cures of cases of hydrophobia by the use of a stone popularly called a "madstone" have long, says the *New York Sun*, been common in tradition. Although the madstone is not described in Webster's Dictionary, nor in the American Encyclopedia, and is generally regarded by educated physicians as a relic of superstition, these stories are yet circulated with the pretense of authenticity. It may be safely assumed that wherever there is evidence of an alleged cure, there is no evidence that there was any hydrophobia to be cured, for such is the testimony of experts who have spent a good deal of time and money investigating stories of alleged hydrophobia.

The literature of the madstone is very scarce. All that could be found in the big library of the Academy of Medicine by the industrious librarian, Mr. John S. Browne, was a description of the madstone, written by Dr. W. J. Hoffman, of the Smithsonian Institute, and published in the *San Francisco Western Lunatic* for January, 1884, as follows:

Having just had the opportunity to carefully examine a so-called "madstone," a brief description may not be uninteresting. The specimen was obtained by one of the United States Geological Survey in North Carolina during the past field season, and consists of a pebble measuring nine-tenths of an inch in length, three-fourths in width at the broadest part, and appears to have been the original surface resulting from cleavage. Its weight is 230 grains. The color is dirty white, but upon the rounded surface has assumed a deep brick red, which has penetrated into the body of the pebble, and resulted, no doubt, from infiltration of ferric compounds. The flat surface shows the veinings of coloring matter very distinctly, and as it shades off through the rounded surface, the characteristic of some of the feldspars, to which this example no doubt belongs.

The gentleman who sold it to the present owner stated that it had been obtained from the ranch of a white-spotted deer (*Macrurus virginianus*), shot about two years ago. It is natural to suppose that the partial albinism of the animal added considerable mystery to the specimen found within its body, and the finder, being no doubt, of a superstitious faith, attributed the character of some of the feldspars, to which this example no doubt belongs.

It is interesting to note that the specimen was obtained from the ranch of a white-spotted deer (*Macrurus virginianus*), shot about two years ago. It is natural to suppose that the partial albinism of the animal added considerable mystery to the specimen found within its body, and the finder, being no doubt, of a superstitious faith, attributed the character of some of the feldspars, to which this example no doubt belongs.

The manner of applying the stone is to heat it in hot water and then to apply it to the wound, when its great absorbing properties will at once cause it to adhere and extract the poison! It is said to partially bury itself in the soft parts, puckering the skin immediately around it.

When first hearing of the above specimen I thought it might be one of those ordinary calcareous concretions sometimes met with in the herbivorous mammalia, but a piece of feldspar is quite an unusual deviation, and the only reason that can be given is that the deer's tongue coming in contact with a saline substance, the animal would naturally swallow it, on account of its extreme fondness for salt. The piece of feldspar may, by its exposure and gradual decomposition, have accumulated a thin film of incrustation of potash, which is its chief alkaline constituent, thus naturally affording a sufficiently salty taste for it to be swallowed entire.

The latest story about the madstone comes from Terra Haute, and is this:

The *Indianapolis Journal's* correspondent at Terra Haute, Ind., reports that what is known as the Terra Haute madstone was today applied to the leg of the eleven-year-old daughter of John Kirk, at Rush County, Ind., who was bitten two weeks ago by a pup which afterward died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The stone, after a lapse of eleven hours still adhered. The dog bit two sisters of the child, and either scratched or bit a four-year-old brother. The madstone was applied to the boy but would not adhere, and this confirms the impression that his injury is from a scratch. The wounds of the three girls were not deep, but blood was drawn. The madstone is thoroughly saturated, and the cloth about it is soaked with poisonous-looking matter. The longest time the stone ever adhered before this application was fourteen hours, and that was many years ago. The stone has an authenticated record of more than eighty years and no death has ever resulted if it once adhered. Now when it drops off the child on whom it is now applied it will be tried on one of the sisters.

The succeeding day brought the following:

The madstone was yesterday applied to another of the four children of the Rush County farmer who were bitten two weeks ago. The stone adhered nearly twelve hours to the eleven-year-old girl treated Sunday, and eight hours to the five-year-old girl yesterday. Some of the virus drawn through the porous stone will be subjected to a scientific examination. Last night two men from Warren County, this State, came here to have the stone applied, each being apprehensive that some of the saliva of a hog got under the skin of their fingers. The hog was bitten by a dog, as were several others in the same pen, and so far three have died. The dog has been running wild through the country.

Seeking the opinions of reputable physicians, a *Sun* reporter saw Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, who emphatically declared that the madstone is not believed by well-informed persons to have any of the curative or remedial properties ascribed to it; that the belief in it is regarded as a superstition of the past, not worthy of serious thought. Dr. Hamilton said: "Possibly such a porous stone may absorb the blood of a wound, and with it virus, if there would be any to be absorbed; but it would be no more efficient than a sponge or any other absorbent. No sensible person believes in the curative powers of any such stone. It is easy to see how, if there was no hydrophobia to be cured, ignorant persons, after seeing such a stone applied, and seeing the patient get well, might honestly believe that they had seen a case of hydrophobia cured by a madstone. As a matter of fact, few physicians allege that they have seen a genuine case of hydrophobia in man. There is no authenticated instance of a case of genuine hydrophobia in man cured by a madstone. Most of the mad-dog stories, when you come to sift them to the bot-

tom, turn out to be mere cases of hysteria or nervous trouble. Often the most trivial evidence of alleged hydrophobia is accepted without question. People have been known to imagine that they had hydrophobia when they had not been bitten at all. It would, of course, be easy to cure such people with a madstone. You may say for me that I believe there is very little hydrophobia, and no more curative power in a madstone than there is in a sponge."

Strangely Restored Faculties.

A most peculiar case is interesting the people of the Holly neighborhood in Webster County, W. Va. Abraham McMasters has long been a well-known citizen of that section. His family consisted of five children, two girls and three boys, all in perfect health except the youngest, a boy of seventeen, whose mind had been affected from birth. He was what is in provincial societies known as simple. With the greatest difficulty he had been taught to read, and by years of laborious application had learned what most children of five years know. He was harmless, good-natured and industrious. Early last fall the boy was sent to mill. Not returning at the expected hour, nor for some time later, search was instituted and the imbecile was found unconscious by the roadway. Blood oozed from his nose and ears, and his head appeared to have been struck by some blunt instrument. A cheap watch and some change the lad had were gone, giving evidence that the boy had been assaulted and robbed. He was taken home and remained unconscious for two weeks. At the end of that time the boy became as a new-born child. His eyes rolled, and he had no control over his limbs and was cared for just as an infant. In time his teeth came out and he is now cutting a new set just as a baby. He first crawled, then began to walk. Speech came gradually, as with all infants, though much earlier, if his age can be measured from the time of his injury. He is now able to go about as a four-year-old does, his mind is clear, and he is everything except stature of a boy of four or five years. So far as can be learned he has no recollection of his past life, and seems he knew well then are now unfamiliar to him. He treats his former playmates as strangers, and plays with toys and wooden horses as do the babies of the neighborhood. Physicians say he will grow into an intelligent, healthy man.—*Chicago Times*.

Butterflies Protected by Ants.

In the last number of the journal of the Bombay Natural History Society, Mr. Lionel de Nicville describes the manner in which the larvae of a species of butterfly are cultivated and protected by the large, common black ants of Indian gardens and houses. As a rule, ants are the most deadly and inveterate enemies of butterflies and ruthlessly destroy and eat them whenever they get a chance, but in the present case the larvae exude a sweet liquid of some sort, of which the ants are inordinately fond, and which they obtain by stroking the larvae gently with their antennae. Hence the great care which is taken of them. The larvae feed on a small thorny bush of the jungle, and at the foot of this the ants construct a temporary nest.

About the middle of June, just before the rains set in, great activity is observable on the tree. The ants are busy all day running along the branches and leaves in search of the larvae, and guiding and driving them down the stem of the tree toward the nest. Each prisoner is guarded until he is got safely into his place, when he falls into a doze and undergoes his transformation into a pupa. If the loose earth at the foot of the tree is scraped away hundreds of larvae and pupae in all stages of development, arranged in a broad, even band all round the trunk, will be seen. When the butterfly is ready to emerge, in about a week, it is tenderly assisted to disengage itself from its shell, and, should it be strong and healthy, is left undisturbed to spread its wings and fly away. For some time after they have gained strength they remain hovering over their old home.—*Naturalist*.

Paris Wastes Nothing.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has some curious statements respecting the food consumption of Paris. In the large lycées and schools boys are generally very wasteful; they will throw away half the bread they get for lunch, tread upon it, kick it into the gutter, ink it, etc. None of these fragments are lost. The servants sell them to certain dealers who are called boulangers en vieux, and turn their acquisitions to good account. They first pick out all the tolerable pieces, which they heat in an oven, and then rasp clean. Thus prepared these bits reappear in the market in the shape of toast for soup. Most of the cutouts cut into lozenges and served on the tables of the rich, with spinach, have no other origin. As for the dirty crumbs and refuse left after the picking, they are pounded in a mortar and sold to butchers as chapelure, with which they cover their cutlets and knuckles of ham. The really filthy remainder, which is too bad even for chapelure, is blackened over a fire, pounded and then mixed with honey aromatized with a few drops of essence of peppermint. This is sold as an opiate for the toothache.

Why a Cat Falls with Impunity.

It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump from a height. It never seems to hurt itself, or to get giddy with the fall. It always lands on its feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or never get broken. Why does not the animal get a headache after its jump? Why does it not receive a concussion of the brain, as a man or a dog would if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? To answer this, we must examine a cat's skull, when we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inward, toward the center, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is indeed a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.—*Scientific American*.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Entomologists say that bees possess the power of memory.

A Swiss writer attributes baldness to a microscopic fungus.

A process has just been invented for lining iron pipe with glass in a molten condition.

The next thing is to make wall paper that it can be heated by electricity, and thus supplant stoves and coal.

The highest number of vibrations that can be reached by the highest string of a piano is about five thousand per second.

Experiments are now being made with sending live fish in specially constructed cars from Denmark to Switzerland and Italy.

The evidence is accumulating that the microbe of malaria, which was described by Laveran, is the cause of intermittent fever.

The *Medical Review* has made the discovery that a man's heart weighs 330 grammes (10½ ounces), while a woman's only weighs 260 grammes.

The magnificent stalactite cave lately discovered near Reclere, Switzerland, is