

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

MR. BOWSER'S INVESTMENT

An Electric Battery Which Furnished Him Something Very Different From the Bloom of Youth He Sought.

By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

"Did the expressman leave a package here this afternoon?" queried Mr. Bowser as soon as he got inside the door the other evening.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bowser, "but I hope you haven't developed a new fad."

"Don't you get worried, my good woman. I never had what you call a 'fad' in all my life, and I don't think I shall run off on a tangent at my age."

"It's a box," continued Mrs. Bowser, "and I had an idea that it was an and-a-phone, megaphone or some other sort of phone. If you have gone and paid out \$25 or \$30 for some such nonsense—"

"That will do, woman—that will do," he interrupted with a flourish. "One has only to look at me to realize that I am not a man to indulge in gim-cracks and waste my hard-earned dollars. After dinner we will inspect the package, and if you don't say I have made the bargain of my life, I'll be greatly disappointed."

Nothing more was said until the evening meal was finished, but the fact that Mr. Bowser was so bland and good-natured made Mrs. Bowser fear the worst. When they had retired to the family sitting-room he placed the box on a chair and stood over it and said:

"Before opening this I wish to make a few remarks. Of course, you know that the blood is the seat of life? It is non-circulation of the blood that causes half our ailments. If the blood is stagnant—"

"But you are not a doctor," interrupted Mrs. Bowser.

"Not a regular doctor, of course, but that doesn't prevent me from knowing as much as 40 regular doctors out of 50. What I don't know about the human blood you will have to go a long way to find out. For instance, I have known



THEN HE STOPPED.

for long weeks that my blood was stagnant. I have known that yours needed something to quicken it. I have been looking about for a remedy, but struck it only to-day.

"I shall refuse to take any patent medicine without the doctor's orders!" stoutly asserted Mrs. Bowser.

"No one wants you to take any. That is the idea—the value of my purchase—to avoid the thousands of nostrums sold for cure-alls. In fact, if you bought a patent medicine I should throw it out of the window. I remove the paper from the package and you behold a box. The box does not hold drugs or powders. I open the box, and you behold—"

"Mr. Bowser, you have been buying an electric battery!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser as he paused and smiled blandly.

"Just so. Yes, it is an electric battery. From this night on we shall have no more neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, headache or other ailments in this family. You can figure without a pencil. I paid \$22.50 for this battery, and our doctor bill last year was \$115. We save \$92.50 a year, besides keeping out of bed. In five years this battery will save us \$500 in cash. No more doctors and drug stores for us, Mrs. Bowser."

"I knew it was a fad—I knew it!" she groaned.

"Fad? Fad? You seem to be struck on that term. Why don't you call it a fad when I come home with a raging headache and have to lie around for two or three days, or when you flop into bed and the doctor has to come seven or eight times? Was it a fad to pay out \$17 drug store bill the other day? When you talk to me I want you to talk sense."

"Well, what are you going to do with the battery?"

"Use it to restore us to health, of course. Electricity thins the blood and causes a more rapid circulation. I'll bring the color to your cheeks and make you look five years younger. Every bone in me aches with rheumatism, but half an hour hence I'll be able to jump fences. I put on the wires—so, and attach the handles—so, and now we are ready. Take firm hold of the handles and I will turn on the current."

"But I won't do it!" protested Mrs. Bowser. "I haven't a pain or an ache, and I don't propose to fool around with electricity."

"In other words, you don't care how soon you fall sick and make me a doctor's bill of \$500. That's like you, Mrs. Bowser, as your husband, it's my duty

to be concerned about your health. I am concerned. You need electricity. Without it you will never see the green grass of next spring."

"But your electricity won't help me a bit. If I need it the doctor will order it."

"As your husband, I command you to take hold of those handles!"

"I refuse!"

"Very well, obstinate and perverse woman! If you want to die I'd be a fool to object. I'm not ready to peg out myself, however, and I will live on to take a second wife and get some little comfort out of my declining years. I will take the handles and you may turn the switch. I warn you, however, that this is not for you—not after your obstinate refusal. You may envy the bloom of youth on my cheeks, my spring step and animated face, but it will—"

Mrs. Bowser turned on the switch and Mr. Bowser stopped short in his remarks. There were reasons for it. Just how many volts it was set at he hasn't discovered yet, but when the current struck him he thought he had been hit by a horse. That was the first sensation. The next was a feeling that he was being jabbed by 10,000 brass-avis in the hands of a cobbler, and the third sensation made him wonder who had tied him up in a bow-knot. His mouth was open, but he couldn't utter a sound beyond a sort of bray. He tried to get to the handles, but they seemed riveted to his hands. His eyes rolled and his hair stood up, and Mrs. Bowser seemed to be a hundred miles away as she observed:

"I don't see any bloom of youth yet, but perhaps it will come along."

It didn't come, however. It was so slow that Mr. Bowser gave vent to an

awful groan and fell on his knees, and it was a minute later before Mrs. Bowser suspected anything wrong and turned off the current. As he was released he lay at full length, and things whirled around him and he gasped for breath. It was five minutes before he got on his feet and began:

"Woman, you put up a j-job on me! You aimed to take my life!"

"Oh, yes," she replied as she passed him on her way upstairs; "I put up a job to give you a fatal shock, and your lawyer will see my lawyer about a divorce and all that. I'm going to bed, however, and after you have got another dose or two, you'd better come up. Don't be afraid of it. It's good for rheumatism and all aches, and when you get through you'll probably come upstairs four at a time to look over the old doctor bills!"

And Mr. Bowser never said a word. He just stood with mouth wide open and wondered whether it was time to gather huckleberries or go skating.

A LOST SERENADE.

"I haven't been so hurt in my feelings since I can remember," said the man with the long hair and the roll of music.

"The police are very arbitrary at times," replied the man with the quart of tomatoes in a bag.

"Oh, the police didn't interfere. I had taken my seat on the front steps and was tuning up my guitar and clearing my voice to serenade the object of my affections, when her father opened a window above—"

"And ordered you off?"

"No, sir."

"Then water at you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what?"

"Bravely informed me that my darling had been married at four o'clock in the afternoon to a plumber, and was then half-way to Chicago on her wedding tour!"

Another Mean Man.

Yeast—You say your neighbor is a mean man?

Crisinoback—Mean is no name for him. Why he takes his soup with a fork so it will last longer.—Yonkers Statesman.

His View.

Joe—What is your idea of a strong-minded man?

Arthur—Well, he's a fellow who can look at one's best girl without saying his is better looking.—N. Y. World.

M QUAD'S FUN

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FILLING THE BREACH.

They were to have a war-meeting at the courthouse, and a committee of three called upon Col. Claxton to see if he would be one of the speakers. As they were well aware of his prolixity and tenacity, the spokesman felt called upon to observe:

"Colonel, what we want is a short but fervent speech—something right to the point."

"Not over three hours' long I suppose?" queried the colonel.

"That is too long. We want about six speakers, and no one must occupy over 20 minutes. If you can make it fifteen it will be all the better."

"Well's see!" mused the colonel, as he took up a pencil and began figuring. "The Pilgrim Fathers will take up fifteen minutes at the least, to say nothing about Plymouth Rock. There should be as much time devoted to telling why and how the colonies came to rebel. It will take all of half an hour to describe Lexington and Bunker hill, and there's an hour gone."

"But suppose you leave all that out?" was suggested.

"Couldn't be done, sir—couldn't be done. Can't have no speech without continuity. Got to begin at the beginning, you know. We'll say one hour to work the audience up to the outbreak of the war of 1776. Then comes the history of the long struggle. I'd skip a good deal, but it would certainly save another hour."

"But, colonel, we want to raise a company for this present war, and what has passed has nothing to do with it."

"Couldn't leave out the past, sir—couldn't possibly do it. Got to get in the war of 1812, and that's another hour. Can't start a speech same as a clock. Got to lead up to a climax, too. And there's the Mexican war, I should want a full hour on that. And then the late war—another hour. I wouldn't agree to get through in less than four hours and a half, and it might be five hours."

"But couldn't you stand up and talk about Spain and Cuba, and finish up in a quarter of an hour?" asked the spokesman.

"Certainly not. We have got to go back and find how the Spaniards came to Cuba—how the Cubans have suffered—take everything in detail. I couldn't say a minute less than five hours."

"I'm afraid we couldn't hold the people that long."

"Then let 'em go. After I once get to speaking, what is the difference whether there is any audience or not? However, fix it to suit yourselves."

"How would it do, colonel," said the spokesman, after a consultation, "how would it do for you to wait a few days and then go to Cuba?"

"To talk to the Spaniards?"

"Yes."

"And to tire them into surrendering?"

"Exactly."

"Just as you say about it. I belong to my country. If I can help her more that way, then it's not for me to hold back. Just arrange things, and I will be on hand, and if a five or six hour speech don't fetch 'em, I'll make it fifteen or twenty."

HE HAD CHANGED.

The old Virginia colonel had long on which there was a big deposit of coal, though half a dozen parties had tried to purchase of him each one had failed to hit his right. A Baltimore syndicate finally sent a lawyer down, and the lawyer skirmished around to find out the old man's peculiarities before bringing up the land question. He was told that he would surely get the land if he praised the colonel's war record, and one day he went over fully primed and began:

"Colonel, war is a dreadful thing, isn't it?"

"Powerful bad, sah—powerful bad," was the reply.

"But it affords individuals an opportunity to win glory and fame. Take your case, for instance. You went into the late war as a private, I believe?"

"Yes, sah—as a private."

"And you came out a colonel?"

"Yes, sah—as a kurnel."

"You couldn't have done that without being a brave man—the bravest of the brave. You made a record to be proud of for centuries."

"Well, I did the best I could," modestly replied the colonel.

"They tell me," resumed the lawyer, "that you saved Lee's army at Antietam."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so."

"And you saved Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville?"

"Perhaps I did, sah."

"And again you saved Lee at Gettysburg?"

"I have heard others say so, sah. Excuse me, but did yo' wish to see me on business this mornin'?"

"I called to see you about that land, colonel. I have heard also that if you could have had your way about things Richmond would never have surrendered."

"Jest so, sah—jest so. Had yo' come here a month ago and praised my war record as yo' hev I should have sold yo' that land, but I hev changed, sah—I hev changed. I hev gone out of the war and gone into religion. What is your religion, sah?"

"I am undecided which creed to accept," replied the lawyer, thinking to accept the colonel's as soon as he could find out what it was.

"Then, sah, it is no use for us to talk further. Any man of your age and intelligence who hasn't had his mind made up for the last ten years to live and die in the Baptist religion is a dangerous subject to be at large, and I wish yo' good mornin', sah—good mornin'!"



WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

Will Honor Winnie Davis by Erecting a Monument to Her Memory at Richmond, Va.

Without solicitation of any kind, and solely through voluntary contributions from those she loved, the memory of Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," will be honored by the erection of a handsome monument over her grave in Hollywood. It will be the first tribute of the kind ever paid to a southern woman by the women of the south.

This movement was started by the Richmond Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. At first it seemed a difficult undertaking. A great monument to Jefferson Davis was already awaiting the raising of funds for its construction, while a proposed monument to the women of the south had been temporarily abandoned. But the women sent out a circular to Confederate organizations, suggesting that they contribute as they saw fit to this work of love, and contributions soon came pouring in.

The Winnie Davis monument committee soon had \$1,000 in hand, and designs for a monument to cost that amount were asked for. Many were

A CHILD'S HAT.

A Very Pretty Way to Arrange the Trimming Upon a Two-Year Old's Sun-hat for Summer Wear.

Although the bonnet is quite the fashion for children's summer wear, it has many disadvantages which are not found in a hat. A bonnet, besides being difficult to launder, soils easier than

finest and may have a border of chiffon or frilled ribbon around the edge of the brim.

White and green, or white and blue striped ribbon trim such a hat effectively. Red is pretty but looks warm.

Arrange the ribbon in a big bow with several loops and fasten it at the base of the crown in front. Place a rosette of the ribbon at the base of the hat and two smaller rosettes under each side of the brim near the hair. Tie the hat with strings of thin mull or chiffon.



A HAT, MASSES THE CURLS AND MAKES THE HEAD WARM.

A hat with a nice broad brim is equally as becoming without any of the objections.

An ideal sunshade hat for a child of two years is made of white leghorn. The straw need not necessarily be the

submitted, but the New York camp of Confederate Veterans desired particularly a design by Zolney, a New York sculptor. This was an angel in Italian marble, the price of which was \$3,000. The sculptor's friendship for the Davis family caused him to reduce the amount to \$1,550, which included the \$1,000 raised by the women and \$550 given by the New York veterans.

Zolney's design was accepted as soon as Mrs. Davis expressed her wish for it. The sculptor is now at work on a

most brilliant or sober colors. They have a rather peculiar quality of modifying the one and bringing out the other.

A pretty white yoke is one overall with narrow bands of cream insertion on either side of which are tiny bands of black velvet ribbon. The yoke is square and finished around the edge with a double frill of chiffon sewed under a heading of velvet.

The collar is high and covered with shirred chiffon.

A Delicious Egg Soup.

The following recipe for egg soup comes well recommended. Put a quart of fresh milk and a teaspoonful of onion juice over the fire in a double boiler. Blend together one tablespoonful of butter and a scant tablespoonful of flour; moisten this with a little of the hot milk before stirring it into the whole quantity of boiling milk. Season with salt and pepper. When the mixture has boiled up once, strain into a heated tureen over several well-beaten eggs, stirring constantly as you pour to prevent curdling.

Women on Artists' Juries.

Mrs. Demont, Boston, received 234 votes at the election of the painters' jury for the Champ's-Elysee salon, being the first woman honored with a nomination. She was not elected, the persons chosen being MM. Bonnat, Cormon, J. P. Laurens, Detaille, Henner, Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, Bouguereau, Harpignies and Gerome. In 1897 the sculptors not only nominated but elected a woman, Mme. Leon Bertaux.

Tooth Brushes Are Scarce.

One of the western soldiers at Manila writes that he went to a store to buy a tooth brush, and that the storekeeper took down everything in the shop before he could be made to understand what his customer wanted. After the brush had been found the soldier learned that its native name was "lapidinos tampane," and that it was the only one in stock.

Her Revenge.

He—I only married you out of pique. She—I knew it. That was why I accepted you.—Philadelphia North American.

Winnie Davis Monument.

bronze statue of Jefferson Davis, to be placed at his grave in Hollywood, and is also designing the Winnie Davis memorial tablet of bronze to be placed in St. Paul's Episcopal church, in which Mr. Davis received the news of the virtual fall of Richmond.

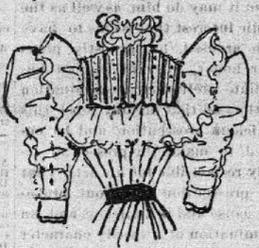
It is the purpose to unveil the monument and memorial at the annual meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy next fall. The design for the Winnie Davis monument is a seated angel. It will be carried in Italian marble and mounted on a hammered granite pedestal with a coping in front. The statue measures a little more than seven feet. The granite pedestal is 2 1/2 feet high, 3 1/2 feet wide and 2 1/2 feet deep. The coping is six feet long, two feet wide and fifteen inches high.—Richmond (Va.) Letter.

NEW CHIFFON YOKE

A Back View of the Fancy Little Waist Decoration Now in Such Popular Favor.

"Yokes will never go out of fashion," said a leading New York modiste with remarkable certainty to your correspondent a few days ago, "they are too serviceable, and serviceable things are always stylish. Often they are changed, being made fancier or plainer, as fashion dictates, but a useful article is always the mode."

Fashion "dictates" that yokes shall be very elaborate this year and one sees



THE BACK VIEW OF A YOKE.

them on the fancy articles counter gotten up in exquisite design.

Very dainty colorings are seen in these yokes and they are made out of chiffon trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet. Where one does not care to have more than one yoke, however, it is advisable to have it of white and black. These two colors are becoming to any face and do not look unmatched with

POPULAR SCIENCE

Light and Darkness.

At the Vienna university Dr. Goldschneider has held the reason in a paper read before his class. He thinks the darkness prevailing in the average bedroom is at fault. Light, he says, plays a greater part in the pathology of phyes than most people imagine. Those are, generally speaking, the healthiest members of the human family who live in sunlight, well-lighted rooms, and who move about in the sun as much as practicable.

If in daytime we are stricken with pain our sufferings are certainly less, relatively speaking, than they would be if the malady had seized us at night, for light and sunshine soothe our feelings and do not allow us to abandon ourselves to the feeling of pain.

When night comes the painful sensations increase; they are bearable as long as we are in the open air or in light, but become intense the moment we stretch out in bed, enveloped by stillness and darkness. A lessening of the pain is observable only after sunrise.

"What does it mean?" asks the doctor. "That darkness and stillness are not conducive to the comfort of sick people. Therefore, I say, if you have pains in the evening, do not rob yourself of the soothing effects of a lamp. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the presence of a light in the sick room alleviates pain."

For the same reasons, do not let your children sleep in the dark if they prefer a light. The denial of a night light has made many a child ill with heart disease. If children refuse to sleep in the dark it may be assumed that there is some physical or mental reason for it which we ought to respect.

From the above rules nervous people are exempt. Some of them absolutely refuse to find rest until all is quiet and dark about them. I have found that in cases of migrain, a neuralgia pain in one side of the head, nothing would do but to place the patient in an absolutely dark and still room, if possible at the top of the house. I advise that people suffering from sick headache should interrupt their day's work and take themselves for a quarter of an hour to a darkened room proof against noises. Nature has put two great remedies in our hands—light and darkness. Sufferers should find out for themselves which best agrees with them.—N. Y. Herald.

FOR NERVOUS PATIENTS

Instrument Which Enables a Sick Man to See and Hear His Heart Beat.

The value of the Roentgen rays is every day increasing. A new instrument has just been perfected. It permits the doctor to see the pulsations of the heart and hear its beatings at the

same time. Many doctors think that a nervous patient can be more certainly assured of his normal condition if allowed to see it himself. For such people the screen which reflects the heart is replaced by a mirror, whereon the image is cast. By inserting the ear tubes in his ear and holding the reflector he can hear and see his own heart beat.

Short-lived Plant Slant.

The tallnut palm (corypha) embracing of Ceylon, whose leaves are put to such numerous uses by the Singhalese, bears fruit but once during its life. This elegant tree measures about ten feet round the trunk and attains a height of about 180 feet. The flowers, the appearance of which presages death to the tree, are enclosed in a tall spathe, which bursts with a loud report, disclosing a huge plume of beautiful blossom. The inflorescence is succeeded by equally conspicuous bunches of fruit. When these have ripened the tree withers rapidly, and in the course of a fortnight may be seen prostrate and decaying on the spot it adorned.

Harry Had an Idea.

Harry had not lived in the country very long, but he was very much interested in everything that belonged to his new surroundings. "What kind of a cow is your papa's?" a visitor asked him one day. "Oh," said Harry, "it is part Jersey and part fresh."—Youth's Companion.

WONDERFUL OPERATION.

Gunlock, Over Two Inches Long, Removed from the Eye of a Young Ohioan.

For a man to go about for five years carrying imbedded in his skull a piece of iron over two inches long and half an inch thick, and to be totally unconscious of the fact seems an absurdity. Yet that is just what John W. Ray, of Chillicothe, O., has done, and without suffering any physical inconvenience whatever. The case is without doubt the most remarkable in a surgical sense that ever happened there and has attracted widespread attention.

Five years ago Ray went hunting, and his shotgun exploded in his hands. His face was badly powder-burned and several of the flying pieces of metal struck him in the face and cut it. The deepest was right at the inside corner of the left eye, close up to the nose, and extending a short distance under the eye. But the cut soon healed, and nothing more was thought of it. Ray's eyesight and general health were unimpaired. Occasionally he would suffer a severe headache.

A short time ago he discovered that the old wound had reopened and was sloughing away. A piece of metal ap-

peared imbedded in the flesh. He consulted Dr. J. M. Leslie, and that gentleman decided to remove the metal. So Ray was placed under the influence of anesthetics and the operation began.

Dr. Leslie secured a firm hold on the piece of metal with a pair of forceps, but was unable to move it. A more powerful pair of forceps was secured and the metal finally moved. But there seemed to be some sort of projection behind the eyeball, and whenever Dr. Leslie pulled the metal out the eyeball was pressed out from behind. Finally he turned the metal around, but in so doing touched Ray's olfactory nerve and a violent fit of sneezing followed.

When the pterygium stopped the piece of metal was removed with great difficulty, and to the surgeon's astonishment, was found to be the breech lock of Ray's old shotgun. It was a little over two inches in length, about half an inch thick, and a screw an inch long projected from one end. It was this that had got behind the eyeball. The lock had been blown into the skull just below the brain, and a fraction of an inch higher would have meant certain and instant death. A very peculiar thing was that Ray's eyesight was not impaired.

He rallied nicely from the effects of the operation, and will soon be quite well again. It was the most astonishing man in the room when shown what had been taken out of his head.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TELEPHONES ABROAD.

Great Britain Is About to Add the Instruments to Its Post and Telegraph Service.

It would seem that there is not another country in the world which is so considerate of capital and the privileges that capital has come to acquire as the United States. Almost from the moment of the introduction of the telephone it became in Europe more or less of a public service, or state against a private monopoly, but it continues to be not merely a private monopoly in the most progressive state of the American union, but a private monopoly, unregulated by the public authority. And we are now actually listening to the superannuated suggestion of resorting to competition for the restraint of what is essentially a monopolistic enterprise, and admitting competing telephone companies into the various cities and towns, to the further multiplication of poles and wires and the general unsightliness and inconvenience of the public ways.

The British government, on the other hand, is about to take a long step forward in establishing a state telephone service in connection with the postal and postal telegraph services. A national system of telephone lines was instituted by that government in 1895, but on a somewhat restricted scale. This is now to be comprehensively extended. So recent London dispatches state, details of a government scheme for the expenditure of \$10,000,000 in developing telephonic communication in the United Kingdom have been presented to the house of commons, and the plan was approved by that body. It is further stated that this step is welcomed as a death-blow to the private telephone company, which was left in the field by the government's restricted establishment of 1895—which is hardly to be wondered at, since uncertainty as to what the government would do prevented the private monopoly from adequately developing its system. Great Britain will now, accordingly, take its place with France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden among the states which in large part are entirely owned and operated by the telephone service within their borders.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Potato Stalks for Paper.

On account of the scarcity of raw material for the paper mills of Holland they now use the stalks of the potato plant, which can be bought of the farmers for 50 cents per ton.



Actual Size.

Position in eye.

GUNLOCK IN HIS EYE.

REMOVED FROM THE EYE OF A YOUNG OHIOAN.

FOR A MAN TO GO ABOUT FOR FIVE YEARS CARRYING IMBEDDED IN HIS SKULL A PIECE OF IRON OVER TWO INCHES LONG AND HALF AN INCH THICK, AND TO BE TOTALLY UNCONSCIOUS OF THE FACT SEEMS AN ABSURDITY. YET THAT IS JUST WHAT JOHN W. RAY, OF CHILICOTHE, O., HAS DONE, AND WITHOUT SUFFERING ANY PHYSICAL INCONVENIENCE WHATSOEVER. THE CASE IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE MOST REMARKABLE IN A SURGICAL SENSE THAT EVER HAPPENED THERE AND HAS ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION.

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POTATO STALKS FOR PAPER.

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