

ANECDOTES OF SPURGEON

He Could Not French With His Wife Looking at Him.

Among the crowd of apocryphal anecdotes concerning Mr. Spurgeon let me record two for which I can personally vouch...

New comers gradually edged some of the others onto the floor, some of whom remained covered, as they were justified in doing so long, and no longer, as their standing ground was in the gardens...

Another personal experience of Mr. Spurgeon was at the Crystal Palace, where he preached to 25,000 people. Seated near to the pulpit, I observed Mrs. Spurgeon take her place just before her husband appeared...

While Mrs. Spurgeon was concealing her emotion as best she might—in other words, dealing furtively and shyly with her pocket handkerchief—I saw the pastor beckon far off with his forefinger to one of the deacons...

Some brief but evidently important instruction was at last whispered by Mr. Spurgeon in the lame man's ear, and 25,000 people were at once agog with curiosity to know what this could possibly be at such a time when the whole vast place was quivering with anticipation and suppressed emotional excitement...

In a hoarse, fleshy whisper I heard this: "Mr. Spurgeon says" (could I help listening?)—the interlude was serious and even dramatic, and my ears craned that way whether I would or not—"

A Story of Great Heroism.

I recall to mind a story of an officer in the emperor's army which was besieging a fortress. Their number was small, and a relieving army was coming up. It was of immense moment that they should know how long the fortress could hold out...

As he was going out with his precious information he was detected and the enemy said to him: "We are going to crucify you, but we will let you go on one condition—that you will go to the wall and tell the people that we have supplies for a week."

The Daisy.

In Scotland the daisy was, and in some parts still is, regarded as a healing plant; and if a sick man can only put his foot on a fully expanded daisy he has hopes of recovery...

No Difference.

Dix—How old was your wife when you were married?
Hicks—Twenty-six.
Dix—And that was ten years ago; she must be thirty-six now?
Hicks—No; twenty-six.—Truth.

HUNTING THE ELBEDRICHOLA.

How Harmon Loster Learned to Catch Birds With a Club.

Harmon Loster, a young man not long in this country, relates the New York Sun, was boasting one winter afternoon at Reading of his trapping of birds in the Hartz mountains, Germany, and how he had caught many sleeping birds in the night with his hands.

"That's nothing," said one. "You ought to see us catch elbedrichola in America."

Loster was eager to know.

"All right," said the man. "The birds prefer cold nights up on the mountains, and as we're going to hunt for them to-night, you can go along."

The starting point was named and all arrangements were made. It had been one of the coldest days of the winter, and at nightfall the mercury touched zero. The party met Loster at the appointed time and place, and all hands, five in number, armed with clubs, proceeded to Mount Penn, overlooking the city.

"Where are your guns?" asked Loster.

"We don't shoot the elbedrichola, but we chase them up with clubs and catch them in a bag," was the reply.

When the party reached McKnight's gap an arctic blast whistled through the bare boughs, and in the moonlight the swaying branches cast fantastic shadows over the snow on the mountain side. At a very lonely spot Loster received a club, and the entire party scattered and began beating the bushes and shouting "Shoo!"

The idea was, Loster was told, to drive the elbedrichola from their hiding places up into the ravine. Frequently the practical jokers would shout: "There goes one! Loster, did you see it?" Loster imagined he did several times and replied, "Yes," as he kept beating the bushes with his club.

After a half hour's chase the party had reached the head of the ravine.

"Now, Loster, you hold the bag open," said one of the party. "Hold the mouth of the bag well open close to the ground. We'll go down this side of the ravine and drive the birds on the other side. But be careful and hold the bag lower or the birds will run under you."

Loster shiveringly took the bag and held it open and close to the ground, while his companions, shivering with cold and nearly choking with laughter, left him and continued beating the bushes and shouting "Shoo!"

For ten minutes Loster heard the voices of his companions growing fainter, and frequently he felt the bag to see whether any birds had entered. Finally the voices were silent, and Loster thought the hunters were behind a hill. He shivered and shook, but still kept holding down the open bag. For over an hour he loyally remained at his post, but finally, not wishing to freeze to death, he resolved to quit, and tottered down the mountain with the empty bag on his shoulder. He had not gone far before it dawned upon his mind that he had been made the victim of a very cold practical joke. When he reached a hotel on the outskirts of the town he warmed himself and took a thoughtful drink alone.

GOOD ROADS.

Wise Investments for the Present and Future Generations.

Bad roads force people to live in cities; good roads tend to take them out into the country. This observation reveals its force perhaps more strikingly when read in view of the facts of railroad development, to which the especial attention of the American people has been given during the past forty years.

Railroads need better carriage roads for feeders; farmers need them for access to the railroads and to the cities; manufacturers need them for access to less populous areas and for lower rents and for less cost of portage and transportation; merchants need them as an element in the cheapening of their wares; the people need them for the reduction of the expense of satisfying their wants and for the more efficient distribution of their activities.

All men want and plan, writes A. A. Pope in the Forum, after supplying their own and the immediate needs of their families, to leave a good inheritance to their children. All good citizens take into their plans of public expenditure the leaving of wise investments to the next generation. What wiser, surer and better inheritance can we leave to our sons and our successors than good roads—roads that can be preserved and used at little expense and that endure both as monuments and as investments during the years and the centuries to come.

Saved Her Life.

As Miss Carrie Kirchner, of Rondout, N. Y., was walking out one evening she heard the report of a pistol and felt something strike her. She saw three boys by a gate and exclaimed "Are you trying to kill me?" The boys scampered away and she walked home. On her arrival there a 24-caliber revolver bullet was found in a ball of cotton yarn she had carried. She was walking with two younger sisters, and in order that they might take her arms she held her hands to her breast. When the bullet struck her, her right hand, in which was the yarn, was resting on her left breast and thus her life was saved.

ALLIGATORS.

They Are very Numerous in Paraguay. There Being No Hunters.

Of course, there being no hunters to kill them, wild animals are very plentiful. It is not uncommon to see jaguars and deer, even from the deck of the steamer. But, most of all, alligators abound, writes Herbert H. Smith in St. Nicholas. When the waters are highest, they roam over the flooded land, seeking the small animals, water-birds and fish, on which they live; at that time they are not so common along the river channels, and only now and then may one be seen in the shallows, with but the top of his ugly head above the surface of the water.

In the dry season, as the waters recede, they gather in the rivers in such amazing numbers that I can compare them only to tadpoles in a pond. I have counted over sixty on a small sand bank, literally piled one over the other; while, all around, the water was full of them. They lie thus for hours, basking in the sun, and quite still; but if a steamer approaches, the mass begins to move, there is a great rattling of scales as they hustle each other to reach the water, and in a moment only five or six are left, who raise their heads and stare at the vessel until it has passed them. These more courageous fellows are generally the larger ones, and offer tempting shots. I am no sportsman, but my brother-in-law, who was traveling with me, killed many from the steamer's deck, using only coarse shot.

It is not so easy to kill those that are seen on the surface of the water, shot, and even a bullet, will glance off from the hard skull unless the eye be hit. The top of the eye-socket is never more than two or three inches above the surface, and as they are usually at rather long range, even a skillful marksman may be pardoned for a miss.

Though so numerous, the alligators are not generally regarded as dangerous. I have often seen the young negroes and Indian boys swimming within a few yards of them, and the reptiles paid little attention to their play. Cattle, too, wade about the flooded grass lands, in search of pasturage, and are rarely molested by alligators. In fact, unless driven to bay or ravenous with hunger, they dare not attack man or the larger animals; but they are always on the watch for smaller prey.

HOW ANIMALS "CHARM."

It is Possibly a Form of Hypnotism—Well Authenticated Instances.

The power attributed to the snake and feline families of "charming" their victims seems to me past dispute. Is it not merely a case of hypnotism? questions a writer in Science. Livingston tells us that when at one time seized by a tiger he felt neither terror nor pain; all his senses seemed to be benumbed. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazon," states that one day in the woods a small pet dog flew at a large rattlesnake. The snake fixed its eyes on the dog, erected its tail and shook its rattle. It seemed in no haste to seize the dog, but as if waiting to put the dog into a more suitable condition for being seized. As to the dog, it neither continued the attack or retreated, could not or would not move when called, and was with difficulty dragged away by its master.

I have seen one case of a snake charming a bird, but I had a better opportunity to study a cat charming a bird, and probably the process is much alike in both.

The cat placed itself on the outside sill of my window near to a pine tree. A bird presently lit on the pine tree, no doubt not observing the cat. The cat fixed its attention on the bird. The cat's eyes were widely opened and shone with a peculiar brightness; its head was raised and intent, the fur on its neck and about its face slowly stood up, as if electrified. Except for this rising of the fur and a certain intensity of life about the beast, it was as still as if cut from stone. The bird quivered, trembled, looked fixedly at the cat and finally with a feeble shake of the wings, fell toward the cat, which bounded to seize it.

A lady tells me that she does not believe that cats can charm birds, because she has seen a cat try to charm a parrot, and the bird, greatly alarmed, scolded loudly. This proves nothing, the parrot, in general, or, more probably, that particular parrot, did not prove a good subject for the mesmeric power. I have seen people who cannot be hypnotized; they resent the effort, and nervous action becomes intensified.

Shaving for Baldness.

Shaving the head for baldness is a delusion and a snare. When quite a young man the exchange editor of the Philadelphia Times found himself growing bald, and by the advice of a barber, which advice was also indorsed by a wig-maker, he had the top of his head shaved regularly twice a week for six months.

During this time he wore a \$30 toupee bought of the wig-maker. Six months was the time he was to shave his head to effect a cure, but at the expiration of this period he found that the toupee, or something else, had killed all the roots of his hair and he was hopelessly bald.

In telling his tale of woe the editor always removes his hat as he approaches the climax and thus the absolute truth of it is flashed, like a great white light, upon the hearer.—National Barber.

Size of Watches.

Watches were appreciably reduced in size after the invention of the fusee to obviate the inconvenience of variations of power of the mainspring. The watches made early in the sixteenth century generally strongly contrasted in size and portability with those worn in fobs by men in the eighteenth century, and which were round, thick and heavy.

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