FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

By wintry sun's declining glow
A wanderer found
Modled in freshly-fallen snow
A curious mound.

Was it the humor of the storm,
Or Nature's jest,
To mimic thus a fowl's plump form
And rounded nest?

Not so—for when the snowy mask
He brushed aside,
A duck sat patient o'er her task
There—as she died.

Huddled beneath the downy breast
Sweet treasures lay,
Which she with anxious care had pressed
That cruel day;

And braved long hours the blinding flakes'
The wild wind's moan,
And crushing cold all for their sakes,
Her nestlings own.

No mate to cheer with voice or food—
The last friend gone—
Sole guardian of a numerous brood,
She still sat on.

Nor ever in that bosom stirred
Of doubt a ghost,
But, mother-like, the simple bird
Died at her post.

Rest well, fond martyr, love-endowed,
With love content;
The whitest snow that builds thy shroud
And monument.

—The Spectator. E. S.

OLD BILLINGS' SURPRISE.

Atlanta Constitution.

ONE beautiful November day, when the woods on either side the big road glowed in flaming colors like great bon-fires kindled in honor of departing summer; when the last rays of the setting sun nodded all things with mellow radiance, a solitary figure taking a zig-zag path among the trees, emerged upon the big road.

Reader, in this figure, allow me to introduce to you Mr, Jimpson Jones—the evoy and terror of the Flatwoods.

He was envied because of his euphonious' if not exactly aristocrotic name. He was dreaded on account of his love of mischief and general "slickness." Indeed, such was his reputation that his long, lank figure was never seen without eliciting the question, "What devilment is he up to now?"

As I have said, Mr. Jimpson Jones was long and lank. There was a peculiarity about his length—it was all from his waist downwards, in fact, it all lay in his legs. Wonderful things were those legs. With such extremities he might, indeed, "bestride the narrow world like a colossus." It is only justice to say that the only practice they had yet had was in bestriding well-stocked chicken roots, where they created rather a sensation.

They could take him across the widest stream that ever flowed between him and another man's sugar cane, and take him back again in perfect safety, leaving the outraged owner in open-mouthed surprise on the other side. They could get him over a high rail fence on a dark night in triumph, leaving the too affectionate dog on the other side and bringing the watermelon along with him.

In short, there was nothing those legs could not do, or had not done, in the way of devilment, and they were, consequently, regarded with great awe by the Flatwoodsians.

These legs were clothed in liberal expanse of blue jeans, and terminated at the lower end in feet encased in the thickest and coarsest of brogans. At the other end, the aforesaid blue jeans made connection with a checked homespun shirt, which innocent of starch, wrinkled artistically about his manly form. The open neck displayed a throat and chest well bronzed by exposure. Having gradually climbed upward, we have at length reached his face. The hero's complexion, the shape of his nose, the cast of his eye, are all highly important matters. He had a good mouth, in the corner of which there was a lurkiug sense of humor, a large nose which had shared with his legs the office of grindingstone to the wits of the Flatwoods, light eyes that sparkled partly with fun, partly with shrewdness, and a fine forehead full of daring. On the whole he was rather good looking, and as proof of his charms let it be said that he alone was successful in subjugating the tender affections of the village belle—the fair Elmira Billings. In short, to quote the words of an admirer, "he wuz jes nachilly wicked, but he wuz powful takin' with the wimming folks."

Jimpson's crowning glory and as many thought the secret of his captivating powers was the wonderful roach into which his hair was trained. There were those who hinted that, like Sampson, his whole strength lay in his hair—in that irresistable roach, and deprived of that, he would sink into insignificance. Be that as it might, that roach was the envy of the Flatwoods. In vain the other youth had striven to emulate it, in vain labored with goose grease and tallow, till every hair was like a miniature tallow-dip, and there was no venturing into the sun for fear of disagreeable consequences.

Beside Jimpson their roaches fell so flat that the crestfallen dandies would fain have beaten a retreat. Every hair on his manly head stood up as straight as an exclamation point, as if in eternal surprise of something. Now, as the hair happened to be fiery red, this peculiarity gave him very much the appearance of those representations of the sun in which that luminary appears as a human face surrounded by flaming rays. It is needless to say that with all these advantages over the common herd, Jimpson Jones was a man of importance in the Flatwoods.

While we have been scrutinizing his appearance, he was nearing his destination, and, leaving the big road, entered the domain of the big bug of the community—Ole Man Billings. But he did not go much further than the gate, for inside was the well with a little sheltered platform built about it, and on this platform was seated the object of his visit, Miss Elmira Billings. The fair Elmira was not alone, but by her side sat Jimpsen's chief rival, Jim Busby. Jimpson had a calm feeling of superiority which made him feel so secure of success that Jim's presence did not in the least disturb him.

As Jimpson entered, his rival called out maliciously, "Here comes Jimp Jones. You'd better not let him git to clost ef you don't want to ketch fire." This last was a wicked allusion to the color of Jimp's hair.

In no wise disconcerted, Jimp retorted:

"Well, Jim, a man that never cotch nothin'—not so much as a crawfish—in his life, needn't be so pow'ful pertickler 'bout ketchin' fire. He ought to be glad to ketch something afore he dies. Ain't that so, Elmiry," turning to his Dulcinea.

This was too good a retort on Jim not to be enjoyed, and the cutting reference to his well known worthlessness silenced him.

But he soon recovered with a determination to be revenged, and asked:

"When do you 'spect the rest uv the comp'ny, Elmiry? Pears like ter me it ar about time fer the frolic ter begin so bein' ez we'll hev sich a day's work tomarrer, it ar only fair to make it up at this end, Elmiry, an' them jugs yer pappy brung in looked pow'ful refreshin."

Jimp looked at Elmira, who turned very red under his eyes. Poor girl, it was not her fault. She had begged hard that Jimp might be invited. Jimp did not know this, however, and he said, angrily:

"Hev company here, Elmiry, an' me not invited? What sort o' comp'ny you gointer hev, and how long's this thing been a goin' on? One thing are certain sure. Wimmin folks, an' comp'ny, are comp'ny, but Jimpson Jones are neither a dog—no, nor yet a hog, an' I'm dinged ef he's gointer to be fooled with!"

The truth of the matter was this: Farmer Billings had a very fine field of cotton which was ready to be picked, but he was sorely behind in his work. Accordingly, he hit upon the expedient of giving a cotton picking, thus accomplishing the double end of getting his work done and giving a grand jollification. He invited the whole neighborhood, with the sole exception of Jimp, on the understanding that they were to eat, drink and be merry to their heart's content that night, but where to work in good earnest the next morning in getting out the cotton.

Jimp was not invited for two reasons: First, because the old man wished thus to gratify a grudge of long standing, and secondly, because he disapproved of the "sparkin' going on between our red-haired hero and the fair Elmira.

Jimp's fistic prowess, however, and his well-earned reputation for "all around spunk" rendered the old man desirious of keeping him in ignorance of the intended slight. Hence the favored ones had been cautioned not to let out the secret to Jimp, and so well had they kept it that this was the first intimation he had received as to the frolic. Poor Elmira, much confused by Jimp's stern demand, was spared an answer, for the old man, who had joined them, took that task upon himself.

"J—Ji— Jimp ta—take—take a—take a seat," he stammered, "and let me ex—explain."

Jimp did not comply with this invitation, but continued to stand, eyeing his host with a sort of cock-eyed expression, which was very inconvenient and made it singularly hard for him to find words.

Failing utterly to find an excuse, he fell back upon hospitality.

"Ta—take a theat—please, won't you take a—"

"No, Simon Billings, I won't take a seat! I wouldn't be caught dead on your measly, dinged, bamboozled, sandy, new groun'! No, not if I was dinged an' double dinged an' dug up an' dinged again fer it!"

Ole Man Billings cowered before this storm of adjectives. He positively seemed to grow smaller and shrink up, as he tried to make some excuses.

"Now Jimp, jes lemme explain. You're so pow'ful fiery you don't give a feller a chance."

"Simon Billings, I don't want to hear you explain," answered Jimp, "you give a frolic and don't invite Jimpson Jones. Well, Jimpson Jones gives a frolic—an' he does invite you. Remember, when I give my frolic, you are all invited."

With that, Jimp strode away. Old Billings, heaving a sigh of relief, turned to his daughter.

"Well, Miry," he said, "I'll be gosh durned if that Jimp ain't a pow'ful rambunctious feller."

As for Jimp, he pursued his way in righteous wealth, meeting as he went, gay parties bound for the scene of the frolic. He was soon enlightened as to the nature of the festivities by the conversation he overheard.

"Cotton pickin!" he muttered. "Well, I swum! Now's the time fer my frolic. I'll pick his cotton fer him—dinged ef I won't."

Leaving the road, and taking a short cut through the woods, he emerged on the other side of Ole Man. Billings' house where his cotton was.

The moon had just risen in the star lit heavens, throwing the dark pines on the edges of the path into sharp relief. A soft breeze was sighing through the whispering branches, bringing a little shower of autumn leaves to add to the carpet already on the ground, although in November it was warm enough to have been a night in June. The cotton field made a beautiful picture with its back-ground of dark forest. The leaves had withered and dropped with the first early frosts of fall, and only the brown withered stalks remained like pigmy skeletons having many hands, holding in their bony grasp great masses of the fleecy white cotton.

But Jimp was in no mood to enjoy the beauties of nature. His heart throbbed with anger, for added to the slight was his sweetheart's connivance in it. Revenge was his one thought. As the sound of a fiddle wafted on the evening breeze from the house smote on the stillness, he muttered half aloud.

"You'll be dancin' to a different toon tomorrer, er my name aint Jimp. Wimming is wimming, an' you can't alter em, but I'll get even with the old man!" With rapid strides he reached the forest. He took his knife, and his strong arm grasped with vise-like hold—what—some dark form lying in the shadow.

There was a struggle, a quick blow, a fall. Then Jimp bent down and rose with his burden, only a stout hickory pole.

He occupied himself in trimming it off and getting it ready for use as he retraced his steps to the cotton field.

The wind, which before had lulled, sprang up again, and the cotton stalks bent and rustled and trembled as though thrilled with fear at the approach of Jimp's angry step. Well might they tremble! His purpose now was quite clear. Pole in hand, he took his place at the furthest end of the field, and bending his muscular frame to the task, gave a mighty sweep of the pole.

Swish, swish! went the cotton down upon the ground—six rows at a time from the avenging arm.

The sounds of revelry and feasting crept out on the still night air, and found Jimp hard at work.

The moon waned and sank, and still the work of vengeance was not done. It was not until the rosy tints of morning began to tint the eastern sky that Jimp rested from his labors. His vengence was complete. He gave one satisfied look at his finished work and then turned and fled.

Morning dawned bright and glorious. The merry makers of the preceding night were up betimes and on their way to the scene of action.

The procession was headed by Ole Man Billings, who led the way with all the dignified tread of conscious pride.

As they reached the field they came to a halt. Billings was saying:

"Now, fellers, whoever picks the most cotton by fair weight—" he looked at the field and stopped short. The eyes of the others followed his dismayed glance. O, what a sight was there! A sight to freeze the blood of any farmer.

The finest field of cotton in the country lay before them; but alas! Jimp's ruthless hand had left not one lock of cotton in the bolls. The ground was covered with fair white cotton trampled into the dust.

At last the silence was broken:

"Wal!" said Farmer Billings, "I'll be gol sloshed!"

Years rolled away. Ole Man Billings raised other cotton crops, though he never gave another cotton-picking. Jimp was forgotten by the Flatwoodsians, save for his connection with that event styled "Ole Man Billings' surprise."

One day the Flatwoods was agitated by the news that the squire had received a letter—an unprecedented thing in the annals of the neighborhood. It was brought to him by a neighbor from the town ten miles distant. Billings opened it with the air of a man quite bored by his correspondence.

It ran thus:

Sir: Some years ago you gave a cotton-picking to which you invited the whole settlement with the exception only of myself. I was mad, and I made up my mind to get even with you. That morning when you come out to pick your cotton you found it picked.

Well, it was a mean trick, but how cheap you must have looked that morning!

Since then I have risen in the world, and send you a check for $250, which more than repays you for all you lost at my hands.

Next time you give a cotton-picking you had better invite JIMPSON JONES.

Ole Man Billings' face was a study as as he pocketed the check.

"Wal," said he, "I'll be gol sloshed."

Don't Ride Large Horses.

It has always been a source of wonder why such tall horses are in demand for saddle use. If there is anything more ridiculous than a slight, delicate girl of 20 or thereabouts mounted on a sixteen hand charger and resembling a mosquito on a mastiff, it is a tall, long legged man on a fourteen and a half hands high pony. Porportion your horse to your size and then you will both look and ride better. In fact, it has come about, probably from England, that horses used for riding are too large for either pleasure or comfort. —Philadelphia Times.

The Ravages of the Buffalo Bug.

From Popular Science.

It is found that few of the usual preventives are of any use against the attacks of this beetle, and for this reason it is a difficult pest to eradicate. In some places it has proved so destructive that carpets have to be dispensed with, and in their place rugs are used, as being more conveniently examined.

Tallow, or tallowed paper placed around the edges of the carpet, which are often the parts first attacked, is said to be effectual. In many cases the carpets are cut, as if with scissors, following the line of the seams in the floor, and as a remedy for this it has been recommended that the seams be filled during the winter with cotten saturated with benzine. Kerosene, naphtha, or gasoline are offensive to the beetle as well as benzine, but benzine is perhaps the simplest and safest preventive to use. It can be poured from a tin can having a very small spout, it being necessary to use but little.

Before tacking down a carpet it should be thoroughly examined, and if possible steamed. If in spite of precautions a carpet is found infested, a wet cloth can be spread down along the edges, and a hot iron passed over it, the steam thus generated not only killing the beetles and larvæ, but destroying any eggs that may have been laid. Clothing is sometimes attacked as well as objects of natural history—such as stuffed birds and mammals.

It was believed that the beetle must feed on some plant, for in a number of cases it was captured out of doors, and it was finally discovered out feeding on the pollen of the flowers of spiræas, the beetle living on the plant for a while and then returning to the house to lay its eggs. When this was proved it was, suggested that spiræas should be planted around houses infested by the beetle; by doing this the plants could be often examined and the beetles destroyed.

Pure Air From Above.

Prometheus, according to the story of the Greek mythology, stole fire from heaven and brought it down on earth. It appears, says the Newcastle Chronicle, that the performance of a somewhat analogous service is gravely contemplated by the promoters of the Watkin tower, not fire, but pure air, being the useful commodity which it is intended to convey from the lofty height to the lower level for the benefit of mankind. The tower is to be not less than 1,200 feet—considerably higher than its prototype in Paris.

At this atmospheric point, air, even in London, is declared to be absolutely pure; and it is proposed that, by means of machinery specially devised for the purpose, a supply of fresh air shall be drawn to the street level, and thence distributed to houses and public buildings as water and gas now are. The project, to the non-scientific mind at least, may look rather shadowy, albeit the object aimed at is so excellent and worthy that it is to be hoped that it mny not be destined to remain in nubibus.

They Didn't Catch Him.

A big night hawk flew into the German Lutheran Church in New Haven, Conn., while Prof. J. E. Whittecker, of Rochester, was lecturing on "The Follies and Foibles of Modern Life," and for fifteen minutes excitement reigned. A night hawk is a blundering creature in its flight, and as the wide-winged bird darted back and forth in the sanctuary in great sweeps and circles just above the audience its spotted pinions gleaming specter-like as it hummed through the air, women screamed and darted about the pews, and finally the lecturer had to stop talking for fifteen minutes. Everyone was afraid of the bird, for as it skimmed along the gallery front and shot among the heads of the people, once passing so close to the face of Prof. Whittecker it fairly took the words of his text out of his mouth, it went with the speed of a rocket, and it seems it must go slambang into somebody or something in its dizzy turns. Once a wise man shouted, "Catch the bird!" and the profound advice set the congregation to laughing. Finally the hawk, in a random dash, accidentally scouted through the window, and then the lecture went on again.

The Finest Thermometer.

"The finest thermometer in this country, and I suppose in the world, is at Johns Hopkins university," remarked Lieut. Finley, the government signal service inspector. Lieut. Finley inspects a great many thermometers every year, and he knows something about them. "This remarkable instrument," he continued, "is known as Professor Rowland's thermometor, and it is valued at the enormous sum of $10,000. It is absolutely perfect, and so fine are the graduations on the glass that it requires a telescope to read them. There are a number of fine instruments that are rigged with telescopes. But an instrument like that would be of no possible use to an ordinary individual. It requires a scientific education in order to read them." —Jewelers' Review.

The Death Plant of Java.

"A magnificent kall mujah, or death plant of Java, has been recently received in Philadelphia," says the times of that city, "by Mrs. Madison Black. This specimen, which is the only living one that has ever been brought to this country was sent Mrs. Black by her brother, Jerome Hendricks, who went out as a missionary to the island. The kall mujah is found only in the volcanic districts of Java and Sumatra and then rarely. It grows from 2 to 3½ feet in height, with long, slender stems armed with thorns nearly an inch long, and covered with broad satin-smooth leaves of a heart shape and of delicate emerald on one side and blood red, streaked with cream, on the other.

"The flowers of the death plant are large, milk white and cup-like, being about the size and depth of a large coffee cup and having the rim guarded by fine, brier like thorns. The peculiarity of the plant lies in these flowers, which beautiful as they are, distil continually a deadly perfume so powerful as to overcome, if iuhaled any length of time, a full-grown man, and killing all forms of insect life approaching it. The perfume, though mere pungent, is as sickening sweet as chloroform, which it greatly resembles in effect, producing insensibility, but convulsing at the same time the muscles of the face, especially those about the mouth and eyes, drawing the former up into a grin. An inhalation is followed by a violent headache and a ringing in the ears, which gives way to a temporary deafness, often total while it lasts.

"Other plants seems to shun the kall mujah, which might be termed the Ishmael of the vegetable kingdom, for it grows isolated from every other form of vegetation, though the soil about it may be fertile. All insects and birds instinctively seem to avoid all contact with it, but when accidentally approached it has been observed to drop to the earth, even when as far from it as 3 feet, and unless at once removed soon died, evincing the same symptoms as when etherized.

His Double Break.

Louisville Commercial.

"I witnessed a very laughable incident last winter," said a Frankfort man the other day, "and the moral, if there be any to the story, is that a man should know the crowd before whom he talks indiscriminately. It was in the court of appeals chamber just after the adjournment. A crowd of gentlemen were sitting around and the chief spokesman was a loquacious member of the Frankfort genus loafer, who was not acquainted with all present. One of the brightest young lawyers in the state had just stepped out after making a speech. He had been drinking, and the Frankfort man said: 'What a mistake some fellows make in thinking they speak better when they are half full of whisky. Now I have heard that our two senators keep soaking full when on duty, and I think it is a shame.'"

"'One of them has quit,' quietly remarked one of the gentlemen present.

"'Which one?' was the query.

"'I have,' answered Senator Blackburn, and he got up and walked out.

"The dumfounded, talkative man caught his breath and said: 'Well, now, that was one dirty break of mine. I didn't know Blackburn was within a thousand miles of here. But I don't care. I have heard that Senator Blackburn drinks to much to sustain even a Kentuckian's reputation.'

"Still another stranger spoke up with: 'Well, he just never did drink to an excess, and I know that Uncel Joe hasn't touched a drink in a year.' It was Senator Blackburn's nephew this time, and the talkative man made his escape without standing on the order of his going."

Confusion as to Divine Guidance.

San Francisco Argonaut.

In the early days of Maine Methodism it was the custom for young ministers to consult their presiding elders before taking a wife. Once, during a camp meeting in eastern Maiue. a young minister approached the presiding elder and said he wishsd to be married.

"Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder.

"Well," said the young man, "the Lord has made known to me very clearly that I should marry sister Mary Turner."

"I know her well," said the elder; she is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes."

During the week four other young ministers consulted the elder on the subject of marriage. Each of them giving the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal, and each was certain that it was the Lord's desire that he should marry the person named. Neither of the five young men knew that anyone else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the campmeeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to his tent to receive his opinion. He said.

"Now, brethern, it may be the will of God for you to marry, but it is not His will that five Methodist ministers should marry little Mary Turner."

Our duty toward God is measured by our ability.

A Woman Two Hundred Years Old.

A case is on record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in "the olden time." Now-a-days too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful, to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription will positively cure leucorrhea painful menstruation, prolapsus, pain in the ovaries, weak back; in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only guaranteed cure, see guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The last chants—a mass for the repose of the dead.

Any man that puts an article in reach of overworked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Cragin & Co., surely come under this head in making Dobbins' Electric Soap so cheap that all can use it. You give it a trial.

If a man will not feed himself, the good God will not feed him.