

THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER PLAYED.

I hear the notes of the whippoorwill,
As of old in the gathering shade;
I sit by the rock on the quiet hill
Where in girlhood my mother played.

With cheeks out-blooming the morning
flowers,
And with heart as light as May,
It was here that she came in the golden
hours
By the lichened rock to play.

A granite wall, by glacier borne
From a far away northern sea;
It seemed so lonely from kindred torn,
That she kept it company.

'Till all in fancy or wistful dream
It shone with a glimmering light,
While fairies trooped in the moon's pale
beam,
To dance through the summer night.

And such was her tender grace to me,
As we wandered the forest wild,
That ever the fairies seemed to be
Her playmates when a child.

And she a queen of the Sylphid race
On her silvery throne held sway,
But alas! I dream of her girlish face,
And the rock is cold and gray.

For the fairies went when my mother died,
And my years were scarcely ten;
I come to-night from wandering wide,
But they will never come again.

I love the garden and orchard old,
The meadows her footsteps press;
And the stately oaks that shook their gold
In the lap of their gentle guest.

I love the spring and the rippling rill,
Where, in evening she often strayed;
But dearer to me the quiet hill
And the rock where my mother played.

—Harper's Magazine for November.

A Corsican Legend.

Long ago the brothers Luidgi and Pietro were living in the town of Vico, in Corsica; they were proud, brave, generous and lazy as Corsicans are.

One day Luidgi said to Pietro: "You are growing thin every day, you sigh during the whole night, you have no more appetite—what is ailing you?"

"Brother," replied Pietro, "I want to marry."

"Very well," answered Luidgi, "marry and be done with it; this crime is a common one; every man or nearly every man takes a wife, and we have plenty of good and handsome girls all around us; make a choice and give me a sister, to cherish as I do you, brother."

"That seems to be an easy matter with you, Luidgi, but if I told you that I want a perfectly and naturally rose and white girl for my wife, what would you say?"

"That pretension of yours changes the situation considerably. Why, there is not in Corsica a single girl who does not put two pounds of flour and one pound of carmine on her cheeks every month. If you persist in your exacting, Pietro, I fear that you will die in the skin of an old bachelor, which is certainly worthy of consideration."

"No, I will not die a bachelor, and for that reason I will request you to travel the country in search of the girl my heart calls for. If you find her, Luidgi, make haste to return and I marry her on the spot. Remember, she must be perfectly and naturally rose and white."

Luidgi, who was a good fellow, kissed his brother, took a big sponge that he wet well, mounted his horse and departed on his mission. He traveled many miles, and as soon as he saw a pretty girl coming (a being very common in Corsica) quickly he dismounted, rushed at her and pressed his sponge to her face. Alas! the sponge caused the comely face to turn a little swarthy; thus discouraged he pursued his course, reciting the verses made on women by the Arab poet, a savage:

Verily women are treacherous to every one near or distant;
With their fingers die I with kenna; with their hair arranged in plaits,
With their faces whitened and crimsoned, their eyes painted with kohl,
They make our drink of sorrow.

"That Arab knew them thoroughly," (the Arabs ought to) said he to himself. "I tramp like the Wandering Jew from north to south, from east to west. I see hundreds of women, young and old, carrying on their faces the subsistence of quite a number of families. Was it for that purpose that God created wheat? The rich ones use ceruse and arsenic; the making of ceruse is deadly to the workmen, the use of arsenic is deadly to the women. Are they all crazy? I do not blame my brother for his wish, but I blame myself for going on this fool's errand."

And he became so tired with the failure of his mission that he resolved to return home, when, one night, having accepted the hospitality of an old hermit, he signed so much that the next morning his host, who had heard him, asked the cause of his affliction.

"Ah," answered he, "good father, I am in search of a wife for my brother, and I am unsuccessful in my undertaking."

"And what kind of a wife does he expect, that you cannot find one worthy of becoming his better half. Are the Corsican girls so ugly and so bad that you experience so much difficulty to meet one as your brother wishes her to be?"

"Not at all, father; our girls are handsome and honest, but the disfigure them by painting their faces as a barber's pole. They forgot that the beauty described by Solomon in his 'Song of the Songs' said of herself:

Isona buna, ma bella,
Come le tende di Chedar;
Come l' padiglioni di Salomone.

(I am dark but handsome as the tents of Chedar, as the pavilions of Solomon.)

Do not trouble yourself any more

about your brother's desire, that I have guessed. He wants a girl perfectly and naturally rose and white," replied the hermit.

"Yes, father."
"All right. I know where you will meet with such a girl. She lives in a garden not very far from here with her father, who is an ogre, and her fairy of a mother. In the midst of that garden is an orange tree covered with luscious fruits. You will take one and say: 'Are you thirsty?' Then a beautiful girl will appear and ask you for water. Give her none, but take her in your arms and run for the gate. When you will have passed it she will be thirsty no longer. She is the woman who shall become your brother's wife. Her father, whose name is Touchmenot, is exceedingly ugly. He has a head the size of a pumpkin, two green eyes as large as a saucer, and a neck like a bull. He is seven feet tall, ferocious, suspicious, malicious and cruel. You know your man now. What do you intend to do?"

"If you will show me the road to that garden," answered Luidgi. "I will go, take the orange and bring a wife to my brother."

"You are a brave soul," replied the old man. "To-morrow morning I will accompany you to the place where the girl is detained."

So the next day they went to the garden, and the hermit had already a leg over the wall, when all of a sudden Touchmenot, who was watching the pair, seized the trespasser and ran toward his house, holding the holy man fast. Arriving in his kitchen, the brute put him in a bag, whose mouth he tied with a strong rope, and threw it under the table. This done, he returned to see if he could not catch the Corsican also, but Luidgi has vanished, and seeing nobody loitering around, he went to the forest to cut a branch of a tree with which he intended to beat the hermit to death.

It is a well known fact that a Corsican never deserts a friend in trouble. It is equally true that he never deserts an enemy, to whom he returns tooth for tooth and eye for eye (you cannot blame him for that, as it is due to his generous nature) so Luidgi had watched the goings and doings of Touchmenot, and when he saw the ogre leaving the house he hastened to the hermit's rescue. He climbed an olive tree, and from there he jumped into a room whose windows were open; his companion was not in the room; he visited successively all the others without finding his man; finally, he arrived in the kitchen, calling "Father! Father! are you here?" A voice answered, "Yes, I am in this bag under the table; take me out, for God's sake!" Luidgi drew the bag, untied it, and the hermit emerged from his uncomfortable abode.

"Let us run as fast as our legs can carry us!" said he to his savior. "I am all trembling with fear," added he.
"Wait a moment, father. I must play a trick on that brigand." And Luidgi began to gather all the china-ware of Touchmenot, which he put in the bag, together with two bottles of wine and the ogre's dog; when that was done he tied up the bag and replaced it under the table, and the Corsican with his friend, hid themselves to see what Touchmenot would do.

When the fellow returned he closed the door, as he did not want to be disturbed in his work; he removed his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves, dragged out the bag and took the stick that he had cut in the forest. "How do you do in your canvas, you old scoundrel?" said he, ironically (he thought the hermit was still in the bag). "Ah! you do not answer, you would-be child stealer. Very well, take that!" and he discharged a violent blow on the bag, thus breaking quite a number of costly plates and saucers. "How your bones are cracking, old hypocrite!" and another blow, that smashed the two bottles of wine, was given to the bag; the claret poured out and reddened the floor. Touchmenot redoubled his blows, and cried, "Do you see how much blood that aged thief had in his veins?" and another stroke that he gave with all his might was followed by a frightful howling; the ogre had killed his dog. "What! you have lost so much blood and yet you have the strength to howl like that! Catch that, and that, and that!" Furiously he he struck the bag again and again. When he thought the hermit dead, he opened the bag and saw his crockery all broken and his dog pounded to jelly. He was so frightened that he made a clean jump through the window, fell in the yard, and broke his neck.

When Luidgi saw that the ogre was dead, he and the hermit left their hiding place and went into the garden. The Corsican took an orange and said: "Are you thirsty?" and lo! a most beautiful girl, all naturally and perfectly rose and white, stood before him asking for water. He took her in his arms and carried her away. When they had passed the garden's gate, she said to him: "Thanks, brother, where is my husband?" "I will conduct you to him, my sister," replied Luidgi, "and the sun will not rise twice before our arrival at his house."

The next day Luidgi entered Vico. His brother was waiting for him. He was delighted when he saw the handsome girl who was to be his wife. They went to the Signor Lindaco's office, where they became husband and wife. Returning to their house, the newly wedded pair met a lady closely veiled. She stopped before Pietro and said to him:

"I am your wife's mother. You have caused her father's death in order to have for lawful consort a girl naturally and perfectly rose and white. You must be punished in your children. They shall be: the males of fair com-

plexion, and will have white hair very early in their lives; the females shall be with hair as black as the wing of a raven, and they shall have a swarthy complexion, and if they use flour, ceruse or arsenic they will lose their hair and teeth."

And she disappeared.
"Yes, said an old man that nobody had seen before, 'yes, they shall be swarthy if they marry ogres or Genoese men, but if they marry true Corsicans they shall be fair and handsome.'"
And as none of our girls marry either ogres or Genoese men it follows naturally that they are fair and handsome.—*New York Graphic.*

REGULAR TARANTULA KILLERS.

A Monster Wasp that Gets Away with the Monster Species of Spider.

"I have recently read in the columns of the *Examiner*" some very interesting original stories about animal life," said a gentleman to a reporter. "and," he continued, "as they are all local or California stories I want to add to the number. My business calls me into the country a good deal, and as I am a passionate lover of nature, with its myriads of forms of animal life, I amuse and entertain myself by taking observations. One day while up in Calaveras County I was traveling through a rocky section and was rather hard pressed for something to entertain me. I finally reached a little glen, wheeled my horse about and got under a magnificent shade tree. Then I dismounted and sat down for a rest. Scarcely had I touched the grass when I was entertained beyond all expectation by witnessing a bloody battle between wasps and a tarantula. I call them wasps, though in reality they are not such, being much larger and heavier about the body, which was held together in two separate parts by a scarcely visible coupling. Their waists seemed even smaller than the common wasp, and they swung themselves about on the coupling with lightning-like dexterity. The insects seemed to be very much excited about something and acted as if looking for prey. It may be that hunger made them furious. Anyway I closely watched their actions and soon discovered the cause of their rage. A large tarantula crept from under a dry log and apparently started for his house with all possible speed. The wasps, as I will call them, had been dashing themselves in all directions about the log, but the moment the insects saw their victim, which had evidently been hiding, they fell upon him furiously with quick darts, and every dart seemed to eject a poison which made the tarantula writhe in agony. The latter fights like a bear, resting on his haunches and using his paws and legs as weapons of defense. The tarantula fought for his life, and while doing so seemed to be conscious that at all hazards he must make for his house as the only hope of safety. The wasps seemed by instinct to understand what was going on in the mind of the tarantula and redoubled their merciless attacks. They struck their victim so suddenly that he seemed at times to be bewildered. Finally the fierce conflict ended; the wasps had stung and poisoned the tarantula to death. After the battle was over I took a glance at the body of the latter. It bore evidence of a terrible struggle for life. When I approached it the wasps flew away, but they did not fly far and were evidently watching me. When I left the wasps returned and immediately commenced to tear the dead body of the tarantula to pieces. In an incredibly short space they had carried off the body piece by piece, either to feed their young or lay in a supply of food for the winter. I made particular inquiries concerning the habits of the monster wasp, and learned from some of the old settlers that the vicious insects were regular tarantula-killers and that scarcely one had ever survived their murderous onslaughts. *San Francisco Examiner.*

It Could Not Be.

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply and took the lily white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Katie," he murmured, I have waited—oh, how long—for this opportunity. Will you, Katie, will you, darling, be mine?"

"Henry, she replied with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, 'it can never be.'"

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?"

"I am sorry, Henry; but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view."

"Other objects!"

"Yes, Henry; I can not consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Only Alternative.

Doubtful Party (to gentleman)—Can you assist me, sir, to a trifle? I'm a stranger in a strange land, ten thousand miles from home.

Gentleman—My conscience! Where is your home?

Doubtful Party—Australia.

Gentleman (handing him a cent)—How do you ever expect to get back there!

Doubtful Party (balancing the penny)—Well, if I don't do better than this, sir, I s'pose I'll have to walk.—*Drake's Magazine.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two cups flour, one cup nuts broken up and two eggs.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cup of molasses, one cup of white sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one each of ginger and soda. Mix hard.

CREAM PIE.

One cup sugar, one egg beaten well, two cups thick, sweet cream, one teaspoonful cornstarch, flavor with vanilla. Bake in one crust.

CUP CAKE.

Two eggs, two cups of flour, one cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful vanilla.

WAFFLES.

A half-cupful of rendered suet mixed with a pint of sweet milk, a yeast cake, one egg, one-half nutmeg and flour to make a batter. Bake in waffle irons.

BROWN BREAD.

One cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, 1½ cups each of flour and cornmeal, a little salt, teaspoonful of sugar, teaspoonful of soda, steam three hours.

LADY CAKE.

A pound of sugar, one of flour, a half-pound of butter, the whites of sixteen eggs. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add a little of each of the eggs and flour alternately.

FRUIT CAKE.

Two pounds of raisins, three cups of molasses, three eggs, two-thirds of a cup of butter, seven cups of flour, one tablespoonful of soda, spices to taste, citron and currants if desired.

EGG PUDDING.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of raisins, a pound of chopped apples, four eggs, a cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, spice. Boil in a mould. Serve with hard sauce.

BISCUITS.

One quart of flour with two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed into it, add a tablespoonful of lard or butter, a little salt, and water enough to make the dough. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

GINGERBREAD.

One-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of hot water, two cups of flour, two-thirds of a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda.

COCONUT PUDDING.

Grate the meat of a large coconut. Roll five Boston crackers and mix with the cocoanut, add milk enough to beat, and a teaspoonful of butter. Beat five eggs, add a cup of sugar, mix, and bake like a custard.

GINGER COOKIES.

One pint best baking soda, one-half pint lard, one teacup sugar, one tablespoonful soda, one table spoon ginger, one teacup hot water dissolve soda in the hot water; and stir the whole with a spoon in sufficient flour to make a medium soft dough.

VEAL LOAF.

Four pounds chopped veal, half-pound salt pork, chopped fine, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, half-pint of milk, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sage, half teaspoonful of black pepper; mix thoroughly, put in a bread pan, spread the top with butter and bake three hours.

TONGUE TOAST.

Make some slices of toast, not very thick, browned evenly all over on both sides, and minus crust. Butter it slightly. Grate with a large grater a liberal sufficiency of cold tongue and spread it thickly over the toast. Lay the slices side by side on a large dish. Serve at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

Female Moonshiners in Georgia.

In connection with revenue news I learn that a rather remarkable state of things exists in some of the North Georgia counties. When Judge McCay was alive and on the bench a woman charged with illicit distilling was brought into court and convicted. Judge McCay was in a dilemma what to do with the prisoner. He couldn't send her to jail where there was a large number of prisoners of the other sex. He ended by reading her a lecture and sending her home with the admonition to quit making whisky. He added the threat that if she was brought back he would put her in prison, even if he had to build a separate jail. Since that time the revenue officers have captured several stills operated by women. They destroyed the stills, but did not molest the women. Afterwards they found the same woman making blockade whisky. It is further stated that in some counties the men, finding the disposition of the court towards the women, have put them in charge of the stills, and keep away from them themselves. The revenue officials hardly know how to meet the case.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Pierce's Purgative Liver Pills.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Put up in glass bottles, hermetically sealed. Always fresh. Price, 25c. As a laxative, alternative or a purgative these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE.

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of the Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping its sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, or less understood by physicians, matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-said symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HARTNER, the famous mesmerist of Hohen, N. Y., writes: "Suffering from catarrh, I suffered untold agony from chronic catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could hardly speak, or even whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 292 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Rungen P. O., Columbia Co., N. Y., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

WEBB CITY, ARK., BLOOD

Having tested B. B. B. and found it to be all that is claimed for it, I commend it to any and every one suffering from blood poison. It has done me more good for less money in a shorter space of time than any blood purifier I ever used. I owe the comfort of my life to its use, for I have been troubled with a severe form of blood poison for 5 or 6 years and found no relief equal to that given by the use of B. B. B. W. C. MCGAHEY.

Webb City, Ark., May 3, 1886.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32 page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known.

Address: BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A TONGUE IN KNOTS.

I contracted malaria in the swamps of Louisiana while working for the Telegraph company, and used every kind of medicine I could hear of without relief. I at last succeeded in breaking the fever but it cost me over \$100.00, and then my system was prostrated and saturated with malarial poison and I became helpless. I finally came here, my mouth so filled with sores that I could scarcely eat, and my tongue raw and filled with little knots. Various remedies were resorted to without effect. I bought two bottles of B. B. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed, and my tongue entirely clear of knots and soreness and I feel like a new man.

Jackson, Tenn., April 20, 1886.

A. F. BRITTON.

STIFF JOINTS.

A Most Remarkable Case of Scrofula and Rheumatism.

I have a little boy twelve years old whose joints have been drawn almost double and his joints are perfectly stiff, and has been in this condition three years unable to walk. During that time the medical board of Loudon county examined him and pronounced the disease scrofula and prescribed, but no benefit ever derived. I then used a much advertised preparation without benefit. Three weeks ago he became perfectly helpless and suffered dreadfully. A friend who had used B. B. B. advised its use. He has used one bottle and all pain has ceased and he can now walk. This has been pronounced a most wonderful action, as his complaint has baffled every thing. I shall continue to use it on him.

MRS. EMMA GRIFFITHS, Union, Tenn., March 2, 1886.