

FACTS AS TO FEVERS.

Timely Hint Relative to Typhoid and Its Treatment.

The influence of the human mind over the body is remarkable. It breaks out in cold perspiration, when in great terror and cause the heat blood to rush to another face by a word. Great anxiety turns the body from paths of health, and sometimes actually modifies the nutrition to such an extent that great changes take place. The hair may turn gray or turn white and wrinkles come in the face.

It is a well-known fact that nearly every student of medicine, in his early attempts to acquire medical lore, will in turn have well-marked symptoms of every disease he reads about. Those who are not accustomed to daily contact with disease, and are easily impressed, should not read descriptions of human ills, and should avoid medical books, especially the pseudo scientific medical books called "popularity," such as "Everybody Has Own Physician," "Dr. So-and-so's Home Treatment," and their like.

The tendency that people have—that is, the tendency to think they have the very symptoms of which they read—of one of the best doctors a strongholds. He will detail a long list of symptoms which may be indicative of half-a-dozen diseases, and the reader, who probably does not feel well, finding that three or four of the symptoms fit him exactly, paying no regard to the many laid down which do not fit him, thinks this is the very medicine of the very doctor he wants.

There are a class of persons who may be called chronic medicine-takers. On the other hand, there are others who go to the opposite extreme and take none whatever. These are the extremes of the evil, and both are bad. There are many who take so much medicine that their systems become habituated to the commoner remedies, and when the necessity arises for them to receive some treatment than the usual doses are without proper effect. On the other hand, the ones who have a profound aversion against any remedy whatever are frequently sufferers thereby. There is an instance in this city where a well-known man recently lost his life by refusing treatment.

The great thing is to know just when to apply to one skilled and trained in the healing art. There are people by the score who, if they want an opinion in the matter of theology or law go at once to the theologian or a lawyer, but when health is at stake, a matter worthy of a learned opinion, instead of applying to the doctor in whom they have confidence, go rather to a clairvoyant or seek relief in some of the many nostrums constantly upon the shelves of the druggists.

It is not intended here to depreciate the simple remedies of household use, which have been found time and time again to be of some benefit, but the approach of some diseases are so insidious that the remedy is not at once recognized, and self-administered remedies frequently do harm. This is often the case with purgatives, as taken at the beginning of typhoid fever.

Fever, and especially typhoid, are not always easy to recognize at the outset. It is frequently the case that the medical attendant will remark: "You are threatened with typhoid fever." There is no such thing. Either the patient has or has not fever, and when you are told that you are "threatened" it is only a makeshift to put you off until the disease develops enough to enable the medical attendant to determine. The province of the physician is not to cure typhoid-fever, because this cannot be done, but to watch the case, note the symptoms, and guide and assist in her endeavor to cope with the disease, until it arrives at a successful issue.

The first symptoms of the disease are headache, loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and back, and increase of bodily heat, which is most marked in the evening. Frequently the patient will be blind and restless in the evening, and are part of the night, but after the turn of the night fall into a sweet and refreshing sleep, which, if not disturbed, lasts far into the morning. After the few days the face gets very heavy and expressionless, the evening temperature gets more marked, the tongue coated with a little triangular red space at tip and tenderness to pressure on right side of the abdomen.

When this point is reached it is usually a well-marked case of fever, but the assumed symptoms may be indicative of half-a-dozen other diseases.

There is a disease which so nearly resembles typhoid fever that many are misled by it—many who are not only informed in matters pertaining to typhoid fever, but even physicians, are poisoning from gas. This may be typhoid fever or a malarial fever. It is often called in this city frequently "typhoid fever." It is a disease which is more or less common, and is a common cause of death. It is a disease which is more or less common, and is a common cause of death. It is a disease which is more or less common, and is a common cause of death. It is a disease which is more or less common, and is a common cause of death. It is a disease which is more or less common, and is a common cause of death.

That is the case with typhoid fever, are in a way hard to say. At times it can be traced actively to some well which is indicated by the disease from an adjacent cesspool, or some material of some sort, or some of the disease which may be like the King's palace and the better a novel.

The disease is frequently asked whether or not the disease is "catching." In answer to it, is, and another is, it is not. The disease is communicated from one to another by means of something from the patient becoming mingled with the food or drink of a well person. This is disgusting, but true. It may be from some of the material of some sort thrown off or vomit from clothing entered with perspiration. It is possible to acquire the disease by inhaling dust arising from these emanations, but it is entirely safe to enter the well-ventilated room of a typhoid patient, or even to attend his wants, provided cleanliness is observed.

Two-thirds of the cases of this disease, it may be safely said, will recover without any medicine whatever, other than good nursing, sponge-baths with cold water during the fever, a high proper food, and continual cheerfulness in the

room by both nurses and visitors.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but one lugubrious old woman, or head-shaking, long-faced man, will knock more hope out of a sick person in a minute than can be inspired there during the subsequent week.

Good nursing, especially in typhoid fever, will do more toward curing the patient, provided always that there are no serious complications, than half a dozen of the best doctors in town.—*Hillburg Dispatch.*

California's Products.

News from the agricultural districts of California is far more satisfactory and encouraging than that which comes from the San Francisco stock markets, where speculators in mining shares and dishonest brokers are taking the sayings of the deluded poor. Varying estimates of the size of the year's vintage are made, but it is admitted by all that the crop of 1886 exceeds that of any previous year. The *Call* asserts that the crop is 16,000,000 gallons; prominent wine merchants say it is 19,600,000 gallons; and Mr. De Young of the *Chronicle* promises 25,000,000 gallons. Last year's crop was only 7,600,000 gallons. The quality of this year's vintage is said to be excellent. The raisin crop is also very large. The *Call's* estimate is 500,000 boxes of twenty pounds each, as against 260,000 boxes in 1885. Other estimates are larger. The grape crop is enormous. Out of 356,000,000 pounds 40,000,000 have been shipped eastward to be used as table fruit, 20,000,000 have been consumed in the same form at home, 20,000,000 have been used in making brandy, 30,000,000 appear in the form of raisins, and the remainder has been consumed in making wine. The eastward shipments of lemons, limes, and oranges will be twice as large as they were last year, it is said, owing to the reduction of the freight charges.

As the crops increase producers in California are learning new ways of selling them. Heretofore the wine-makers have been at the mercy of the wine merchants in San Francisco. These merchants unite in fixing a price to be paid to the producer, and the producer has been forced to accept it. The owners of several large vineyards have recently established agencies in Eastern cities for the sale of their wines, and, by escaping the Pacific coast middle-man, have been able to raise the price which they receive by nearly 100 per cent. The adoption of this system by all California producers who make large quantities of wine would work to their advantage and to the advantage of Eastern consumers. Many persons in the East who would like to serve themselves and encourage the California producer by buying California wines are restrained because they are unable to procure the wines under conditions that insure its purity. If such persons could trade directly with the Eastern agent of well-known vineyards the consumption of pure California wines as a substitute for the adulterated wines of France would be greatly increased. California wines are counterfeited in the East, as the recent condemnation of 5,000 gallons of the counterfeit product by officers of the health department in New York city clearly shows.

A Human Badger.

It was once my fortune to run across a human being who would have been a prize for Darwin, as he was a fair sample of the genus homo on the way backward; in fact, degenerating, and, as far as I could judge, in advance of the gorilla inasmuch as the man could build a fire. I was riding across country in Maryland, about twenty miles from Washington, when I came upon what appeared to be a muskrat's nest, only at the top there was a hole, blackened around the edges. A further investigation showed a side opening about large enough to allow a man to crawl in. I knocked by tossing a corn-stalk down the chimney, and in a few moments there appeared from the door a negro so hideous, so bestial in every feature, that my very horse backed off. It was the missing link, if there ever was one, and the jargon of sounds that the creature uttered only added to the strangeness of his appearance. I could not understand a word, and rode over the fields to a house where the owner not only gave me the history of the strange being, but induced me to crawl into the den after him. The man could only talk in a gibberish understood by his employer. He was not an idiot, as we might have supposed, but was simply, as my acquaintance put it, a type of the lowest kind. He had owned him before the war, and he was valued as a laborer, preferring to work in ditches, often up to his waist in water, where he would wallow like a hog. His employer told me that the man claimed to have been a prince in his native country, that he was sold as a slave and brought to Florida, and finally again sold here. At that time he was being paid a nominal sum, which he gave to an alleged relative, reserving only enough to supply himself with food and tobacco. The underground burrow was reached by crawling through a short tunnel that led into a room below the surface of the ground, with room for three or four persons to sit, but not stand. In one corner was a fire hole, but the sides of the hole were baked and blackened by the smoke, that must have filled the room. Two or three tin dishes, a pile of cornstalks as a bed, completed the outfit of this human being, who lived here winter and summer. This was a number of years ago, and if this specimen has gone on roasting and degenerating he may (time being no object) have reached a more comfortable stage, and now be found covered with a coating of hair or fur, have forgotten how to build a fire, and be on the confines of that bald and toothless fiend that is predicted for the fur human race so cheerfully by a German scientist.—*San Francisco Call.*

Greenlawn cemetery, in Indianapolis, has a vault in which are several coffins forty years old. In examining one of these last week the sexton came to the body of a woman named Mary A. Mills, who died in 1846. The body was petrified, and after forty years the eyes of the corpse were blue. Old residents remember her as a comely French girl.

Hard to Hoax.

Prof. Baird's grave features relaxed into a smile when the dispatch from Paducah, Ky., announcing the discovery of a diamond-field near that place was shown to him, writes a Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

"I should say, without knowing anything about it," he said, "that the story was a hoax. None of the specimens reported to have been sent to the Smithsonian have been received, nor do I believe they will be. Prof. Proctor, an eminent geologist, is now making a tour of Kentucky, but he has not been heard from upon the subject. If the story possesses any foundation in fact, the probability is that the mine is 'salted.' Such tricks do occur occasionally. I remember about ten years ago a wonderful discovery of diamonds was reported from Colorado. The newspapers teemed with descriptions of the mine and its dazzling productions. A party of gentlemen went from San Francisco and examined the mine in person. In their judgment it was a bona-fide discovery. They returned to California and organized a stock company, with a capital running up into the millions. Mr. Clarence King, one of the geologists attached to the Smithsonian, had just returned from Colorado when the excitement was at its height. Nothing of the kind had come under his observation, and naturally enough he regarded the discovery as a reflection upon himself. He returned to Colorado, and saw at once that the mines were 'salted.' The projectors of the affair offered him a large sum of money not to expose them, but he refused to be bribed, and so the fraud became public.

"Whenever an alleged important discovery like this Kentucky mine, for instance, gets into the papers of the Smithsonian have to suffer the consequences. I am quite sure that before the expiration of a week we shall receive a hundred letters about it. People write to us upon every conceivable subject. We received a letter the other day from a man in Pennsylvania who claimed to have found a petrified parrot, which he offered to sell for \$1,000. It is impossible to verify the fact of a parrot, but I told him to send it along and I would examine it for him. It proved to be nothing but a water-worn fragment of a limestone rock, with something of the appearance of a petrified parrot might have if such a thing were possible.

"Speaking about curious people, I have just written a letter to Mr. John Hampden, of London, who sends us each month for distribution a magazine devoted to proving that the earth is flat. Some years ago Mr. Hampden ventured Arthur R. Wallace, the celebrated scientist, £1,000 that Wallace could not prove the earth to be round. There were three umpires, two of whom decided in Wallace's favor, and the money was paid to him."

"Do you answer crank letters?"

"We have one clerk who does nothing else. Occasionally they write us a second time, and express their regret that an institution so famous should not possess one man of good common sense."

The Thinnest Man.

The Birmingham (Ala.) *Chronicle* says: Near Trussville is one of the most remarkable cases of helplessness known to the medical fraternity of the state. It is that of a man who weighs forty-six pounds and has not moved a portion of his body, except his mouth and the two first fingers of his right hand in twenty-three years. His name is John Ravis and he is 45 years of age and a man of culture. He contracted rheumatism before the war, and after three years of suffering his limbs became drawn up in front of his body, in which position they are now. He has been confined to his bed twenty-three years motionless, except the parts of the body named. He is a skeleton, and forty-six pounds are all his bones and skin weight. He was formerly a school-teacher, and is now a fine conversationalist, and is quite fond of company. He does not consider his predicament, and speaks of himself as being well. His face looks healthy, and he is always in good spirits. The case has baffled medical skill, and why he does not die has puzzled his friends and relatives, many of whom live in the city. Mr. Ravis has not moved or turned over in bed in the long time of his confinement, but is moved about and fed.

The smallest commonwealth. The illustrious principalities of Lichtenstein, San Marino, and Monaco, hitherto considered to be the smallest commonwealths in Europe, are relatively well-sized territories as compared with another—the village of Ruckersdorf. For while the afore-mentioned states count their territories by square miles and their population by thousands, or hundreds at least, Ruckersdorf comprises only a few square meters, and its inhabitants at the present time do not exceed fourteen.

It is situated in the eastern part of the duchy of Altenburg, about an hour's distance from the watering-place of Ronneburg, ten minutes' walk from the foot of Mount Rousler, which rises to a height of 358 meters above the level of the Baltic, and from the summit of which one overlooks an extent of country of nearly sixteen square miles, subject to the sway of eight rulers.

The commune of Ruckersdorf, twelve farms, with the land belonging thereto, constitutes an enclave of the kingdom of Saxony, six of which farms, in alternate order, belong to Saxony, and the other six to Altenburg. Thus far it is not clear in which of these two states has the right.

For years a loon has had its home on the Schuykill, near Philadelphia, but the other day it flew into the Zoological Gardens and was captured. Around its neck was a little silver collar on which was engraved "Nemo, the hermit, 1804." The head keeper of the garden says that he has no doubt about the bird's great age.

Over 191,000 tons of rock were quarried from the phosphate beds near Charleston, S. C., last year, all but 11,000 tons of which were shipped to foreign points. The state receives a royalty of \$1 a ton removed.

ITALIAN COURTSHIP.

Under the Most Difficult Circumstances Love Will Find a Way.

The question is, How does the Italian manage to get married, or even to fall in love? Among the lower classes, where every member of the household is obliged to do something towards earning a livelihood, the girls must of course be allowed to go abroad at times, and the rich have their balls and the opera where the young of both sexes may meet. But the seclusion in which the young ladies of the middle class are kept is almost complete. They are allowed to sit on the balcony and to go to church in the company of a duenna, three or four times a year they are taken out for a drive, and this is almost the only contact with the outside world that is permitted them. Nor is it easy for them to attain by stealth the forbidden freedom. When the parents go out they either set an old woman to look after them, or secrete their hats and boots and then lock them safely in. Jealous husbands treat their wives in the same way, though this is considered reprehensible after the first few years of wedlock. In a word, everything is done to exclude both temptation and romance.

In the larger towns the influence of foreign manners and the presence of Northern visitors are beginning to make themselves felt. In Florence the young ladies enjoy a liberty which would have seemed outrageous to their grandmothers; and even in Naples parental rigor is slowly relaxing. It is in Sicily and the less frequented parts of Southern Italy that the old system is still in full force, though, strangely enough even there there are single towns and districts in which from time immemorial the customs have been far freer. To these we do not refer, nor to such marriages as are simply arranged by the parents of the young people for worldly reasons. The number of the latter is smaller in Italy than is usually supposed.

Under the most difficult circumstances love, as the old song says, will find a way, and here, too, he steals into the maiden's chamber, however carefully it may be guarded. One right she possesses which is sometimes denied to young wives—the perfect freedom of the balcony. There she may sit whenever a shadow falls upon it, or the coolness of the evening has come, and the youth who passes along the street cast eager glances upwards to catch a glimpse of the pretty faces above. Then, as we have seen, she may go to church under proper guardianship, and it is extraordinary what a love for religious exercises some young women will display at this period of life. This is all or nearly all she can do, but it is enough.

It seems that most Italians of this class fall in love at first sight, or at least by sight alone. Sudden passions like that of Romeo and Juliet are the rule rather than the exception in the South, though they rarely have so tragic an ending. A young man catches a glimpse of a girl, and at once resolves to make her his wife; if it is at church, he follows her home; if on a balcony, he notes the house, and begins to haunt the street. If he is acceptable, perhaps one day a flower will fall at his feet, though the girl knows that such encouragement is unmeaningly. A lover with a good voice and ear has an immense advantage. He sings snatches of love songs as he walks below, and if a voice above takes up the last note and gradually passes to another song, he may take heart. Whatever difficulties he may still have to encounter, an aversion on the part of the object of his affections will not be one of them. Very pretty flirtations are carried on in this way, the young lady at times mocking and teasing her admirer with fragments of satirical verse, and at times falling into something very like sentiment, but they are more frequent after than before the betrothal.

Even the most favored lover has, in the meantime, been seeking for some means of establishing a more direct intercourse with the object of his choice. He has made inquiries of the neighbors as to the character of the family and its intimates, and endeavors to obtain an introduction to one of the elderly ladies who frequent the house. To her he explains his wishes and his position in life, and he then begs her to plead his cause. If he is an eligible suitor, she is almost certain to consent, as the mission is an interesting one, and the position is considered highly honorable. She knows nothing of any signs of favor the lover may have received, so her first visit is to the young lady, who feels shy and a reluctance which it sometimes takes weeks to overcome. At least the envoy is supposed to not thus; in fact, there is generally a perfect understanding between her and the parents, though they pretend to know nothing of what is going on. After the maiden has given what she considers a sufficient proof of her modesty, she yields. The father is then consulted, the principal conditions of the marriage contract are discussed, and the betrothal takes place.

Such is the course of true love when it runs smoothly, as, in spite of all the authorities to the contrary, it occasionally does in real life. If the maiden is coy, the youth has a more difficult task. He endeavors to secure the good offices of some female dependent of the family, or of an old nurse—nurses play a far greater part in the family life of Italy than of England—or even, if no other opportunity offers, of the washerwoman. Such negotiations are generally kept strictly secret, and if the young lady shows a marked aversion to the proposed marriage they are dropped at once. If she assents to it, the lover sends one of his relations or friends, who is as often as not a man, to speak with the father on the matter. No matter whatever is made of the fact that the young people have come to an understanding with each other, and the father, of course, asks time to consider. He consults his wife and daughter, if their opinion is favorable, and his inquiries as to the position and character of the young man lead to satisfactory results, he signifies his willingness to treat, and the betrothal takes place in due course.—*London Saturday Review.*

The English government has purchased a large number of Mexican saddles for use in the English cavalry service.

Concerning Carpets.

In regard to the color of carpets the following rule may be laid down: For drawing-rooms, parlors and bedrooms, while loud and glaring hues should be avoided, we may nevertheless choose ourselves a liberal sprinkling of crimson, dead gold, russet, brown and all the beautiful tints that nature distributes through the landscape in these autumn days. In the drawing-room, especially, there should be warm, rich hues to correspond with our oil-paintings in their gilded frames, our mirrors and old china, or whatever of art-work, with its wealth of color, we chance to possess. In our bedrooms we want bright tints to preserve cheerfulness, and to avoid, too glaring a contrast with our white counterpanes and muslin-draped toilet tables and windows. In the library, sober hues must be chosen; to harmonize with walnut book-cases, desks and writing-tables, and the sober dress worn with publishers' clothed books that are to stand the wear and tear of use and time. In halls and dining-rooms, also, only quiet colors should appear.

The pattern of a carpet should always depend upon the size of the room. The form should be flat, without any attempt at shadow or relief. Some of the most beautiful designs furnished by our manufacturers are found among the Axminster carpets, and these, though expensive, are at once the most desirable and most serviceable for large apartments. These carpets were first introduced in 1755. The warp and woof are of strong linen, and the soft tufts of wool in which the design is worked are admirably adapted to the display of a delicate and elaborate pattern. The varied greens and ferns and mosses can be made to appear, and every detail of leaf and spray worked out. For those who consider Axminster carpets beyond the limits of their purse the velvet pile is very desirable, and makes a perfectly satisfactory covering for a parlor floor. An excellent general rule would be, where the home is not very pretentious and the income moderate, a velvet carpet for the parlor, Brussels for the hall and stairs, dining-room and spare-bedroom, the rest of the house being modestly restricted to tufted or matted.

There is one essential to all satisfactory floor-coverings. It should never be omitted: That is, the sponge or cotton carpet linings, chemically prepared so as to prevent the incursions of moths. This can always be procured for 15 or 20 cents per square yard, and not only does it add to the comfort and appearance of the carpet two-fold, but will make it last at least half as long again. Country people used frequently to put straw under the carpets, but this is too harsh, and reveals itself too quickly the moment the foot presses it. The cotton lining gives the carpet softness that seems to belong to its own material, and persuades the visitor that he has a rich pile under his feet, when he may in reality be treading upon an infernal mat of 75 cents per yard. With that carpets heavy padding should be laid upon the edge of each step, and the carpet should always be a yard or so longer than is necessary, so that worn places may be changed.

A wise selection of floor-coverings, care in laying them, and a little careful attention when signs of wear begin to show in certain places, such as changing the location of a chair or introducing a mat or rug, will keep our floors looking bright and fresh for a long time, with only moderate expense.

Small Selfishnesses.

Selfishness as irritating as the grasping of the best seat and best light and best novel and first chance at book or newspaper can be met with at every turn in many families; the selfishness, let us say, that having views on any question conflicting with the views of another, will give voice to these views in season and out of season, and intrude them even to the injury of the feelings of others, and if not early and late insisting upon them, yet never failing to read the fragment from book or journal unpleasantly supporting them, and indulging in the audible snuff or sneer or outspoken intemperate, if such a thing there be, on every occasion where the indulgence is possible, a selfishness that shows a consciousness of the value of no one's views but one's own, and treats the individuality of all others with contempt. A smaller selfishness is that which disregards engagements, which considers the promise to be at home a certain day or a fixed hour as of no weight, besides the inconvenience of keeping the engagement, and who in this manner disturbs the household arrangements by making meals wait while servants grow impatient and unwilling, and eyes grow tired with watching and ears with listening, just as much as the almost precisely opposite selfishness insists upon the keeping of such promises and engagements even to the point of positive discomfort and injury to the other party, who perhaps cannot keep them without such injury, and could be excused by one with any unselfish care. One would think it hard to come to the end of a list of these small acts of selfishness which latest the household and hurt it through a burning sense of the injustice done by them; and it is a question as to the present impudently of human nature, we shall ever quite accept them, they are as common as grasshoppers and swarms, and as vexatious. There is but one way to abate their nuisance, and that is by a frequent remembrance of the exclusive identity and rights in life of everybody else—a remembrance that many a good Christian who fancies himself devout to his Maker than another fails to entertain. Meanwhile, those who are aggrieved by these selfishnesses have the consolation of knowing that even in the injury they endure, and the injustice that is dealt out to them, they are practicing a self-abnegation that leads them to loftier levels of character than can ever be reached by those who commit the injury, feeling though that may be.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Geralt Maxwell is the stage name of a son of Miss Haddon, the novelist, who is a member of Wilson Barrett's company. He is very clever and promises to become a good actor.

The Chinese have a custom of wearing two watches, because if "one makes stork and die, other live."

A SINGING GHOST.

Story of a Strange People Who Live in the Mountains of Virginia.

There is a wild corner in the rear of Caswellton mountain in the western part of Kanawha county, writes a Charleston, W. Va., correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. "Strange people, many of whom are nomadic in habit, strange customs, and strange habits may be found for the looking. Here the 'sing-diggers,' or cave-dwellers, thrive in full assurance; here the 'Brotherhood of Fives,' and Church of God sects, whose odious rites of humility and penance recall the history of Druidical worship. On the southern slope of the mountain about five miles beyond 'the settlement'—as these primitive-manufactured people still call the village—Edom Smith, a Free Will Baptist, pitched his tent ten years ago. His claims or pretensions were speedily recognized, and a following obtained. The more mystic his eloquence the greater his converts were drawn upon him. A rude hut was his dwelling-place, in a dense wood, never touched by sunshine, and hard by a little stream, spring fed, and a tinkling waterfall. Here the owl hooded grotesquely in the night-time, Deacon Smith was pale, cadaverous, and solemn. His wife, who of the grey type—dark of nostrils, eyes, and hair, had no gentle nod—no one had reason to doubt, 'she held herself aloof from 'the people,' though she participated in the daily night services. Her power preached alive at night, and then only in the light of the moon. For this he gave reasons founded on Bible teaching and satisfactory to the flock.

The sick woman was held in veneration by the 'sing-diggers' for the same as none other could, and gave them healing potions and charms against the power of the evil one. Once it is said that when Edom Smith spoke of death and the grave in his discourses, the shrieked aloud and rebuked her husband with angry words. It was known that her terror of death amounted to madness, and she had enticed an oath from him never to consign her body to the ground, but to inclose it in an oak box, to be deposited on a specified spot near the home. For want of sunlight she fell ill of rheumatism in one autumn, and died when the leaves were coming out again in the tangle of vines on the tent. Edom Smith remembered his vow, and respected it. Within eight of the bride path that led to the highway a few miles beyond on the stump that Olga had selected, the rude oak box containing her body was placed. The people besought him to bury the remains, but he said he 'durst' not break his word, for she had promised to haunt him for this, and always kept her word. Then they made a new path to the river that they might avoid the awful spectacle of that discolored box, where the figure in white came every twilight and wandered to the waterfall. This weird vision was a common sight, it was said, and they persistently prayed the demon to put the coffin in the ground, where the dead belong. Edom's sermons were heard in the midnight hour, it was told, and wild songs, such as Olga used to sing as she sat by the cabin door.

All knew that strong, strangely sweet voice, and shuddered when they heard its echoes along the trees. But one complained to the authorities of the horror, and the box remained, through that summer and one winter undisturbed. It finally disappeared, no one knew why, and yore afraid to ask concerning it. Thus the mystery was explained when he brought a bride to the hut. She had steadily refused to share his lot until the former wife was put away.

But the songs went on as of old, and the awful cries in the gloaming, till they called it the haunted glen, through which belated travelers were hurried to the nearest habitation. It was found that Edom Smith had carried the box to a cavern, almost at the mountain top, on the other side. How he succeeded in reaching the place without assistance was more than anyone could understand, but no one questioned about the awful matter. There, on a ledge of rock in the cave may yet be seen the oak box, over which the mosses grow, and the ancient ferns, and where the doleful night-hawk screams a mournful dirge. The rattlesnake hisses about the place, and a fantastic vine drapes the mouth of the tomb with scarlet blossoms. The tale is told that Deacon Smith had never peace in the hut with his new wife, for the ghostly smile of the restless Olga, and that his bible had bloody finger-marks through-out. So they left the place one night, going no one knew whither, leaving everything as though they would return, but they never did, none hearing from them or the cause of their banish. Rare have they were murdered, say the 'young people,' who can tell, but the narrative disappeared from the hat means the year, and that a fire destroyed the house—by what means no man could say. They said say the 'young men' were banished in the twilight and the awful shriek in the midnight hour. And they will tell this tale to succeeding generations and warn them of the evil and the gloom of the lone.

"Where are your holes, gait?" asks the doorkeeper of a St. Louis theater to a line of men who are confronted him in "Indian file." The tall, tall night "gait" man at the back of the line "gait" got the fellow. "There's twelve of us with 'em," says "em" as they go up.

"In you go, boss," said the doorkeeper, and he talked of slavery, who immediately whizzed with the crowd within. The doorkeeper turned to look for the holder of the tickets, but he had disappeared, and eleven men saw the performance safe from identification in the tremendous stream of people.

Miss Hanson, a Cleveland actress, has just completed a portrait of ex-President Garfield, which is said to be a perfect likeness of the assassinated president, and as he appeared when he addressed his inaugural address from the front of the Capitol.

A hawk always plucks all the feathers of a bird before eating it, but an owl swallows birds whole, feathers, claws, and all.