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## REVENGE.

The fairest action of our human life,  
Is scorn'g to revenge an injury;  
For who forgives without a further strife,  
His adversary's heart doth to him tie;  
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,  
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.  
If we a worthy enemy do find  
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;  
But if of baser metal be his mind,  
In base revenge there is no honor won.  
Who would a worthless courage overthrow,  
And who would wrestle with a worth-ess foe?  
We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;  
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor;  
Great hearts are lashed beyond their power  
But said:  
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.  
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,  
High heartedness doth sometime teach to bow.  
A nobler heart doth teach a virtuous scorn;  
To scorn to owe a duty over long;  
To scorn to be benefitted forborne;  
To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;  
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;  
To scorn a free born heart, slave like to bind.  
But if for wrongs we needs redress must have,  
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;  
Do we by body from our vengeance save,  
And let our hate prevail against his mind.  
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be  
Than make his foe more worthy far than he.

## Her Love or her Life.

The road that led from the small railway station to the business part of the pleasant town wound for nearly a mile along the banks of a picturesque stream, across a wooden bridge, and up a broad avenue flanked by handsome villas.  
Just across that bridge, at the close of a dark, sunless day, I stopped before the tall gate of a plain black iron fence, and scrutinized interestedly the grounds and house within the rather grim enclosure. The place attracted me irresistibly, although the building was decidedly not a miracle of architectural art, nor were the great shivering pines behind it suggestive of anything particularly cheery. The low polygonal structure was of brick, red as Jasper, heavy crimson curtains shaded the quaint windows, and the only door visible was broad and solid, and paneled in curiously carved oak, black with age. Weeping willows and mountain ashes bordered the wide grassy walk, and the scent of hidden violets filled the air.  
Back under the pines I saw a tall, melancholy figure moving to and fro, his dark, handsome head bowed, and his white, shapely hands locked behind him. The clash of the iron latch startled him; he looked up, smiled, and at once hurried towards me.  
"You have come," he observed laconically, but affably. "How do you like the place?"  
"I can scarcely decide that as yet," I returned smiling at his eagerness; "but it looks to me something like the nest of a wild bird who by mistake builded in a garden of roses. It is very unlike the gay, modern mansion on the other side of the avenue."  
"I hope you do not regret having bought it, Philip?" he commenced uneasily.  
"Not at all, Horace," I assured him promptly; "my business keeps me in this town at least seven months of each year, and I am heartily tired of the noisy hotel over yonder. I like the quiet of a retired home, and I shall employ a housekeeper and make a bachelor Paradise of the house you are leaving."  
"I have some fine old wine you must taste before you go," he remarked, as after conducting me through the open door and spacious hall, he led me into a large, dim room.  
"Thanks for the wine, if it will help expedite our slight task of business," I said lightly; "I must catch the next train, you know."  
He acknowledged my hint with a smile, and left me alone.  
I drew back the crimson curtains of a broad west window, and gazed curiously about the apartment. The ceiling was delicately frescoed, and the walls exquisitely painted in some pale-pink tint. The velvet carpet was like a vast bed of moss scattered over with dainty red rosebuds. A table of rosewood and marble stood in the centre of the room, and as I sat down beside it a golden beam from the setting sun flashed through the parted curtains of the window and lighted a large picture on the wall before me. It was the life-size painting of a woman—a young creature whose form was all queenliness and grace, whose yellow hair was wound in great snaky coils about a haughty but must lovely head, whose laughing, mocking lips were as red as rubies, whose skin was as daintily white as the leaf of a lily, whose eyes and brows and lashes were dark as night. She wore some old Venetian costume of purple velvet, draped with cloudly lace and sewn with moony pearls. With a shudder I turned away from that pictured vision of wicked, smiling beauty.  
"It is the portrait of Horace Chichester's renegade wife," I thought.  
I knew very little about the domestic sorrow of my friend. I knew that he had married one whom he had loved passionately, that she had deserted him, and his trouble had made him a misanthrope and a wanderer; but I knew nothing more. Although we had been confidential associates in our college days, we had been for several years almost strangers, and now I did not care to question him of a trouble that he evidently did not wish to discuss. But I had no kindness or mercy for the wretch who, I believed, had made him the wife he had become, and whom I had never seen.  
That day he spoke to me of her for the

first time. We had finished our business and our wine, and he had accompanied me to the gate through the gathering dusk of the Spring evening.  
"I shall travel," he said. "I intend to find my wife wherever she has hidden from me. I sinned to win her, and if I cannot have her love I shall have her life."  
I could not bear to look upon his agonized countenance expressive of misery akin to madness, and as I turned my eyes away, a line of cabs came rattling down the slope. From the window of one nearest, a beautiful young face shown for a moment like a star through the twilight. I saw the janny hat with its sweeping white feather, the dazzling blue eyes, and then the cab rolled on.  
"A traveling operatic troupe," explained my companion, observing, but not rightly understanding my evident sudden interest. "It is billed for a concert at the Academy to-night."  
"And I have lost my train and must wait for the next," I answered rather irritably. "Good night, Chichester. I shall take the weird old road around the cemetery to this station. It will be a glorious walk in this unexpected moonlight."  
The full, unclouded moon was rising as I loitered, and now around a curve where the stream widened like a sheet of silver, and now under a dim arch of budding trees that shook their scented dew upon me as I passed.  
As I reached the bridge, a tall, slender woman, wrapped in a black cloak, hurried out of the avenue. As she saw me, she uttered a sharp, startled cry, and shrank as if in fright. At the same moment her hood fell back, and in the splendor of the moonlight I saw the white face of the stranger, who had passed me an hour before. She was trembling nervously, and seemed so helpless and bewildered, that I stopped instantly.  
"I am sorry I startled you," I apologized kindly; and then noting her doubtful, critical glance, I supplemented: "Or perhaps you have lost your way?"  
"Not at all," she disavowed quickly; "I am going to the station. When I saw you I thought—"  
She paused, glanced backward apprehensively and shuddered.  
"Can I help you in any way?" I asked, puzzled.  
"I think not." She smiled as if my voice had calmed her. "I only wish to catch the train, that I may meet the New York express at the next station."  
"Are you not afraid of the long walk alone along the river?" I inquired wonderingly.  
"Yes," she answered, frankly. "I am. But nevertheless I must go. I was to sing in the concert to-night," she went on hurriedly; "but there are reasons, imperative reasons, why I must go to New York at once. The manager was angry—quite furious, indeed—so, to avoid a scene, I quietly ran away."  
She said this with such charming naïveté that I laughed, and that laugh made my friends then and there. She seemed innocently pleased when I informed her that I, too, was on my way to New York, and should be glad to care for her comfort on the journey. But not until we were whirling away through the moonlight on the midnight express did the shadows vanish altogether from her most beautiful face. But that wild rush through the delicious air seemed to inspire her, and often she would laugh like a happy child. I parted from her at last at the house of an elderly lady with whom she resided when not traveling.  
"You have been very good to me," she said, as I was leaving her.  
"Have I commended myself to your friendship?" I queried.  
Her answer was satisfactory, and for weeks I saw her every day. I knew she loved me, and I knew, too, that I had loved her from the first. But always when I spoke of marriage she seemed troubled and undecided.  
"We are just as happy now as we can be, Philip," she would say sweetly.  
"No, we are not, Edith," I would protest; "I want you for my wife, and I mean to have you."  
But at length she yielded, and we were quietly married. I was very proud of my wife—proud of the admiration that followed her everywhere—of the honor and reverence she won from all who knew her. She was a being made for love and for a husband to adore. No ignoble human passion or emotion ever disturbed her sweet soul; anger and hate and all petty feelings were things her nature could not know.  
After three months of content and happiness, I took Edith to my home, in the town where I first met her. It was early in May. The scent of wild violets was in the air, the trees were budding and the grassy hills were golden with dandelions. My grim old house, set among its pines and weeping willows pleased her.  
"I shall have that picture taken down," I said to her one day. "I cannot bear to have even the portrait of poor Chichester's wicked wife in the same house with you, Edith."  
"Chichester!" she repeated, her blue eyes fixed on my face with a look I could not understand.  
"Yes, dear," I resumed. "Horace fitted up this place for that woman before he deserted him and ruined him—body, brain and soul, I fear."  
"But that is not the picture of the girl who was his bride, but never his wife," averred Edith, who had grown strangely pale.  
I looked at her in mute wonder.  
"I know the whole sad, shameful story," pursued my wife steadily. "Horace Chichester conceived a mad passion for a girl who

had not the slightest feeling of friendship for him. He came to her one night with a pitiful, false tale of her father's dishonor. 'Marry me now, this hour, and I shall save your parent from a felon's fate. Refuse me, and he will be in prison before another day,' said her cruel suitor. She was scarcely more than a child, and she believed him, and in her terror consented. An hour after her marriage her father was brought home dying, and his last words were a protest against Horace Chichester's disgraceful act and unwarranted accusation. She believed her vows to be no longer binding, and refused to see or speak to her husband over again. Though he never held her in his arms or kissed her lips, though she has steadfastly resisted his claims, she has pursued and hunted her to—"  
"To death!" I thundered an awful voice at the open door.  
For one moment I stood motionless before that savage apparition, and then I flung my arms around my poor Edith. But I was too late. There was a sharp report, a smoking pistol was dashed down at my feet, and with a wild shriek, the crazed Chichester rushed out of the house, through the mooning pines, on towards the river.  
Edith locked her sweet arms around my neck.  
"He has killed me, Philip," she sighed faintly, and with her lips against my cheek she died.  
That was the end. My love-life was over forever.  
I understood now why my poor girl had so abruptly left the operatic troupe that night I first saw her—she had seen Chichester as she drove past the gate where we were standing together, and it was from him she was fleeing. The picture in the dim old parlor was an ideal piece, and was in the house when he bought it.  
Chichester's body was found in a shallow of the stream, with the white water-lilies drifting over his upturned face.  
It was well for me that he was found thus, for I know not what rash thing I might have done in the first agonies of my grief, with poor Edith's young life calling upon my love for vengeance.  
**Read This, Girls.**  
Learn to darn stockings neatly, and then always do that your own are in order. Do not let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just about a minute to sew one on, and oh, how much better a foot looks in a trimly buttoned boot than it does in a lopsided affair with all the buttons off. Every girl should learn to make simple articles of clothing. We know a little Miss of seven who could darn a pair of stockings, and mend the whole of a blue calico dress for herself, and piece a large bed quilt. She was not an over-talented child, either, but a merry, romping, indulgent, only daughter. But she was "smart," and she did not die young, either. Indeed we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think. So never be afraid of a bit of overdoing the business. Help all you can and study over the business daily. Once get into the habit of looking over your things, and you will like it wonderfully. You will have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand with all such matters. The relief to your weary mother will be more than you can ever estimate.  
**Strong Tea.**  
General John Beatty, on one occasion when on a long march regaled himself with what he supposed to be tea, but was in reality, tobacco juice, and had been concocted from a paper of chewing tobacco which the General had handed to the servant by mistake. The General thought once or twice that the "tea" seemed slightly impregnated with flavor of tobacco, but attributed it to the fact that he had been smoking more than usual for some time before, and that the tobacco taste was therefore not in the liquid but in his mouth. When the General returned from his march, he happened to mention to his servant that the tea tasted like tobacco juice, and was astounded at receiving the reply, "It is terbacker juice, sir!" "Why, you must be an infernal fool, John," said the somewhat horrified General, "to give me tobacco juice to drink!" "Can't help that, sir; you gave me paper o' terbacker and tole me to make tea of it. Did jest as you tole me sir." The reasoning was conclusive, and the General was obliged to content himself with pouring the rest of the "tea" out of his canteen.  
**Something That's Foolish.**  
To think the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he becomes.  
To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is, the more good is done.  
To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.  
To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.  
To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is good for the system, without regard to ulterior effects.  
To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.  
To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.  
Her baby, annoyed by the shaking it had received from the rapid pace, at

length cried lustily, calling the wolves to renewed pursuit. In vain the poor mother tried to soothe her infant, but another fish was followed by a fresh flight and precious delay of the pack. Again and again the action was repeated, until at length the barking of two huge dogs alarmed the wolves, while the almost exhausted mother ran past the friendly brow of the door of the farmhouse, thrown open to receive her.  
The great dogs are trained to their duty, and no sooner was the fugitive in the house than they also retired in good order to the same safe stronghold, leaving the foiled wolves to rage outside, and fall before the guns that were speedily brought to bear upon them.  
The weary mother found safety and rest, but whether she saved any of her fish tradition does not relate.  
**The Locust.**  
The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts which are not known to us. The old historians and modern travelers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa, and in many places of Asia—that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these insects were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell and many other travelers in the eastern countries, represent their taste as frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes that when they are sprinkled with salt, and fried, they are not unlike, in taste, to our fresh-water crayfish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept for winter provisions. The ravages of the migratory locust have been at particular times, so extensive as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts, and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these insects appeared in such vast numbers as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 852 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables not even sparing the bark of the trees nor the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, &c. Their daily marches were so rapid, and their numbers so great, and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order that there were regular leaders among them who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1141, incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia, and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748, afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe as far north as England.  
**Antwerp from a Church Spire.**  
After wandering through the cathedral and its chapels we ascended the spire to have a view of the city. Five hundred and fourteen stone steps led to the top, and the view repays the climbing. You look down on the narrow winding streets and the houses with their small courts, the people look like children, the parks and gardens stretch out as far as you can see to the blue sea-like horizon of Flanders and Holland. The Scheeldt looks yellow and silent, the vessels asleep on its breast, the spires of the churches rise up below you, the old houses by the quay lean down to the water and the guide shows the house of Charles the Fifth, the old Spanish houses and the tower near the water of the days of the Inquisition—and no one knows how old it is—and the bells and chimes are all ringing for the Peto Dieu, and you go down to find the crowds in holiday attire, pouring from house and church. The houses are hung with garlands of paper roses and lighted candles and images of the Madonna and saints. Old women with long cloaks and broad flapping lace caps cover their heads as they stand waiting with candles in their hands, and through the streets where the procession passes they are sprinkling white sand, and over that daisies and green leaves. The crowds line the narrow sidewalks, the police clear the streets, not a horse or wagon to be seen, and amid the chiming of a thousand bells the procession leaves the cathedral and comes slowly down the streets. A band plays a solemn grand march, a chorus of male voices follow, then come the officials and dignitaries of the city in black suits, bare heads, white gloves and carrying huge lighted candles; then the altar boys in scarlet and white swinging incense, a procession of priests in full robes, bearing banners and crucifixes, and then a golden canopy upheld by four priests and under it the archbishop carrying the host, children dressed in white throw flowers before it and the people all kneel as it passes.  
**Wonderful Tenacity of Life.**  
Thirty-three years ago, an Egyptian desert snail was received at the British Museum. The animal was known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into its shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on to a tablet, duly labeled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving, this contented gastropod simply went to sleep, in a quiet way, and never woke up again for four years. The tablet was then placed in tepid water, and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly resuscitated himself, began walking about the basin, and finally sat for his portrait. Now, during these four years, the snail had never eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing at the end of the period as he had been at its beginning.

Jack Finehart had a noted name in Texas, in Arizona, in Kansas, in New Mexico; not a gambler from Texas to the Black Hills but respected the name. An expert gambler, an unerring shot, unequalled as a companion on a spree, he was nevertheless, scrupulously honest, tender-hearted, sensitive and easily provoked to tears. He had one love affair, and it was the romance in his life. I don't know the history of it. Nobody does but Jack, and he was not communicative about it. It seems that his brother was equally involved about the girl, and after much bitter feeling and exchanges had been indulged in between them respecting the lady, they came to an understanding thoroughly typical of the hard, uncompromising nature of western quarrels. The understanding was to the effect that the men pledged themselves never again to speak to the girl, the penalty for an infraction of this rule being that one brother should kill the other. This was the compact. To any one familiar with the history of the West there is nothing strange, unnatural or startling about it. The brothers separated, and each went his way. This was some years ago. This summer Jack sought out his brother, and found him in Denver. He told him briefly that he had broken his oath, and that he wanted the compact kept. There was nothing about Jack's demeanor that indicated fear. He was melancholy and quiet. This indeed was his habitual manner. He was firm in his determination to die by his brother's hand. The witness of the compact was in Denver. He was found by Jack, and the fact was narrated to him. He offered remonstrance, of course; Jack was as firm as iron. His influence over the witness, and the desire of the latter to see it out and put in as many obstacles as possible induced him to accompany his friend. The brother was waiting, and they walked out on the Platte river bank. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was making countless beautiful shapes and colors over the mountains. The air was cool and dry, and the earth looked very fresh and green. It was a singularly inviting aspect, and the world never appeared more tempting as a place of residence. The men spoke not a word, but strode steadily along, Jack in front. The witness was alarmed and horrified. He knew not what to do. It was impossible to influence these men; but he reached a quiet spot in a shady valley. The Platte ran beside them, and would carry the body of Jack along with it in a few moments. They paused. Jack drew a flogger and examined it carefully. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he cocked it and handed it to his brother. Then walking a few rods he turned a two-thirds profile toward him, presenting his heart as the mark to shoot at. There the Texan stood, with his arms folded and an expression of quiet melancholy on his face.  
"I am ready," he said, casting a single glance at his brother, with whom he had previously shaken hands, and then turning his gaze toward the river. The brother took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack flung a quick look at it, and seeing his brother about to try again, once more gazed at the river. After another long aim the brother suddenly threw the pistol into the river and wheeled about. Jack advanced in anger.  
"You're a pejuer," he said. "I would have killed you."  
The brother did not reply, but turned and walked toward home.  
Jack followed with the greatly relieved witness. He did not utter a word until they parted in Denver. He made repeated efforts to induce his brother to carry out the compact, and seemed more anxious to die the more he reflected upon his escape. He appeared to court death with moody anxiety, and long after this affair had ceased to torment him, this strange, restless desire to meet death by violence seemed to haunt him. At three o'clock on the morning of his death (he remained up because he was filled with the suffocating sense that death was coming), he walked down Sixteenth street with a friend, and said:  
"It's coming, coming, I feel it in the air; but I don't know how, and I'd like to know, I've got the 'sand' to die game, and I'll die in my boots, but I'd like to know how it's coming."  
"You ought to go somewhere, Jack," said his friend.  
"There is not a spot in this western country where Jack Finehart is not in danger," he replied.  
At ten o'clock he was attending to his duties as yard-master. A switch engine was going down the yard behind a passenger train, and Jack, knowing the engineer to be a Denver & Rio Grande man, and being distrustful of him, jumped on the step and rode along with him. The rickety engine was going very fast. It went off the rails and fell over, and Yard-master Finehart was crushed to death and badly mutilated. The engineer was also killed.  
To think that a man who was covered from head to foot with knife and pistol scars—a man whose death was many times due, perhaps, from the hands of other men, should meet it at last by a railroad accident. His funeral was attended by great numbers, and as he lies in the cemetery, one sees over his grave the simple inscription, "Jack Finehart."

One day the Emperor was riding by a window, through it he saw a tailor at work. Being inclined to have some sport, the Emperor stopped opposite the window which was open, and cried out—  
"What is your employment, my fine fellow?"  
"I am a tailor, sir," said the man.  
The reply was so appropriate that the Emperor took the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast, and made him a Topographical Engineer on the spot.  
In the earlier part of spring, Napoleon was in the habit of rising early and walking in plain dress by the side of the Seine. One morning in the course of his perambulations, he encountered one of the fraternity of washerwomen, commonly known as laundresses. Seeing her drinking something, the Emperor said:  
"What is that you are drinking, madame?"  
"Water," said she.  
"Water?" said the Emperor.  
"Yes; one must needs drink water when one can get nothing else."  
The Emperor said nothing at the moment, but the next day the old woman was surprised upon being informed that his Majesty had been so pleased with her exhibition of contentment, that he had assigned her a pension of a hundred thousand francs per year.  
A farm laborer was walking with his shoes in his hand along the road, when it happened that the Emperor was passing.  
"Why do you not put your shoes upon your feet, my good fellow?" he said.  
"Ah! I may injure them on the pebbles of the road," said the peasant.  
"Why, then, by avoiding that, you may injure your toes," said the Emperor.  
"True, sir, but they will get well of their own accord again, while a shoe out of repair, will cost something to mend."  
Napoleon admired his economical philosophy so much, that he immediately appointed him Minister of Finance to the Empire, with the title of the Duc de Sabot.  
Immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon was riding over the field of battle, giving directions as to the wounded and dead. In his progress he saw a camp follower, who appeared to have been wounded in the head, and he said:  
"You appear to have been doing a soldier's duty," said Napoleon.  
"Oh! a pitch piaster will make it all well in a day or two."  
The Emperor, struck with the intrepidity of the man and the originality of the reply, made him a Marshal of the Empire on the field, and ever after held him in the highest respect.  
**Reptiles in the Stomach.**  
Dr. England, of Newark, New Jersey, lately took five lizards from the stomach of a colored woman in that place. When called upon the doctor exhibited two of the lizards, preserved in alcohol. One is four inches in length and the other about two and one-half inches. They are of a light mud color, and are perfectly formed. The larger one is half an inch in diameter at the thickest part, near the shoulders and head. Dr. England said that when he drew the large one from Lucy Davis's throat she screamed so loudly that a score of colored people flocked into the room. When they saw the lizard crawling on the floor they started from their mouths agape and eyes starting from the sockets. He never saw such a terrified set of people in his life. Lucy Davis's case, Dr. England added, was an unusual one, although lizards had before existed in the stomachs of human beings. He tempted the largest lizard up in Lucy's throat by putting a decoction on her tongue. When the head of the lizard appeared, he seized it with an instrument and quickly pulled it out. "When I was a student with the late Dr. E. P. Whetmore of Brooklyn," said Dr. England, "I assisted in a somewhat similar and very peculiar case. Dr. Whetmore was summoned to attend a lady living near Flatbush. He took me with him. We arrived at the farm in the afternoon, and saw the patient. Dr. Whetmore told her not to eat anything that evening, and he would attend to her the next day. Early the next morning the old doctor, without saying anything to me or the lady, procured a pan of fresh, warm milk from the barn. He carried the milk into the house, and told the lady to sit in a chair near the window. He then banded her eyes, and made her hold the pan of milk close to her mouth and nostrils. In a few minutes the lady began to breathe as though she was being smothered. Dr. Whetmore, who had been anxiously looking down her throat, suddenly inserted an instrument, and in a few seconds pulled out a milk snake. The lady went into convulsions, but soon recovered. The snake was as beautiful a specimen of a milk snake I ever saw. It was nearly two feet in length, and half an inch in circumference. It was of a blue-water color, with cream-brown spots. Dr. Whetmore recovered her health rapidly. Dr. Whetmore had not said what was the cause of her illness until he pulled out the snake."  
How to spend a holiday: First, get your holiday.

What His Wife Wanted.  
At the farmhouse gate the other morning, Mrs. Whitehall said to Joseph as he was ready to drive into town:  
"Remember, now, what I told you. I want a spool of thread, No. 60, ten yards of calico with a dot in it, and a yard and a half of brown drilling to line the waist."  
Joseph drove into the city as straight as a bee line, and as happy as an old girl when the circus is out. He sold his butter and eggs, was on his way to a dry goods store when he met a man who once came very near marrying his sister. This was reason enough why they should drink together, and they drank. When a man meets a fellow who might have been his brother-in-law if a mule hadn't kicked the prospective bride across the dark river, he can't tell when to stop drinking. Farmer Whitehall couldn't remember whether he imbibed seven or seventeen glasses, but the result was the same. When he finally got ready to do his trading he entered a store and said:  
"Shir, I want sixty spools of dots wiz a waist in 'em!"  
"That was as plain as he could make it in any of the half dozen stores he entered, and by and by he suddenly discovered that he wasn't in the right mood for trading. He found another saloon and more beer, and it was evening when he entered a jewelry store and said:  
"Shir, I want a yardan' a half of dots wiz sixty in 'em!"  
He was turned out, and late in the evening he fell down on the street, too tired to go further. As the officer raised him up he murmured:  
"Shir, I want ten yard drillin' to line 'er spool thread wiz."  
He was quite sober when walked out for trial, and, moreover, a little anxious to know what had become of all his vest buttons and one coat-tail.  
"Do you feel better?" kindly asked his honor, as he looked down at the prisoner.  
"No, sir—I feel worse," was the answer.  
"Nice time you had rolling round in the street last night."  
"Squar!" began the man, as he faced around, "this is the last time I ever made a fool o' myself with both eyes open! I've got 'leven dollars take down here in my vest, and you kin take it all if you'll let me go. I'll bet a cucumber the ole woman didn't sleep a wink last night, and she'll put one o' the boys on a horse and send him up the road after me this mornin'."  
"Then you plea—"  
"Guilty," and an idiot to boot!  
"Do you want to dust right out for home?"  
"Do I? Why I can't hardly stand still. I want to meet the boy as fur out as I kin, and I'll tell him I got upost."  
"Can you remember what your wife told you to get?"  
"I kin. She wanted sixty yards of waist lining, a yard and a half of dots, and ten spools of calico, and I'll get 'em as I go out."  
"Well, you may go."  
"Thankee! Whar's my hat—good-bye."