

BLUE MONDAY.

If ever a blue Monday dawned upon the terrestrial ball, it was this thirteenth day of September, 18—.

The equinoctial had come before its time, with a rush of angry rain borne on the wings of a morning wind; the kitchen chimney smoked rancorously and the scuttle leaked a steady "drip, drip, drip" directly over the roses and tulips of the best-room carpet.

"A regular spell of weather," said Mr. Crayfish, chuckling, as he shaved himself, with one of the children playing horse with his suspenders, and other packing different-sized marbles into the toe of his slipper.

But Mr. Crayfish, as his wife scornfully remarked, would chuckle at anything.

"I am sure I don't know what is to become of me!" said she, sorrowfully. "With Bridget gone, and the range out of order, and this terrible rain, and not a washerwoman to be had for love or money! And your Aunt Pamela writing that she is coming here to spend the winter, and my report not yet written for the Woman's Elevating Society, and Mrs. Ponsonby sending word that she shall expect me to give an aesthetic tea or a literary breakfast, in honor of young Lord Ernest Elberon, now that he is here gathering material for his book on 'Woman's Upward Progress.'"

"Hang progress!" said Mr. Crayfish, emptying the marbles out of his slipper toe.

"Yes that's just like you, Leander," said Mrs. Crayfish, fretfully. "If you had your way, you would tread all under foot, like inferior beings."

"In the meantime," said Crayfish, "I'd like my breakfast."

And his wife went slowly and dependently down stairs wondering how she could get word to the plumber about the range.

But the milkman, opportunely presenting himself, volunteered to leave an order at the plumber's shop.

"I must get something done on the report today, she pondered as she sliced up potatoes for frying. "Mrs. Edgeworth from Chicago is to be at to-morrow's meeting, and—Oh, dear!" as the knife slipped, inflicting a sharp little gash on her finger. "I knew there was destined to be a blue Monday when the decorated lamp shade cracked all of itself, before daylight this morning!"

And Mrs. Crayfish, forgetting all about her "Elevation" and "Aim," burst into tears, as any milk-maid might have done.

The range obstinately declined to cook; the chimney poured clouds of smoke down into Mrs. Crayfish's face; and the family breakfasted upon yesterday's oatmeal, with a little milk.

"Is this aesthetic?" said Mr. Crayfish; "or is it literary?"

"Leander how can you?" sobbed his wife.

"I'll stop myself and jog that plumber's memory," said Mr. Crayfish, good humoredly. "Don't fret Carry! It will be all right."

"I wish you would not call me Carry when my name is Carolina!" said Mrs. Crayfish.

Just at noon the door bell rang. "Who is it shrieked Mrs. Crayfish to the little Crayfishes, who were stretching their necks out of the front window.

"It's a young man, with a black leather bag, ma!" shouted back the youthful scions of the race.

"That everlasting plumber!" said Mrs. Crayfish.

"I'll teach him!"

And with her kitchen apron swallowing her in its sombre folds, and her hair all bristling in porcupine papers, Mrs. Crayfish hurried to the door.

"Do I address Mrs. Leander Crayfish?" began the young man.

"I should rather think you did?" said Mrs. Crayfish tartly. "And if this is the way you intend to transact business, I want nothing more to do with you!"

"I'm very sorry ma'am, but—"

"I dare say!" curtly interrupted Mrs. Crayfish. "But I don't want to listen to any excuses. Be so very good, if you please, as to come down stairs at once and get to work, without further loss of time."

And she led the way down to the kitchen talking volubly as she went.

But before she could explain the manifold shortcomings of the delinquent range, the doorbell sounded for

the second time, loud and long, and Mrs. Crayfish was obliged to hurry up stairs once more.

This time it was an old lady, stout and red-faded, with tufts of gray hair on either side of her face, and her portly figure shrouded in a waterproof cloak.

"Aunt Pamela, as true as I live!" cried Mrs. Crayfish, who never had met her husband's aunt. "I declare if you are not just in time! My cook has gone and my washerwoman hasn't come, and I do believe that Providence has sent you to me. If you don't mind I'll give you a cup of tea and set you right to work picking the chickens for dinner. Yes, I know the house looks forlorn," as the lady glanced dubiously around, "but it's blue Monday and everything is in a tangle. There is my room; yours is all dripping from the leaky roof. My bed isn't made, and the dear children's clothes are all over the floor; but you'll excuse all deficiencies, Aunt Pamela, until Leander comes back. Good gracious! if there isn't the bell again! I do believe it is bewitched to-day! But you will take off your things, and presently I'll bring you up one of my big gingham aprons, and tell you what is to be done first."

Down she bustled to the door for the third time. A grimy-faced personage stood there in an attitude of utter indifference.

"Who are you?" said Mrs. Crayfish.

"Plumber's man, mum. Mr. Crayfish, he—"

"But why didn't you come when the other young man did?" irritably demanded the lady.

"Ain't no other young man, mum."

"Yes, there is, too!" said Mrs. Crayfish. "And he's at work down in the kitchen now."

"Well, if you've got some one to work on the job, you don't want me," said the independent citizen, shouldering his bag of tools.

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Crayfish. "I want all the plumbers I can get. Make haste down stairs and expedite the other man all you can. Why, Mrs. Ponsonby," as a smiling matron skipped out of a coupe and hurried up the steps, "it can't be possible that this is you!"

Mrs. Ponsonby, the president of "The Social Circle for the Elevation of Women," shook the rain drops from her bonnet plume and smiled graciously.

"I am so sorry to take you by surprise, dear!" she said.

"Oh, not at all!" interjected Mrs. Crayfish.

"But Mr. Ponsonby's mother is very ill," added the president of the Social Circle for the Elevation of Women; "so of course I could not receive company. And I knew you would be so glad to welcome Lord Ernest Elberon, and to answer Mrs. Edgeworth's inquiries on the subject of French Amelioration."

"Eh?" said Mrs. Crayfish.

"Where are they?" asked Mrs. Ponsonby, looking around her.

"Where are who?" gasped Mrs. Crayfish.

"Lord Earnest, to be sure!" said Mrs. Ponsonby, "and Mrs. Edgeworth!"

Mrs. Crayfish gave a little shriek of dismay as the full truth broke in upon her mind. She seized Mrs. Ponsonby's arm, as a drowning woman might grasp at a straw.

"I will tell you where they are!" said she with the stony calmness of despair. "I pushed Lord Ernest down stairs before me, and set him to pulling the kitchen range to pieces. And Mrs. Edgeworth is at this moment sitting up stairs in probably the dirtiest and most untidy bed-room in Philadelphia."

It was some time before Mrs. Ponsonby could be brought to quite understand the position of affairs. But when she did, she was even more perturbed than Mrs. Crayfish had been.

"Let us go up stairs—I mean down stairs—at once!" she cried. "Oh, how could any one possibly have made such a blunder? Oh, what will Lord Ernest think? And what sort of account of us will Mrs. Edgeworth put into her husband's Chicago newspaper?"

Lord Ernest Elberon, sitting on the edge of the wash trays, was meditatively watching the operations of the plumbers, when they came down.

"He wanted to fight me at first," observed the sprig of English aristocracy. "But he was quite peaceable when I convinced him that I did not come from an opposition establishment; and really he seems quite an ingenious sort of fellow. And there is more complication in one of those baking and roasting concerns than I had any idea of. Pray, ladies make no apologies. It was the most natural mistake in the world. And I assure you I regard it as a capital joke."

Mrs. Edgeworth of Chicago, however, was not so placable.

They found her sitting in the middle of Mrs. Crayfish's rather disorganized bedroom, with a face like that of the Sphinx; and nothing but an introduction to Lord Ernest Elberon pacified her in the least degree.

Mrs. Ponsonby carried off the whole party, Mrs. Crayfish included in her coupe, to lunch at Damorette's.

And when the luckless housekeeper reached home again, the plumber was gone, Aunt Pamela had arrived, and had "strengthened up" everything, a good dinner smoked on the board, and Mr. Crayfish welcomed her with a broad smile.

"It's all right, Carry," he said. "Blue Monday has come to an end at last."

"I should think it might," said Mrs. Crayfish, hysterically. "With an English lord in my kitchen, a Chicago reformer in my bedroom, and nobody knows what else! I declare, I'm sick of the Society for the Elevation of Women, and everything that belongs to it."

BAFFLED BY BEER.

A Denver physician who was recently interviewed by a reporter for the News of that city claimed to have made a great discovery. In response to an inquiry as to what it was he replied:

Inoculation against drunkenness, but I cannot say that my discovery is complete. There is a little something lacking and until I discover that I will not let the world benefit from my researches. This discovery was made in a peculiar manner. I dropped a brandied peach on the floor one day and two of my pet rabbits nibbled it until they became hilarious, and nibbled more until they became stupidly drunk. While in that condition I found them, and finding the peach I knew what ailed them. I opened a vein in the throat of one of the rabbits to bleed it, and while so engaged another rabbit hopped by me; without hardly knowing why I did so I caught it and injected some of the blood of drunken rabbit into its veins.

Within a short time that rabbit was drunk also, and keeled over. That little experiment set me thinking. Why shouldn't drunkenness, which is recognized as a disease, be cured by inoculation? I made more experiments. I was convinced that I was right in theory. I procured a human subject—a man who is always full of beer. I procured some blood from his arm and injected it into a Newfoundland dog. The dog became drunk. I drew some blood from its veins and inoculated another man, a drunkard, who is always full on whisky. The effect was curious. He stopped whisky and went to drinking beer, and became, if anything, a worse drunkard than before. I was non-plussed. I began to reason. I knew the different effects different liquors have on the human system. I know that beer makes men stupid, champagne lively, whisky pugnacious, and so on through the innumerable drinks decoctions, cordials, etc., mankind drinks. I also recognize the fact that the same liquor will have a different effect on different persons. You can get a drunk in any style out of whisky maudlin, sentimental, hysterical, hysterical, fighting, howling, etc., furber-lows, and edgings.

I also found that different virus was obtained from different animals, though inoculated with the same human blood. But I kept on experimenting, and have succeeded in obtaining a virus that is an antidote for every known drink except beer. That has baffled me, but I don't think it will take long. I will illustrate to you what I can do. Here is a small quill containing virus similar to vaccine matter. I'll not go to the trouble

of explaining how I procured it, or from what animal. I will say this much. It is the seventh remove from a drunken man, each from a different specie of animal. I vaccinate a person the same as I would for smallpox. In a week or ten days the virus takes effect.

What is the result? Simply this. You can not become intoxicated, no matter what you drink unless it is beer.

I don't know whether you will be classed as a benefactor of mankind or not, taking the privilege of getting drunk away from us.

I hope I will, nevertheless. I don't believe with Byron that man, being reasonable, must get drunk. But most unfortunately some men are so peculiarly constituted that they can not drink moderately. They get drunk, become nuisances, lose caste, and disaster follows their indiscretions. All this is, or can be, ended by my discovery. A man who drinks has only to be vaccinated, or rather inoculated with this virus and he can drink forever without becoming in the east intoxicated.

Have you thoroughly tested it? I tried it on myself and afterward drank at one sitting eight bottles of champagne without feeling the least ill effects, nor did I have the usual headache next morning. I tried to get drunk on whiskey, brandy, rum, gin and a dozen different kinds of wine, but could not. I tried beer and was successful. I have picked up over a dozen tramps around the city inoculated them, then furnished them with all the liquor they could drink, but never succeeded in making them drunk. I questioned each one of my subjects about their feeling while drinking, and each one informed me that he experienced pleasurable sensations while drinking, but reason always dominated, nor could they get shaky on their legs. I consider my discovery the greatest of the nineteenth century, but until I learn to combat the effects of beer I will not make it public. In five years if it has come in to universal use, there will be no need for work houses or jails!

TRIAL LIST OF NOVEMBER COURT, FIRST WEEK.

Geo M Reeser use of vs Commonwealth Fire Ins Co. Alexander & Bower for plaintiff, Beaver & Gephart for defense.

Wm H Humes vs B and B R R Co. Alexander & Bower for plaintiff, Blanchards for defense.

Philip Keller vs Geo W Ford et al. Orvis & Kress for plaintiff, Beaver & Gephart for defense.

Matt R Adams vs Valentines & Co Alexander & Bower for plaintiff, Hoy for defense.

J R Lowrie, trustee, vs James Cross. Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff, Love for defense.

Rachel Reop et al vs Harvey Benner. Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendant.

Fred Bartley et ux vs Thos J Dunkle. Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff, Fortney and Beaver & Gephart for defense.

Jno T Fowler vs H H Kline. Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defense.

Midland Mining Co vs L V Coal Co et al. Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff, Blanchards for defense.

Holt and Parker vs Humes and Crider. Orvis and Hastings & Reeder for plaintiffs, Beaver & Gephart for defendants.

H D Van Pelt vs R L Pierce et al. Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff.

Geo R Boak & Co vs Hoover, Hughes & Co. Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff, Beaver & Gephart for defendants.

T Conroy's adm's vs Benjamin Rich Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Hastings & Reeder for defendant.

Geo R Boak & Co vs Hoover, Hughes & Co. Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff, Beaver & Gephart for defendants.

Adam Baum vs Moyer Lyon. Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Hastings & Reeder, defense.

Jonathan Reiter vs Wm Whitmer & Co. Dale for plaintiff, Spangler & Hewes for defense.

Alfred Cromlein vs Robert Whitehill et al. Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Murray & Gordon for defendant.

Alexander G Rohback vs Jacob Durdle. Harper for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defense.

Webner Butler vs Thomas Butler, Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Hastings & Reeder for defense.

W L Foster vs J J Grenoble, Beaver & Gephart for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendant.

Frederick Schenck & Bro vs B C & S W R R Co. Dale for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defense.

J W Beck vs Jeremiah Tressler, Hastings & Reeder for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendant.

Theodore Fetzler vs W T Harper. Hastings & Reeder for defense.

Harvey Peifer vs Samuel Aley. Hastings & Reeder for defense.

John Delaney vs Hugh Ward. Spangler & Hewes for defense.

T D Gowland vs Wm R Miller. Spangler & Hewes and Crosby for defense.

Lazarus Moyer vs John A McOmber, Spangler & Hewes and Crosby for defense.

D D Wood vs S R Pringle. Spangler & Hewes and Crosby for defense.

Jas A Quigley vs Eliza D Kunes. Keller for plaintiff, Spangler & Hewes for defense.

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