# THE TEMPTER OF EVE.

His Snakeship in Various Manifestations as Encountered in the Land of the Free.

OIL CITY TRUTH STRETCHERS.

A Cultivated Serpent Which is a Decided Success in Fishing Tools From Oil and Gas Wells.

ANTICS OF CALIFORNIA BATTLERS.

Two Fellows That Held a Mountain Pacs Charmed by the Music of a Violin.

TWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.! Ever since Pete Gruber was bitten by a rattler, snakes have been a popular topic of conversation in Oil City, and a few nights ago at a social gathering of gentlemen "ouly," some of the most refreshing reminiscences of reptiles one ever listened to were recounted. The Florida man started on Anastasia Island, off St. Augustine, a huge rattlesnake appeared at the entrance of their palmetto but, in which several of the chiefs of the Keowas, Commanches and Chevennes, all wrapped in blankets, were

The snake hissed, slowly moved toward the fire and deliberately pulled his sinuous glittering coils over the naked legs of White forse and passed from the tent. As his head energed it was met by the quick, sharp crack of a blunt arrow whipped from the thong of a bow in the hands of Sitting-Down-In-a-Bad-Place, who had skirted the tent and was prepared for the monster. The big reptile made the air fairly quiver with his death song-an ominous and continued rattle inescribable in words, but capable of causing the hair to rise on the unfledged, Contorting imself into a thousand coils he at last died. The commandant in charge measured the snake and he required 10 feet 8 inches of ape to string him out. The Indians strung him up in the tent and had a war dance over his remains. The next day they took his hide off, sewed it neatly together and stuffed it with wet sand. The snake stretched at an alarming rate and when it was carried to town the astonished natives beheld a an extent that editors scouted the story and refused it for fear of ruining the reputations up to his face. Sosi, upon stepping upon

#### Running Froma Racer.

Said the man from Punxsutawney: "I never knew that snakes would run at you until one day about three years ago. I was out clearing up a piece of ground and one of these darned black snakes, or black runners, whipped up out of a bush, put his tail in his and the thumb is discolored, but the patient mouth and came rolling at me like the driv. | will recover. ing wheel of a Shoo Fly express. But didn't I run! Jehosaphat!"

"Why didn't you stop? He'd 'ave stopped if you had stopped," interrupted a listener. "Yes," continued the gentleman from Punxsutawney, "but by the poly horn spoons I wonidn't 'ave stopped. I ran down the road two clean miles for home, and every time I looked over my shoulder there was that reptile coming like a scared greyhound. I couldn't get in the house, but had to keep running around it; didn't even have time to think of getting tired, and I kept on run-in the morning started for home over a trail think of getting tired, and I kept on run-ning until that infernal reptile died from sheer exhaustion. The story or the gentleman from Punxsu-

Trained to Clean Sewers "An old man in St. Louis," said another member of the company, "showed me the first educated snake I ever saw. He was a newer cleaner and used to send this snake with one end of a wire in his mouth through the sewers. A wad of rags was tied to the other end of the wire, and it cleaned the sewers.

"What was the man's name?" inquired a tool fisher from Mannington.

"Zeph Harrison," replied the other. "What kind of a snake?"

"Coach whip. I bought that snake from Harrison for \$200 I use him in fishing for lost tools in oil wells. I send him down with a stout wire in his mouth. He passes through the eye of the drill, like a thread passes through a needle, a bit of wire rope ollows the wire, and the tools come up Yes, sir, I am the man that owns that

"Hold on, gentlemen, this is becoming extravagant," said the gentleman from

Punxsutawney. "Very 'sleazy," said the man from Florida. "We are confining ourselves to facts and we want legitimate snake stories."

A Stump-Tailed Horror.

"We have some of the most peculiar anskes down in Alabama," said the Colonel from Mobile, "that you ever looked at. There's the stump-tailed moceanin, sawed off at the tail about a foot from where he ought to have grown to. He conceals himsel: in a bush by the roadside and for pure cussedness strikes at everything that comes along from a grasshopper to a mowing machine. Where he strikes he generally kills, being fully as venomous as a rattle snake and more of a sleuth and more vindic tive than a cobra. On the old plantation we lived in a log house. My father killed one of these snakes once and knew that he'd best look out for the mate which would fol-low his trail and kill him if it could. One night-I was an intant then-my mother came to the door of her room, and, seeing an immense snake between the logs of the house over my cradle, almost froze with fear. Her first instinct was to scream. She suppressed this however, ran back into another room and secured an old-fashioned dueling pistol. Women were taught to shoot in those days as they should be in these-and she was a dend shot; could cut a string at ten paces nine out of ten. She came back, and in the meantime the snake had crawled down within a foot of my head. Taking aim with a rest on the door frame, she fired and cut that stump tail's head off as clean as a whi tie. I am told that the snake wriggled and tell into the cradle and poured copious quantities of his cold blood over my face, but I dreamed through it all."

Colifornia's Big Fellows. The snake season in California has opene unusually early this year, and from valley and mountain come strange stories of adventures with the reptiles peculiar to that region. For some unknown reason the California rattiesnake is unusually large. At Woodsland the other day Rob Sinke and Charles Gammill brought to the post office a buge ruttlespake, which they killed in Nelson's thicket, on Cache creek. menspred 4 feet 4 inches in length and 3.314 inches in circumference, had 11 rattles and

On a Burgy Wheel.

At Beamont, Cal. Mrs. N. W. Best and from the Mogollon Mountains.

Miss Mand had quite an adventure with a rattlesnake recently. They were driving along in a buggy near home, when, it is supposed, the wheel ran over a rattler, and as the mule they were driving was moving at its slowest possible gait, his snakeship wrapped himself around the wheel and came up squirming and rattling uncomfortably close to Maud's face, and acted as if it would like to get into her lap. But woman's defense—a piercing scream—awoke the mule from his reverie and caused him to step out a little livelier, carrying the rattler to the ground. Not having been invited into the seat, it did not come up again. The men were hauling hav from the same locality shortly after, and found the snake under the hay and killed it.

In the Children's Playbouse. John A. Theroux, of Sprague, Cal., recently built a playhouse for his children, and for the past two weeks the children have been telling their parents that there was a big snake in their playhouse, saying that when they were playing the snake would come out and run around the playhouse and then run away again. Finally Mr. Theroux's little son James came running to his mother, saving: "Come to the playhouse and see if I don't know what a

Mrs. Theroux went to the house to see i there was anything there, and was greatly astonished to see a big rattlesnake calmly aunning itself on the floor in the doorway. She picked up a big boulder and smashed his snakeship. When Mr. Theroux came the ball rolling with a snake story of round proportions. When the Iudians were camped and cut off his rattles, of which there were

A Monster in His Lap.

Henry Bassford, when he was driving home from Suisue, Cal., the other day, saw a large bullsuake stretched across the road, smoking the pipe of peace before the dying and he thought it would be a good joke to embers of the supper fire. As soon as the run the wheel of his cart over the reptile. snake appeared the eagle eyes of the Indians He did so, and the next instant the detected his presence and every man froze into a statue. Howling Wolf, a handsome son of the forest, was a living picture. Raised toward his lips was the pipe, poised gently between the thumb and forefinger. tion became so uncom ortable that he de-cided to throw himself from the cart, but in an endeavor to do he became entangled in some manner, and horse became frightened and ran a considerable distance, dragging Mr. Bassford and bruising him up quite severely. When he had stopped the horse his snakeship was missing. A Narrow Escape.

A crowd at the Stockton depot, San Francisco, last month, was attracted to the rear car of the incoming train this noon by the sight of a man who could not stand up, but had to be assisted off the platform by two others. He had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Dr. Beede, who was at the depot in response to a telegram sent from Milton, had the young man taken to the Commercial Hotel, where the remedies for the poisoning, including hypodermic injection of ammonia, were administered. The patient is Juan P. Sosi, a Portuguese aged snake bigger than any in the memory of Sergeaut McGuire, of Fort San Marco fame been working as a herder on Juan De —which is saying a great deal. That snake Costa's sheep ranch, the other side of the then measured 19 feet long and two feet in Salt Spring reservoir. While herding his diameter. By the time account of it got to the papers the snake had stretched to such lay concealed in the grass. The reptile, of their journals. But the story is nevertheless true in every particular. the snake, mechanically threw up his hands as he jumped back, and the rattler bit him on the left thumb. He immediately slit his thumb open with a jack knife and pressed as much of the blood and poison out as he could. He hurried to De Costa's house, where a half-pint bottle of whisky was given him to drink, and the wound was bathed with ammonia. The

> Charmed by Violia Music. A musician by the name of Paul Keister had a fight with a couple of rattlesnakes in the Sonoma Mountains, California, last

> Sunday morning that is worth recording. Mr. Keister is a violinist of considerable ability, and he is called upon frequently to turnish music for dancing parties. Last Sunday night he played at a dance given at that led through a deep canyon, the sides of which are exceedingly steep. At one point in this canyon the trail is very narrow, having been cut into the side of the mountain, and it abruptly rounds a projecting point of rock that stands out from the walls of the

> Keister was trudging along the path with his violin box under his arm when he was startled by the ring of a rattlesnake, and looking up he found he was contronted by a conster rattler that lay directly in his path. Keister turned to run, but another warning from the weeds by the side of the path warned him not to advance in that direction, and with his hair standing on end he backed up against the rock and eyed the snakes that had coiled themselves up and were angrily rattling their tails. Escape was impossible, and Keister would have taken 50 cents for his life when it occurred to him that he had read that music had a soothing effect on snakes, and pulling his violin out of its box he began to play The sound of the violin attracted the attention of the snakes and they soon stretched themselves out on the ground and began to glide in the direction of the player. Keiste says when he saw the snakes coming toward him his hair actually danced on his head, and with his perves completely unstrung be sawed away on the violin regardless of harmony. When the snakes got to within two feet of him they coiled themselves and reared their heads. They were close to each other, and at last, becoming desperate under the glare of their eyes, Keister caught his violin by the neck and brought it down on the heads of the snakes, who were stunned by the blow. The musician followed up his advantage and quickly dispatched the snakes. His violin was badly damaged, the back being broken in, but Keister rejoiced at having got away with his life. One of the snakes measured eight six feet long and had ten rattles; the other was

# TRAINED THE TARANTULA

The Ugly and Dangerous Pet Educated by n Hnif-Breed Mexican Boy.

Philadelphia Times. A hall-breed boy of Mexican and Indian blood recently attracted much attention at Winslow, Ariz., by the performances of an educated tarantula he owns. He carries the big, formidable-looking insect in a large wooden box slung about his neck, which, when exhibiting his pet, he places on the ground as a sort of stage. At the command of its master, the tarantula mounted a small ladder, rung a bell and performed on miniature trapeze. Then, to the thumping of a tambourine in the hands of the boy, i proceeded to revolve slowly about, as if waltzing, and when it had finished, saluted the crowd by litting one leg three times. A ter its performance was over it crawled to its master's shoulder, where it sat, occasionally running around his neck or down into his bosom. The boy says he tamed the spider when it was young, first by feeding it every day until it grew accustomed to him, then gradually taught it the tricks it knows, He declares that it is much more intelligent than any dog, and very tractable, though uncompromising in its entity to anyone but nimselt. It is as large as a silver dollar

when curled up, though its legs are two or three inches long.

The body is an ugly dull brown, covered with short, course black hair, which also covers the limbs, but is very sparse and bristly. The eyes are small and gleam like diamond points, while the mouth is tur-uished with slender overlapping fangs. The power of spring in these creatures is said to be something incredible, a leap of ten feet heing no tremendous exertion. The boy, who owns the only one which has ever made

THE WORLD

Says Novelist Howells, Speaking of Modern Literature.

HIS HIGH REGARD FOR TOLSTOL Our War Governor and Other Old Men Who

BIG CHECKS DRAWN BY RICH MEN

Are Still Writing.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, September 20 .- I met W. D. Howells, the novelist, at Saratoga the other day. He has been spending the summer there and at Lake George. He is one of the bard-working writers of the day, and, like Anthony Trollope, he carries his work with bim. Every morning he sets aside so much time for writing, and he turns out a certain amount of work daily. He says he finds novel writing hard work, and he does not think it pays him to spend more than three or four hours a day in actual composition. He used to write much more than this, and he has at times worked 16 hours out of the 24. He is now engaged on a short serial novel, and this with his editorial labors constitutes his present work. During our conversation I asked him for his opinion of the Kreutzer Sonata. He replied: "I think it is a great work. It is the offspring of a master mind, and I do not think that the critics are right in their opinion of its evil tendencies. The novel is true to life, and you can expect no other ending for

such a man and such a woman than that laid out in it for Posdnicheff and his wite." THE YOUNG DON'T READ IT. "But, Mr. Howells, do you not think that a book of this kind is harmful to young

readers?"
"It is not the kind of a book," replied Mr. Howells, "that would, I think, attract the young. It is more a book for men and women of mature years and experience. I do not know that it would be fit reading for young girls, but it seems to me that the young men who read it will get from it a lesson in the direction of purity and good "What do you think of Mr. Tolstoi, Mr.

"What do you think of Mr. Tolstol, Mr. Howells?" I asked.
"He undoubtedly is a great man," was the reply. "And he is all the greater for his simple bravery and truth. I believe the world would be better if we could be as brave as Tolstol is, and I think many of his ideas, at which the conventional world laughs, are the right ones. I believe, for instance in his principle of working with instance, in his principle of working with his hands a part of each day, and I would that I could do it myself. I believe that if we could all do this—if we could bring ourselves closer to a common level of humanity -if, in short, we could realize in its full the brotherhood of man, we would be better

workmen and better men. A WORLD LITERATURE. The conversation turned to American literature, and I asked Mr. Howells whether he thought we were forming a distinct national school of writers. He replied: "I think not. I believe the tendency of the times is toward the formation of a world school in literature. The writers of all the world have more of a uniformity of thought and expression to-day than they have ever had before. We are finding out that the unity of the human mind is by no means entirely a fiction, and the means of communication of thought are such that the brains of all the world work more together than they have ever done before.
"You find this in the similarity of the literary productions of the present all over the world. A novel written by one of the realistic school of writers of America to-day has, perhaps, its counterpart in a realistic story written 3,000 miles away in Spain or Germany. The German develops and the same time. The Spaniard tickles his fellows' sides with the same humorous thought as the Yankee, and, like the Yan-kees, his fellows double themselves up and

laugh when they hear it." OUR OCTOGENARIAN WRITERS. Some of the oldest men of the country are doing their share of literary work. Gover-nor Andrew G. Curtin is writing his "Reminiscences of the War" at his home in Bellefonte, Pa., and he tells me he has a pile of mrauscript as big as a dictionary. He dictates his stories to a very rapid typewriter, a young lady whose critical literary judgment he says is good, and who can take down the matter almost as fast as he can talk. Cassius M. Clay is, I am told, writing away at the age of 80 in his Kentucky home upon some additional memoirs of his career, and I met not long ago the Hon. John H. Latrobe, of Baltimore, who, notwithstanding that he is nearly 90, is still

This man is one of the most remarkable characters in the United States. He was born during Jefferson's administration, was a cadet at the United States Military Academy when Monroe was President, was admitted to the bar during the administration of John Quincy Adams, and when Jackson was first elected he became counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and secured its right of way over the mountains. He was the inventor of the Latrobe stove or Baltimore heater, and he has published about a dozen works, including law books, intautry tactics, hints for travel in Europe,

A LAWYER'S \$60,000 CHECK. It was John H. Latrobe who acted as counsel for the Winans Brothers in their railroads contracts with the Russian Government, and I heard the other day the story of how he was engaged by them. was in Europe at the time for his health when he met one of the Winans Brothers and was asked by him to go to Russia. "I can't go and you can't afford to pay me

what it is worth."
"But you must go" said Winans. "We have got to make a big contract and we need a man we can trust. We will pay you any price you want, and what will you charge?" "I don't want to go" answered Mr. La-

"All right" said Mr. Winans, and, as Governor Curtin tells the story, he there-upon took out his check book and wrote him out a check for the amount. The result was Latrobe drew up the contract with the Government and by this seemed the control of the road for 25 years. It was an expensive piece of business but they made millions out of it.

THE CZAR'S RAILROAD. "The Winans Brothers," said Governor Curtin, "were among the first railroad builders of Russia, and the story of their fortune making there reads like a romance. They making there reads like a romance. They first came to the notice of the Czar, from a contract which they took to build a bridge across the River Neva. They lost about 150,000 roubles on the job. The Czar was told that the American contractors had lost. He offered to reimburse them, but they retused, and said that in their country men stood by their contracts. This pleased the Czar very much. He then told them that he wanted a road built, and a survey was made for the purpose. The surveyors laid out the road in a sort of ziggag line, taking in the biggest cities and the best grades. This survey was shown to the Czar Nicho las. He looked at it and then said:
"That is not what I want," and then tak

nat is not want I want, and then taken a down a map of Russia he laid a lead pencil upon it, resting one end of the pencil on the city of Moscow and the other on St. Petersburg. "There is where I want my road to ran," said he; "it must be a straight line from one city to the other, and the rail and the rail of the city of the street its.

A few days after the Winans were asked to sell the road to the Government. They fixed the price at \$9,000,000 and got it with-

out a word. CHECKS FOR MILLIONS.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH,

A good story relates to the purchase of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, which Jay Gould bought of Garrison. The road was paying good dividends and Garrison was not at all anxious to sell. Jay Gould asked him what he would take for the property and his reply was: "Two and one-half mil-lion dollars." "That is too much," replied Gould, "and I can't give it."

"Well," returned Garrison, "you don't need to take it if you don't want to; but I will tell you that the price will be three millions to-morrow." Gould laughed and The next day he called again and offered to give the \$2,500,000 for the road. "You can't have it," replied Garrison; "the road is now worth \$3,000,000." The result

was that Gould waited over until the nex

day and actually paid \$3,500,000 for the The largest check ever given in this country was that given by Gould to Thomas Allen for the Iron Mountain. He paid \$2,-000,000 for it, and he handed Allen a check for that amount upon his acceptance of his offer. Alien looked at the paper that represented this wast sum and said: "Isn't this a good deal of money for one man to have in one bank?"

"I don't know," replied Gould; "perhaps it is. Let me have the check." Allen then handed the check back to Gould, and he handed it over to the office boy, saving: "Here, boy, take this check to the bank and have the cashier certify to And the boy went out and did it. A COAL OIL CHECK.

John Rockefeller and Sam Andrews were poor young men in Cleveland together 20 or 30 years ago. In connection with Flagler and others they organized the Standard Oil Company. Rocketeller in some way got the start of Andrews, and Andrews was very jealous of his growing power and wealth, and when Rockefeller built a big house in Cleveland Andrews put up a bigger one, bringing artists from Italy to do the fine work, making one of the finest residences west of the Alleghenies.

Then Rockefeller bought a country seat near Cleveland and Andrews bought another, and so the strife went on.
When Rockefeller was made President of the Standard Oil Company Andrews be-came very jealous, and asked for a look at

the books of the company.
"You can't see the books just now," said
Rockefeller. A few days later Sam Audrews came in again and asked for the book. In reply he was handed a statement of the condition of the Standard Oil Comface grew red and his eyes grew angry.
"This is not what I want, Mr. Rockefel-

ler," said he, "I want to see the books of the company. If I can't see the books I want to sell my stock." "What will you take for your stock," re-plied Mr. Rockefeller, very coolly reaching for his checkbook.

"I want just \$1,000,000 cash," said An-The President wrote out a check for \$1,000,000, and Andrews was ashamed to re-luse. FRANE G. CARPENTER.

#### HE HAS BISMARCK'S PIPE. Memento of the Schoolboy Days of the

Iron Chancellor. Atlanta Journal. "This is all that I have left of a pipe which

Bismarck used in his school days." The speaker was Judge J. Gadsden King. who leaned far back in his easy office chair as he spoke and held up in his hand a plain cherry pipestem about a foot long.

"How did I come into possession of it?" the Judge said, repeating my question. "It was in this way. You see my brother, Mitchell C. King, went to school with Bismarck when he was a student at Dr. Becker's famous school at Frankfort-on-the-Main.
They were classmates and roommates—altocreates the same ideas as the American at gether very intimate friends. Now, when they were about to leave college they exchanged pipes—for you know every German student has his pipe. Well, Mitchell brought the pipe which the future Chancel-lor gave him in exchange for his own to America with him, and it fell into my hands, for I am a great smoker.

"The pipe," Judge King continued, "was quite a pretty one. The bowl was made of fine china, and had a cameo likeness of Bismarck on the front of it. The stem was about twice as long as it is now, for it has

been trimmed very o ten.
"Mitchell and Bismarck were very warm friends, and corresponded with each other for years; in fact, they do now, I think. Some time ago somebody in America wrote Bismarck a letter, asking him if he knew anybody on this side of the water. He replied that he knew and corresponded with two men in the United States—one was Mitchell C. King and the other Dr. Emory Coffin, of Aiken, S. C. Mitchell, my brother, is now 76 years old, and is living at Flat Rock, N. C."
"How old is the stem?" I asked.

"Well, it's hard to say," the Judge re-plied. "Let me see. Mitchell brought it over with him in 1835; that makes it 55 years old, and I don't know how old it was then. It as an interesting memento, and I prize it very highly," the Judge concluded, as he laid it carefully away in one of his desk drawers and turned to pick up his every-day pipe, which he had laid aside while holding the stem of Bismarck's school-day pipe in his hand.

# CHARITABLE BIRDS

Wonderful Performances of Rooks That Are Well Established as Facts. London Spectator.]

I read with much interest in your last issue, in Mr. Reid's communication, the following passage: "I observed a curious thing one day lately. Some food by some good Christian had been thrown out to the starving birds, when a rook came down and flew back to where he had left another rook sitting in a very weak-looking condition, and led her with what he had picked up. This he did twice in my sight before taking anything to himself."

I had some time previously received from a correspondent in Wales, a stranger to me, a precisely similar account of another of these birds. "One day, in the bitterest of the weather, when I am sure our friend, the rook I have spoken of, was indeed reduced to great extremities, the bird nevertheless performed the following good deed: It picked up a bit of bread, carried it to another rook, which sat on the terrace wall, too shy to come nearer, and ed it there. Nor was this after having satisfied its own When I put this little story down I had a misgiving that any one who might read it would scarcely be disposed to believe it, as beyond credibility. I was therefore much gratified at having so soon a terward seen such an exactly similar fact recorded in cor-robroation of it, as above. It was indeed, I think, a very touching incluent, and one to make every one, I should hope, who reads it, have much good feeling for all God's

# THE EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

Man Who Statters Shows Him Where He's Wrong on Bores and Posts.

New York World. 1 Great Editor-I advertised for a private secretary, whose chief duties will be to sit in the ante-room and keep poets, bores and other undesirable persons at bay. The position requires something of a diplomat as well as a fluent linguist. You would not do

Ricketts (who stutters a trifle)-That's line from one city to the other, and the railroad will make other cities between its chie points."

The Winans built the road and, through Latrobe, got a 25 years' contract to run it. After 20 years were passed the Russians wanted to take it out of the hands of the foreigners. I was Minister to Russia at the time and the Winans asked me what they should do. I replied, "If the Caar wants the road you had better sell out to him."

Ricketts (who stutters a trifle)—That's wh-wh-where you make a mum-mum-mistake, 'squire! As sus-sus-soon's a bub-bore cuc-cuc-came in I'd bug-bug-begin to tell a li-long s-s-story, and before I'd gug-gug-got half through, bub-bub-between whu-what I'd sus-sus-say and w-what I'd tut-try sous-say, I'd have him cuc-cuc-completely tut-tut-tired out. I ain't mum-mum-much of a dud-diplomat, perhaps, but as a l-l-linguist I'm a cuc-cuc-caution!

THIS MORTAL FRAME.

THE PROPERTIES OF CAFFEINE.

Drugs, Foods and Habits,

Possibilities in the Prevention and the Cure of Consumption.

CARE OF THE PEET AMONG SOLDIERS

Steam Whistles and Deafacus. At the last meeting of the British Medical association, which was held in Birmingham, Dr. Thomas Barr, aural surgeon of Glasgow, made an indictment against the railway whistle as the cause of much deafess now prevalent. The organs of different persons, as is well known, vary considerably in their "vulnerability," as it is called, to injurious influences, and in the case of the organs of hearing this vulnerability is in-creased not only by the mysterious and farreaching influence of heredity, but probably still more frequently by the actual existence of a disease in the ear. There are many persons dull of hearing—especially on one side—and the dull ear being the seat of disease, the disease usually increases the vulnerability of the organ to damaging influences. In the case of such a dull-eared person standing near to a locomotive in covered station, and the steam whistle and dealy giving forth a note of great intensity and enormous height of pitch there are impelled into his ears and upon his tympanum, like so many bullets from a gun, intense and rapidly moving condensations.

It is a species of assault, and whether the ears are damaged by it depends very much upon their vulnerability to injurious inupon their vulnerability to injurious in-fluences. If the ears are strong, and free from any hereditary or acquired disease, nothing more than an unpleasant sensation, with some temporary dullness and ringing in the ears may be experienced. If, on the other hand, there is excessive vulnerability from hereditary or actually existing disease, the two small sentinel muscles do not act promptly and effectively, the power of accurate adjustment or accommodation of the ear is impaired, leading it may be to ermanent damage to the delicate endings of the nerves of hearing. A whistle of lower pitch would be less injurious to the ear and equally effective as a signal, and Dr. Barr suggests that it would be desirable to substitute for the high-pitch whistle one of much lower pitch.

The Poplar and Rhoumatism. How few people there are who will confess that superstition has played any part in inclining their thoughts or actions to certain channels, but how many are there whose minds have not been affected to a degree by the strange influence which passes for superstition? George H. Sharpe, a wealthy builder of Hamilton, Ont., says the New York Star, who has just returned from a trip abroad, in chatting on the subject yesterday,

"Perhaps you have heard the story of the poplar tree cure for rheumatism. I didn't believe in such stories. I don't now; but let me tell you of my experience in trying this panacea. For years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which incapacitated me at times from attending to my business. Several old women advised the poplar tree, and I was instructed to take hold of a branch with one hand, cut the branch from each side, and bring the piece home within my grasp and lay it away. I would have no more rheumatism, they said. I said such a proceeding was nonsensical.

"Shortly after this interesting advice was vouchsafed I was attacked with rheu-matism, and my wife suggested that I try the remedy. It would do no harm, if no good came of it, was her argument. I called myself an idiot, but I followed instructions. The incident passed from my not suffered from rheumatic attacks since trying the old women's prescription. It was so, and since the experiment I have had no trouble with rhenmatism. I don't claim that the poplar tree cured me, but in truth, I have suffered no recurrence of the trouble. I don't believe in superstitions, but this was my experience."

Inoculation for Consumption.

Among the subjects that came before the ecent Medical Convention at Berlin for consideration was that of the treatment of pulmonary complaints. Dr. Paul Gibier. of the Pasteur Institute in New York, who was a member of the Berlin convention, was sked the other day by a World reporter he thought the probable outcome would be of the reported recent discoveries relating the treatment of consumption. "I have received a copy," he replied, "of

an elaborate report by Prof. Grancher, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, which has just been made to the French Academy of Medicine, giving the results of experiments in preventing consumption by vaccination. The animals operated upon were rabbits. Briefly it may be said that the object aimed at by Prof. Grancher is to make the rabbits consumptive-proof. The virus i s prepared from tuberculosis bacillus (the germ of con sumption) and is of ten grades of strength. "The inoculations were made at intervals of ten days, care being taken to see that the animals were in a per ectly healthy condi-tion. After being subjected to this treat-ment the rabbits were inoculated with virulent virus, but no development of tuberculosis followed. The efficacy of the treatment was illustrated by inoculating other healthy rabbits, which had not been treated according to the new discovery, with the virulent virus. In all these ca berculosis was quickly developed and the animals died. None of the consumptiveproof rabbits were affected.
"It will be seen that the treatment thus

far is a preventive of the disease, but further experiments are being made with the hope of being able to apply the treatment, or one somewhat similar, to the patients in which tuberculosis has been fully developed."

Persons who have been traveling in far-off lands have been bringing back with them for some time now startling accounts about the stimulating properties of various plants, of which the native populations make use to enable them to turnish a considerable amount of work without taking any food. Thus in South America, says the New York Herald, they tell us of the coca, mate and guarano plants; in Africa, of the kola nut: and in Asia, of tea and coffee. But the researches earried out by chemists have made it known that nearly all of these plants, with the exception of a few, such as the coca, contain esffeine. M. See has been making experiments with a species of cake made out of kola nut, and which Prof. Heckel has already tried with success in the army. He has come to the couclusion that caffeine and its derivatives possess the

two following properties:

First—They accilitate muscular work and allow it to be kept up for a long time with-

out fatigue, Second—They allow us to go without food for a considerable length of time when we have anything to do requiring a great deal of exertion.

Experiments made on a series of 30 individuals in good health and without sign of cardiac or pulmonary disease, have shown that in the generality of cases the exertion of running does not modify the respiratory bythm in persons under the influence of caffeine; whereas without caffeine the loss of breath increases the number of respiraaway from the visitors.

Sometimes one or another would sit down that caffeine places a man who is not in training in the condition of a trained ath-lete. Caffeine has not the property of tak-ing the place of food; it does nothing but replace the general tonic stimulation pro-duced by taking food,

Making Delts Look Brainy. It is astonishing what a difference in pe sonal appearance may be effected by a hair- seemed quite close.

eut, soys the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A badly shaped head may, by a skill ut barber, be made to assume an intellectual cast and in a very simple way. The intellectual head, viewed from the tront, is wider at the top than just above the ears, and a clever barber, by cutting the hair short over the ear and gradually lengthening it to the top Short Talks on Health, Disease, of the head, may give the greatest dolt an appearance of brains and intellectuality. The real shape of the head is concealed by the hair-cut, and 50 per cent of good looks added to the face. They say the tailor makes the man, and no doubt he helps, but the barber does his part, and if well trained,

his part is by no means contemptible. Tobacco and the Brais.

Bulwer, when but a stripling among mer of letters, when so far as to say that "the pipe ripens the brain and opens the beart the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan." That increasing years have but confirmed him in his opinion we gather from the following passage ungaliant, I own) in "What Will He Do With It:"

"Mr. Waife drew a long whiff, and took a more severe view of affairs. He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs or re useth himself the softest consolation. next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, soiter than a woman?' whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that. Jupiter, hang out thy balance and weigh them both, and if thou give the preference to woman all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee oh, Jupiter, try the weed!"

Habits of a Methuselah.

The following is from Mander's "Bio graphical Treasury:" Francis Hupazoli, centenarian, and one of the few men who have lived in three centuries, was born in 1587 in Sardinia, and died in 1702. At year he was appointed Venetian Consul at Smyrua. By his wife, whom he married at the age of 98 years, he had four children. His drink was water, he never smoked, and ate little, principally game and fruit.

He drank a good deal of the juice of the

root of viper's grass, ate very little at night, went to bed and rose early, then heard mass, and walked and labored incessantly to the last. He wrote down in 22 volumes everything remarkable which he had witnessed. He never had a feyer, was never bled, and never took any medicine. At the age of 100 his grey hair again became black. When 109 he lost his teeth and lived on soup, but at 113 he cut two new teeth and began again to eat meat.

Doctoring the Feet. Brigadier General Bengough, C. B., is an officer of a practical turn, says the Pall Mall Budget, being of opinion, as he says, that battles are fought and won as much by marching as by fighting." he has recently issued the following orders for the benefit of the troops under him in Madras: "In view of the importance that attaches to the proper care of the feet of infantry soldiers as regards comfort and endurance in marching, the Deputy Surgeon General has been de-sired to arrange for the instruction of two men per company in the cutting of nails and the treatment of corns, blisters, etc. These men, when instructed, may be re-lieved of guard duties, and be held responsible for the care of the men's feet in their company, and company officers will make periodical personal inspectious, specially before marches, to insure that this duty is efficiently carried out. The necessary in-struments for each company will be issued by the station staff officer.

Coins Carry Disease. "You have no idea," says a physician in the New York Star, "of the various ways the Presidential chair. Now, there is Mr. those who have much self respect. The god mind, and one day, some months later, my wife called my attention to the fact I had in which our greenbacks and coin can sow Hayes, for instance; all we have heard of othis idolatry is Chauncey the seeds of disease. Silver coins of every description and greenbacks pass mpartially from the hand of the millionaire into that of the beggar, constantly circulating through every condition of society. The person of fastidious tastes, who will turn from his path rather than risk coming into contact with others of uncleanly dress or person, will receive, handle and carry in his pocket, without the slightest money that has passed through hands whose contact he would shun.

"Coin is much worse than paper. You, no doubt, have noticed that blackish coating in the recesses of your quarters and halves. Immerse that coin in a glass of water and examine it under a microscope, and you will find the water swarming with bacteria and fungi."

Preserves and Good Health.

A great deal has been written about the unwholesomeness of preserves done in the old-fashioned way, with an equal amount of sugar, but it is all a notion, a mere fad, without foundation, says the Boston Herald. Mr. Matthieu Williams, who is certainly a Mr. Matthieu Williams, was regards cooked good authority, says: "As regards cooked truits, I say, jam for the millions, jelly for the layarious, and juice for all. With the luxurious, and juice for all. With these in abundance, the abolition of alco-holic drinks will follow as a necessary re-sult of natural nausea." There is a bit of wisdom for the reformers of various kinds

Nature's Frenk in a Nose. I was talking to one of the old settlers the other day, says a writer in the Lewiston Journal, and he said: "Don't know Hen Jones, do you? Wall, when you see him you'll know him; he's got the darndest nose on him that you ever seed on a live being, Tother day I see Hen coming down hill into the village, and he was driving a horse with one hand and makin' queer motions with t'other. When he got up to me I seed what he was doin'. He was pickin' up pebbles from a pile in his wagon, and was stonin' mosquitoes off'n the end of his

A Cure for Leprest. Sister Rose Gertrude in a recent letter from the leper island states that several patients have lately been cured. This statement has been confirmed by Dr. Lutz, the governor physician, in an interview which press representative had with him on the subject. Dr. Lutz further express his belief that leprosy can be checked, and that it is not contagious. The cases which he had cured proved not to be beyond the control of physicians.

VESUVIUS IN ITS GLORY. The Sunrise Scene From the Top of the Grand Old Volcago.

London Daily News. 1 One night last week Lord and Lady Dufferin, with a party of friends, among whom were Lady Haldon and her daughters, made a night escent of Vesuvius. The weather was perfect. No electric light was needed at the funicular railway, for the moon shone bright as day. The central erater was call of incandescent matter, over which flickered sulphurous flomes in all the colors of the rainbow, Frequent eruptions of fine ashes took place without much noise. On the way up the cone the sulphurinsame having more care than the sane, but ous fumes greatly inconvenienced some of the party, but on the edge of the crater the gentle breeze blew all deleterious gases sane enough to murder that self-same in-

carelessly on an incipient funarole, only quickly to jump up from this hot resting place. Many of the party climbed down to the stream of lava which is still flowing slowly toward Pompeli. The dawn and sunrise were perfectly beautiful, the sir calm and cool, and all so transparent that the houses in Naples and all

TIMELY TOPIC TALK. If Electricity is to be Taxed What About Thunderstorms?

GOSSIP ABOUT THE HARRISONS. Pittsburg Goes Scot Free in Buchanan's

Coming Cataclysm. THE DEATH PENALTY FOR MURDER

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) And now it is proposed to amend the tariff from a protectionist point of view but I apprehend that there will be some difficulty tax ad valorem. So far as the human product is concerned no great opposition may be met, but what in the world are we to do about the natural element? Quite a number of our severe electric storms take their rise in Canada. They are distilled or brewed in the Queen's dominions, and come skipping over the border without asking permission from anybody. A serious question here presents itself to the statesmen of

our country. What has the magnetic man

from Maine to say about this?

Five dollars per horse power would certainly produce quite a revenue, especially in such a season as we have just experienced. The correct measuring of such a mighty force opens up many an avenue of use ulness for the Edisons of the age, but until it is demonstrated how the object can be attained the problem remains unsolved. Looking at the matter with an unprejudiced eye, there seems to be only one way out of the difficulty, and that is friendly reciprocity. first he was a clergyman and afterward Or courie, Canada will have the advantage became a merchant at Scio, and in his 23d so far as the natural electricity is couso far as the natural electricity is cou-cerned. Very few storms travel from the United States over into that country. In this emergency, so that an equilibrium may be maintained, how would it do to send on a periodic lecturing tour a few such men as Cannon, Kennedy and Ingalls, Surely there is some way of balancing the matter, an equalizing the reciprocal principle.

It Is Not Tondvism.

Some newspaper writers are apt to critical, if not cynical, over the attentions paid to the President of the United States. All his movements have an interest to the people. His health, and that or his family, is precious, and every little irregular pulse beat is noted and flashed over the wires. The people "want to know," as the Yankees say, and the only way they can know is through the newspapers. I do not believe that this is man worship. It is the nation's tribute of respect to a grand ideal. In our President we see the embodiment of a noble principle, and it will be a sad day when the country ceases to respect and venerate the man who holds such an elevated position by the will of the people. We Americans think nothing of fawning upon a visiting Prince or duke, or even a little shallow-puted lord-ling. It is certainly out of place to criticise us for having a feeling of esteem for the office of the President.

That it is not the man but the office that is thus respected and reverenced is proved by the fact that as soon as the man ceases to occupy the position he is practically forgotten. One 'n a while we hear something bout Mr. Cleveland, but how little interest his movements create in comparison to what they did. It he was to catch a salmon as big as a crocodile not many people would know of it, but if President Harrison hooks a minnow it is telegraphed from Dan to Beersheba. There are very few Presidents him lately is that he is raising a good breed of chickens. The nation does not go into ecstacies about it, and all the people are not studying chickenology. Now supposing President Harrison were to engage in rais ing some peculiar kind of poultry, every-body in the country would be building chicken coops, and quarreling with their neighbors about chickens. Their would be rooster fight in somebody's back yard every day in the week, and every hour in the day. It is the office and not the man the people worship. I would rather be President of the United States for four years than wear England's royal bauble for half a century.

The Coming Cataclysm.

I was delighted in reading of the "Coming Cataclysm," of which Prot. Buchanan is the advance agent, to notice that Pittsburg is to escape all the awful disasters. New York. Philadelphia and all such wicked places are to be swallowed up or shaken to death. Those wicked Southern cities are to be punished, and a great tidal wave will push up the Mississippi as far as Baton Rouge. Car-accas will be entirely destroyed. The earth will change poles like a dancing bear on the street, the Suez Canal will go by the board, the Democrats will regain power, General Grant's monument in New York will be an-nihilated, the Sandwich Islands will be in great danger, San Diego and Coronado are in the awall swim, but Pittsburg is O. K. Won't this be grand news for my dear old aunt out West? She thinks we live in the region of great cataclysms, and that it is only a matter of time then we shall be swallowed up. When a house sank into a mine at Wilkesbarre she wondered what had become of us who lived near Pittsburg, and when a hurricane struck Resuing she

thought it was all up with us.

Professor Buchannan deserves the thanks
of Pittsburg in particular, and Western
Pennsylvania in general, for his generous and friendly bearing towards us as a people.
Other cataclysmic prophots have said that
natural gas will eventually doom this part
of the State to abysmal oblivion, but here is a great scientific predicator, establishing his grand theories upon the solid foundations of the laws of periodicity, which entirely ex-A good topic for exposition voting next week would be "shall we, or shall we not, build a monument to Professor Buchanan, said monument to be erected just where the Monongahela and the Allegheny kiss each other and become one great Ohio?"

Blood for Blood. The question of capital punishment,

brought so prominently into notice by the recent action of the Emperor of Austria, is one upon which it is profitable to dwell. I do not believe it is right to take human life. Christ forbids it. Not from any feeling of maudlin sentiment would I argue against killing the murderer, but as a matter of right and policy. It is a fact that a large percentage of murderers escape the gallows percentage of murderers escape the gallows by one technicality or another. There is always an equal chance between being hung and escaping it. When a man's heart is filled with revenge or lust for money he is ready to take risks. Becently published statistics show how few meet with death as a result of their deeds of blood. Insanity, the ever ready plea, gives liberty to thousands of these human butchers. When a man or woman purposely takes a human life, same or insame, they should be placed in close confinement for life, the

sanity may very easily assert itself again Murders are more rife than ever, after cen turies of capital punishment. Why not try some other system for a few years? If the criminal could see before him nothing but solitary confinement, with no ray of hope and no opportunity to escape on any plea, would it not be more efficacious in deterring men from acts of violence than the present system, having to run the gauntlet of a grand jury, which is often a grand humbug,

and a petit jury, which is often a still grander one? Put the murderer in a cell, without bouquets or flowers or feminine fools to fondle him and sooth his weary fools to fondle him and sooth his weary hours, and you will probably have fewer murders. Abolish all degrees of murder. Did he intentionally kill the man? If an intelligent jury says yes, let that settle it. The idea of murdering by degrees. First, second and third. Let there be one degree, intent, whether the outcome of passion or premature intent. Murder is murder. If I kill a man in a passion once I may kill some other man if I get another opportunity and a passion.

Vacations in the Ministry. Preachers are back again and the churches

are nutting on new life. Those who could afford to take a vacation are full of reminiscences, while those who could not, are conbill so that Canadian electricity pays its gratulating themselves that they stack to passage over the border. This is all right | their posts of duty. The latter put on a smirk of extra virtue, and declare that as the devil has had no vacation they could in forcing the prohibition or collecting the take none. Some of those who have been vacating are glad to get home so that they can rest from their ramblings. While I do not know very much about vacations and cannot speak from experience, still it strikes me as a very salutary thing to have an opportunity of getting outside of your per-manent surroundings, and receive astimulus

to thought,

Very few people appreciate the wear and tear of a preacher's life. Unless he can go on a vacation he has no time during the whole year that he can call his own. one sick chamber to another, from one death bed scene to another, to-day burying some mother's hope, to-morrow entombing some woman's only support. There is the crank inside the church that must be kept well oiled, and the crank outside that no amount of oil will lubricate. I wish those people who think that a minister's life is a bed of roses could try it for a little while. If he makes a slip his name goes rolling around the country, feeding the hungry maw of the scandal lover, but his days of toil and nights of care too often pass unnoticed, except by the omnipresent eye of Him who seeth all things. THE COUNTRY PARSON. things.

A POLISHED BUTLER.

The Intellectual Genies From Abroad Who Looks After Chauscey Depow. New York Press. 1

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has in his employ a butler who is a very superior person. He is of Swedish birth and ancestry, a college graduate and he speaks several languages. Coming to this country to conquer fortune, he found it difficult to obtain employment for which his breeding, his education and his inclinations fitted him. A position in an office which he was offered proved, from its indoor confinement, injurious to his never overstrong constitution, and he finally became attached to Mr. Depew's office at the Grand Central depot. Shortly after his installation there Mr. Depew had one of the few but serious illnesses which

have befallen him in his busy life. The young Swede, coming frequently to his residence on business errands, finally became a stationary fixture there, and his entire and untiring devotion to Mr. Depew during his illness won the gratitude and admiration of the great man's family. On his recovery Mr. Depew, like the fairy godmothers in the story books, asked the faith-iul Swede to choose what he would and it should be given to him. And he begged to be allowed to remain as butler. After the amazement caused by his request had sub-sided, it was granted, and for many years he has been not only a trusted but an esteemed

servitor in the house of Depew. Every few years, when he has accumu-lated a considerable sum from his wages, he is bitten by an ambition that many a mightier man has found fatal. He starts a newspaper and keeps it going until his sayings are exhausted. Then he returns to his allegiance to the butler's pantry. He is phenomenally punctilious about his duties, and his discharge of them is marked by the though he is closely pressed for this distinc-tion by that little edition himself, Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., aged 10 years.

TRADES IN HARMONY

A man with a box on his shoulder was

making his way along Chambers street the

A Little Incident Involving a Man, a Box

other day, when it fell to the walk. After two or three efforts to replace it, he appealed to a man in a doorway with:

New York Sun.

"Give me a list, please?" "Can't do it," was the prompt reply. "And why not?" "Because I never mix business. I am a plumber, and the man next door is in the

elevator business. It's for him to give you a litt. The man with the box thought for a mement, grinned in a good-natured way, and by an extra grunt reshouldered the box and



EVERY Housewife EVERY Counting Room EVERY Carriage Owner EVERY Thrifty Mechanic Thrifty Mechanic EVERY Body able to hold a brush MIK-MON ARMITETYATESTE. TRY IT. WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE FORMAGE AS the WILL STAIN YOUR DLD BACKETS WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Phile

LADIES Who Value a Refined Complexies

FOR SALE BY all Bruggists and Fancy Goods Bealers Everywhere BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.