

Halloween.

From the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans held certain fowls or animals, and guessed at the future by the looks of their internal organs; the Hebrews and the Babylonians had their own peculiar ways of finding out what was to happen. The world has not yet outgrown the longing to look ahead. The Hindoo to-day sets a lamp afloat on his sacred river, and judges of the future by the length of time it burns; the Chinaman consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and animals; the English—not long ago—tried to learn by help of what they call "witches"; and spiritualists even now believe the predictions of a "medium."

No serious attempt to look into the future has been made for a long time by intelligent people, and the old customs have become a frolicsome trying of "charms," especially on one night of the year. It is curious enough that the night selected is the eve of the festival of All Saints, which was established in the seventh century by a pope of Rome, in honor of all the saints who had no particular day assigned to them. The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hallow's, and the evening before it Hallow-even or Hallowe'en, and the seventeenth century England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plenty from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack night" was the name given to it.

In England the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples floating in a tub of water, and of course getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple off one end of a stick, which had a lighted candle at the other end, and being hung by a string, could be spun round very fast, so that the players often seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune-telling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching their conduct when heated—whether they burned steadily or bounced away, or burst with a noise, each movement of the charmed nut being of great importance.

One nut test was tried by grinding and mixing together a walnut, hazelnut and nutmeg, making into pills, with butter and sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow (which was not surprising).

In Scotland the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms. One way of trying fortune was to throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window and wind it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast, when the winder must ask: "Who holds?" The answer would name one who was to have importance in the questioner's future.

Another Scotch custom was "pulling kale-stalks." A young person went blindfolded into the garden, pulled up the first kale or cabbage stalk he touched and carried it into the house. The whole future was read from that stalk; the size indicated the stature of the future partner in life; the quantity of earth at the roots showed the amount of his or her fortune; the taste of the pith told what the temper would be; and when the stalk was placed over the door, the first name of the person entering was the fate name.

The island of Lewes, on the coast of Scotland, had some curious customs. Young women made a "dumb cake" and baked it before the fire with certain ceremonies and in perfect silence, expecting to see wonders; and the people also sacrificed to a sea-god called Shong, throwing a cup of ale into the sea, and calling on him to give them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds.

In another Scotch trial a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing sieve and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate. The fashion of trying charms is now nearly outgrown among English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for a social gathering. In our own day young people "sow hempseed," "eat apples before the glass," "go down the cellar stairs backward," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut shells" holding tapers, and try the "three saucer" test of the future.

In some of our cities the boys on Halloween collect old tea-kettles, boots, large stones, etc., and deposit them in lean vestibules, ringing the door bell and running away.

William Bassett, of Camden, N. J., was a well-known colored man. His great age, 126 years, drew attention to him, but what was more remarkable was that he retained his vigor almost to the last. He was born in Delaware, near Smyrna, in 1755, where his parents were slaves of the Bayard family. During the war of the Revolution Bassett, then a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two, was working for a farmer named Wilson, twenty miles from Dover, where he had moved shortly before the war began. While there he married and became the father of a large family, each member of which he has outlived. Upon the death of his wife Bassett married again. When the war broke out in 1812 he left his home, and became a body servant for Colonel Morris, of Jackson's army, whom he accompanied to New Orleans. He married his third wife upon his return to the South. He never saw George Washington.

A Texas Bat Cave.

Western Texas, says a correspondent, abounds in bats, and the collecting and shipping of "bat guano" bids fair to be one of the prominent industries of the State. About twenty miles north of San Antonio is one of these bat caves. The shaft is used only for hoisting out the guano, the entrance, both for man and bat, is at the natural portal in the center of an oak grove. In spite of the odor and the pungent ammonia I climbed half-way down the incline, but the creatures looked so uncanny upon a near approach that I was fain to beat a retreat, and stationing myself on a smooth rock, directly over the entrance, awaited as patiently as possible the time when they should see fit to come out.

Suddenly I was aware of a bat gyrating around the bottom of the pit in an irresolute, indefinite, but exceedingly rapid flight. And lo! instead of one there were three of them crossing and recrossing each other's tracks, and then "as quick as a wink" the pit was full of them! A stream of them was pouring from the archway into the bowl, like a stream of water from a sluiceway opening into the bottom of a tank, and like it they whirled around and around in a rapid whirlpool from the left to right, crowding so closely that they hid the rock on the opposite side, flooding the pit higher and higher, until they reached the brim, when they overflowed at a point just above where I was sitting and poured off between two trees toward the eastward.

At first I was afraid lest some clumsy one might strike me in the face, but I very soon saw that I was in no danger, for, however erratic their motions, they managed to avoid each other in spite of the fact that there were at least three bats to every cubic foot of space in a column full thirty feet in diameter, and all in rapid motion. Possibly they took me for a stump, for, though as the column swayed from side to side I was at times in the very thick of them, none of them so much as grazed me. The head of the column led off due east and the rest followed in a straight line, though the individual members acted on the principle of "diversity in unity," for they never retained their relative positions for a moment, but snarled themselves up incessantly, while single ones, crazier than their fellows, turned two or three somersaults on their own hook, and even then were sucked back into the current and swept on by it. The whirl of the myriad wings was tremendous! Nothing is more noiseless than the flight of a single bat as he inclines "to come into the hat," but the beating of those thousand wings was like the roar of a tempest! They made no other sound, their shrill squeaking being hushed as they came out of the cave. It was exactly 7:15 o'clock when the first bat appeared; and ten minutes later, when I turned to watch the direction of their flight, the head of the column was lost in the distance. The superintendent told me that often when they have come out early he has marked the column for fully ten miles, still keeping together, and all heading in one direction. Even with a powerful field glass he has never been able to perceive any deviation from the direction, whatever it may be, that they take at starting. Darkness descended while I watched the stream as, with undiminished volume, it poured out of the archway, whirled around and flowed eastward.

Man and Animals.

There can be no doubt that dogs associate with barking in certain tones special emotional states in their companions. In fact, it is probable that dogs can in this way communicate with each other a wide range of states of feeling. But these states are present states, not states past or future. They are their own states, not the states of others. A dog can call his companions' attention to a worrisome cat, or he may have his attention roused by my exclaiming "cat." But no dog could tell his companion of the successful "worry" he had just enjoyed, or suggest that they should go out for a "worry" to-morrow morning. And here we come upon what seems to me the fact which raises man so immeasurably above the level of the brute! The brute has to be contented with the experience he inherits or individually acquires. Man, through language spoken or written, profits by the experience of his fellows. Even the most savage tribe has traditions extending back to the father's father (Sproat). And the civilized man—has he not in his libraries the record of results of many centuries of over-widening experience and ever-deepening thought? Thus it is that language has made us men. By means of language, and language alone, has human thought become possible. This it is which has placed so enormous a gap between the mind of man and the mind of the dog. Through language each human being becomes the inheritor of accumulated thought and experience of the whole human race. Through language has the higher abstract thought become possible.—London Nature.

In the report of the United States consul at Zurich it is stated that Switzerland has at present 1,902,000 cotton spindles in operation, as against 2,059,000 ten years ago.

The Salem (Mass.) Register mentions: Mr. J. S. LeFavour, artist, surprisingly benefited by St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism twenty years.

France has had 10,000 murders in the last twenty-five years, and also had 9,230 executions of murderers.

The Albany (N. Y.) Argus observes: Judge McJown, this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

Kind words are like bald heads; they can never dye.

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESION.

The Personal Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the Democrat and Chronicle, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:—Some of the motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against hearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June 1881, I lay at my residence in the city of Rochester, N. Y., my friends and waiting for my death. I hardly know the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scorned the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unwell, but they cannot account for it. They feel faint, and have definite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it was only one day and would be gone the next, I paid little heed to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yes I had no idea, even as a physician, that such a monster disease as this could be hidden upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities of pus, and very little blood, and that a persistent frothy mucus appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dissipated by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in the vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a penalty with it. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the head; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twinges of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could not sleep, and my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death rattle in my throat, coughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that this was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation. I was, at last, induced, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and was not in the least inclined to believe in the regularity of such a remedy. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised that I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was only a passing ailment, and I continued to use it. I was so debilitated that I was unable to get up, and the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My condition improved, and I was able to walk more than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately acknowledge this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever it was known, wherever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and progress of such a disease, and the remedial means by which I had been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 25 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths which are so astounding. I therefore state, deliberately and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common, and fully as fatal. Bright's disease, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows some whatever, but brings death suddenly and unexpectedly, and is supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain signs and symptoms are given, and the result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practicing medical lecturer, will raise the surprise and possible indignation of the medical profession and of all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take this step. I have, and I was successfully, worn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked. I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

W. B. HENION, M. D.

Annamese Superstitions.

The English consul, in his travels to report on Saigon and Cochinchina, gives an interesting account of some of the superstitions which prevail in Annam. It is bad luck for a fish to leap on board a boat; the fish must be cut in two and thrown into the water again, half on either side. The capture of a porpoise is a very bad omen, for he is the messenger of infernal gods. The cries of a "Gecko," if odd, are lucky; if even, the reverse. A bird crying at night is always bad—a pre-arranged sign of death, in fact. This is regarded as infelicitous, for some birds of the country only cry at night, and all night. The squeak of a muskrat announces visits. A cock crowing at noon foretells that the daughters of the house will not turn out well. The tiger is, of course, much dreaded, and the mention of him is interdicted in some districts. Sacrifices of pigs are made at least yearly, with a document attached, which is, or should be, exchanged by the beast for the one sent him the previous year; if the tiger omits this, it is a bad lookout for the village. However, it is all an affair of predestination, so it does not matter much. The water buffalo is an imaginary animal living in rivers, and only coming on shore at night; for all that, he is patent enough in the district, and uncomfortably curious toward Europeans. The Annamese have several kinds of talking birds—commonly a starling or a raven, which looks after the property while the master is absent, and recounts what has passed when he returns. To meet a serpent in the road is a very bad omen, and whatever business is then in hand must be postponed. As for ghosts and spirits, they abound in Annam—always, everywhere, and of all descriptions.

Useful Trees.

Says the San Francisco Bulletin: The Moringa, or horse-radish tree, has been introduced into Florida. From the seeds of this tree the "Oil of Benn" (or jeweler's oil) is made, and it will undoubtedly thrive in this State. The Guango, or rain tree of the East Indies, is a very large and ornamental tree, producing pods that form nutritious food for cattle and horses. Beside these two interesting and useful trees there are a large number of tropical plants which are certain to succeed in some parts of California. Natives of the East Indies are the Garcinia fruit, or Goraka; the Eggle-marmelos, or Bhel fruit; the Jimbolin fruit; the Averoños, two varieties, both choice fruit. There are numbers of others from tropical India that would only thrive in greenhouses. From the West Indies, Mexico and South America, are the Jamaica Bilberry; the Sapota, of which a number of varieties are known; several kinds of edible Passifloras; the Spondias Dulcis, or Jew plum, and the Spondias Latua, or Spanish plum; the Grisea, or anchovy pear; the Cordia, or West Indies cherry; the Preskia, or Barbadoes gooseberry; the Solanum Jamaicaense, and the Momordica Charactea, related to the ornamental balsam apple of Eastern gardens. West Africa has the Solanum Macadamia, or Queensland nut, a magnificent forest tree of great value for timber, and equally useful for its fine fruit.

Dr. Hawks Appeal.

Dr. Hawks, an eloquent and popular New York divine, once asked the vestrymen of his church to increase his salary because of his increased family expenses.

"Don't trouble yourself," said the vestryman, "the Lord has said He will care for the young ravens when they cry."

"I know that," said the clergyman, "but nothing is said about the young Hawks."—Hour.

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NORMAN is uglier than crooked hocks! straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

How to Shorten Life.

The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Accordingly, the great English physician, asked a lady who told him she only had a cold, "What would you have? The plague?" "Heaven only knows," she said. "The worst case ever, however, he cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balm for the Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine.

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