

Memphis, Tenn., is, perhaps, the best guarded city in the way of quarantine regulations on the continent.

California's grain and fruit products are worth more to the State than its mines. The fresh fruit this year in the State alone is worth over \$10,000,000.

The Chicago Commercial Bulletin gives the picturesque information that large quantities of tallow candles are shipped from this country to South America for toilet instead of illuminating purposes. The natives use them to anoint their bodies.

Another substitute for lute bagging has been brought forward by a Louisiana factory, says the Pa. Field and Stockman. It is a heavy cotton cloth termed "sash-bags," and is substituted upon to permit proper ventilation. Treats as well as necessity may prove to be the mother of invention.

The latest astounding move on the part of the medical profession is the use of ice bagging pneumonia. The Medical and Surgical Reporter gives the details of the treatment and says it is especially effective in bronchio-pneumonia with children. The younger the child the more responsive it is to the treatment.

The United States Agricultural Department is organizing five new experimental stations for the study of sorghum and its manipulations—three in Kansas, one in New Jersey and one in Louisiana. The appropriation for this work this year is one hundred thousand dollars larger than it has ever been before.

At Marseilles, France, only a few days ago a man who fancied his wife would look well in ostrich feathers entered a railroad truck where were several birds just arrived from Algeria, on route to Paris. The poor fellow selected a fine specimen, and was about to pull it out when the ostrich kicked and killed him on the spot.

Three French soldiers of the 114th Regiment were condemned by their officer for minor offenses during the recent manoeuvres to run for three hours, carrying their rifles and fully equipped. One named Vallid fell down exhausted at the end of two hours. The officer insisted upon his being made to get up and go on, saying that he must "keep on till he dropped dead." Vallid rose and shot himself dead.

Mr. John P. Townsend, in an address on the savings banks in the United States, stated that the average expense of savings bank management in thirteen States is less than one-third of one per cent., the average interest paid is nearly four per cent.; in the six New England States the average is greater than four per cent., in Vermont it was four and a half per cent., and in Rhode Island 4 7/10 per cent. was paid in 1882.

One Dr. Bailety, of Richmond, Va., has a habit, asserts the New York Commercial Advertiser, of lecturing for pastime, and whenever he does it is sure to rain. So well understood has this become that after Prince George county had had two months of drought he was sent for as a last resort. He went, spoke, and the rain descended for the space of eight days, and the last estate of those farmers was worse than the first.

The Undertakers' Association during its session at Toronto, Ontario, Canada, had a jolly dinner. Coffin-shaped plates, knives, forks and napkin rings with coffin handles attached, jellies in the shape of urns, newly made graves, etc., added to the delights of the occasion, declares the New York World, and thinks that not since the historic Egyptian banquets, at which skeletons were seated, has anything quite so lugubriously merry as this Toronto dinner taken place.

The New York Sun says that at Manchester, England, the coroner has made the startling statement that every year he holds inquests on at least 100 babies, whose deaths were caused by parents overlying them in bed. One year he had 123 such cases. In many cases the deaths are really accidental, but there is grave reason to believe a considerable proportion of cases were deliberate murder, committed for the sake of obtaining money for which the poor little lives were insured. The competition of so-called industrial insurance companies, who collect premiums weekly in pennies, is so keen in that country that when claims are made the directors, even if suspicious, do not ask inconvenient questions, as they dread the results to their business of obtaining the reputation for such inquisitiveness. Nearly all the cases occur on Saturday nights, when the parents are more or less stupefied by drink. Manchester's deputy coroner makes out a statement which demands legislative consideration. He points out that in Germany parents are arrested and convicted under such circumstances, and says that such a law is greatly needed in England.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Hard is the truth to comprehend When life is throbbing in our veins— Warm life, whose pleasures and whose pains Seem equally without an end— That soon, perhaps, and certainly We who are quick the dead shall be.

And that more bitter truths, alas, How hard it is to realize, That when we pass from living eyes, Need and desire for us shall pass; Our place be filled, our memories seem Only the echoes of a dream!

Better—the wise say—while we tread Life's busy ways, to find death's wrong Less grievous when the grass is long Above a once beloved hand; Too short is time for vain regret, And they are happiest that forget.

But oh, my lost one, doubly dear Since death has claimed you, in my heart There is a chamber set apart For you, only. Have no fear. Life shrines your precious memory, And death will give you back to me.

—Mary Bradley, in Youth's Companion.

THE MADSTONE.

BY WILLIAM R. BUSHNELL.

"Mild how you go poking round 'mong their rocks and bushes, or you'll come to yer death," was the impressive warning of an old "Cracker" woman from whom Paul Myratt had obtained shelter the previous night, and as he was about to resume his journey.

An employe of the Smithsonian, experienced and fearless, though still young, he was exploring the mountain regions of North Carolina in search of novelties in geology, fauna and flora, and smilingly questioned in return.

"In what shape, my kind friend?" "Waal, ther mountains, 'specially ther out-of-they-way spots, am jesterliver with rattlesnakes and pilots, and ther bite am always more deadly at this time o' ther year than any other."

"Yes, I know that is the popular belief with regard to August, though very much to be questioned. Bred? When the skin they are shedding is over their eyes, not otherwise, I fancy. But have no fears about me. I am accustomed to them, and shall not be deterred from adding a few rattles to my collection if chance offers for large ones."

"Hear he plenty on 'em monst'us—jest monst'us," was answered with a shudder, for a long life in the locality had not in the least diminished her fear. Bidding his kind friend farewell, Paul Myratt took a little path that led still deeper into the mountains. But he did not neglect the warning, and cut a stout w-h staff, though having much greater faith in its weight and toughness than any power of its peculiar hypnotism as applied to any species of the crataeus horridus.

Easily killed were the few he chanced upon, for the stores of numbers found are much larger than the reality, and he sauntered carelessly along, knocking off a fragment of rock, picking a flower, watching the birds or listening to their song until the westering of the sun gave warning of the nearness of night.

"Not a very enticing spot to camp," he mused, as he looked over the rocky surroundings, the multiplicity of dark, wide seams and cavernous openings, most unquestionably the homes of scaly enemies of mankind. "Ah, a town within easy travel. That is favorable and timely, and—I was not mistaken—there are mutterings of thunder in the distance and the wind and clouds indicate a storm."

Cautiously noting the direction, he gathered up his bundle of traveling conveniences and started. Soon he reached a bold bluff, and was compelled to travel along its brink until he could discover some path that permitted descent. But suddenly and fearfully his footsteps were arrested, first by the sight of an eagle, a girl sketching, with her long brown hair, of the peculiar shade that readily melts into gold, floating uncovered, and then by the fearful vision of an immense rattlesnake that had crawled from an opening undiscovered to near her feet, and was coiled for its deadly stroke!

He shouted in warning, but his voice was lost in the reverberating echoes; he detached and threw a fragment of rock, but it fell short of its destined mark and dropped into a yawning chasm; he ran with all his swiftness, but the distance was much too great for him to cover in time to save the unconscious girl from the poisonous fangs. For one stroke of his stout staff he would have given all of his earthly possessions, now it was as useless to him as the tree from which it had been severed.

He saw the snake strike, its efforts to get loose when the curved teeth became entangled in the dress, the white hand fall, as to brush away some unknown intruder, saw it bitten—that and the arm again and again—and then, as the girl realized the horror of her situation, heard the most agonizing screams.

A little later (though it seemed to the young naturalist as the lapsing of hours) he reached the spot of the terrible combat, disabled the loathsome and furious reptile with a single blow, flung it far away, and raised the fainting girl in his arms. Whiter than a lily and as helpless as a crushed one, she lay there, with her lips trembling with sobs, bosom heaving convulsively and eyes fixed upon him with the most pleading appeal for help.

"My God!" he groaned as he interpreted her wishes, "I am utterly without the means to aid you. Even the customary antidotes I recklessly flung away as a useless burden. Now I would give my life for them. But have courage! We can surely reach the village in time to save your life, though not you from suffering. Is it very far?"

to undertake. A single abrasion of mouth or tongue, a carious tooth through which poison could be absorbed, would be as fatal and a more sudden death than bullet or knife. Yet there was nothing of hesitation after the first shuddering thought. Wiping away the bloody ooze from the almost invisible punctured wounds he applied his lips to them one after another and sucked out the poison, freeing his mouth from time to time, and not desisting until assured the work was thoroughly done—that he could do no more. Then, and without giving heed to the faintly whispered thanks, he put his arm around the girl and hurried her forward.

But not long could she direct the way to travel, not long could her limbs sustain her. Another terror came to break down the little remaining nerve and strength, and she faltered, reeled and fell. She had gone through as much of mental and physical suffering as nature would endure—had gone as far as she could.

With the rain descending as if the windows of heaven had been flung wide open and a second flood came to earth, with the thunder rolling and crashing above their heads and shaking the solid rocks beneath their feet, with the lightning flashing and blinding, she lay scarcely able to move hand or foot for self preservation. But no fear of rattlesnakes then. Before the terrible majesty of the elemental war even they had fled terrified to the lowest depths of their noisome dens and covered in such fear as instinct gives—instinct that in many cases is twin brother of reason.

Though despairing of saving the fleeting life, yet driven nearly frantic by being alone with the girl in the now dense darkness and now blinding glare, Myratt lifted her again in his strong arms and dashed forward. Guided by the lights of the village he proceeded, whispering hope he did not feel, receiving moaning whimpers for a time and then no recognition.

The girl was beyond speech! He saw by the glances of lightning that the bitten hand and arm had swollen to an immense size, that upon the delicate flesh were reproduced the spot of the serpent, felt that the beating of the heart was growing fainter and fainter, that the hot breath was becoming less and less, and that in a little time he would be carrying a corpse, beautiful but an hour before, then loathsome, discolored and hideous beyond the conception of those who have never seen such a death.

Straining every nerve, puffing from speed and worn with his burden, Myratt still kept on, reached the path that led down to the village, and was about to descend when he was met by a party anxiously searching for the lost girl.

"Bitten by a rattlesnake? Dying or dead? Stained and spotted with the horrible leprosy of the serpent poison? Oh, my God! it is terrible! groaned the poor father as the insensible form was placed within his arms and the fearful tale told.

But the grief was as nothing to the wild, agonized sobbing and shrieking of the loving mother when she saw her darling brought in and laid upon a bed as hideous and repulsive as she had last seen her bright and beautiful.

Physicians came, but their experience and wisdom availed little. The poison had spread rapidly, been strongly incorporated with the circulation, the action of the heart paralyzed until it had almost ceased to beat. Ammonia, iodine, everything to be thought of as antidote, hyaline and palliative medicine were tried without giving relief. The hideous spots grew larger and more distinct; sinuous, twisting, creeping motions took the place of natural ones and hand and limb became more swollen. The sufferings of the stricken girl became so terrible as to cause several to be carried fainting from the room, others to turn ghastly pale, grow sick and eagerly rush into the outer air.

"Can nothing be done? Oh, my poor, dear child!" sobbed the heart-broken mother, still clinging to the writhing form, still clinging to the hope long given up by all others.

"Nothing," came answered back from the firmly compressed lips of the physician-in-chief. "We have exhausted all our knowledge, all our skill, but—"

He motioned to his associates, drew them aside and a whispered consultation was held. "Chloroform" was the only word that reached the strained ears of Paul Myratt, but it was enough. He knew but too well what it portended; that they were discussing the propriety of easing her terrible sufferings and freeing her pure soul from the rotting clay by a long, deep anesthetic slumber, by one that would never be broken in this world.

It was so decided, and while one of their number was absent procuring the powerful chemical combination they again gathered around their patient and watched the spasms of pain, the horrible writhings and contortions, with professional interest, though not with tearful eyes. Other than human would they have been could they have done so.

In the midst of the stillness that was worse than that of death, a silence to which sound would come as the falling of clouds upon the coffin lid, a stranger entered. So wild with excitement was the town that no one could escape hearing of the accident. In the great sorrow his presence was unnoticed. For a single instant he remained, then went out into the now clear and tranquil night and mounting a horse rode away at a dangerous speed. His absence was brief but even as he again entered the physicians were holding the sometimes easing, the now destined to be fatal anesthetic for the stricken girl to breathe.

Hastening to the side of the bed the stranger almost rudely pushed the men of medicine aside and exclaimed in a voice commanding, though intensely permeated with emotion

more than an inch long and less in width and thickness.

"The madstone! The madstone!" burst from many lips. "Now may heaven be thanked."

"Be silent," sternly commanded the stranger, "and control yourselves, whatever comes."

"And my child, my darling child, will live!" exclaimed the almost exhausted mother.

"She is in the hands of the Great Physician," was answered, reverently, "By mysterious ways now, as in the olden time, He can heat and raise the dead, if such be His holy will."

The followers of Esculapius looked on with scornful eyes and curling lips, and the young naturalist with absorbing interest, as the stone was applied to the bite of the serpent. Neither had ever seen one of the almost fabulous articles before, and doubted its reputed power.

For a moment it was held lightly on the swollen and discolored flesh, then it clung firmly and pressed deeply of its own volition, and screams, prolonged and of indescribable agony, burst from the ashy and purple lips of the girl.

"It adheres—is sucking out the poison! Watch how it changes color," said the stranger, with wonderful self control.

There was no denying the fact. The dull, blackish gray rapidly gave place to green that deepened and brightened until the stone loosened its hold and fell into the awaiting hand. It was placed in warm water to disgorge and again applied, its power evidently less than at first, its green less pronounced, until it absolutely refused to attach itself to the skin—had lost all its adhesive power.

From the first touch the screams of the girl had diminished, grown fainter and fainter, then entirely ceased, and when the madstone in its silent way told that its mission had been accomplished she had sunk into a sound and healthy slumber.

"She will awake cured, will live," said the stranger, "Leave her now to the rest she needs, and morning and evening praise Him whose mysteries are past finding out, the God of mercy, pity and love."

"And you?" was questioned, amid the tearful blessings of father and mother. "A humble servant of the Christ crucified, the Redeemer and Saviour. He guided my wandering footsteps hither; He caused me to have knowledge of the whereabouts of this wonderful stone. I am but a simple instrument in His mighty hand."

A year later a young, blushing, and happy bride stood at the altar of a Northern church. The same lips that had pronounced her cured from the virus of the deadly mountain rattle-snake, pronounced her and Paul Myratt man and wife. She would have no other. As they entered the home prepared for them and became hidden to the eyes of the public, she whispered to him upon whose arm she would lean lovingly for life:

"Paul, dearest, all honor to the madstone, all glory to the high power that gave its wonderful charm, all thanks to the man that used it, who has given you to me; but in my heart I know it was to your lips I owe my life most of all. It was you who sucked the poison from my veins, and—"

"Your lips, darling, shall ever repay me with their sweetness—as they do now."—*Mercury.*

A Congressman's Odd Investigation.

There was a man by the name of Stanton and he was a Congressman from a Kentucky district some time in the year 1837. Before his election to Congress he had been a bricklayer and a stone mason. During his term some of the contractors engaged on the Capitol extensions and improvement got into an imbroglio, and first one and then another began throwing mud, until finally one of them, in his anger, made the charge that the work done by another was of the poorest kind, and that the Capitol building was in danger. It was the first time that any such intimation had ever been made concerning the safety of the Capitol, and it caused considerable alarm, says the Chicago Times.

It led to the appointment of an investigating committee by Congress. Mr. Stanton was made Chairman of the committee. It is customary when a Congressional investigating committee is appointed for it to take up quarters in some elaborately furnished committee room, send for witnesses, and then report its findings. Stanton didn't do anything of the sort.

He put on a bricklayer's suit and clothed his committee in the same garb, went out about the Capitol and inside of it armed with the implements which stone-masons and brickmasons use. They examined the work that had been done, and found that there was not one word of truth in what the quarrelling contractors had charged. The committee so reported and was discharged.

That was, so I am told, the only time that any charge of fraud in the construction of the National Capitol was ever made.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Should Bear It in Mind—Nothing But the Truth—A Better Name—Changed His Mind, Etc., Etc.

Husband—"You are not the cook my mother used to be, my dear."

Wife—"No, John, fortunately. You mustn't forget that your father died of dyspepsia."—*Sittings.*

Nothing But the Truth. Judge—"Prisoner, this is the thirtieth time this year that you have appeared before this tribunal. What brought you here again?"

Prisoner—"To tell the truth, Judge, it was the police."

A Better Name. Pretty Cousin (to young Sissy)—"Why, Charley, since I last saw you you have grown quite a beard."

Young Sissy—"Y'as, Maud; mutton-chop whiskers, you know."

Pretty Cousin—"Oh, are they? Why they look more like lamb-chop whiskers."—*New York Sun.*

The Progress of Science. Jenkins—"Did you hear of the wonderful operation Dr. Ball performed on Smithers last week?"

Bikins—"No! what was it?"

Jenkins—"Five years ago Smithers stepped on a tack, and yesterday the doctor removed a ten-penny nail from the arm of Smithers' little boy."—*The Idea.*

Changed His Mind. Wife—"Shall we go to the picnic today, dear?"

Husband—"Just as you say, love."

Wife—"Well, if we go we must take the baby."

Husband—"Oh, by the way, there's all that cordwood to cut and split. I guess I'll stay at home."—*Burlington Free Press.*

In the Same Predicament. Kirby—"Lend me a fiver, will you, old boy? I'm clean broke."

Moxey—"That's a pretty good ring you wear. Why don't you hook it?"

Kirby—"Couldn't, you know. It's a souvenir of a deceased brother."

Moxey—"Well, my money is a souvenir of a deceased father. Day-day, old fel."—*Time.*

Fun Enough. It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curb-tone shaking his sides with laughter, he was accosted by one of New Haven's finest. "What's the fun, stranger?"

"Fun? Can't you see it? Just look how that thing (pointing to a watering-can) leaks. Why, the blamed fool won't have a drop left when he gets home."—*New Haven News.*

Learning English. A Frenchman of this city, having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances.

"Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare."

"I beg to make due acknowledgment, madame," he said to her at their next meeting. "See beauty of madame is very scarce."—*Birmingham Republic.*

Two Brutes. Magistrate—"What's the charge against this man?"

Officer—"He threw a photograph lens at a baby and cut its head."

Magistrate—"Are you a regular photographer?"

Officer—"Yes, your honor. I had been trying for two mortal hours to take a picture of that little imp—I mean little baby, your honor—and—"

Magistrate—"You are discharged. I used to be a photographer myself."—*The Cartoon.*

The Lost Found. "Well, Mrs., interrogated the irate father of a Chicago girl and a new thousand dollar piano: "can you tell me what this is, stuck onto this rosewood like a lump of grafting wax? Have you decided to marry a farmer, and is he giving you lessons in tree-planting?"

"Oh, no," answered the maiden, with a glad ring in her spruce-like voice; "what's my dear old girl. When Harry wanted a song, I put it where it would be safe, and then forgot it and thought I'd lost it."—*The Idea.*

A Ruling Passion With Him. The inquisitive traveler had sat alongside his one-legged victim till everybody had turned in, and still plied him with questions till he wished he had died at the apothecary.

"How did you lose your leg?" he asked, as a clincher.

"Well, I'll tell you if you promise not to ask any more questions."

may go on with your argument, Brief."—*Boston Herald.*

A Bad Habit. "Now, hubby, before we were married I promised to tell each other our little faults and try to correct them—do you remember, dear?"

"Um-huh," grunted the husband, who was deep in reading the last scandal.

"Well, we've been married a week and I notice a bad habit you have—do you hear?"

"Um-huh."

"Yes, a bad habit you have of paying attention when one is talking—are you listening to me?"

"Um-huh."

"Of not paying attention, and when one gets through and asks for something you say: 'Do what?' That's not only aggravating, but impolite, and I want you to break yourself of the disagreeable habit."

"Do what?"—*St. Louis Humoralist.*

Would Throw That In. "My friend," said a tight-fisted banker to a young man who had pulled him out of the water. "I appreciate the fact that you have saved my life, and I am prepared to reward you—to reward you liberally for your services. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, there was a suit of clothes spoiled," said the rescuer who was disgruntled though not educated, "that would be about seventeen dollars; that lost my hat, that would be fifty cents; then I took considerable liquor to keep off a cold, which cost me a quarter, don't think of anything else, sir."

"But you do not mention the fact that you have saved my life. What can I do for you on that score?"

"Oh, well, call the whole thing eighteen dollars and I'll throw the saving in free."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Visitor Was Mistaken. Proprietor (showing visitor through the office)—"This is the editorial department."

Visitor—"Then I suppose that general-looking chap across there is an obituary editor, and that thin, looking genius who just threw a weight at the office boy, is your fact man?"

Proprietor—"No; both guesses wrong. You probably obtained your ideas from current paragraphs. The good-natured man is the humorist, the attenuated gentleman is the editor of the tariff editorials."

Visitor—"Ah, indeed! But this gentleman with the handsome desk, raised from the rest of the office, attended pretty type-writer and two messengers? I suppose he is editor-in-chief?"

Proprietor—"Wrong again! That's the baseball reporter!"—*The Idea.*

Artificial Flowers. Artificial flowers, says a writer in *Gartenlaube*, were first invented by the monks. In the Italian convents there are shrines of saints were, up to the of the eighteenth century, decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, of paper, parchment, and stiff materials. Since then the flowers, which are made in Venice factories of the imperfect cocoon silk-worms, have become famous for their daintiness, which makes them particularly suitable for toilet decorations. In these silk flowers other artificial flowers are made in Venice, whence nearly Italy is supplied, and whence wagon loads are exported to other parts. No sooner has the visitor to the Florian's, near the Marcus place, the cicerone appears, offering to show him the "famous" factory of the famous Italian flowers." This factory is situated in one of the gray old houses of the Frenzaria, and several hundred are occupied in it. In the world the most wonderful reproductions of natural flowers are exhibited in this cases, and it seems in many cases not only the richest and most brilliant colors, but the very scent of the flowers had been stolen from nature, for the artificial flowers are steeped in perfume distilled from the flowers they represent. Any one wishing to have some souvenir of Venice can choose of beautiful and often the objects at the factory.

In the upper stories of the factory girls sit at their work, constructing clever hands, the most beautiful and clear for all the most expensive artificial flowers are nearly exclusively made by hand, and their value depends upon the manual dexterity and taste of the girls, sitting at long tables and with the unhealthy dust of the dyed rials. No machinery could replicate their dexterity and taste. Last century invented a machine for cutting and leaves and petals, but it can only be used for the smallest kinds, such as anemones for hyacinths, lilies of the valley and other small flowers. In large quantities the irregularities of manual work preferred to the stiff and correct produced by machinery. The most of which the petals are made is in special factories; the various other tools used by the girls, as the presses in which the veins are adapted to the work. Each petal flower is made by specialists. In room, for instance, only stalks of leaves and berries of all kinds are cast, and are of wax, or blown, if of glass, by clever workers are employed, and blossoms of the single petals, and wreaths and garlands of the blooming. It is very interesting to watch this process and to see how the centre of a flower is constructed, then the petals put round, next the leaves, and so forth, till a flower branch is complete.

A Barber-ous Contrast. There are barbers in this town, the New York Sun, who ought to have lessons in Paris. They lather and scrape through the first course, and again and scrape through the second, which the rum-soaked towel is used into play, and then come to the brush with pomatum, to be followed by other fandangos, all of which do not waste of time. In the dexterous operator uses the lather but once, and lightly, and the razor once, and lightly, after which he the customer a porcelain bowl of with a small soft napkin for use face. We have some barbers in New York as expert as any in Paris.