



THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. (WITHIN THE COUNTY.)

One Year, \$1 25; Six Months, 75

(OUT OF THE COUNTY.) One Year, \$1 50; Six Months, 85

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

When Perry First Beheld the Light!

When first my eyes beheld the light, And I was Perry county bight, Who viewed me as a hapless wight? Old Cumberland!

When, in the face of numerous ills, I made abundance deck my hills, Who didn't have to pay the bills? My neighbors!

When sages said, the young must know The blessings which from knowledge grow, Who bade the fount of wisdom flow? My children!

When teachers in convention meet, To learn to teach of ways more neat, Who occupies the paying seat? A stranger!

When Institutes their work display, And cash is paid out night and day, To what place go the stamps we pay? New York!

Thus Perry county's Institute Belltite's Perry's own repute, And fawns on foreigners, to boot— N'on New York-ick! BLOOMFIELD, Dec., 1879.

[A stray scrap, lost by an apparently disgusted member of the Perry County Teachers' Institute.—Ed.]

Mike Fink's Courting Story.

THE story of Mike Fink and the bull would make a cynic laugh. Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him—the bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing to three persons—consequently Mike felt "jubar." He did not want to call for help, for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive, was the meeting house, which was at that time filled with worshippers, among whom was the "gal Mike was paying his devours to." So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged round till nearly dead, and when he thought he could hold no longer, he made up his mind he had better "holler." And now we will let him tell his own story:

So, looking at the matter in all its bearings, I came to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know what I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it wasn't long before I see the Deacon's two dogs a coming down like as if they war seeing which could get thar fust. I know'd who they were after—they'd jine the bull agin me, I was sartin, for they were awful venomous, and had a spite agin me. So says I, old brindle, as ridin' is as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you've no objections, I'll just take a passage on that are back of youn. So I warn't very long getting astride of him; then, if you'd bin thar, you'd have sworn thar warn't nothing human in that ar mix—the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled the field, one dog on one side and one on the other, trying to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed, and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did at last and neither warn't of no use they were so orfully mixed up.

Well, I reckon I rid about a half an hour in this way, when old brindle thought it were time to stop to take in a supply of wind and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted. So sez I, old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartin. So I jist clum up a branch, kalkelating to roost thar till I starved afore I'd be rid round thar ar way any longer. I war a making tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard suthin' a makin' an orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up, and if there weren't—well thar's no use swearin'—but it were the biggest hor-

net's nest ever built. You'll gin in now Mike, I reckon, cause there's no help for you. But an idea struck me then that I stood a heap better chance a ridin' the bull than whar I whar. Sez I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I ride to the next station any how, let that be whar it will.

So I jist dropped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changing quarters, and, gentlemen, I'm a liar if there warn't near a half bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word "go" was gin. Well, I reckon they got it, for "all hands" started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs, about a quart stuck to me and the remainder charged on brindle.

This time the dogs led off fust, dead bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under weigh we followed, and as I was only a deck passenger, and had nothing to do with steering the craft, I swear, if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel, anyhow. But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead, brindle and I next, and the hornets directly after—the dogs yellin', brindle bellerin', and the hornets buzzin' and stingin'.

Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hands and turn white. I reckoned he was prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it warn't long neither, after the whole congregation—men, women and children—cum out, and then all hands went to yellin'.

None of 'em had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the whole congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well we reached that fence, and I went ashore over the critter's head, landin' on t'other side, and lay thar stunned.

It warn't long afore some of 'em as was not scared, cum running to see what I war, for all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together.—But when the brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one of 'em said:

"Mike Fink has got the wust of a scurmage once in his life!"

Gentleman, from that day I dropped the courtin' bizness, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hunt is up on this yearth, there won't be any more Finks, and it's owin' to Deacon Smith's Brindle Bull.

A Worthy Example.

WE ALL like to hear of successful men. To know that a homeless, friendless young man fought his way steadily upward. Bright, tireless energy, is a tonic full of subtle encouragement. No trade or calling, however hard or narrow, has failed to furnish examples of men who won success. It is a thought which should encourage every toiler. The stone cutter has his Hugh Miller; the weaver, his David Livingstone; the blacksmith, his Ellihu Burritt. It is not however, of men of great attainments and widely trumpeted fame that we would now speak, but rather of humble, honest success in founding a home in one of the central counties of this State. The story is full of hope and encouragement to the daily laborer; perhaps it was a warning for some whose wasted opportunities stand besides them as accusing angels. Here is the story.

In the year 1871 a young Norwegian landed at San Francisco, knowing only a few words in English, having little money and no acquaintances. He remained only one night in the city, and was soon in search of work among the farmers. Several weeks passed and he was still unsuccessful. He went to the house of a wealthy farmer, a man of shrewd but kindly character, and said to him in effect:

"I need work, and at any price, to make a beginning on. I can't lie idle; I am tired of tramping. Have you got room for one more hand?"

"No," said the farmer; "I am tired of tramps, and I have help enough."

"I am no tramp," said the man quietly, "and I will work, if you let

me, without wages, and only for my board and lodging, until such time as there is a vacancy, or I can get work elsewhere."

This was the gist of what he said, translated, on the part of the Norwegian, from his imperfect English, and the farmer told him to go to work, deciding in his own mind to see what sort of metal was in the tall, fair-haired Norwegian.

The days went by in toil and gladness, and the farmer found that his "free hand," as he called him, was the best man on the ranch. He was the earliest at all times, and in no sense an eyeserver. Always merry, his folksongs of home, and his stories of that weird northern land, grew more interesting as his knowledge of our language advanced. Moreover he was no eye-servant, but gave the working hours of the day to his employer with rare fidelity.

Two months went by in this sort of way. The farmer began to feel ashamed of himself for keeping without wages the man who was evidently the best workman in the neighborhood, and the most careful of his employer's interests. "It pays to have such a man," he said to himself. "It is absurd to think of letting him go at any time."

So the farmer paid him fair wages, dating from the day he stepped on the ranch, which was honorable back pay, and engaged him for one year, the bargain to terminate then unless the same satisfaction was given.

Our Norwegian remained no less than seven years on this one farm, making himself more and more necessary to the operation of agriculture. They ceased calling him "Gus," he became "Mr. Peterson," in the neighborhood. Other laborers had come and gone. He was the sole representative of the men who were on the ranch when he came there. The most important gain, perhaps, was that he had a complete and practical knowledge of farms and farm work, of our soil, climate, limitations, and possibilities. Lastly, he had with stern self denial saved every cent he could, and it was invested in different ways.

So Mr. Peterson, after seven years of vacationless work, took a summer trip, rather unaccountably prolonged, to the Norwegian settlements of the Western States, and returned with a warm hearted, maidenly wife, for whom every one had a pleasant word. Then he went to the farmer and wanted to buy a piece of land.

"I would rather live near here, and still work for you at odd times. I only want twenty acres," he said.

Twenty acres seemed so small a tract to the farmer accustomed to working his two thousand acres, that he tried to persuade him to take more, but Peterson still clung to the conviction that fruit, flowers, vegetables, a wind mill to lift water, a few cows, chickens and pigs, with the close care which he so well understood, would make twenty acres a bright and self supporting home. Finally, upon the farmer's earnest, friendly desire, he took forty acres at fifty dollars per acre, paying a thousand dollars down, and letting the rest wait at ten per cent. interest.

With what earnestness and patience he had begun to toil, having now his own abode, or how faithfully his wife seconds his efforts, we have not space to relate. The goal is reached. The crops on his forty acres will go far towards paying off the debt this fall. They spend little; they live within themselves; they desire to build up a loving and beautiful home, full of peace, purity, restfulness. And they have gone about it in the way open to the mass of humanity—by simple hard work and self denial.

This sketch is, except in names used, a transcription from actual occurrences. The man of whom we speak is a Norwegian, but the lesson is equally full of encouragement for hundreds of others. He has won some foothold, and so can other toilers. Ten years from now, if we keep track of our hero, we shall probably find him well known and respected everywhere, owning a highly cultivated farm, educating his children in our schools, taking the best papers, and in all respects a thoroughly informed citizen. So we cannot help wishing, in conclusion, that we had more such men.

A Curious Remedy.

OF ALL nervous diseases, tetanus is one of the most determined and objectionable. It is usually induced by over-indulgence in rusty nails or fish-hooks, and when it once takes hold of a patient it is nearly impossible to drive it away. One of its permanent symptoms is the closing of the jaws so tightly that they cannot be pried open with a crowbar. When it is remembered that women as well as men suffer from this disease, its tremendously powerful nature becomes evident.

Hitherto there has been no remedy which could be regarded as a specific for tetanus. In the last century the usual treatment was to knock out a few of the patient's teeth, so as to pour a little brandy down his throat and then to order his coffin. With the progress of medical science, various other remedies were suggested, among which the subcutaneous injection of curare, a particularly dreaded South American vegetable poison, gave, on the whole, the best results, and, frequently, so far got the mastery over tetanus that it killed the patient before the disease could kill him. At last, however, an ingenious French physician has apparently hit upon a remedy before which tetanus yields as readily as toothache yields to the dentist's forceps, and which will, of course, supersede curare and all other inferior remedies.

The French doctor in question was called in to attend a lady suffering from tetanus. In his report he says that she was a married woman of thirty-one years of age, and that previous to his visit her family physician had tried every known remedy for tetanus, including curare, without producing any effect. The patient was lying on her back, with her jaws tightly closed, and the muscles of her chest and throat were so rigid that she was unable to utter a sound. The doctor at once sent out and procured a live mouse of the usual size and voracity, to the tail of which he attached a strong horse-hair.

Placing the mouse at the foot of the bed, he permitted it to walk the entire length of the patient's body. No sooner did the patient notice the mouse than she sprang up, loudly calling to the attendants to take it off, and denouncing the doctor as a horrid, heartless wretch, who ought to be ashamed of himself and guillotined on the spot. There was no recurrence of the symptoms of tetanus. In fact, the doctor adds that the lady's jaws were so thoroughly and permanently unlocked that the husband, who is, of course, ignorant of law, has threatened to bring an action for damages against him.

The success of this experiment encouraged the doctor to try the mouse cure in other nervous diseases. He reasoned that the administration of mice powerfully stimulates the nerves of female patient, and enables the nervous system to throw off any disease with which it is afflicted. Soon after the incident just related he met with a violent case of hysteria. The patient, a married lady of thirty-seven years, was subject to hysterical attacks, but this particular one was of unprecedented violence. Among its prominent symptoms was the absence of whisker on one side of the husband's face, a broken clock and an almost irresistible tendency on the part of the patient to lie on the floor and kick the paneling of a rosewood book-case.

The doctor at once perceived that mice in strong doses were indicated. He therefore ordered that a mouse should be administered every ten minutes until the violence of the attack should abate.—The first mouse ran across the patient's body, but there was no perceptible change in her heels or voice.

The second mouse, however, entangled itself in her hair, and her recovery was almost instantaneous. She sat up and said that if the doctor would only take that mouse away she would get right up and see about dinner.

No further treatment was necessary, and the fact that the disease has not returned leads the doctor to express a strong conviction that the cure will prove a permanent one.

The mouse cure has also been tried with the very best results in an attack of paralysis of the left leg, which was in a fair way to prevent the wife of a Pari-

sian banker from making a call on certain of her husband's relative, and in a case of nervous prostration which suddenly attacked a lady when her husband had refused to take her the seaside. Both of these cases yielded promptly to the exhibition of mice, and there is no room for doubt that the cure was due solely to the remedy employed.

The addition of mice to the materia medica will interest the profession everywhere, and we may expect to find the mouse treatment adopted in nervous diseases by all regular physicians.—It is rather odd that the distinguished physician has not turned his attention to rats. There may be discoveries in the rat field which will be of as much importance as those which he has already made in connection with mice.

An Incident in the Zoological Garden.

Although not belonging to the snake family, the electrical eel, which is in the Zoological Garden, attracts the attention of a great many visitors. It is found in the rivers and marshes of South America, where the natives fish for it in a novel manner. A number of horses and mules are driven into the water, and the eels discharge their electric batteries under the bellies of animals, and after becoming exhausted they are easily captured.

Though a few of the animals sometimes become stunned and are drowned, the majority scramble to the shore and soon recover. The electrical organs range along the whole body from the head to the tail, and although the specimen at the Zoo is but ten or twelve inches in length, it is capable, as has been demonstrated, of giving a severe shock.

A short time since while the keeper went into a back room, several visitors were attracted to the tank in which it was confined, and one of the number, who appeared to be posted, induced one of his companions to touch the eel with his finger.

The next instant a loud crash was heard and a fearful crash, as though the tank had been pulled to the floor, which did not occur, however. But as soon as the man received the shock he threw the covering of the tank, which he was holding up in his left hand, with such force that it fell behind the stand, making a loud racket. The shock was very powerful, but lasted for a moment. After the victim of misplaced confidence had recovered he walked out of the building amid shouts of laughter from his companions, and will probably never fool with an electric eel again.—Philadelphia "Evening Star."

A Darkey's Logic.

"Gem'len," said the President, as an old oyster can fell off the shelf in the corner with a loud bang, "I find dat de older I grows de mo' I find out dat I didn't know nuffin' in my younger days. Dar was a time when if any nigger in ole Virginey had called me a liar, I should hev lit down upon him like a catamount on a boss fly, no matter whedder I did lie or tell de truf. Up on de Fa'r grounds de odder day I was called a liar by a white man. I simply riz up on one eyebrow at him an' axed him to prove it for money, an' de vilynun slunk away like a dawg. If a man calls you a liar you kin knock him down all you want to, but his opinyun remains de same. If you ax him to prove it, an' argy de matter wid him, he will see his mistake an' apologize. I tell ye, if I war a Baptist an' Samuel Shin war a Methodist, do you spect I'd get him ober to my side by abusin' his belief and knockin' him down wid a grindstun? De world am too ready to strike out from de shoulder 'kase a hard word comes, an' too quick to set down on de man who can't be lifted by collar, an' his opinyuns shaken outter his pockets. Arguments, my frens, am a heap better dan cuss words, opinyuns am a heap ahead of blows, an' mindin' your own bizness an' keepin' your head shut am de brightest clinker in de coal stove."

All cannot become scholars; but all may be wise unto salvation. All cannot acquire wealth; but all may gain the unsearchable riches of Christ. All cannot walk upon the high places of the earth; but all may be great in the sight of the Lord.