

HER OPINION.

"To-day," said he, "I graduate. What shall I do with you advise? Shall I stay here to try my fate? Or seek the West where Fortune lies?"

"It rests with you what I shall do. Say not the word and I will stay. But if you bid me go from you, again my heart must needs obey."

"I think," said she, "were you to go, 'You'd find that plan by far the best.'"

Then in his ear she whispered low,
"I'm very sure we'll like the West."
—HARVARD LAMPOON.

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

I believe, on my word, that a wretched creature than Groat of '79 never drew the breath of undergraduate life. No man ever talked to him for five minutes without liking the simple, honest soul. He came of a family that had turned out college graduates for at least five generations back, and his father was a hard-working country doctor up in New Hampshire, most respectable people indeed, who set much value on education. Naturally, then, Archibald passed his entrance examinations with credit, and he soon made clear his determination to go through his course in most exemplary fashion. We quickly found out that though Groat's capacities were barely respectable, he yet intended to make the most of them. His best quality of mind was a prodigious memory, and as he was a hard reader, it often happened that he not infrequently put brighter and lazier men to shame and confusion. It was on such occasions that Archibald was contemptuously set down by the vanquished as a "mere grind," and as it happened these occasions were painfully frequent, Groat got credit for a degree of plodding mediocrity which he did not wholly deserve. And when Archibald took the Sophomore prize for Latin verse, for which we all backed his room-mate, Jack Malmsey even that hardened failure was provoked to observe (it was at a subsequent meeting of the "Pipe and Bowl Brotherhood" and the great defeated was himself in the chair), Jack, then, easy, was nagged into retorting: "I'm sorry you lost your money on me, gentlemen, but let this teach you that the distill of herbs goes farther with the midnight oil than the stalled ox without it." We all applauded this neat metaphor, but Jack apologized for it a moment afterward and drank the health of his chum and conqueror, Groat, in a steaming glass of punch.

Archibald was not present. As a reading man he scorned the Brotherhood. He loathed the flowing bowl and would have preferred a sen-voyage to smoking a pipe. One of those erratic fatalities of the Freshman's lot had made him Jack's room-mate, and though in a very short time he found he had strayed into the tent of the Philistine, he never beat a retreat. Whenever Prex, whose prime favorite Archibald was, hinted that he might perhaps find more congenial quarters, Archy gravely said he felt it his duty to remain where he was, nor could all the prayers of his own set—the Kai gar as we dubbed the non-fraternity, plodding fellows—change his resolution. They never called on Archibald and would sooner have gone into a den of lions. Nor would Jack give up his chum. At the end of three months he had taken a violent liking to him. He called Groat variously his Good Genius, his Monitor and his Bright Example and vowed Archibald's influence was worth more than the lectures of a full term. I am afraid Groat only tolerated Jack and stayed with him less from love than a pure sense of duty. And, in truth, how much respect could a serious, laborious, irreplicable youth have for such an idle, careless, roistering scapegrace? Malmsey was bright enough, poor Groat would groan, but how deplorably indifferent to his advantages! Jack was the editor of the college paper, the ornament of the best fraternity, the chosen bard of every festive occasion, an incomparable debater and had a real genius for moral philosophy; but he was out all night and every night; he had invented the "Gany-mede" punch and organized that Bacchanalian Brotherhood; he played poker; he ran after shop girls; he owed awful sums to the tailor and the liverly. Often and again as Jack would come noisily into their study at midnight, with eyes bright and cheeks flushed, to find honest Groat digging away at the next day's Greek lesson, that young man would look up severely and sardonically remark:

"You are in early to-night."
"Been drinking you're health, Arch, old boy," Jack would sing out cheerfully. "Why don't you join us? Good fellowship's the oil of industry, you musty old miser of time!"

As we tread the pathway high,
Leading on to glory,
Oft we'll think of Zeta Psi
Famed in song and story.

"If you'd drink my health less often," Mr. Groat would rejoin coldly, "it would be much to the advantage of your own."

"There goes my monitor," Jack would laugh. "What would I do without my paragon? Write out those lines, there's a good fellow, and I'll glance over 'em in the morning," and the graceful scamp would go off roaring to bed.

Mr. Malmsey left college in his Junior year, an unusually flagrant breach of order, making his elimination imperative. We knew vaguely that he had gone "into journalism" and heard more or less flattering accounts of him, now in Boston, now in Chicago, now in Denver, and at last in San Francisco, where we lost trace of him entirely. Groat's pale face lost the look of care it had worn for two years, and he graduated at last with honors, to take a place as teacher of Latin and natural science in the lovely city of New Haven. In the polished and refined circles of that enlightened town, he met Miss Isabelle Norwood, and in due course of time found himself undiscussedly in love with her.

And there was no doubt that Miss Belle was a lovely and charming creature at this period of her life. She had

big, earnest, black eyes and the reddest of lips, and the slimmest, neatest little figure imaginable. But what brightened and set off these attractions of person and gave them lasting flavor and value, was her assumption of severe and uncompromising intellectuality. The daughter of a resident professor, she felt it beneath her hereditary character to care for the objects and pursuits of the young women of the day.

Indeed, she had no small contempt for that type of the feminine character which found satisfaction in the pursuits of shopping, of dress, of fancy work, of Howells' novels, of alas! the gay and dapper undergraduate and the sprightly and amiable tutor—of Man in fact, in any of those shapes by which he appeals to well-bred young womanhood in New Haven. Miss Belle had a soul above these trifles. Her lectures and her classical concerts, her German and her historical course, her Wednesdays at the Microscopical Society, and her Saturdays at the Mission School took up most of her time. If she deigned to converse with a man under 40, you may be sure only such topics were permitted as tended to enrich the mind and improve the understanding. She did not dance. She only cared for moonlight as an illustration of the power of solar rays in refraction. There were better than that at all times in her opinion, and was unto that Vandal who thought these pretensions nonsensical and a bore and ventured to pay a compliment to the young lady's eyes. He got his walking papers in short order. If the truth be told, this eccentric young woman could not cook nearly as well as her younger sister, who was strongly addicted to the affairs of trifles. But that was of small consequence since, if she ever thought of marriage, is was in the light of a union between Mind and Mind in the search for Truth, a condition of high thinking and as low living as was necessary.

After Mr. Groat had conversed with this young lady a score of times, he had reason to flatter himself that he had made a good impression. And Miss Norwood afterward confessed that Archibald Groat was at that time quite her ideal of a rising young man. There was nothing remarkable in his looks. His light hair was combed back so as to make the most of his nubby forehead, his straw-colored moustache had a thoughtful droop and his black coat, gray trousers, sat-in tie and trim boots were a scholarly and gentlemanly costume. He used only the finest cambrichkerchiefs, and the considerable bosom of his shirt was always immaculate. He was a college tutor now, and doing very well. Miss Norwood thought little of his person, which, sure, was unobjectionable; it was his good sense and seriousness that pleased her. He offended none of her prejudices. They talked only on grave subjects, and she found Archibald's mind was well stored with useful and accurate information. If they were on the water it was the habits of the fishes that occupied their thoughts, or the botanical curiosities along shore. When they walked abroad on the hills, Mr. Groat always carried a hammer, convenient for the study of geology. If they looked at the stars it was to seek an expected comet or discuss the theory of an interplanetary planet. They rarely sent her no extravagant hothouse flowers; not he. An early Caltha Palustris, bits of mineral, queer coins, odd specimens of all kinds were his votive offerings. Once he ventured to present her with a book. It was "The Dog." An introduction to the Study of Vertebrate Animals. The young lady was not insensible of his respectful devotion. One day he grew bold enough to ask her to marry him and was quite surprised at his own ardor. She answered gravely that she liked him very well and respected him more than most men of his age, but—she feared she didn't like him well enough for that, and he must wait. They shook hands sedately as they parted.

It was while Mr. Groat's affairs were at this hopeful stage, and he was reading very contentedly in his rooms one night that the door was thrown open with a bang and somebody entered with a rush and slapped him on the shoulder, and somebody's voice, with a familiar ring, cried "Groat! Archy, you old worm-eaten, dog-eared hermit! Don't you know me?"

"Why, bless my soul!" murmured Archibald, "if it isn't Malmsey! Gracious me, how you've changed, Malmsey! How do you do?"

"Do? Magnificently old chap," says the handsome, hearty fellow, throwing himself into Archibald's easiest chair and smiling at him in the old way. "Been down at Newport with Tom Lennox, who lives here, you know, and I'm to stop over with him a day or so and go the rounds. Lots of nice girls here, Tom says, eh, you rascal? Been in New York for the last year—on the Tocsin. Still driving a quill, you see. It's all I'm fit for, I suppose. Heard you were here and came right up. Glad you're doing well, but why aren't you married?"

Jack rattled this off breathlessly, and burst out laughing when Mr. Groat reddened and simpered at the last words. Introduce me, you dog, or I'll find her out myself. Who is the lucky winner of such a prize? And then they fell to talking about the old days and the old friends till near daylight. But Jack could not get the promise of an introduction to the subject of his old chum's tacit confession; not even her name, for Archibald was a prudent and timorous lover and wanted no such good-looking reprobate as Mr. John Malmsey distu-bing Miss Norwood's chaste and aesthetic meditations. And the better to excuse himself he resolved to go off to Hartford the very next day on a long-delayed visit to a maiden aunt. And so it happened that when the unconscious hum over his strategy, Mr. Thomas Lennox was having the great pleasure of presenting Mr. Malmsey to his cousin, Miss Norwood. What a week that was!—that week of poor Archibald's absence—and when I fear he was missed by Miss Norwood much

less than he hoped. Tom Lennox, rich, popular, idle, outwitted himself in devices to divert Mr. Malmsey and prolong his stay. What yachting parties on the Sound; what drives to Sabin Rock; what picnics to the hermit's cave; what dinner parties crowded those seven days are not easy to describe. Miss Norwood, as one of the family, thought she should accept her cousin's invitations and help entertain his guest, though she felt a twinge of reproach at so much frivolity, and once wondered how Mr. Groat would act, in case he were along. In truth Mr. Groat would not have taken well at all in that gay company. Miss Norwood, for the first time, had met in Mr. Malmsey a man of letters in the grab of a man of fashion, a philosopher who was also a man of the world, a genius who was perfectly unaffected and a gentleman who, on five thousand a year, was badly in debt and reprehensibly unconcerned about it. For, as his intimacy with Miss Norwood progressed, Mr. Jack not only read his MRS. to her (from his tender and delicate magazine verses to his red-hot political leaders), but confided to her his various scrapes, shifts and difficulties, past and present. He was a charming companion, and talked about everything. He had been everywhere, knew everybody, and seemed to have sounded the depths of all things from the White House kitchen to the philosophy of Kant. But he was lamentably ignorant of many names and dates and facts generally, and indeed seemed to glory in his darkness. He said a mind burdened with too many facts was a shallow archipelago, where there wasn't enough to navigate deep thoughts. In fact Jack was a man of ideas, with an unscientific education. Mr. Groat, now, was a man of scientific education, and she said to herself for the first time, without a single natural idea. Could a contrast be more perfect? She knew she respected the second, and she felt she ought to disapprove the first.

Of course she married Jack when he asked her, and swore a refusal would kill him and I know not what nonsense besides. How he overcame her scruples against his debt, his scepticism and his indifference to facts I never knew. Probably he vowed to reform, and I know he owed nothing when he married. But when poor Archibald called again with a wonderful fullard in alcohol he had picked up in Hartford, and found Belle nibbling chocolates over a copy of Mrs. Browning, and a huge bouquet of hothouse flowers beside her, the gift of Mr. Malmsey, he felt his case was lost. This was before Mr. Jack had spoken, though, to be sure, he lost no time.

"I thought," says poor simple Groat desperately, "you didn't care for—such things," and he looked murderously at the flowers.

"Why, indeed, I do," answered Miss Norwood sweetly. "Most women love beauty and fragrance in flowers or in books."

For the chrysalis of this young woman's heart was unfolding and the butterfly was stirring within. What special Providence is it that enwraps the hearts of superior women with specious meshes of intellectual ambitions, with threads of proud purposes and solitary triumphs and all sorts of frigid, unshared pursuits until the right time comes, and passion beats upon the web, and in the grateful heat, behold! it snaps and dissolves, and out springs the butterfly, all fluttering and tremulous, flitting from flower to chocolate and Mrs. Browning say, till the man, its master, slips a tiny glittering ring over its head and takes it to be fondled and petted forever after? Now, here was one of the most deserving of beings, industrious, honest, frugal, conscientious, praiseworthy in all things; and yet see how the crown of his struggle was snatched from him. To be sure, Jack was the most lovable, but whose fault was that? Not Jack's merit certainly; for he never tried to improve himself in his life, while poor Archy was trying all the time. Was Miss Belle's preference just, all things considered? Oughtn't she have rewarded conscientious effort and punished careless, easy-going indolence that took things as they came and was only bright and pleasing because it couldn't help being? Yet a man sure Jack will make the best husband. It's a hard question in ethics band nature has much to answer for, to be sure. But poor old Groat!

EDWIN ATWELL.

A Remarkable Story.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Sitting in the office of the Comptroller of the Treasury the other day were two gentlemen waiting for the preparation of some document which the bureau was just about completing. On the wall opposite hung a fine portrait of Salmon P. Chase, the first Comptroller, showing him as a handsome, florid-faced man, with beard and with head partially bald. "That doesn't look much as he did a year ago," said one of them noting the handsome portrait. "A year ago? Why, he has been dead these ten years or more, hasn't he?" "Yes, eighteen of them. Yet I saw him only a year ago, with full beard and a full head of hair. Very different from the picture you see before us." "What do you mean?" "Simply this. I was present when his remains were taken from Oak Hill Cemetery for the transmission to Cincinnati a year ago. Although seventeen years had elapsed, the remains were still in an almost perfect state. The features were entirely distinguishable to those who knew him in life. The clothing was in a perfect state of preservation. The principal changes were that the face was dark, and instead of being smooth, as was his custom in life, it was covered with a full growth of beard, two inches or so in length, and mixed with gray. The head, which you see was bald in life, was covered with a full suit of hair, partly gray. Much obliged to you Mr. Comptroller," and he took the document handed him and was gone.

China's Biggest Opium Den.

From the North China Herald.

The Nan-gin-tsin, the greatest opium den in China, is situated in the French concession in Shanghai, within a stone's throw of the wall of the native city, within which the opium shops are supposed to exist. The throngs visiting it represent all stations of life, from the coolie to the wealthy merchant or the small mandarin. It is with difficulty that one gets inside through the crowds of people hanging round the door. Those who have not the requisite number of copper cash to procure the baneful pipe watch with horrible wistfulness each of the more affluent pass in with nervous, hurried step, or totter out wearing that peculiar dazed expression which comes after the smoker's craving has been satisfied and his transient pleasure has passed away. One requires a strong stomach to stand the sickening fumes with which the air inside is thickened. The clouds of smoke, the dim light from the numerous colored lamps, the numbers of reclining forms with distorted faces bent over the small flames at which the pipes are lighted cause the novice a sickening sensation.

But as soon as the eye becomes accustomed to the scene it is noticed that the place is got up on an expensive scale. In the centre of the lower room hangs one of the finest of Chinese lamps, the ceiling is of richly carved wood, while the painted walls are thickly inlaid with a peculiarly marked marble, which gives the idea of unfinished landscape sketches. Numerous doors on all sides lead to the smokers' apartments. In the outer portion of the building stands a counter covered with little boxes of the drug ready for smoking, while a dozen assistants are kept busy handing out to the servants who wait upon the habitués of the place. The average daily receipts are said to be about £200. The smoking apartments are divided into four classes. In the cheapest are coolies who pay about 4d. for their smoke. In the dearest the smoke costs about 7d. The drug supplied in each class is much the same both in quality and quantity; it is the difference in the pipes that regulates the price. The best kind are made of ivory, the stem being often inlaid with stones and rendered more costly by reason of elaborate carving; the cheaper kinds are made simply of hard wood.

The rooms also are furnished according to class. In the most expensive the lounge upon which the smoker reclines is of fine velvet, with pillows of the same material; the frames of each couch are inlaid with mother of pearl and jade, and the whole air of these rooms is one of sensuous luxury. There are also a number of private rooms. In the poorer section will be seen many wearers of the tattered yellow and gray robes of Buddhist and Taoist priests. Women form a fair proportion of the smokers. The common belief is that the opium sleep is attended by a mild, pleasurable delirium, with brief glimpses of Elysium; but this is the exception, not the rule. People smoke to satisfy the craving begotten of previous indulgence. There is accommodation for 150 smokers at a time, and there is seldom a vacancy very long. The stream of smokers goes on from early morning till midnight, when the place closes; the clouds of smoke go up incessantly all day long.

Swung Him Around.

"Bill," said a gentleman in Nashville to a negro stonemason who is doing some work for him, "You promised to let me have that foundation this week, and you are not half done yet. Now, what made you lie about it and put me to all this trouble?"

"See yer, boss; I didn't tell no lies; but deem niggers, Jo and Jim, dat was gwine to wuk on it ben drunk since las' week, an' I can't git no more stonemasons. I tell yer, de way dese fool niggers git drunk an' quit wuk mus' be stopped. Law jus' orter be fix so nigger can't buy nuthin' to git drunk on; dat's what I onestly b'lieve."

"All right, Bill; we will just go to the polls to-morrow and vote to put it out, so such men as Jo and Jim cannot waste their time and money, and we won't be troubled by their trifling ways."

"Look yer, boss; sho'ly yo' ain't gwine to vote so po' nigger can't get little drap o' whiskey when he been hard warkin' fur weeks, and get jus' tired out, an' his muscles all gin' way, an' his nerves all outer fix, and him jus' putty nigh fagged out fur little spirits. Sho'ly yo' got mor' feelin' in dat fur po' nigger. Why, dat fix nigger was off'n fo' de wah, w'en he couldn't go out at night 'dout a permit, an' couldn't get nary drap o' liquor 'dout note from o' marster. See yer, boss, fo' Lord's sake don't go vote takin' way cuuld man's privilage jus' cause rain split dis job. Been too wet to wuk ar'chow, an' dem niggers Jo and Jim been yer every mornin' tryin' to wuk and make a little money to 'port dere fam'lies. Dem two o' de best niggers I ever seed lay a rock, an' dey neber gits drunk w'en dey can git to wuk. Dey neber gits rare drunk now: course dey takes little drap now an' den to keep out de damp, but neber takes too much. Boss, I neber saw one dem niggers drunk, yet, an' dey been warkin' fur me 'bout six years next January. I neber seed dem niggers take but one drink, boss, an' dat was one Sa'day night, w'en we was goin' home. It po'd down rain an' we was wet to de skin, an' boss we jus' went in, an' w'en I ax dem niggers w'at dey take, boss, dey bofe say dey don't want nuthin' but little weak lemonade right sweet. Boss, dem de two steadies bes' niggers I eber seed anyhow. Don't yo' go vote fur 'mendin' de by-laws jus' cause yo' wall ain't done. I'm ruinin' her right on, an' I be ready now fo' yo' can git dem brick-layers yer. Boss, don't yo' vote fur no probation. 'Taint right'er take folks' liberty way like dat. It sho'ly ain't."

Why He Went to Canada.

M. Quad in the Detroit Free-Press.

It was two minutes after the triangle sounded before the smoke in Paradise hall would permit the members to see each other. When it had at last thinned out, Brother Gardner said:

"Nicodemus Pembroke Scott, a local member of this lodge, has crossed into Canada an' will not reappear among us. Far de las' three months I have bin expectin' some sich climax, an' dis mawnin', when a messenger informed me dat he had disappeared, arter fallin' in an attempt to shoot himself wid an ole hose pistol, I was not a bit surprised. He leaves a wife an' two children an' about fifty creditors. 'What sent him off? De same reason dat am daily workin' to bring about another panic—de same reasons dat explain de hundreds ob bizness failures—de same reasons dat am cripplin' de efforts of thousands of workin' men to secure homes of deir own—family extravagance. No, you can't call it extravagance; foolery am a better name for it. Up to a year ago Brudder Scott was jobbin' aroun' and morkin' \$1 a day. Den he got a situation by which he aimed \$14 per week. He was poo' off in de house and had debts hangin' ober him, but heah was a chance to get eben. How was it improved? In less dan one month his wife was rigged out in a \$20 dress, 12 shillin' kids, a \$5 hat and an opera fan. He had no peace ob min' unless he obeyed her. In six weeks she became too high toned to wash an' iron fur older folks. In two months she wanted a better house, wid a red parlor carpet an' cane seat chairs all aroun' de room. In three months she had to have a black silk dress, gold bracelets, a tony bonnet, kid shoes, an' gold fillin in her teef.

Dat foolery has reaped its harvest. De husband found dat he was ruinin' behind, his home was bein' neglected, his wife was bein' gossiped about an' in despair he has picked up his feet an' sid out. It was de natural result. I tell you, my frens, de tomfoolery of de women of dis kentry am strainin' on de chalk line till de cord can't stan' much mo', an' it am high time dat somebody sets his foot down. De man who aims \$25 per week has somehow got de ideah into his head dat de world expects him to dress his wife as if he aimed a banker's profits. Wives of men who can't keep up wid deir house rent am canterin' up an' down wid sealskin saques an' \$6 shoes. Wives of men who have to dodge de butcher an' grocer an' tailor am now selectin' fall carpets an' orderin' \$30 lambrequins. Wives of men who couldn't raise \$50 at de banks to save der necks am rushin' to balls an' parties, an' havin' deir expensive dresses described fu de benefit of de public.

De so-called society of de aige am composed of false hair, false pretenses, debt-dodgin', an' base decepshun. Our rich people am distinguished by their plain dress an' quiet manners. De snides an' dudes an' dodos do all de swagerin', rush on all de colors, an' monopolize de biggest sheer of de street. You wait! De man who lives fur another ten years will h'ar sunthin' drap, an' arter de drap takes place de thousands of idiots who now feel ashamed to admit dat dey don't keep but two servant gals in de house will go back to deir cook stoves an' wash tubs an' take deir proper places in de purchesun."

The Generous Stranger Makes Money.

From the Boston Courier.

There are hardly fewer ways of making money than of spending it, and the Editor heard the other day of a method which was wholly new to him. A visitor to the sanatorium remarked that on the trains running from Boston to a certain suburb there was frequently to be seen an active and wide-awake man who has devised an ingenious method of turning to a profit the misfortunes of his neighbors.

"The other night," the narrator said, "there was a man half drunk who had no ticket and who found himself short by three cents when it came to a cash payment. There was considerable discussion and wrangling over the matter, when up jumped the smart man and produced the required three cents. He blustered considerably, declaring that he wasn't going to see any man put off just for coming short three cents, and meanwhile he quietly took the ten-cent rebate check which the conductor gives for a cash fare and pocketed it without remark. The generosity of the passenger moved another man to be 'cent' short, and the enterprising stranger secured a second rebate check. The second impetuous passenger, however, was more sober than the first, and before the end of the ride he had managed to figure up in his own mind that the favor he had accepted had cost him ten cents. He endeavored to get possession of the check, but the speculator knew his business and would not give it up." The scheme is one of those ingenious, petty, tricky methods of catching stray pennies to which we are accustomed to hear the word Yankee applied in its unpleasant signification.

Surgical Instruments at Pompeii.

Rome Dispatch to London News.

The excavations that are being carried forward at Pompeii are giving most interesting results. In the beginning of the month a wooden case was dug up, containing a complete set of surgical instruments, many of which are similar to those used in the present day. A few days later four beautiful silver urns of considerable height were found together with four smaller cups, eight open vases, four dishes ornamented with foliage and the figures of animals, and a beautiful statue of Jupiter seated on his throne. Besides these silver objects several gold ornaments were also found, such as earrings and rings. The excavations are being rapidly pushed forward.

Rattle Snake Poison.

From the Philadelphia Herald.

On August 29, 1883, a 5-year-old son of George Putnam, who lives at Stony Ford, Pennsylvania, was returning home from driving the cows to pasture, and stopped by the roadside to pick some berries. He was barefooted and suddenly felt a sharp sting on the instep of his left foot. He ran crying home, and told his mother that he had scratched his foot on a briar. The foot had begun to swell, and his mother picked from the flesh what she at first supposed to be a briar, but as the foot continued to swell and the boy's sufferings were intense the alarming fact was apparent that he had been bitten by some poisonous snake, and that the supposed briar was one of its fangs that had buried itself in the wound and had been pulled from the snake's jaw.

Mrs. Putnam called her husband, who was at work near the house, and alarmed other members of the family. A live chicken was cut in two and the warm flesh applied to the wound. Whisky was given to the boy in large quantities, and a messenger was dispatched for a doctor. A member of the family went to the spot where the boy said he had first felt the sharp sting and found a rattlesnake coiled near the roadside. The snake was killed and one of its fangs was found to be missing, which left no doubt of the nature of the boy's injury. The snake was cut open and held on the wound in the boy's foot, which had swollen to double its natural size. The sufferings of the boy were so great that he could scarcely be held down in the bed by two men. The doctor arrived and cauterized the wound, but said it was too late and that the boy would die.

The swelling had extended up the leg to his waist, and the leg became spotted. Antidotes prescribed by the doctor were administered, but the whisky treatment was also adhered to. The boy's body turned black, but after three days of the most terrible agony, the swelling began to go down, and in a week the victim was able to get about. In a month's time all the effects of the poison seemed to have disappeared, and the boy was as well as ever.

On the 20th of August, 1884, he was seized with a sharp pain in his foot, which began to swell, and in a short time his leg and foot were swollen to double their size, and became spotted, as they had on the day the boy was bitten by the snake. He experienced the same symptoms, and suffered for three days almost as much agony as he had the year before. When the swelling again went down the pain subsided, and the symptoms disappeared. Regularly on the 20th of August every year since the same symptoms have appeared, on the authority of a well-known citizen of Tioga County, and their recurrence this year was marked by more than usual pain and swelling, the spots on the leg and body strikingly resembling that of a rattlesnake. The sufferings of the boy were so intense that he was not expected to pass through them with his life, but at last accounts he was slowly recovering.

It is said that there are three similar cases on record—one of a girl who was bitten by a rattlesnake in Livingston County, New York, thirty years ago, and who for twenty-five years, on the anniversary of the day on which she was bitten, was subject to the same symptoms as attended the original poisoning. She died on the twenty-fifth recurrence of the terrible symptoms.

A Curious Case.

Dr. Gober, the physician at the Penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky., relates a remarkable case in the history of his professional practice. He says that two years ago Eli Lucas, colored, came to the Penitentiary from Louisville under a life sentence for murder, and that until within six months past he was healthy and capable of performing the heaviest labor. At that date he manifested extreme nervousness, and would shrink and crouch into corners as if experiencing great fright. He soon lost the use of every member of his body and then fell into a heavy stupor that evinced the loss of all sensation. In this condition, a dead man to all appearances, except an occasional turning of the head, he remained until recently, when he showed the first symptoms of returning life by making a feeble effort to mutter. A few weeks ago there was an apparent improvement, and the doctor pronounced him restored, sound in body and mind. The negro says he does not remember of his illness. He thought he had been in the hospital but a day or two, and was surprised to awaken from an April nap to learn that he was in the middle of the month of October. The treatment was addressed to the brain as the seat of the nerve centres.

Inventing the Telephone.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

A correspondent inquires what led to the invention of the telephone. We submitted the letter to an expert electrical engineer, and he sends us the following reply: "In reply to the question as to what led to the invention of the telephone, I beg to say that, in the discovery of telegraphy by Morse while crossing the ocean in a steamship, we find a most rapid means of communication. Experiments in the line of scientific research a little later on, and we find the discovery of a means for conveying musical sounds or notes, upon the ordinary telegraph key and sounder (see Scientific American for illustrated article on this subject early in 1871). Then we have Gray's harmonic telegraph and Bell's speaking telephone. The discovery of the Morse system of telegraphy led as much to the invention of the telephone as anything, because we can use (and did use) the ordinary telegraph key and sounder to convey sounds and speech (somewhat imperfectly, owing to improper adjustment) over an ordinary telegraph line."