

CASTING OUT OF DEVILS

"MAGIC HEALING" NOT PECULIAR TO MODERN TIMES.

Under Various Guises Has Pandered to Human Credulity Since History's Beginning.

An editorial in The Oregonian, Tuesday, February 13, headed "Christian Science," is the cause of this article being written. The editorial in question deals with "Christian Science" as a foolish and often dangerous idea of healing the sick, and says: "Christian Science in practice, however, is a fraud and a crime. It is neither science nor Christian."

The "casting out of devils," which has appeared in one form or another, since thousands of years before history began, has not yet, it seems, itself been cast out by liver pills, spring tonics, mustard poultices, cream of tartar and the host of unimagined modern remedies. Shrewd persons are still following this very interesting and remunerative practice, and are practicing healing and religion precisely as has always been done in the very first stages of any people's development. That this phenomenon should reappear when medicine and surgery have reached almost the climax of success is something for philosophers to write a book about. Some tourists, recently returned from China and Japan, and with whom I talked, related to me a circumstance which they said happened in Hong Kong, but which they would not let me see, although asked to do so by their guide.

The Chinese Method.

A Chinaman who seemed to be a healthy fellow was taken ill, and he was bilious, fatigued and otherwise tortured. A family powder was allowed to burn upon his forehead. Meanwhile, to complete the exorcism, his friends sang and danced about him and enjoyed themselves very much. On seeing several Chinamen, two of whom were practicing Chinese physicians, I was informed that this was a book about. Some tourists, recently returned from China and Japan, and with whom I talked, related to me a circumstance which they said happened in Hong Kong, but which they would not let me see, although asked to do so by their guide.

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claiming to accomplish the same result. Headache, it is contended, may be relieved by wearing in one's hat the rattles of a snake, and the blood of a black cat is said to cure dizziness.

While at Pine Bluff, Ark., a few years ago, I attended a lecture given by a certain doctor (?) who was claiming money from the crowds who attended his "shows" of "magic." During the latter part of his discourse, he said: "In my stupendous investigations of animal life I have discovered that dogs, horses, pigs and so on are not troubled with dyspepsia, rheumatism, consumption, appendicitis, hysteria and other ailments. I have observed that all animals are much given to eating clay. This suggested the thought, Why not do likewise? And under the inspiration of the idea I commenced to eat dirt or clay and have been doing so ever since, with the result that my physical ailments have departed, and I stand before you tonight the most healthy man in the country. I guarantee, if any individual will take three doses of dirt or clay a day, it will cure every disease that is known to the medical profession."

It is needless to say this arch quack recommended a special brand of dirt or clay, which he philanthropically supplied to the "good people" at a box, and now there are many fools literally "eating dirt."

OR, MEN; YE MEN!

Here's a Rod That Has Been Kept in Pickle for You.

Why should not the "aside" thoughts of "the sex" have utterance? If they are a little sharp, and maver of strong tea and pickles, it is no reason why the "stronger sex" should have all the satire and sharp sayings to themselves. For example: The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat.

Man's love is like the moon; if it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow smaller.

A man may do good by stealth, but as to his blushing to find it fame, that's all nonsense.

Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always "ruling the roost"?

Man takes a woman with a dowry, in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game.

Men have two ways of extinguishing the flames of love: they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out with one blow.

In a dilemma, during the time a man is standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand.

Wives are often foolish enough to sit up and wait for their husbands, and yet hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up and wait for their wives.

How many people are there who think they are making themselves exceedingly popular when they are only making themselves supremely ridiculous!

Men have been pointed out to me who were said to be great thinkers. I have watched them, and found them great thinkers—about themselves.

An old maid's only confidant is her pillow. All her cares, worries and thoughts, both sleeping and waking, are confided to its soft embrace. It is the only depository and witness of the tears that she sometimes sheds over broken hopes. More than this, it is a confidant that never betrays her.

If any of our "protectors" feel injured at this, let them sue for libel!

ELLA HENNEBERRY.

"Cordially Yours."

Interesting conclusions, says an unidentified exchange, are drawn from a study of the different ways writers subscribe themselves.

The curt "Yours" and "Yours truly" are found not only in business letters, but in personal notes as well, for there are plenty of correspondents who do not believe in guish, and who think that "Yours truly" or "sincerely" means about all they wish to convey.

Opposite to the amiable and essentially practical persons is that class of writers, made up usually of young and enthusiastic individuals, as a rule, of the gentler sex, who throw words about as carelessly as paper as they do in conversation, and who sign themselves "Affectionately yours," even when writing to casual acquaintances.

"Cordially yours," by the way, is seen more and more frequently now in notes between acquaintances who are on distinctly friendly or cordial terms.

After all, "Your friend," when it can be used truthfully, is a simple and satisfactory way of ending friendly letters.

Some people have the habit of not preface their names with any form of words at the end of letters. They stop when they get through, and simply write their signatures, this being an easy way out of the difficulty.

We Sometimes Sleep.

"We may not foolish things away," Quoth he of wisdom deep.

"Oh, no, indeed," the fool replied; "You see, we sometimes sleep."

—SYRACUSE HERALD.

causes the victim's recovery. A superstition of the same tribe is that a cap worn on the head constantly for several years, acquires a magic power, while it accumulates dirt. The water in which a small section of the cap has been washed is drunk as a charm.

It is doubtless from some such practices as these that the origin of the familiar modern superstitions—such as that a piece of potato, carried in the pocket for a space of time, will cure the rheumatism. The story of a black cat, in one of its "buckskins," carried in the left-hand vest pocket, is

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Legs is very rarely busted for incompetence. The mettle in a chief master-at-arms is always thoroughly known aft before he is rated. He need not necessarily be a bully, but he must be a natural boss of men who have frequent fits of desire to boss themselves. He must know how to fight with his hands, for there could not possibly be a more capable lot of rough-and-tumble artists than the sailors in the American navy—the men the Legs has to go up against in his business. The Legs is privileged to take his men around by the collar, and when occasion demands. The officers do not expect him to rush aft with too frequent reports of misconduct. If the necessity arises for the Legs to knock a man level with the deck, it is the business of the Legs to knock him down, and with silence and promptness. He is not supposed to take a thrashing. A thrashed Legs control of the crew is gone, and he is busted out of hand. But there have been very few instances of this sort in the American navy.

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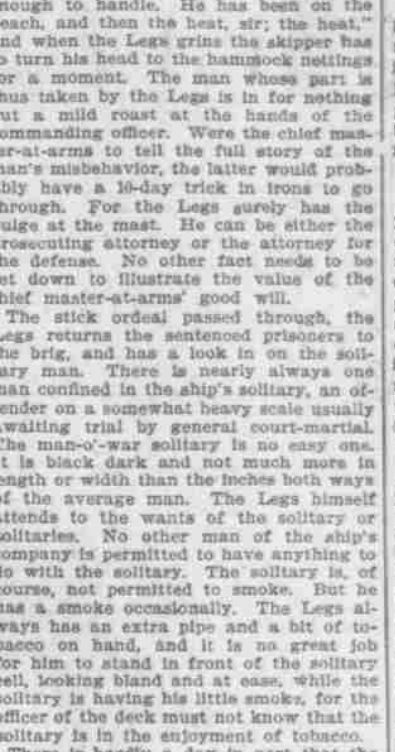
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MOST FATAL OF POISONS

PHALLIN AND ITS DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS ON HUMAN LIFE.

Brings Death in Terrible Form to Those Who Partake of Mushrooms Containing It.

It is probable that not many people ever heard of phallin, not only one of the most remarkable substances in the world, but one of the most terrible poisons. And it is so very common that it can be found in almost every field and swamp in the country. For phallin is the poisonous element in the deadly mushroom, the "death-cup," as it has been appropriately called. Not only that, when phallin was first discovered it was found that it was almost identical with the poison of the rattlesnake, so that death from mushroom-poisoning is very similar to death from a serpent's bite.

But still more wonderful, it is now known that various bacteria produce nearly the same poison—the bacteria, for instance, of diphtheria and typhoid fever. It seems odd enough that death from the poisonous mushroom, from a rattlesnake bite and from diphtheria should result from practically the same cause.

A Bit Killin.

It is said that 25 people are killed every year in the United States by eating the death-cup, mistaking it for the edible mushroom. It requires only a bit of the death-cup to kill—please the size of a pea will do it. One case is cited in which a boy ate only a third of a small uncooked cup of the deadly mushroom, but it was enough to cause his death. Indeed, so fatal is the phallin poison that even the handling of the death-cup and the breathing of the spores may produce serious illness.

The death-cup looks very pretty as it grows in the fields, and when eaten it has not the slightest ill-taste, either when raw or when cooked. Nor is there any unpleasant effect until from 3 to 14 hours afterward. Then come terrible pains in the abdomen, nausea, vomiting, followed by almost certain death, with many of the symptoms of Asiatic cholera. The effect of phallin is to dissolve the red corpuscles in the blood, permitting the escape through the alimentary canal. The greatest care is necessary, therefore, in gathering mushrooms, not to pick any of the death-cups. They are usually recognized from the others, for there never is any need of making mistakes.

Poison Ivy and Oak.

The death-cup is only one of a number of poisonous plants in America, although there are not as many in this country as in Europe. The commonest of all is the familiar poison ivy of our fields and roadsides. Contrary to almost general belief, poison ivy is not poisonous unless actually touched. Its irritating power is due to a nonvolatile oil, which, while distressing, is not deadly. One familiar with it will never make mistakes for anything else.

Poison Ivy is much more common in the East than in the West. One of its favorite growing-spots is along old stone fences and at the edges of swamps. The poison oak, so called because its leaf resembles that of a Western oak, is first cousin to the poison ivy. It is found coast to coast. It is not infrequently there in the water hemlock, the most virulent of all poisonous plants, called also wild hemlock, wild parsnip, manzanita root and cowbane. It kills many cattle every year.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

A bachelor is generally an old thing. Where you never see a tramp-working. One thing the trusts cannot corner—a woman's tongue.

No wonder ex-President Cleveland is against expansion. Think of his size. Other people's children get old enough to discipline mothers and fathers. A man is more apt to notice the approach of old age in others than in himself.

You will never know how many people have corns, until you have corn plasters to stick on them.

If a man knows a particularly mean story on himself, he can keep his mouth shut all right.

When a man is engaged in a fight, it is a great comfort to him that the other fellow started it.

Miss E. W.—The only adequate remedy for hair on the face is a keen razor. Apply with soap and water.

When people become too old to go to dances, and are asked to go, they say they have too much sense to go.

Fashion is the subject of many criticisms, but the desire to change his clothes caused the monkey to evolve.

The Prince of Wales would never make a good checkmate player. It takes him too long to get into the king row.

Newspapers are a great blessing, you bet. They prevent many a man from seeing a woman standing up in a car.

A train and a railway journey, or are negotiating for board. Then they are two. Those hats with the large black feathers look more like a hearse coming around the corner than anything else we know of.

The rain, it falls upon the just. And, too, upon the unjust forever. But more upon the just because the unjust have no umbrellas.

A Portland man was asked why he spent his holidays at home with his wife. He explained that he had nothing else to spend.

It is a woman's opinion that she must outlive her husband, in order to prevent him from making a fool of himself as a widower.

Scene—The national capital, time—Morning of March 1, 1863. Shells of Washington (cannon)—Thank heaven, I died long ago!

When woman dreams her home is Asia. Her husband feels despair. She roars out, but he doubts. She thinks he ought to wear.

Uncle Sam is doing good business, while Uncle Sam is pulling each other's hair. Uncle Sam sells musins, gunstocks, flour, canned beef, etc., at the old stand.

Man and horse both kick over the traces sometimes, but the trouble is the man gets the same old lines put on him, while the horse probably gets a new set of harness.

Admiral Dewey barely got through the naval academy, at the foot of his class, while Captain Carter, in prison for embezzlement, passed West Point with the highest honors ever.

Captain (to man at the wheel)—Another pint a-port. Lady Passenger—How shocking! I must get that captain to sign the pledge. That is the third pint of port he has called for within the last 10 minutes. How these captains drink!

Dude—Dude—If, as you say, your "hand feels full," it is probably empty. You complain that you feel very much inclined to talk, when it is in that condition. This is serious. It indicates wind on the brain. Try amputation with a rope. Or go to congress.

Cannibals are still practiced in the most