

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR

"Good for nothing," the farmer said. As he made a sweep at the burdock's head...

A LESSON FROM A WOLF CHASE.

Rube Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter.

"Rube, you must not leave me tonight. Give in to me this time and stay at home."

"I am only going for a jaunt," he replied. "I'll be back soon."

"No, you are going to Washburn's! To night you will, you must gratify me. I am afraid to remain here alone."

"Afraid?" he answered. "Such a thing as fear was almost unknown to Kate Wilde."

"Where are you going?" "Only to Pineville."

and all. Kate watched away and said never a word. He opened the door, and without looking back remarked:

"I'll be here by sunset." "See that you are," was the reply. "If you come here late the house will be empty."

The day went by at a snail's pace, and the afternoon seemed never ending. Kate fondled the baby, listened to her crow and cry, and fed her a dozen times.

Rube Wexford sat near the warm fire which was surrounded by half a dozen men beside himself. He had been there for hours listening to the anecdotes of hunters' lives, even adding to the general fund with some of his own experiences.

When sunset came he was still in his seat. He wanted to be home, wanted to keep his promise, but he thought he would wait awhile and start later, so that it would not look to Kate too much as if he were giving in.

A loud roar of laughter brought him to his senses, and a rough voice cried: "Rube, guess you have been dreaming!"

"Yes," he replied, foolishly; "I thought my wife was calling me." He glanced at the clock and said: "Boys, I must go."

Then he was gone. His conscience smote him as he trudged through the snow. It would be after 2 o'clock when he reached home. One thing consoled him somewhat; he was sober.

Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made preparations one morning for a trip to Pineville. Kate looked on silently for a few moments, and then said:

"That's all talk," Rube answered in a rough joking and half serious fashion. "Why, it's fifteen miles to Pineville."

"No matter," was the firm rejoinder. "I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death by the way."

LURED TO HIS DOOM.

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case. In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London Bridge railway station a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.

He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from his decomposing body. He was a stranger, who no one knew, and why he should have come to that place to commit suicide was a mystery.

The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commission agent, contained no article of furniture.

When questioned about the patent he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.

The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however, and how and when he had got access to the apartment no one knew.

There was an old fashioned fireplace in the room, and some paper ashes in this attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.

In turning over these ashes I discovered two or three bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had these words written on them, though now barely distinguishable:

I examined the charred paper as well as I could, and reached the conclusion that what I had read was a part of a telegram which had been sent by somebody from London, and received by somebody at a distance, and that either the sender or receiver intended to destroy it.

Now, if the deceased had received it, it must have been sent to him by somebody, and that somebody intended to meet him, and probably did meet him, at the railway station.

Well, then, where was that somebody, and why had he allowed his correspondent to visit that out of the way room alone and commit suicide without ever going near him afterward?

And why should the man come to such a place and kill himself? And could he have found the room without a guide, and got access to it unknown to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place?

I did not ring, enter and state my business, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.

THE NEW MODE OF VACCINATION.

The British Medical Association has lately had under notice Dr. Moor's new method of vaccination. His plan is to make with a perfectly clean sharp lancet, five or six single scarifications, holding the lancet as a pen is held, resting securely but gently on the arm of the person operated on, which is held with the left hand.

The result of this mode of operation is found to be one or more, usually two, separate vesicles or an oblong compound, one at the site of each pair of scratches, and one at the site of the single scratch, or more if six were made in all, or if they were made longer than usual. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the incisions be made at all deep.

Any day in summer one may meet around the ferry dock an old lake captain who was once crossing Saginaw Bay in his schooner with such a gale howling after him that no one expected the craft to reach harbor.

"And I'll never utter another oath." The mate agreed to also stop swearing, and thus warmed up the old man to promise:

"And I solemnly declare, Mr. Thomas, that I'll leave off chewing and smoking." "There's another thing, captain," shouted the mate after awhile.

"What's that?" "You might promise to leave off lying." "Yes I—hold on—hold on! No, I'll be hanged if I do! There's blue sky over there and we've seen the worst of it! Git those men on deck ready to put her about, and if you ever tell of this I'll pulverize you to a jelly!"

DE LONG AND MELVILLE'S CIGARS.

The San Francisco Examiner says: Just before the departure of the Rodgers in search of the Jeannette number of friends of De Long and Melville, among them Major J. K. Duncan, of Vallejo, were with several of the Rodgers officers in the Occidental hotel saloon, San Francisco.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Has he come back with his daughter?" I questioned in turn.

"Who are you? What do you want here? And why these impertinent questions?" he demanded, in a fierce way.

"What is your name?" I queried. "George Greenham." "Ah, yes—the 'G.' I thought." "You knew Mr. Granger went to London nearly a week ago to find his daughter?" I proceeded.

"I believe—he did—go—somewhere." "But his daughter was not in London, you know?" "I said this at a venture, for I fancied I had divined the whole plot."

AN ALARMING EVIL.

One of the saddest and most alarming evils among us is the want of parental discipline, and the lawless spirit resulting from it among the youth of our land.

American children generally govern their parents. When they get beyond the period of infancy they almost become young gentlemen and ladies. Boys and girls are generally, to a very slight extent, under the oversight of their parents.

Why, with such an education as our young people generally obtain, need one be surprised at the dissipation of our young men, and the fast habits of some of our young women? The evil seeds that are being sown every day in our streets must be expected to take root and in due time spring up and bear deadly fruit.

And then again, if the father had come on and found her, what had become of her, and of "G.," who had sent the message, and why had the father remained behind to hang himself?

Or had the girl, assisted by "G.," murdered her father? In any event the affair was one of great mystery, and on privately reporting my discoveries to my chief, I received the welcome order to work it out to the end.

To do this properly I immediately went to Manchester. The address took me to a large, elegant mansion in the suburbs, which led me to believe the owner was a person of means.

I did not ring, enter and state my business, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a stranger in this city a few questions?" I said to the dispenser of medicines.

"Proceed," he replied, looking curiously at me. "Do you know a gentleman by the name of Horace Granger?"

"What is his business?" "He is a broker." "Is he reputed wealthy?" "He is."

"Has he a family?" "A wife and daughter." "About what age would you judge him to be?" "About thirty-five."

"And his daughter?" "About thirteen."

WHEN THE HORN BLEW.

The following story of one of the poor children sent into the country by the New York City Fresh Air Fund is told by the Plattsburg Telegram: "One of the little girls was quartered with a kind family in Morrisonville. The little one met one of her companions the day after she arrived, and in giving an account of her experience, said: 'The first thing when we got there the horn blew and we had breakfast, lots of good things to eat. Then we went out to play, and before long the horn blew again and we had a nice dinner. We went out again after dinner, and in a little while the horn blew again and we had supper. After supper we went out to play again, and pretty soon the horn blew again. We went in and the lady said it was eight o'clock and time to go to bed; but before we went she gave us a bowl of splendid bread and milk. When I went up stairs I was just as sleepy as I could be, and wanted to go to bed right away, but I told them if that horn blew again to be sure and wake me up.'"

LOTS OF EYES.

Some of the lower orders of creation are not satisfied with two eyes only, but have them by the thousands. What seems to be an eye on each side of the head of the fly very large, is a compound eye having four thousand facets or eyes, each one of which is a perfect eye but not movable like ours. This is like a pepper-box, the small eyes corresponding with the holes in the cover. The fly has also three in the front of the head, in all making 8000 eyes just for one small creature! But, there are other creatures still richer in sight. The house fly has 8000, the butterfly has 34,000, the dragon-fly 48,000, the beetle 40,000. It is not strange, therefore, that it is not easy to approach any of these creatures without being seen, since every one of these eyes is pointing in a different direction like a pistol! If these creatures were compelled to wear gold-bowed glasses for each eye, what an enormous sum of money would be necessary to buy the supply.

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."