

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better. The cause of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

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BIRDS AS THEY SLEEP.

Quail Form a Dense Circle With All Heads Facing Out.

The nighttime preparations of the chubby little quail are very interesting. Each evening the covey forms in a new place, and this selection of the spot entails serious efforts. Bobwhite never quite loses remembrance of the many dangers which make his life in a wild state one great fear. A white-throated male with soft clucks calls together a dozen of his comrades, and for a few minutes they all huddle together, but soon from the farther end of the aviary a clear "Whew-bobwhite" rings out, and off scurry the whole band, this time perhaps to settle for the night in the new place—a dense circle of little forms, heads all facing out, just as in their native stubble they rest facing in every direction, so that at the first hint of danger from any point of the compass the covey may explode and go booming off in safety. Poor little fellows, their wild life is strenuous indeed! Well for their race that every nest holds from ten to eighteen eggs instead of three or four!

The woodpeckers sleep resting upon their tails, even the flickers invariably following this custom, although during the day the flickers spend much of their time perching in passerine manner, crosswise upon a twig. Small birds, such as thrushes and warblers, sleep usually upon some small twig, with heads tucked behind wings in orthodox bird fashion, but they occasionally vary this in a remarkable way by clinging all night to the vertical wires of their cages, sleeping apparently as soundly in this as in the usual position of rest. A bluebird in a small cage slept thus about one or two nights out of each week. Any explanation of this voluntary and widespread habit among perching birds would be difficult to suggest.

The little hanging parakeets derive their name from their custom of sleeping always in a reversed position, and when distributed over their roosting tree they resemble some strange, pendant, green fruit rather than sleeping birds.—Outing Magazine.

THE BLUE JAY.

Why Should He Be Selected as Sand Dealer to Satan?

It is said and believed by many that all the blue jays disappear every Friday, and not one can be seen until the next day, and this disappearance is accounted for by the statement that the birds are under a compact with Satan and that they devote each Friday to delivering him a supply of sand to heat his cauldron at the point of torture.

But why should the blue jay be selected as sand bearer to Satan when there are so many birds of stronger and fester wing? There are many superstitions that have a reasoning basis, but this particular one has nothing whatever to go on.

The origin of it lies in the fact that the blue jay is a most particular home builder. He knows how to build his house, and he takes a great pride in it. He doesn't hang his nest to a limb nor glue it to a tree.

Instead he selects a substantial fork or crotch of a limb, lays down a few twigs of goodly size and strength, and on these he superimposes a strong foundation of clay, with layers of papers between, and when his nest is finished it is as substantial in proportion as one of our modern steel structures. Thus fitted and finished, it is admirably adapted to the rearing of a strong and healthy brood, and the blue jay goes about his business with the earnest energy that characterizes all his movements.

He raises his young and leads them about from tree to tree and from bush to bush until they have tried and found their wings, and then, his responsibilities being over, he proceeds with his career of gayety, a veritable practitioner of rough fun and stage humor.—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Pounds and Weights.

Here is a question that will tax the arithmetical powers of a youth. Suppose that for some reason or another a shopkeeper who sold goods by pounds and half pounds, but never in quantities exceeding twenty pounds at a time, was told that he must transact all this business with four weights only, what must these four weights be? The answer is half pound, one and a half pound, four and a half pound and thirteen and a half pound. With these it will be readily seen that any weight from half a pound to twenty pounds may be determined in pounds and half pounds.—Gateway Magazine.

Pleasant Anticipation.

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Lamson, once president of the American board of foreign missions, was called as a pastor over a parish and was undergoing examination before a council when the question was asked him, "Do you believe in a hell?"

The retiring clergyman of the parish sat beside him and, giving him a nudge, said: "Tell them yes. If you don't now you will before you have been here six months."—Argonaut.

Just the Other Way.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—Baltimore American.

Carries Weight.

"Pa," said Freddy, "what is a social scale?" "Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money!"—Bohemian Magazine.

Advising is easier than helping.—Rocheboucauld.

WARNED BY SPECTERS

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER.

How an Apparition From the Unseen World Aided the Brother in Deciding an Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine.

I come of a family to different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus veiled at birth, and all his life from infancy vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn, and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave: "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!" I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was at the most unromantic age possible to a boy—about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the west, leaving in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night, stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for consideration, lowering my eyes, and, when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the visitant stood behind his chair and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. Some of these vibrations affect our senses and we see, hear or feel their effects. But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to science? Could our senses respond to them what secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but the secret of these strange sights which sometimes greet the eye of mortals is hidden in this unknown range of vibrations, hiding a world that is all about us, mingling with and overlapping, surrounding and telescoping our common humdrum daily life and only in rare moments of attunement drawing the veil aside for a glimpse into the unknown.—New York Herald.

A COOL GUN FIGHTER.

Shot His Man and Then Leisurely Proceeded to Sip a Cocktail.

"When I went to Tombstone, Ariz., in 1880 to practice law, there were many desperate characters in that community," said Hon. Marcus A. Smith, who has been delegate in congress from that territory for the biggest part of the past twenty-two years.

"At one time I could have mentioned by name no fewer than thirty-five men who stood in the front rank of 'killers.' With one exception, I believe there was not one of the entire crowd who did not die with his boots on, slain by a bullet from a Colt navy six or a Winchester. In the same fashion he had himself meted out death to many of his fellows.

"It was the inexorable hand of fate that these semicivilized beings should get their quietus by violence. Yet some of them were as gentle in their ways as the veriest dude who strolls merrily along Pennsylvania avenue and apparently as harmless. I recall a fair-skinned, blue-eyed young fellow—all your killers have blue eyes—named Harry Leslie. He was a Georgia boy and evidently the child of decent, well bred people.

"One day while in the act of taking a drink in a saloon in Tombstone some one whispered in his ear that an enemy was waiting just outside with a Winchester and swearing to kill him the moment he emerged from the bar-room. Putting down his untouched liquor, Leslie walked to the door, whipped out his revolver and sent a bullet crashing into the brain of the intending murderer, who never even got his rifle presented. It was the most quickly acted drama I ever saw. As soon as he watched his man fall prone to the earth Leslie walked back as cool as if it were the most trifling detail of life and leisurely sipped his cocktail.

"I was his lawyer when he was put to trial for his life, and the jury acquitted him after being out only a few minutes."—Baltimore American.

Too Big For the Booth.

Diners in a Broadway restaurant the other night were amused when a young lady wearing an enormous white straw hat trimmed with faring red wings walked up to the telephone booth in the corner and started to enter. She evidently had forgotten she was wearing her "Merry Widow," for she fetched up against the sides of the door with a bang, her hat falling to clear the opening by a good three inches on either side. However, the young lady was equal to the emergency. She calmly grasped the brim of her hat with both hands, tilted it to one side and glided through the door like a sailboat going through a draw-bridge. Up to this time there had been smiles and grins, but when the young lady tried to draw the door to all with her hat inside the room broke into a roar of laughter that shook up even the most imperturbable waiter.—New York Press.

Fought Under Six Flags.

A remarkable soldier has just died at Budapest in the person of General Stephen Turr, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Omar Pasha's army against Russia and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying horses for the British army at Budapest in 1855 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to banishment. Finally the old soldier settled down in Paris.

Memphis on the Nile.

Memphis on the Nile, one of the greatest capitals of the ancient world, is buried beneath the ground which is now under cultivation by the villagers of Mitrahineh, who will have to be transferred to other plots and compensated before the contemplated work of excavation can proceed very far. It is estimated that an expenditure of about \$15,000 annually for fifteen years will be required to excavate the temple sites, apart from the city. The unearthing of Memphis, which contained the finest school of Egyptian art, will be by far the greatest archaeological work of recent times and must result in a vast addition to the world's knowledge of ancient Egyptian history and civilization. The work will soon be begun by Professor Petrie, head of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

A Lazy Boy's Invention.

The long handled shovel has made over \$300,000 for its inventor, and the inventor was a lazy, shiftless boy of seventeen named Reuben Davis, whose father lived in Vermont at the time. He set Reuben to digging dirt and loading it on a wagon, and the short handled shovel made the boy's back ache. One afternoon when his father was away he took out the short handle and substituted a long one and found the work much easier.

When the father returned home Reuben got a thrashing, but after the old man had used the shovel himself he said that it was a good thing and got it patented. They are now manufactured almost by the million. That boy's backache turned out to be a good thing for the Davis family.

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No Tears Nor Hills.

In the days when Rowley Hill was Bishop of the Isle of Man one of his clergymen bearing the name of Tears came to say adieu to his bishop on getting preferment. The parson said: "Goodby, my lord. I hope we may meet again, but if not here in some better place."

The bishop replied, "I fear the latter is unlikely, as there are no Tears in heaven."

"No doubt," wittily answered the parson, "you are right that our chance of meeting is small, as one reads of the plains of paradise, but never of any Hills there."—London Queen.

Australian Bushmen.

Although the bushmen of Australia are the very lowest in the scale of ignorance, they possess a rare instinct that equals that of many animals and is in its way as wonderful as man's reason. It is almost impossible for them to be lost. Even if they be led away from their home blindfolded for miles, when released they will unerringly turn in the right direction and make their way to their best homes. And, though there are all very similar, they never make a mistake.