

## IN THE GEORGIA BACKWOODS.

A Camp-Meeting Party Gets Left and Spends the Night with Mrs. Raincrow. The boys all went into the shed room. The planks 'twixt the rooms is so thin you can hear every word that's said; they whispered and giggled, and got to bed some sort of fashion, but not to sleep. Cal was so tired and sleepy she was ready to drop down as quick as the pallet was spread on the floor. The old woman got the baby to sleep, little John T. Morgan, 2 years old, and was glad to put him down, layed him over next to Cal, to keep him from rollin' off' the pallet.

"Come here, 'Alabama Tech-me-Not,' and lay on 'tother side of your little buddy, and do you shake him and pat him if he goes to wake up, and don't you agravate him nuther. I've had too hard a time a-gittin' of him to sleep for the likes of you to wake him up; you chillun has been a-stuffin' of him on them old hard green peaches and everything else you could lay your hands on all day long, and I don't look for nothing else but for him to have a spasm this night. Fetch yourself here to me. William Henry Forney, you and Robert E. Lee, and wash them black feet of yours and lay down that side of your sis. Don't you hear me, William Henry? Come here to me quick and wash them pizen black feet of yours, and lay down that side of your big sis quick fore I knock you down, and don't let me hear another whimper from you to-night. I owe you a beating anyhow for snatchin' that chicken gizzard out'n your little buddy's hand. Now don't try to take up all the room and spread yourself all over that ar pallet, for your sis May Liza's got to pile in, than somers."

Cal gin a groan and rolled over to the edge of the pallet, wonderin' how she was ever gwine to sleep. Old Miss Raincrow fussed around and got the chillun's feet washed and to bed; then she tuck smoke and blowed out the taller candle and left it a-smokin' and smellin' wusser'n the pipe, and went to bed grumblin'. "I lay of he comes home from that grocery drunk-to-night, I lay I make him wish he never had saw no whisky."

Everything got still and Cal tuck a notion she' git on tother side of the pallet away from the child that was likely to have a spasm. She gin Robert E. Lee a shove and he worked his way off'n the pallet up into the smutty fireplace and set up a yell.

"Git up from thar, Robert E. Lee, and git yourself back on that ar pallet 'fore I stomp the life out'n you—but he cried on—I lay I can put you back," and she riz in the dark and piled him over in amongst 'em, then came down on Cal with rosin' slap. I might have known your sis May Liza wouldn't rest tel she kicked you off'n this here pallet."

"It's me you are a-hittin'," says Cal-edony. "Don't—oh, don't, it's me, I tell you!"

"Yes, I know it's 'me,' and it's me I'm after," said old Miss Raincrow. "You've been a-devilin' and a-tormentin' your little buddy all day long and a-eachin' for a whippin', and you are not a gwine to rest till you git it. Now take that (givin' another slap) and lay still and shet up your mouth 'fore I beat the life out'n you."

I tell you Cal hushed quick feered she mought keich it agin. I hear the boys in the shed-room snickerin'. After a while everything got quiet, but it wasn't long tel little John T. Morgan rolled over tother chillun and turned his heels loose, kickin' Cal in the face. It was pitch dark. She couldn't see him, but she yelled out, "This child's got a spasm. Come and git him. Come quick; he's got a spasm."

Old Miss Raincrow riz quick and struck a light and tuck the young'un in bed longer her, and Cal was mad kase she hadn't thought about that spasm.—*Betsy Hamilton, in Atlanta Constitution.*

## One Widow's "Thirds."

Thirty years ago there came to this State an industrious and thrifty Irish family. There were the father, mother, and three children, two daughters and one son. Two other children were dead. They worked and saved, and in due time bought a lot, built a house, and paid for both. A few years later the husband fell ill, and after months of suffering, during which he was watched over and cared for by his wife, he died. Then the son, lingering for months and nursed by his mother, died of consumption. I heard the pitiful wail of the mother, "O my two men! my two men!" as the body of the son was carried out of the house to be buried. The hope of her life went out when the two men died.

The house and lot were appraised at \$1,600. The husband left no will, so the widow was entitled only to the use of one-third. But the mother, with her two daughters, lived on in the house. After a time one daughter married. The mother had been accustomed to go out to wash or scrub, in addition to the work and care of her own family. She was welcome in many houses for her thorough work and her quiet ways. After the marriage of the daughter the mother let part of her house, in order to add to her income, and still went out for "day's work." Then the unmarried daughter fell ill, and for a long time received such nursing and care as only a mother can give. She, too, died. Left alone in her house, the widowed mother worked on, but in increasing years made her less able than formerly, and a stroke of paralysis made her helpless. Her son-in-law supplied her with groceries. Not long ago he notified the selectmen that this widow had used up her thirds, and he asked the town to support her. The selectmen, with thoughtful kindness, provided for her in the house where she had lived so many years, and there she remains, a paralytic. Here is a woman, the careful mother of five children, a faithful wife, an industrious, hard-working woman, who after fifty years finds herself penniless, supported by the town. The property which she has earned, which is ample for comfort in the simple way in which she lives, goes to those who never earned a cent of it. This is done by the law in Massachusetts, and it is the same in most of the States. If the husband of this woman had been the survivor, no son-in-law or any heir

would have been permitted to take possession of two-thirds of the property, or any part of it. The difference in this case is due to the fact that the man had a vote and the woman had not. When the laws touch woman so closely, why should not women have a voice in making the laws?—*Lucy Stone, in Woman's Journal.*

## Manna in the Wilderness.

Botanists and travelers have been rather unsuccessful in attempts to ascertain the origin of different kinds of manna known in commerce. In the valley of Gohr, to the south of the Dead Sea, sixteen hours onward which leads into a long valley, Buckhart found what he called manna dropping from twigs of several kinds of trees. According to his representations, Arabs collect it and make it into cakes, which are eaten with their nauseous butter made from the milk of sheep. They churn it thus: A goat-skin is filled with milk and suspended between two poles, swung to and fro by pulling an attached cord until it assumes a new character—a greasy, soapy mass—and that is Arab butter. Mr. Turner found a grove of tamarkan trees near Mt. Sinai, in the valley of Farran, which furnish what the monks call manna. They were bushy, about ten feet high, from which drops of sweetish thick fluid oozed. If taken early in the morning, before the sun is up, it may be kept in earthen pots a considerable time. It is used in lieu of sugar in the convent. Commercial manna, principally in the hands of druggists, is a product of the punctured stems of the *ornus Europa*, growing in Calabria. An article very similar in appearance and medical properties is procured in Sicily by the same kind of process. Both have a sweetish taste, are soft, of a pale yellowish color, and used for their mild laxative quality rather than food. From the foregoing facts it is very clear there is not the slightest resemblance to that extraordinary nutritious article which was miraculously provided for the children of Israel in a barren wilderness on a memorable occasion, while in their forty years' peregrinations toward the promised land.

## Hygiene Soups.

Before leaving the subject of peas, I must here repeat a practical suggestion that I published in the Birmingham Journal about twenty years ago—viz., that the water in which green peas are boiled should not be thrown away. It contains much of the saline constituents of the peas, some soluble casein, and has a fine flavor, the very essence of the pea. If to this, as it comes from the sauceman, be added a little stock or some Liebig's extract, a delicious soup is at once produced, requiring nothing more than ordinary seasoning. With care, it may form a clear soup such as just now is in fashion among the fastidious; but, prepared however roughly, it is a very economical, wholesome, and appetizing soup, and costs a minimum of trouble.

I must here add a few words in advocacy of the further adoption in this country of the French practice of using, as potage, the water in which vegetables, generally (excepting potatoes) have been boiled. When we boil cabbage, turnips, carrots, etc., we dissolve out of them a very large proportion of their saline constituents—salts which are absolutely necessary for the maintenance of health, salts without which we become victims of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, gravel, and all the ills that human flesh, with a lithic acid diathesis, is heir to, i. e., about the most painful series of all its inheritances. The potash of the salts existing therein, in combination with organic acids, is separated from those acids by organic combustion, and is then and there presented to the baneful lithic acid of the blood and tissues, the stony torture-particles of which it converts into soluble lithate of potash, and thus enables them to be carried out of the system.—*W. Mattieu Williams, in Popular Science Monthly.*

## Women Without Noses.

The leper quarter of Jerusalem is just outside of Zion Gate. We first saw a woman without any nose, who was hanging clothes upon a line in her back yard. Going a little further, we came upon sights that beggar description. Stumps of arms were held up to us, hands from which fingers were dropping away, faces wrapped about with cloths to keep the parts together. Mute appeals for charity gurgled through throats without palates.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## Variations of Time-Pieces.

It is stated on good authority that it is a well-known fact that no watch will keep the same time with two people. This is said to be owing to the temperament of the wearer, and it is claimed that even the mere physical difference in gait and movement between different people will affect the keeping of absolutely accurate time, and it is probable, also, that it is affected in some slight degree by the magnetism of the wearer.—*Chicago Journal.*

## Women in Switzerland.

Women, both in France and Switzerland, have a far more important role in the family, among the middle and lower classes, than with us. The female, though not exempt from hard work, undertakes the thinking and managing department in the family affairs, and the husband is but the executive officer. In Switzerland, especially, the female is notably superior in manners, habits, tact, and intelligence to the husband.

## The Handkerchief.

When stripped to the literal meaning of the words from which the term was derived, "pocket handkerchief" means "a pocket hand covering for the head." The hand wants no kerchief, and what is called the handkerchief was not made for the pocket. All of this is so confusing it cannot be wondered at that the small boy prefers his sleeve.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The latest use of paper is the making of spokes for wheels.

GOOD-WILL, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

## MEXICO'S FAVORITE BEVERAGE.

Pulque, the National Drink, and How It Is Manufactured.

Wishing to see for ourselves the whole process of pulque-making we journeyed to the plains of Apam not long since, to visit the maguey hacienda. The tlachiquero took us in charge—that official who is practical chief of both plantation and factory. We made a rather picturesque caravan as we sallied forth in pursuit of information. First rode the tlachiquero, his bronze skin contrasting well with his white dress, his immense sombrero and leather apron, and the implements of his profession dangling from his belt. Betsey and I followed, mounted upon donkeys so diminutive that our dresses nearly dragged upon the ground, our beauty enhanced by blue goggles, which experience has taught us the value of wearing in this sunny country. The peons brought up the rear, each driving a donkey laden with pig-skins, into which the *aguia miel* was to be poured. The tlachiquero tells me that he goes periodically among his vegetable cows, marking those which have reached the period of efflorescence and are, therefore, ready for milking, by cutting a cross upon the topmost leaf. Three times a day for three months each is milked—at 3 o'clock a. m., at 7 a. m., and again at 3 p. m.—the poorest yielding at least 125 gallons before it dies.

We went from plant to plant, watching the process of inserting the gourd with the cow's-horn point and sucking of the siphon till the "cows" were all exhausted, and then our little caravan took up its line of march for the timal or vat-house. This is an enormous adobe shed, with earthen floor kept as clean as the deck of a man-of-war. We entered in solemn procession, each peon as he passed the threshold removing his sombrero and piously ejaculating "Alabo a Dios!—I praise God!"

One side of the building is occupied by huge vats of ox-hide, the hairy side up, covered with *aguia miel*, which performed the office of leaven, and whose very "ancient and fishy smell" contrived far-famed Cologne. When the pig-skins had been carefully opened and the *aguia miel* was ready for pouring out, the tlachiquero seized a long stake, which is always kept ready for the purpose, and made the sign of the cross in the rotten curds, exclaiming devoutly: "Ava Maria purissima!"

To which the Indians fervently responded, "Alabad sea Dyo y la Santissima Trinidad!" "We praise God and the sacred Trinity."

What would happen to the prologue if any of this pious performance were neglected I am unable to state, for never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant has it been omitted or curtailed. After about three hours of fermentation in the vats, the liquor is drawn into barrels for the pulque shops and the flower-decked booths which adorn all the highways and byways of Mexico.

They mix religion with their drinks, as with everything else in this Catholic country, in a manner which elsewhere would be considered somewhat sacrilegious. Every pulqueria has a picture of the Blessed Virgin or its patron saint hung above the barrels, and a little shrine with a crucifix and burning candles is crowded among the bottles. The names of these shops are frequently more religious than appropriate.

For instance, one opposite my window is called La Cantina del Merced—the sally of mercy; that on the nearest corner is christened "The True Faith," and a little further down the street is another dedicated "To the Mother of God." Another rejoices under the rather ambiguous title, "Vamos al golfo del Mexico!" let us go to the Gulf of Mexico; and scores of them are dedicated to Jesus, St. Joseph, St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, Santissima Maria, and all the other virgins, saints, and angels known in the calendar.—*Mexican Cor. Springfield Republican.*

## Passing Through Some Fertile Valley.

Or riding along the banks of some beautiful river, whose shores were rich in evidences of luxuriant vegetation, did you ever in the early morning or the evening, notice a mist hanging over the circumjacent land, and then were you surprised to learn that malaria was rife in that locality? If so, you were woefully ignorant of the nature and effects of malaria. Against the effect of that fever-breeding vapor there is safety, however. Hossett's Stomach Balsam, from the sale of which a large portion of such tonics known by experience. Not only on this continent, but in the fever-plagued regions of the tropics, this sterling safeguard affords exemption from malarial disease, to those who are fit to succeed in remedying and preventing disorders of the liver and bowels, especially virulent wherever the sun's rays possess greatest power. Disorders of the bladder and kidney, rheumatic ailments, nervousness and want of vigor, are also among the troubles to the relief of which it is adapted.

## Couldn't Be Fooled.

A Georgia man, hearing a noise like a rattlesnake in the hotel, went into a friend's room and saw to his intense surprise five huge rattlers crawling around the room, while his friend sat unconcernedly upon a table writing a letter. "Great Jeshoshaphat, Jim!" he exclaimed; "do you see those snakes?" "Snakes? What snakes?" returned Betsey.

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A GOOD THING. Dr. Adam Miller, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few safe and reliable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

THESE are the words that have not declined in price.

## Pile Tumors,

however large, specially and painlessly cured without knife, caustic, or sear. Send 6 cents in stamps for pamphlet, references, and reply. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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