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THE SOUTHLAND.

O southland! O southland!
Your skies are always blue,
Your sun is always shining,
And nature smiles on you;
Your hills are crowned with gladness,
Your valleys filled with praise;
Your years, they know no sadness
Through all their halcyon days.

O southland! O southland!
Your warm winds woo me back,
I cannot stay from you away,
Nor take the traveler's track;
Though all the world be calling
And waves a beckoning hand,
I love you so, I cannot go
From you, my own southland.

—Womankind.

The Tadpole In Science.

At the close of the last century Galvani astonished the world with the experiments he performed on frogs. There is no doubt but what his work, as far as the development of engineering was concerned, almost retarded the progress, at least for a very short time, but he has opened a field which to future generations may be of as much, possibly of more, importance than all the practical applications of electricity today. We refer to the physiological effects of the electric currents.

Now, as we approach the end of another century, another experiment on tadpoles has been made, which in our minds' eye may have tremendous consequence. Dr. Waller has observed that tadpoles face the positive pole when an electric current is sent through the trough in which they live. This is certainly a remarkable fact, and we hope sincerely that this matter may not be taken up as a matter of ridicule or of play, for there may be hidden in this simple experimental fact a vast deal of knowledge, not that we want to prophesy, but on the face of it it does not seem impossible that this simple fact should be the commencement of a knowledge of electro-physiology, which in 100 years from now might in perfection be second to none of our descriptive sciences.

—Max Osterberg in *Electric Power*.

Royalty at the Pawnbroker's.

Kings and queens are far more frequent customers of the pawnshop than most people would be willing to believe. Thus, Queen Isabella of Spain has repeatedly had her jewels in pawn, while the silver plate of the late ex-king of Naples and of his heroic queen, a sister of the empress of Austria, has been for years at a time reposing in the vaults of the great London pawnbroker Attenborough. Even the Prince of Wales has known what it is to have his time kept by his uncle, for when visiting the battlefields shortly after the Franco-German war he found himself stranded at Sedan without money enough to pay his hotel bill or to continue his journey. He had no time to telegraph for funds, and even if he had there was the danger of disclosing his identity, which, with respect to French susceptibilities, he was anxious at all costs to keep secret. So he handed his watch and chain to his equerry, General Teesdale, who, adding thereto his own and that of the prince's valet, who accompanied them, proceeded to the local mont de pieté, or pawnshop, where he raised enough money to enable the prince to continue his journey.

—Philadelphia Press.

Called Back.

A commercial traveler for a London firm secured an order for £1,000 in the west of England, and, as it was not duly acknowledged, wrote a letter to the firm calling special attention to it and saying, "I thought you would consider such an order quite a feather in my cap."

In reply he received this note from his principal, "We have filed your order, and inclose for your cap the one feather you require."

After about a fortnight came another letter from the firm: "The people who gave you the £1,000 order have failed, and we lose the goods. We have this day sent to you a bagful of feathers for you to fly home with, as we do not want you out on the road for us any more."

—Strand Magazine.

Youth is not the age of pleasure. We then expect too much, and we are, therefore, exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.

—Lord Liverpool.

A Queer Perfume.

Several substances, whose odor is to western nostrils exceedingly repugnant, are highly esteemed in the east as perfumes. In Persia and Afghanistan, *asafetida* is considered a delicate perfume, and many luxurious persons carry a quantity of it in their pockets or in a bag suspended from the neck.

A REMINISCENCE.

How Two Prisoners Used Their Brains to Save Their Heads.

The following is an incident of reconstruction days. Captain Rube Clark and his lieutenant, Reynolds, guerrillas, were cast into prison, sentenced to be shot. Clark had powerful friends, who were confident of his release, but Reynolds, from Memphis, was without hope of success. The prison at Knoxville was a strong iron cage in a big room, whose window had no sign of a glass, and through the long winter Clark and Reynolds were confined there. For several months they suffered the agonies of the damned. At last, as the time for Reynolds' execution approached, it was noticed that he was going crazy. Clark declares to this day that Reynolds did not touch a morsel of food for three weeks. He would moan and sigh and twirl his thumbs after the manner of a crazy person, recognize no one and laugh insanely in Clark's face whenever he tried to console him. Clark was sure of his insanity. Army surgeons and local physicians passed upon the case, and Reynolds was finally discharged as a lunatic.

Clark's friends finally secured his release and hurried him out of Knoxville. Two entered a carriage with him—two of his old soldiers—and drove toward the mountains as hard as possible in the dead of night. Reaching a house in a dense forest, they stopped and asked him to follow them to a back room. The halls were darkened, and in the room there was only the light of a candle. On the bed in the corner lay a man, moaning, sighing, twirling his thumbs and giving other evidences of insanity. Clark recognized Reynolds.

"Poor, poor fellow," he said, leaning over the lieutenant to stroke his forehead. A tear came in his eye as he looked at the wreck of his faithful officer.

One of the soldiers shut the door, locked it and approached the bedside.

"It's all right, Reynolds; this is the captain," he whispered.

Reynolds tore off the blanket, sprang up with a glad cry, and threw his arms around Clark's neck.

"Great God, captain, didn't I do it well?" he said.

They made all possible haste and soon reached New Orleans, where Clark felt that Reynolds would be comparatively safe. One night as they left the opera and had reached a lamp in the street an officer touched Clark on the shoulder.

"I want you," he said. "Make no fuss about it, but come quietly."

Clark pinched Reynolds' arm and signified that he must fly. The lieutenant needed no second warning. Then Clark asked the officer what he was wanted for.

"Hanging," said the latter. "I have been on your trail for three weeks."

"But maybe you have the wrong man. My name is Reuben Clark."

The officer took from his hip pocket a photograph of Reynolds and examined it and Clark under the lamp. Instantly he saw his mistake and began to swear.

"That is a likeness of my friend who has just left us," said Clark coolly. "His name is—"

"Reynolds!" shouted the officer. "I've got the wrong man!"

Well, Reynolds was never caught. He is living in Memphis today, I believe, and has grown rich. Clark is rich, too, but that long term in the iron cage affected his mind, and he is the most absentminded man in America.

—New York Press.

Two Men In One.

A member of the Royal Chemical society, London, has recently demonstrated to the Society For Psychological Research a proof that man possesses two distinct consciousnesses. This he explains by the fact that persons under the influence of an anæsthetic, while not apparently conscious at the time of operations, are sometimes able, after a few days, to describe the exact details of the operation, instruments used, etc., although not informed as to these before or since. What he calls the "workaday consciousness" was absent at the time, but the "subliminal consciousness" is that which was present during the operation, and which not only felt, but saw, what was going on. Hence anæsthetics would seem to postpone rather than destroy the functions of the latter kind of consciousness.

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