

### THE LAZY MAN.

I'm the laziest man, I reckon, that a mortal ever seed!  
Got money? Nary a dollar! I wasn't built fer greed,  
Fer graspin' an' fer grippin' where the revenue is found;  
I'm what you call a lazy 'un—jes' built fer lyin' round!  
Contented? Mighty right I am; when spring winds whisper sweet,  
In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet fer your feet;  
Where the nestin' birds are chirpin'; where the brook, in witchin' play,  
Goes laughin' on, a-pushin' all the lilies out of his way.  
You'll find me almost any time a lyin' at my ease,  
With the lull song o' the locust and the drowsy drone o' bees  
Above me and aroun' me; I'm a poet in my way,  
An' I rather hear the birds sing 'an to shoot 'em any day!  
'Jes' laziness,' they tell me, an' I reckon they are right;  
But the world's so full o' beauty, an' you can't see so much at night!  
But different folks has different minds, nor drink from the same cup;  
When I'm talkin' to the lilies, they're a-plovin' o' 'em up.  
My field's a pasture for the cows, an' though it never pays,  
It's a source of pleasure to me jes' ter see the creatures graze!  
The tinkle, tinkle o' the bells is such a pleasin' sound,  
But I'm a lazy chap, you know, jes' built fer lyin' round!

—F. L. Stanton.

### A SENATOR'S STORY.

BY HON. GEORGE G. VEST.

[Several years ago, at the request of some Missouri boys, in whom he felt an interest, United States Senator Vest wrote a story for a little paper they were publishing. The story was printed anonymously, however, and few of those who had an opportunity of reading it knew who the author was. The Senator has given permission for the story to be republished under his own name. It is as follows:]

In 1863, while passing through a village in Mississippi, I was approached by a surgeon of the Confederate army with inquiry as to my name and place of nativity. As I had no special reason for withholding the desired information I was told that my cousin, Charley S—, from Kentucky, had been badly wounded in a recent fight with the enemy and was then lying in the hospital at that place and in a critical condition.

"He is badly off," said the doctor, "mentally and physically, and unless some one takes a special interest in him, and in the right way, he will die."  
Charley and myself had been raised together, but had not met for years. In early manhood our paths in life had widely diverged. I had gone to the far West, and on the breaking out of the war had entered the Confederate service from Missouri, whilst he had become a citizen of Mississippi and had been in the same service from the beginning of hostilities with the command of General Chalmers.

A very few minutes' walk brought me to the hospital where Charley lay with hundreds of other gallant fellows, waiting for the result—life or death.

The sepulchral light in the shadowy room, the half suppressed moans of agony, the weird shapes of the Sisters of Mercy noiselessly moving from couch to couch, were not cheerful, to say the least, and when I looked down at the poor, wan, emaciated form before me, stretched upon a cot, and realized that this was what war had left of the glad-hearted, robust friend of my boyhood—well, I was rather disposed to give up a few of "my rights in the Territories," if they would let me live peacefully in the States.

"Charley," said I, "old fellow, do you know me?"

"Yes," he whispered, whilst a faint gleam of light came into his eyes; "I heard you were here and sent for you."

I sat there, and the deepening shadows came about me, the silence unbroken save by a groan, whilst memory went back to our boyhood, his and mine, the old hills and the shining river, with the bridge hanging across it, and the road running up and around the cliffs, like a serpent, undulating through the trees and rocks, the schoolhouse and the old church, with the high pulpit and the hard, hard seats, where we sat on each recurring Sabbath, with eyes fixed on the preacher, until our cervical vertebrae seemed to be parting. Oh, how we longed then to be men! What dream of adventure, travel, war, flitted before us as "seventeenthly," "eighteenthly" and "in conclusion my dear friends," fell from those venerable lips.

Well, we had become men, and here was the end, a bed of agony and a soldier's death! Deeper fell the shadows and memory still lingered amidst the scenes of the far-off past. How the cold, stern features of that austere Presbyterian, under whose teachings we were reared, became softened by the dim twilight of the years ago. Father, mother, teacher, minister, where are they? Ask the marble gleaming in the moonlight on those Kentucky hills. And how they taught us our duty both to God and man. Hard, severe, tyrannical, we thought it then. But now, softened by time, we see the surpassing love which was in it all.

The wind is at times disposed to vagabondize and to dwell upon subjects utterly at variance with all our surroundings. How often in some holy place do we find unholy thoughts pressing upon us? How often with the bier and grave do we find some ludicrous idea dancing, harlequin-like, by our side? And so, sitting there in the gloom by the bedside of death, I actually laughed aloud as the image of "Old

Put" came out upon the canvas memory of the past.

"Old Put" was an old horse belonging to my father, and named from patriotic motives after the New England hero, General Israel Putnam, whose famous gallop down a precipice in his apocryphal escape has served to illustrate every school history for fifty years, and has sent that illustrious warrior down to posterity, indissolubly connected with a horse. In color, "Old Put" was white; in disposition, amiability itself. Never in all the outrages and freaks committed upon him by whole troops of children was he ever known to exhibit the slightest impatience, while to the old and infirm he was a palladium of safety.

Dignified, affable and venerated, both on account of age and character, "Old Put" was an institution. There was nothing frivolous about him, nothing erratic. In short, he was the embodiment of Presbyterian ideas, in the shape of a horse. One thing only in his personal appearance did not sustain his general character as it was known to all. In early life, probably while owned by some irreligious horse fancier, Put's tail had been nicked, and from earliest recollection it presented the appearance of a ghastly weeping willow, being always carried at an angle of forty-five degrees, the white hair floating from it like the locks of some venerable patriarch.

Now, like all boys worthy the name, Charley and myself were mighty hunters, and in the fall when wild pigeons passed over the woods of Kentucky in vast droves, we revelled in the sport of hunting. This season only lasted for a few weeks, and every Saturday, therefore, was eagerly expected and gloriously spent.

Never can we forget the sacrifices of personal property, dear to our hearts, the trades and artifices and shifts of all sorts to which we resorted in order to obtain ammunition for these autumnal hunts. One Friday afternoon, in the midst of the pigeon season, when we could look from the school-house window and see dove after dove of birds darkening the sky, Charley came to me with the information that he had secured, by a master-stroke of enterprise, a large amount of powder, with shot in proportion, for the next day, and we proceeded to map out all the details of the hunt. The envy of every other boy in the school was excited by our boasts of what we proposed to do on the morrow, and in our anticipated success we went back to past exploits, many of them imaginary:

Thrice fought our battles o'er again,  
And thrice we slew the slain.

The morrow came, but instead of the "sun of Austerlitz," the heavens were shrouded in gloom, and the rain flooded the earth the long dreary day. Moodyly, desperately, Charley and myself sat gazing through the dripping windows, asking each other over and over the savage questions: "What shall we do?" and "Why does it always rain on Saturday?" We were just in that condition of mind when Satan makes his appearance, and in a bland, respectable, gentlemanly way, as Goethe tells us, proposes some infernal scheme of ruin. On that eventful day his Satanic majesty, true to his antecedents, intruded himself and prompted Charley to suggest that we slip off and go hunting the next day, Sunday.

At first the proposition was received with horror, then we discussed it with "bated breath," and finally we illustrated the truth of that much hackneyed quotation, "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien," etc., by arranging all the preliminaries. Charley was to take charge of the ordnance department and have guns and ammunition at a certain secluded spot very early the next morning, and I was to be responsible for the transportation, and to meet him with an ancient family chaise and "Old Put." That night I crept to bed with a feeling of guilt and pretermitted my usual prayers. A dozen times I determined to abandon the unholy enterprise, and even after I fell into a troubled sleep all sorts of spectral visions floated around me. A negro boy, whom I had suborned for the purpose, waked me up at an early hour, and my courage having partially returned, I managed to secure the chaise with "Old Put," and met Charley at the rendezvous. In safety, without being seen by a single person, we reached the open country, and then, flinging to the winds all reflections as to consequences, we proceeded to elevate our feet above the dashboard of the old chaise and to smoke two very long but common cigars, the only luxury of that kind our limited exchequer could afford. Suddenly, at a sharp turn in the road, we encountered the ancestral family carriage of Squire Joe Roberts, containing the Roberts family, consisting of the father and three maiden daughters, on their way to the church at an utterly unprecedented hour in the morning. Old Pomp, a gray-haired Ethiopian, sat in sober majesty on the driver's seat, driving two family animals as faithful himself. To the casual observer the vehicle and its attachments were eminently suggestive of patriarchal dignity and domestic propriety, but to me it suggested nothing but agony and tears. The Roberts family were staunch Presbyterians and noted for their strict observance of the Sabbath, and I knew that every orthodox Presbyterian felt himself as much called upon before God to inquire into the cause of any child being at large on the Sabbath day and to apprehend and deliver that child up to its proper guardian as to assist a neighbor whose cattle had broken out and were straying from the proper inclosure.

My first impulse was to hide that villainous cigar, which I intuitively felt gave me a lawless and ruffianly appearance, and with the quickness of thought I thrust it down into the outside pocket of my coat. Charley and myself were side by side, and unfortunately my hand with the burning cigar went into his pocket and upon the tightly wrapped paper of powder.

At the same moment Squire Roberts

discovered the extraordinary turnout, comprising "Old Put" and two children of the church, loose on Sunday morning. The Roberts vehicle stopped, and as Pomp proceeded to dismount from his perch to open the carriage door there was an explosion, such as my nervous system has never experienced since. Charley and myself separated immediately. He went over the fence into a meadow and I passed clear over or through the Roberts carriage, I have never been certain which. Amidst the shrieks of the Misses Roberts and the yells of the Squire and old Pomp I sprang to my feet, burning and half dead, to behold a scene of utter ruin. Both vehicles were wrecked. Pomp was in the midst of the debris and Squire Roberts looked like the captain of an exploded steamboat, but the central figure was that of "Old Put." True to his military title, that venerable animal stood his ground, but terribly demoralized. He had been blown forward on his fore-quarters, while his tail stuck straight up, bald and blackened like a charred stump after a forest fire.

It is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further. Carried back in disgrace on that bright Sabbath morning, we were swathed and bandaged with cruel kindness for days afterwards. Special prayers were made for us at church and prayer meeting. All the Sunday-school scholars were brought to see us as a warning, whilst the doctor and minister alternated in physicng us bodily and spiritually.

But the disastrous consequences did not end here. "Old Put" from that day was no longer the same horse. From having been the kindest and best and safest animal in Kentucky he became "Satan's own," and at Christmas, when the firecrackers began their annual fusillade, he was perfectly restless.

"Charley, do you recollect 'Old Put'?"

A faint ripple of laughter satisfied me there was hope for him yet.

When the surgeon came on his nightly round Charley was better, and in three days out of danger. Maimed and disfigured for "the land he loved," he is married and living in Mississippi, and has no doubt told his children the story of our Sunday pigeon hunt and "Old Put."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### A New Aid to Surgery.

Police Surgeon Oldshue has purchased for the Department of Public Safety an apparatus which, it is expected, will be of immense benefit in certain cases of shooting, stabbing, etc., that are brought to the attention of the police at the various police station houses. Many of the wounds which are received by people in fights are in the abdomen, and this apparatus is for the purposes of determining whether the intestines are injured, a very important point in the treatment of persons so situated.

By an explanation afterward afforded the use of this apparatus will be a means of saving many a man's life.

The apparatus has lately been invented, and Police Surgeon Oldshue and Dr. Pollock have been the first to test its virtues here. It consists of a rubber retort, to which is attached a long rubber tube, and is very simple as it appears laid out in a doctor's office. Supposing that a man is brought to one of the station houses, shot or stabbed in the abdomen, it is difficult to tell whether any of the intestines are punctured. The retort is filled with hydrogen gas, which the surgeon can easily prepare, and this gas is injected into the vital parts with considerable pressure. A tube is placed in the wound, and if there is a wound in the intestines the gas is bound to come out by way of the wound and into the tube.

By applying a lighted match to the end of the tube it can be seen whether the gas is escaping; for, if the gas is there it will ignite. On the other hand, if there is no wound in the intestines the gas will escape by way of the mouth, and by means of proper instruments there and the application of a light, it can be seen if the hydrogen gas is thus escaping.

A reporter, in talking with Police Surgeon Oldshue, last night, about the new apparatus, inquired:

"But is not hydrogen gas highly explosive? and is it not unsafe to introduce it into the body in such a form?"

Dr. Oldshue replied: "That is the opinion; but Dr. Stines, the inventor of the apparatus, has followed the plan with great success, as has Dr. Mordecai Price, of Philadelphia. They have shown that this is not only innocuous, but an absolute diagnosis of intestinal wounds."

"Well, but of what benefit is such a knowledge?"

"If the intestine is wounded the operation of laparotomy can be performed by the opening of the abdomen, and the wound of the intestine taken up and the catgut ligatures applied to bring the edges together, and with general antiseptic treatment the patient has a much greater chance of recovery. It will afford every opportunity to save the lives of persons stabbed or shot, or otherwise wounded in the abdomen."

Dr. Pollock asked that he be called for the first case, where the doctor would make the experiment. Not long ago a Pole was shot in Soho, and Police Surgeon Oldshue was called to attend him. The wound was in the abdomen. Drs. Oldshue and Pollock went to attend him, and Dr. Oldshue decided to try the new apparatus. By the action of the hydrogen gas it was found that there was no abdominal wound. It was further decided then that the patient be not operated on, but kept quiet, though the bullet was in his body. A few days sufficed for the recovery of the Pole showing that, for the first case at least, the apparatus made a correct diagnosis.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Queen Margherita, of Italy, is popularly called "The Queen of Hearts."



The above is a portrait of the famous novelist, the late Rev. E. P. Roe, which is to appear as the frontispiece to the special "E. P. Roe Number" (October) of Lippincott's Magazine.

This number will contain a story by Mr. Roe, "Queen of Spades," and an autobiographical sketch entitled "A Native Author called Roe." The title is a quotation from Matthew Arnold, who, in one of his articles on American civilization, had written this sentence: "The Western States are at this moment being nourished and formed, we hear, on the novels of a native author called Roe." Roe insists that Arnold was ridiculously unjust to the Western States, "where the works of Scott and Dickens are more liberally purchased and generally read than in his own land of distinction," and where tons of pirated works are sold annually, "a thousand to one of the author called Roe."

"The simple truth in the case is that, in spite of this immense and cheap competition, my novels have made their way and are being read among multitudes of others. No one buys or reads a book under compulsion, and if any one thinks that the poorer the book the better the chance of its being read by the American people, let him try the experiment. When a critic condemns my books, I accept that as his judgment; when another critic and scores of men and women, the peers of the first in cultivation and intelligence, commend the books, I do not charge them with gratuitous lying. My one aim has become to do my work conscientiously and leave the final verdict to time and the public. I wish no other estimate than a correct one; and when the public indicates that they have had enough of Roe I shall neither whine nor write."

The whole article is written in the same tone of honest and manly self-justification without any self-assertion, and on the other hand without any Uriah-Heap-like "umbleness" and self-deprecation. It gives a valuable insight into an exceptionally charming and generous character, and will warm many hearts toward the dead novelist.

The autobiography has a curious and touching history. It was promised nearly two or three years ago; but the natural modesty of the man restrained him from beginning it, and it was only about three weeks before his death, at a meeting of the New York Authors' Club, whom this kindly gentleman had invited to his cheery home, that he was at work on the autobiography. Two weeks later the manuscript arrived in the magazine office. On the morning of July 20 the managers of Lippincott's received a letter from Mr. Roe. They little thought that the hand which had penned it was at that very moment lying still in death, that at that very moment the electric wires were flashing the sad news all over the country.

### Sheep Shearing by Machinery.

The process of sheep shearing by machinery is now performed in Australia by an ingenious kind of device, the results, as represented, being very satisfactory. The apparatus in question is a very simple one, being made on the same principle as the cutter of a mower or reaper, and the knives are worked by means of rods within the handles, these in their turn being moved by a core within a long flexible tube, which is kept in a rotary shaft, and wheels driven by a stationary engine. The comb is in the form of a segment of a circle, about three inches in diameter, with eleven conical-shaped teeth. Each machine is worked by a shearer, and, as the comb is forced along the skin of the animal, the fleece is cut. The machine can be run either with a steam or gas engine, or by any ordinary horse power, and does not easily get out of order.—*New York Sun.*

### Blindness is Not Sickness.

Judge Maguire rendered a decision regarding the liability of beneficiary societies for sick benefits, in San Francisco that will be of much interest. Emanuel Samuels sued the Scandinavian Society for \$40 in sick benefits Samuels has been a member since January, 1877. In June of that year his eyes became weak and he lost his sight to the extent that he was unable longer to pursue his ordinary business. He received benefits for one year, when the society refused to continue payments, unless he was taken to a hospital. He refused to consent to go, and the society refused to continue the benefits. The constitution of the society provided that all recipients should go to a hospital after a certain period of sickness. Judge Maguire further said that blindness is not sickness per se, and that Samuels could not claim benefits when his sickness was only blindness.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.*

### Inaccessible Gibraltar.

Gibraltar has been in the possession of the British since 1704, but not without many a contest with France and Spain, who longed for that important rock which gives to its owner the key to the Mediterranean Sea. England guards this garrison with jealous care. Every available point for defense is bristling with weapons; the mountain is honeycombed with galleries, and batteries hewn in the rock from every side. Immense stores of provisions and munitions of war are constantly maintained, while an army of infantry, artillery and engineers make life on its barren peak.—*Courier-Journal.*

Mrs. Captain Tom is the name of the richest Indian in Alaska. She is worth about \$20,000, and lives royally at Sitka, surrounded by slaves. She lately joined the Presbyterian Mission.

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