THE DEVIL REAL TO THEM

Southern Negroes Who Battle Often With Satan.

METHODS OF DEFENCE

Experiences With the Evil One That Make Camp Meeting Frantic—Results in Everyday Life of Belief in the Personal Devil.

In parts of the South among some of the negroes the chief religious satisfaction is in the devil. Throughout the great agricultural regions, the cotton fields of the "low groun's" remote from all touch of progress, even the rural delivery man, there are negroes who have moulded to their own temperaments the Christian religion as adopted generations ago by their ancestors at the behest of their masters, grafting thereon relics of African devil worship handed down from parent to child by the dim light of many a slave cabin fire.

No kindlier, gentler being exists than the Southern negro of the back blocks; but the beauties of the ethical abstractions in the Sermon on the Mount are as much over his head today as they were in the years of his imported forebears. Righteousness for righteousness sake is beyond his ken. He must have something tangible, something he can grasp and cling to emotionally, even if fearfully, much as those savage forefathers bowed down in an ecstacy of terror before the grinning image of Mumbo Jumbo, whose either hand dripped woes and disaster, the right to man, the left to woman.

Like children, these negroes delight in being frightened: the shudder of fear is as wine to them, the belief in an ever present fiend a tonic. It is a belief among them that "eve'y time yer opens er do,' dar's de debble er standin' waitin' fer yer," thus bringing the terrible person into intimate association with their daily life. Like Black Care, he sits by him in the cart, behind him on the mule.

There are instances in every negro settlement—well authenticated among them—of unregenerate ones caught up in darkness and borne swiftly away to eternal flames by the batlike servants of the arch fiend. Among them Tom Walker's adventure is no mere legend.

Every darky before he can feel himself free from this imminent clutch—his form of the doctrine of original sin—must meet and personally "rassle wid" the great adversary. Not wrestle figuratively in mental conflict with his own weaknesses, but in fierce and actual struggle with the fiend incarnate.

These contests, in which the devil always goes to the mat, form the experiences which the negro, new released by his own prowess from the thraldom of Satin, loves to recount at the "meetin's" amid sobs and ejaculations of admiration from the breathless congregation. Oftentimes when some imaginative negro has caught the fancy of his hearers with the tale of his uncanny duel the defeated devil refuses to stay out and returns again to the attack, thus affording new food for the victor's eloquence.

The weapon used for defeating the enemy of mankind is usually the implement of labor with which the battling darky is most skillful. Cooks thump him into insensibility with a rolling pin, washerwomen testify how they "des mash his haid in wid er flatiron," and Joe, an expert at hacking down cornstalks, told how "Ah met de debble one dark night down by de buryin' groun" an' ah cut his th'oat fum yeah ter yeah wif mah cohn knife."

Minnis was a long armed negro whose cradle, of all the reapers in Bedford county, could cut the widest swath through the ripe wheat. After much manoeuvring with the devil, who seemed loth to get into close proximity to the lusty laborers. Minnis one day inveigled him into a stable, cornered him in an empty stall, and, swinging wide with his favorite implement for the lower parts of his unsuspecting antagonist—"de debbil didn' know Ah"s sech er good man wif de cradle," Minnis explained—succeeded in amputating Satin's legs or, as Minnis himself related, "Ah cut off bofe him, laigs an, er big piece or de tail wid' em."

The presiding elder of the meeting declared this encounter apochryphal and sent Minnis forth again to seek new adventures, not allowing him the glory of victory; which ruling was held to be severe by the rest of the church members, who believed in the truth of the statement as firmly as Minnis himself. And that he did believe it there can be no doubt.

They are an emotional race, these primitive negroes and, like all such, subject to illusions flashed on their consciousness by an unbridled imagination, superheated by religious fever. Nobody of Martin Luther's days doubted that the great reformer had assailed the devil with an ink bottle, much to the latters astonishment and dismay; Luther believed it himself, and if Luther with his ink bottle why not Minnis with his disconcerting cradle—each expert with his own weapon?—New York Sun.

that vortex.

Larders in Lapland.

In Swedish Lapland can be seen curious wooden structures on a single pole, which look like a monster pigeon cote. These serve their purpose in protecting the contents of the larder from wolves and foxes. They are themselves the larders.

LONDON A GRETNA GREEN.

Runaway Couples From Germany Go There to Wed.

Except that it is a little more difficult or expensive to reach, the British Capital occupies today precisely the same position in relation to the Fatherland as did Gretna Green to the regions this side of the Tweed in the days of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, says London Truth. The cases that have got into the newspapers are only stray examples of a practice which is going on regularly, and they have only got there by accident, because the brides or bridegrooms happen to be distinguished personages, or because other circumstances connected with their marriages have attracted public attention in Germany and England.

There are in London a number of enterprising individuals of German nationality or birth whose principal, if not their only business is to entice Teutonic youths and maidens to this country and marry them off in accordance with the English law whenever "just cause or impediment" makes it difficult for them to get joined together in holy matrimony in their own country.

These agents advertise regularly in the German newspapers, calling the attention of the amorous Teuton to the facilities which exist in England for tying connubial knots expeditiously and on reasonable terms. Some of them have their agents in Germany to push the business and catch customers on commission, much like the parties who "touted for licenses" at the entrance to Doctors' Commons in the days when Mr. Weller, senior, was captured for the second time

They issue books, pamphlets and leaflets describing, more or less accurately, the English law, and explaining fully all the formalities in connection with an English marriage. To show how carefully every detail is thought out, there is among the stock in trade of one of the most active of these firms a leaflet giving in English and German the fateful questions which the Book of Common Prayer requires the priest to put to the parties before joining their hands irrevocably together with the proper responses.

The reason of all this is easy to understand. The tying of the matrimonial knot in Germany is a much more lengthy and troublesome business than in England, and to do it surreptitiously is very much more difficult. I am told that from the first official notification to the completion of the ceremony the usual time consumed in going through the necessary legal formalities is about six weeks, and may be anything from that up to twelve. The mere statements of the parties are not sufficient but have to be supported by identification papers and other documents which are carefully looked into.

The only formality that presents any difficulty at all to a foreign bride and bridegroom coming to England to be married is a fifteen days residence in the district prior to the ceremony, but it is not much of a difficulty in reality, there being little risk in making a false statement on the point, while it can always be got over by a special license when the parties are anxious that everything shall be done regularly and do not grudge the necessary expenditure.

I am told that it is becoming a common occurrence for a pair of German lovers to disappear for a week and return to their delighted friends at the end of that time with the announcement that they have been married in London, and no one who sees the frequency of the agents' advertisements in the German papers will hesitate to believe it.

Why November is So Called.

November was called by the ancient Saxons the wint monat, or wind month, on account of the gales then prevalent. It was also named the blot monat, or blood month, from the ancient practice of then slaughtering cattle for the winter provisions. It is said that the Roman Senators wished to name the month after Tiberius, as months had already been named after Julius Caesar and Augustus, but the Emperor, like Canute, felt that it was possible to have too much flattery and refused, remarking, drily: "What will you do, consoript fathers, if you have 13 Caesars?"

Advertising Goethe's Works.

Twenty years ago a German publisher began to issue a complete collection of Goethe's letters. Thirty four volumes are now in type, and it is expected that the rest of the letters, which will fill 15 more volumes, will appear within four years.

Habits of Desert Cactus.

The fishhook cactus is literally a compass in the desert. No matter how glaring the rays may be that are reflected from the soil in which it grows, it always tilts its head to the southward.

Obstacle to Trade.

One of the chief obstacles to American trade in Lower (Mexican) California is the long time taken in transportation from American trade centers.

Church Built of One Tree.

In Santa Rosa, Cal., is a church with a seating capacity of 200, which is built entirely of timber out of a single redwood tree.

SOME MODERN MIRACLES

Science Mystified by Many of These Marvels.

ESCAPES FROM DEATH

A Stab Wound or Bullet in the Heart No Longer Means Certain Death—A Man With a Bullet in His Heart Still Alive.

It has been said often since Matthew Arnold's day that miracles do not happen. Whether that is so or not in strict sense, is certainly not so in the popular sense. There are men and women going about their work today who are living miracles—men and women who seem to have been snatched from death by providential hands, says London Answers.

Not so long ago a Surrey man was picked up alive after having rolled hundreds of feet down the side of Welsh mountains and there is a schoolmaster in Edinburgh still living to tell the story of a sudden descent of a thousand feet down Ben Nevis. These are miracles, indeed!

But even more miraculous—if comparison in such cases be possible—was the escape of a lad who was driving a horse and cart when the animal bolted toward the Clifton suspension bridge and jumped into a gully 200 feet deep. The horse was killed, and the cart smashed to atoms, but the boy dropped into the branches of a tree and was rescued, the worse only for a few scratches.

Another remarkable case is that of a man named Wells. This man has had every rib broken and every finger broken. He has been buried under a heavy fall of rock and almost suffocated by the heavy fall of gravel. His skull has been split open by a blasting accident, and he has been struck on the head with a pick. He has fallen 37 feet, and fractured his skull, and has been crushed between loaded trucks. He is now in a casualty ward as the result of another accident. but still happy, confident that he was born for a long life and a natural death.

Or consider the thrilling, vivid narrative of a boyonetted Russian soldier in one of the Manchurian field hospitals. "I should have had the little Jap done for if I had not slipped and dropped by rifle," he told the doctor. "It seemed hours before he probbed me, and I watched the bayonet creeping down to me inch by inch—down, down, down. I remember noticing a birthmark on the beast's chin. Then came the prod, and I screamed. My whole body from throat to hips felt sizzling with molten metal. That lasted for hours. Then the bayonet gave a wriggle, and I felt it was alive and biting me on the other side of my body. Yet I could not keep my eyes off the Jap's birthmark. It suddenly seemed to swell out of his face, and look like a balloon. It seemed years before he took the bayonet out of me. When he did I could feel the blood gushing out of me, and I knew I was a dead man."

But he was not a dead man. The bayonet had not touched a single vital spot, and he recovered.

A fracture of the spine kills most people but here, as in other cases, miracles sometimes happen, as in the case of a Whitby railroad worker, who was received into the hospital after a severe fall, his spine being so fractured that the surgeons regarded his condition as hopeless. A surgical operation was impossible. Nature, however, did the mysterious work which baffled science, and a few months afterward the man left the ward cured, the only sign of his calamity being that he carried his head stiffly, and bent somewhat forward.

The heart is a vital organ. A few years ago a stab or bullet in the heart would have meant death. Today surgery tells a different story Some months ago a young girl was accidentally shot in the heart. Dr Mantouffel chloroformed his patient, and after a marvelous surgical operation he forced out the bullet with his fingers and sewed up the wound. and the girl left the hospital cured.

A similar shooting accident happened to a man named Meyer, who is a marvel of vitality to most of the clinics of Europe. The bullet lodged in the man's heart and he walks about London with it there yet, after an interval of two and a half years. "There was no bleeding after I was shot," he tells his friends. "It is a riddle. The doctors cannot tell why I did not die."

Another personified miracle makes his home at Guisborough in Yorkshire, at the foot of the Cleveland hills. For upward of 30 years he has been the victim of the terrible disease known as lupus. He has suffered 34 operations of one sort or another, and is still cheerful, tramping before five o'clock every morning several miles to his work in the ironstone mines, for which the Cleveland district is famous, and taking an active part in his "off" hours in religious and political work of the town in which he lives. "I'll never say die," he is fond of saying to his sympathizers. "While there's life there's hope."

Destroying Fleas.

A leaflet issued by the imperial entomologist of India says that the best manner of destroying fleas, with special reference to checking the ravages of plague, is free use of crude oil emulsion, which consists of 80 per cent of crude petroleum mixed with 20 per cent of whale oil soap. This combination makes a jelly which mixes freely with water and is generally used at 3 per cent solution. At 10 per cent it destroys fleas with perfect certainty.

ORIGIN OF APPENDICITIS

Word Coined in 1886 By a Boston Physician.

The word appendicitis was coined in 1886 by Dr. Reginald E. Fitz, a Boston physician. He says he invented it to suit his purpose of calling attention to inflammation of the appendix as an object of direct treatment. Before that time the names used had not given the appendix itself the discredit belonging to it as the actual cause of the trouble.

From the great mass of operations which have been performed since Fitz's article appeared it has been possible to make exhaustive studies of the disease. Even yet, however, the physicians say they don't know what is the function of the appendix. The causes are better understood.

For a time everybody was blaming grape seeds. That theory has been exploded. Foreign bodies, such as pins, seeds, stones, bullets and bones are not found in the great majority of cases.

In 1,000 cases at Johns Hopkins Hospital foreign bodies were found in only four. In many cases the contents of the appendix resemble fruit stones, but they are really organic matter and salts.

Violent exertion and blows are causes of the disease far more often than is generally supposed. A long bicycle ride, a leap from a street car, an hour of swimming, exposure to cold, a blow of the fist, a kick, a fall a bruise or any one of a hundred other applications of force may bring about the disease.

According to the Boston Herald, pins are the most common and most dangerous of the foreign substances. For small, heavy objects, like bullets and for all pointed bodies the appendix is a sort of trap. These foreign bodies may be direct causes of the disease.

Of 4,028 autopsies performed at the Boston City, Johns Hopkins and Rhode Island hospitals there were 86 cases in which acute inflammatory disease of the vermiform appendix caused death, directly or indirectly. About 66 per cent. were males. About 48 per cent. of the deaths occurred in the second and third decades of life.

In some of the cases the symptoms of appendicitis were not discovered until after death. The larger percentage of cases among men and boys is explained plausibly as being due to the greater liability to exposure to injury and the greater tendency to errors in diet, and in part, perhaps, to the excessive use of tobacco and the consequent digestive disturbances.

"The explanation given for the relative exemption of negroes is that their diet is simple. They take a great deal of outdoor exercise, and they are free from digestive disturbances,' says Kelly. In the John's Hopkins Hospital where one negro is admitted for every four white men, only one negro is operated on for appendicitis to twelve white men.

Lennander has called appendicitis a family disease, and many other physicians have been struck by the occurrence of the disease in members of the same family. One has reported three cases in three successive generations of a family. A father, two sons and two daughters were affected in another family.

"Disorders of digestion have the most important influence in determining an acute attack of appendicitis," says Kelly.

The size of the appendix varies according to age and to persons. Its length averages from three to three and a half inches. The appendix of the man is slightly larger than that of the woman.

The growth is irregular and uncertain. There is a record of one appendix more than a foot long. Between the ages of 10 and 20 it reaches its largest size, though some observers make the period from 30 to 40. It usually decreases in size as a person grows old, but in some cases it has been found full sized in the aged.

The width of the appendix varies much less than the length, the common width being that of a goose quill. But there are abnormalities in width, as in length. It points in different directions at different times, and a chart of its various positions is a figure shaped approximately like a "daddy long legs" spider.

In some places, the hospital of the Johns Hopkins medical school, for instance, it is the custom to examine the appendix whenever the abdomen is opened, unless the condition of the patient is such that the inspection would be an added danger. Of seventy surgeons who were canvassed by Kelly on the question: "When the abdomen is opened for other causes and the perfectly normal appendix is easily accessible is it your rule to remove it?" forty-four replied against, and the rest in favor of doing so.

The result of a canvass among many physicians as to whether the appendix, while still in a normal condition, should be removed as a preventive measure was the almost unanimous conclusion that such a step is "absurd" "unjustifiable," or "without excuse."

If appendicitis should become more frequent than it is now the question may well be raised again. The mere entertainment of the suggestion of the removal as a prophylactic measure may possibly be taken as evidence among other things, of the immense strides which the attitude toward the disease and the knowledge of it have taken in the last hundred years.

Austria's great salt mine at Wieliczka has 600 miles of galleries and employs 3000 miners. It has been worked for over 16 centuries.

BURIAL OF DEAD LETTERS.

Large Sum Realized Annually Through Carelessness.

When one reads that within a fraction of twelve million pieces of mail matter failed of delivery and reached the Division of Dead Letters of the Post Office Department at Washington during the last fiscal year, it will be natural for him to indulge in an expression of surprise. The fact is that with the constant expansion of the postal service it is inevitable that the failures of delivery for various reasons should increase in like ratio, says a writer in the Pittsburg Gazette.

While this total seems to be very large, it is really small as compared with the enormous aggregate of mail matter entrusted to the postal service. The exact figures cannot be stated, but from a count recently taken, for a limited period, and a very careful estimate based thereon, there is reasonable certainty that the whole number of pieces transmitted through the mails for the year was more than 10,250,000,000. This shows that less than one article in a thousand failed to reach the persons for whom intended.

There is a general, but unsupported impression, that the great bulk of matter sent to the Division of Dead Letters is due to some fault of omission on the part of the senders, and, in a minor degree perhaps, to delinquencies on the part of the service. The truth is that a great preponderance of this matter reaches its intended destination as shown by the address; although many thousands of letters are, of course, improperly addressed or deposited for mailing without the necessary postage.

A curious circumstance is noted that more than fifty thousand letters are annually deposited for mailing without any address whatever. The natural presumption would be that these come from unenlightened or inexperienced persons, while experience in the Division of Dead Letters show, on the contrary, that the errors of omission are mainly on the part of business people, who are in too much of a hurry to take a second look at the envelopes before depositing them for transmission through the mails. Consequently a larger proportion of this class of letters is found to contain more valuable inclosures than any other.

Another singular feature is that notwithstanding the varied and continuous efforts of the postal authorities to induce patrons of the mails to place their names and addresses upon the envelopes of their letters they have very largely failed of success. The average American seems to be in too much of a hurry to avail himself of this privilege. If all were to do so, however, the Division of Dead Letters would be shorn of a very large part of its present duties; but, as a compensation therefor, the patrons of the mails would have returned to them direct by postmasters their letters which had failed of delivery without the delay and other embarrassments incident upon the intervention of the Division of Dead Letters.

Of course, all sorts of inclosures are found in the matter which reaches the Division of Dead Letters. Many persons would be surprised to learn that in the neighborhood of $200 in actual money is found during every business day of the year while commercial paper, such as drafts, money orders, etc., as well as stamps, photographs, and articles of merchandise, is discovered in still grater proportion.

The remarkable aggregation of undelivered merchandise matter annually assembled in the Division of Dead Letters is perhaps best illustrated by the quantity and variety which is subjected to annual auction sales. The gross proceeds of a recent sale amount to $9,111.69 and represented the final disposition of 124,000 original inclosures sent by mail as gifts or in execution of orders therefor. The catalogue of this last sale included 6,431 miscellaneous, 1,893 book, and 419 jewelry parcels aggregating a total of 8,263.

Possibly the most interesting feature of the sales and the one which naturally excites the strongest competition is the jewelry department. Among the articles of this character are included numerous fountain pens, gold eye glasses, some in an indefinite condition of mutilation watches in great variety from the innocuous Waterbury, to the genuine golden article set with diamonds. There are also rings in bewildering variety and often of very considerable value.

To those who know about it the Division of Dead Letters is one of the most interesting exhibits which Washington offers. The public appreciation of it is constantly growing, as is evidenced by the thousands of persons from the various parts of the country who visit it. There is something which appeals to them in the magnitude of the work and in the curious features which are constantly developed in the disposition of the tremendous volume of matter which pours into

Something like one hundred and fifty persons of both sexes are employed in this interesting work—that is, interesting to outsiders, but not so much so to those whose daily round of duties somewhat dulls their appreciation of the curious and the unique.

The business of the gondoliers of Venice is being invaded by women. Men are organizing unions to save them selves.