

# My Lady Tongue.

CHAPTER III.  
AN EVENTFUL WALK.

Boughton was a good deal impressed, at the same time that he was provoked at being shown up in all his ignorant ignorance of the ill that horse flesh is heir to.

They had a tiresome walk the rest of the way, for Judith would not remount Eye-brows, and poor Trumpeter, emulating his name, behind them, was any thing but a cheerful companion.

How Phil did wish that he had been able to spring from the foundered horse, all the time having a full cognizance of what ailed him—have whipped out his knife and bled him, and administered the whiskey, all without a word from Judith. And how he fumed over that idiotic speech about Trumpeter's heart! He thought Judith must have a contempt for him.

And, to tell the truth, she did. She blushed to think that some of the neighbors might have been with them, and heard her cousin's remarks, and seen the helpless way in which he stood about, while she righted things as best she could. Her eyes were still a good deal more red than brown when ever she allowed her thoughts to dwell upon him.

That night, as he came into the drawing-room, just before dinner, he found Judith in the arms of a slim young man in a very elaborate costume—or rather the truth must be told, the slim young man was in the arms of Judith, who appeared to be alternately laughing and wiping her eyes as best she could on the lapel of his coat.

As Boughton came in, however, she stood erect, and put up her hand to her curls, which were a good deal ruffled. Her eyes were brown as rain-washed autumn leaves now. No red in them whatever.

"Dick, your cousin, Philip Boughton," she said, speaking pretty coolly. And Boughton found himself in possession of the slim young man's hand.

"Er—glad to see you—er, just from Paris? Cold here, isn't it?" said the boy, languidly.

He was only a boy, after all, with a face something like Judith's seen in a spoon, and the same red-brown curls. His eyes, however, were a pale gray.

"No; I am from start to finish," said Boughton, gravely.

"Eh?" said Dick.

He did not laugh, neither did Judith. She scratched the chin of the black kitten in the Toby-collar, and looked gravely at Boughton between its ears.

"Oh, I see," said the boy, finally. "Been out hunting. Dueses of a time you had, Judy here tells me. Horses foundered. Awful nuisance, having one's horse foundered."

"Do you like hunting?"

"I haven't done much of it," said Philip, honestly, wishing devoutly that he had.

He had eyes keen to look with as well as to look at, and saw the little downward flip of the girl's mouth, as she went on cosseting the little kitten.

"I've done a lot of it in my day," pursued Dick, laughing. "And I must say, it rather bores me."

"Oh, does it?" said Boughton. "It doesn't seem to bore your sister."

"Nothing bores Judy," Master Dick assured him in the same languid tone. "I tell her to wait until she's grown up."

"She's a bit more 'grown up' than you now, isn't she?" said Boughton, dryly.

"How do you mean?" Dick asked, allowing his eyes to open themselves, as it were, in despite of his own will, while Judith stopped scratching the kitten's chin, and cooed a great deal astonished.

"Why, as you stand there together, I'm quite sure she's a good inch taller," said Boughton, calmly, with one hand in his pocket and the other meditatively at his mouth.

"Yes, a good inch, I should say," he repeated.

Dick flushed, but Judith grew positively scarlet. This intense blush seemed to spread into her very eyes, and they reddened ominously.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said, in the small, still voice which is generally supposed to be monopolized by conscience. "Richard is a half inch taller than myself. We were measured only last June."

"Perhaps you have grown some since," suggested Boughton quite unmoved.

"Not in grace, eh, Judy?" put in the boy, good-naturedly coming to the rescue.

"You've got her in a perfect temper, Cousin Phil."

"How can you speak so, Dick?" cried Judith, turning upon him and dropping the kitten, which fell with a furry bounce upon the polished floor. "I see, that you have even less consideration than before you went away. And, besides, you know very well that you are a half inch taller than I am."

"Suppose we test it," said Boughton, who somehow felt an unaccountable pleasure in exasperating her. Perhaps he was revelling in the delight of taking the superior pose in his turn. "Here's a good book to measure with. If you will stand back to back with your brother—"

All the blush was in her eyes now. Her face had grown quite pale.

"You are insulting," she said, with her teeth shut, and walked out of the room.

This was a great deal more than Boughton had expected. He stood staring after her with the book still in his hand, and then opened it blankly and looked idly at it as if for an explanation. It was a volume of Miss Hannah More's private devotions, and so he closed it and replaced it on the little table whence he had taken it.

"Don't you mind her," said Dick, easily. "She's always twice as sweet after one of her tantrums."

This seemed in truth to be the case. She came in to dinner as suave as May, and took her seat beside Philip with a smile.

"How cross do you think I am?" she said, leaning toward him, and making a cushion for her round chin with her palms, her elbows being on the table.

"I am afraid I was very provoking," he said, eagerly. "I am sorry; will you forgive me?"

She said nothing, but went on smiling, so he took his forgiveness for granted, and partook of more green goose with a light heart.

Now, it was very dangerous to take anything for granted with this young lady, especially when there were little sparks of vermilion in her eyes, as there were to night. But Phil could not possibly have known this; the smile she bestowed upon him was so enchanting that he did not look higher,

and so noticed nothing peculiar about the eyes.

Dick was to stop over until Monday, and the next day all three went out for a walk. This ramble happened to be very eventful. I may as well state that there occurred the time-honored episode with the bull, but Boughton neither transfixed the infuriated animal with a pitchfork, nor leveled it with a well-aimed blow from his muscular fist.

It happened this way. They were passing through what was then known as Carylton as the "Mill Meadow," when a peculiar kind of rumbling noise attracted their attention. Dick was the first to look back.

"Good heavens! Judy," said he, "it's Priddle's bull!"

"Is it?" said Judith, losing color for an instant, and following the direction of his eyes. "Yes, it is, and not a fence within two hundred yards. Oh! what are we to do?"

"I tell you," said Boughton, straightening himself and feeling an abominable clench in the hollow between his ribs, "run as hard as you can, while Dick and I—Why, where is Dick?" he said blankly.

"I'm going for Priddle!" came back in broken bits over the shoulder of the flying youth. "He can manage him!"

"Boughton said nothing. He turned again to Judith.

"That's all right. Run, now, as fast as you can, and I can easily keep him off with stones until Priddle comes."

"And leave you here for that brute to gore and trample?" said Judith, bristling in a moment. "I see myself!" she added, with fine scorn.

All this time the bull was making a tremendous tow row, and using one of his horns as a plowshare. He was coming nearer, too. They could see his little red eyes distinctly.

"Judith, I beg of you," said Boughton, giving her not a gentle push.

"Well, I will," she said, suddenly. She lifted her walking-skirt, and with a quick gesture slipped off the red balmarol petticoat which she wore underneath. This she took in her hand and started off at a long, even run, before Boughton well realized what she was about to do.

When she was within fifty yards of his bullship, she gave a yow-halloo which did more credit to her lungs than the occasion, and flourished the red skirt in the air.

Boughton's heart did actually stand still. He gave a dragging breath, got the best of his horror, which was inclined to make him weak-kneed, and started off after the girl.

But the brute was before him, thundering on at a great lumbering pace, only stopping now and then to plow the ground with that ugly left horn of his.

But this modern Europa in the direction of the nearest fence. Half way between it and her pursuer she dropped the red petticoat, and this his eminence tarried awhile to toss and worry and mix with the red clay.

Boughton had an awful fancy which he had no time fortunately to countenance. He seemed to see Judith being trampled and mangled in the same fashion as her pretty skirt; by those brute feet and horns. But thank Heaven it was only the next instant that she reached the fence and literally rolled over into the next field.

Then, for the first time looking back, she saw him.

"Get over! Get over—or I—quick!" she called, in what voice remained to her. "If he sees you he will—kill you—oh!"

As Boughton just managed to put the rails of the old snake fence between himself and the bull, who rushed along bellowing like a bovine demon, with his tail an exact reproduction of Hogarth's line of beauty.

"The straw—straw," Judith panted, as Boughton reached her. "He may tear that fence—all to bits!"

He took her hand, and they ran together to a group of straw stacks some ten yards away, up which they scrambled together, loosening avalanches of straw, and slipping several times before gaining the top.

Once there, Judith cast herself down, making a little hollow of her two arms, into which she thrust her face. She was shaking from head to foot, not trembling but wrenching with a convulsive movement, which went to Boughton's already not too calm heart.

He leaned over and put his arm about her as she lay, and then as she did not pull away or remonstrate verbally, he ventured to rest his other hand on the red-brown curls. Something in their soft, almost living clasp upon his fingers went through his veins strangely.

"Judith," he said, in a voice that he did not himself quite recognize. "Then he cleared his throat, and said it lower again—'Judith,' and then 'darling!'"

That aroused Judith better than sal volatile or a pall of ice water would have done. She sat up, and a little wavy from him, and said:

"There comes Priddle—and Dick. Priddle, armed with a pitchfork, was running with all his might, and Dick in the far background was running also, but with very little of his. He had made at least thrice the time when he went for Priddle."

Then the bull was secured, and marched off meekly, with a prong of the pitchfork through the ring of his nose, and the willow pedestrians also betook themselves dinnerward.

The Colonel swore extensively when he heard about it all, and called Priddle some very ugly names, which gave the son of Boughton infinite comfort. He vowed, moreover, that he would not rest in his four-post bed until that bull was made into beef.

"And gad! if I wouldn't like to make that d—fool eat every square inch of him!" he ended thunderously, fisting the table until the spoons and glasses gave tongue shrilly.

Boughton did not see Judith alone after that for more than a week. It was within ten days of Christmas, and she was endlessly occupied about something or other.

But she found time, however, to give him plenty of smiles and gay words in passing. And he had sent to New York for something which he knew that she very much wanted, so that altogether, though tantalizing, it was not unpleasant. Phillip, moreover, was rather anxious to find out whether he was only pretty deeply smitten, or very much in love, and he thus found time to discuss that momentous question with his inner man—that individual who it always such a loose or tight fit for his outer representative.

Of course the Colonel had insisted upon his retaining until Christmas; and he was

to hang up his stocking, of course—ha! ha! And there should be some young folks, and bonfires, and what not. Also, there were some sleighs sent up from Richmond, and the place was literally resonant with the voices of expectant nigs, big and little.

On Christmas Eve, however, Boughton managed to find her alone, although Dick had arrived, and she seemed braver than ever.

He was going along the corridor of his room, when he caught a glimpse of her through the half open door of a little paneled room, which she called her "Tea Caddy." She was standing on the gray deer-skin rug before the fire, in the cream-white frock he liked, and wearing the identical blue beads and bow which he remembered so well. Her feet were sunk out of sight in the thick fur, but he fancied that she sported the bronze shoes.

There was a glint in her eyes which Boughton did not think was all fire-light, and she chinked the beads of her necklace hurriedly together.

"Do let me come in," he said, pushing the door further open.

She looked up vaguely, as though from a dream, and said: "Certainly." So in he went, shutting the door behind him. It was a pretty room, with much blue china on windows and furniture, and many hunting traps about. There were two old chairs on either side of the fire place, which could have held six Judiths apiece, and in one of these she now placed herself, still keeping her hand on the beads at her throat.

Boughton sat down on the rug at her feet, Turk-fashion, and took his crossed ankles into a capable grasp.

"I never saw half such a pretty room," he remarked, looking about him. "It's you, Judith, all over again."

"Is it?" she said, still in that absent fashion; and then added, with a sort of laugh: "Yes; it is rather blue."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE BOILING-OIL ORDEAL.

A Barbarous and Cruel Custom Practiced in Ceylon.

Recently the District Judge at Kalutara, in Ceylon, according to the London "Times," had before him three persons, including a village headman, charged with causing grievous hurt to four others by requiring them to plunge their hands into a caldron of boiling oil. The medical evidence described the hands as being in "a sudden, appurating condition," the fingers being in some cases deformed. In all cases the injured persons were unable to follow their ordinary avocations for about a month. The facts of the case, as stated in the judgment, were these:

A woman in the village had some plum-bago and rice-stalks from her; a headman made inquiry, and failing to obtain a clue to the thief, announced that it would be necessary on the third day to hold an ordeal by boiling oil. This appears to be a not uncommon custom in remote parts of the country, and the formalities are as follows: Some oil from newly gathered king coconuts is manufactured by one of the friends of the complainant; this is poured into a caldron and heated to boiling; point. Each of the suspected parties is supposed to dip his hand into the vessel of boiling oil and is at liberty to sprinkle as much of the hot oil as he brings up with his fingers on the person of the complainant, who stands close at hand. Any exclamation of pain on the part of the suspected person is construed into an admission of guilt. If no such exclamation is made the innocence of the party is supposed to be established.

In the present case the evidence established that the pressure on the accused was not merely moral; they were forced to dip their hands into the burning oil. No force appears to have been used in bringing them to the scene of the ordeal; they collected there in response to the orders of the headman, who, seated on a platform opposite the vessel of oil, appears to have acted as the Presiding Judge. Each of the complainants deposed to the fact that they were reluctant to submit to the ordeal, but were forcibly dragged up to the caldron; by the other two accused, and their hands plunged into the boiling oil. They had sufficient self-control to abstain from calling out, except a boy of seventeen, who cried out lustily, and was thereupon pronounced the guilty one. The Judge took the fact that it was a custom into account, but refused to dismiss the prisoners with a warning as suggested by their counsel. He fined them 100 rupees each, with the alternative of rigorous imprisonment for ten months.

## Fashion Notes.

Pretty afternoon dresses of cashmere and camel's hair are made very effective by the use of velvet or heavily repped ribbons, these being more favoured for such decoration than more or fancy ribbons of any sort.

Braid is still very much used to decorate carriage and walking costumes. The heavy Russian braid seems to be preferred this season. This is certainly not a new garniture, but it is one of the most effective, inexpensive, and appropriate finishes for a plain costume of any sort.

Tartans, chiefly in fine woollen fabrics, are daily appearing in new forms and combinations of colour. These are in handsome autumnal dyes, on grounds of dark green, olive brown in numberless shades, mahogany, blue, and black. Natural colours form the outlines to the darker blocks, with their bright tones of glowing yellow, wall-flower red, and pale terracotta.

A graceful garment, quite new in style, to be worn over an accordion-pleated house dress, is made of velvet, lined with either a contrasting or harmonizing colour. It has a Zouave front, and is sleeveless, and is finished with long Directors' coat-tails at the back. It is called the "Directors' slip," and put on over a dainty gown, a rich effect is given at moderate expense, for the slip can be made of five yards of velvet.

The new autumn wraps have nearly all wide sleeves, in order to go on comfortably over the puffed sleeves of the gown. Many of the mantles are themselves made with puffed sleeves gathered into a deep Cromwellian cuff of fur or velvet. A great deal of bover and astrakhan is used in trimming cloaks and short coats for the winter. Many of the new sealskin wraps are fancifully trimmed with various kinds of fur bands, capes, hoods and deep collars. The elegant effect, however, is lowered, and the garment has invariably a made-over look. Trimming a seal coat is like painting a lily. The less trimming such a garment has the richer it looks.

## AGAIN THE SILENT CITY.

Further Testimony as to the Wonderful Alaska Mirages.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., says:—An artist named Husser, representing a photographic establishment, is now in Alaska investigating the remarkable mirages discovered by Prof. Willoughby. At first he took "emphatic grounds" against the "Silent City," and ridiculed the mirage among the glaciers. On his way to Sitka three weeks ago Husser stopped at the Mt. Glacier and made a number of views. After he left the Mt. Glacier he informed De Groff, a local photographer, that he had seen a startling mirage, while making his views and that he was accordingly prepared to say that the picture of Prof. Willoughby was not a trick, as claimed by San Francisco photographers.

In support of the opinion that is gaining ground that Prof. Willoughby's "Silent City" is not a myth, the statements of two gentlemen who solemnly declare that they saw the mirage of the city in Glacier Bay on July 2 last is published. From what is learned as to the credibility of these witnesses, they appear to be reliable, and enjoy a reputation for candor and uprightness. Christie is foreman at the extensive Bartlett Bay cannery, and his home is in Astoria; where his family now are and where he is well known. The statement is:

BARTLETT BAY CANNERY, Aug. 23, 1888.

Robert Christie and George Patterson, in the presence of Luman B. French, Charles R. Lord, Willoughby, and Miner W. Bruce make the following statement to Willoughby: On the 21 of July, 1888, while sailing from Mt. Glacier Bay, into what is known as James Bay, just south of Willoughby Island about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, we suddenly saw rising on the side of the mountains what appeared to be houses, churches, and other large structures. It appeared to be a city of extensive proportion, perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants. We watched the apparition for a long time, and think it was visible for an hour or more. We further aver that at the time we had never heard of what is called the "Silent City," or that Prof. Willoughby had photographed it. We are satisfied that it was a mirage from its appearance.

ROBERT CHRISTIE,  
GEORGE PATTERSON.

Witnesses: L. G. French, Charles R. Lord, R. Willoughby, and Miner W. Bruce.

## Educational Matters Abroad.

Of the 21 young women now at the Brussels University, 10 study pharmacy, 7 physical sciences, 3 general medicine, and 1 philosophy. Before the decision of the Belgian courts against the admission of women to the bar, several young women frequented the university law school.

The beautiful Queen of Italy has become an earnest student of Volapuk. She takes several lessons every week in the language, and has subscribed for the Volapuk periodical, published in Milan. She can read quite rapidly, but finds some difficulty in pronouncing the curious sounds which Herr Schleyer injected into his Volapuk dictionary.

The school laws of Alsace and Lorraine will be revised shortly with the prime idea of strengthening German influence among the inhabitants. The age of compulsory school attendance for girls will be raised from 13 to 14 years. The extra year, it is hoped, will be a means of increasing the proficiency of school girls in speaking, reading, and writing the German language. Another object of the provision in question is to abolish the custom, quite prevalent among parents living near the new German provinces, of educating girls at the schools of Alsace and Lorraine for the purpose of evading the fourteen-year school law enforced in all other parts of Germany.

The number of highly educated men in Germany is increasing quite rapidly, despite the growing public opinion that there are already too many learned Germans. In 1869, 37,631 students attended the universities, technical schools, and schools of mines, agriculture, and forestry. In 1872 the number had increased to 20,418; in 1875, to 23,281; in 1880, to 26,032; in 1885, to 21,755; in 1888, to 34,118. In nineteen years the total number of students has been almost doubled. In 1869 there was but one student to every 2,297 inhabitants; in 1875, one to every 1,828; in 1888, one to every 1,409. "In these figures," says a German newspaper, "is a wholesome warning for all who study at the higher institutions of learning, and are still young enough to forego their gay student life, which is liable to be crowned with bad prospects for active life." The same paper speaks of the "great overproduction of learned men" in Germany.

The Russian Ministry of Education purposes to introduce many changes in the organization and educational methods of the Russian universities shortly. The most thorough reform will take place in the philosophical faculties, which will be divided into four departments: classical (for languages), historical, Slavic-Russian, and German-Roman. This fall a new system of examinations for the Government service will be tried upon all university students, who wish to be the Czar's civil servants. The rules and regulations for these examinations were published some time ago. The students were so frightened by the strictness of their provisions that almost to a man they refused to register for the examinations. The impending embarrassment of the whole new system was revealed by the superintendents of the most unpopular faculties, who, after some consultation together, informed the students that the offensive rules and regulations would not be strictly enforced, and that a candidate need show only fundamental knowledge of his subjects to be passed. Other faculties made the same announcement to their students through private circular letters. This promise of an easy examination is expected to attract applicants by the score.

## What He Died Of.

At a railway bookstall—A fashionable couple are searching for something to read during the approaching journey. She—"Last days of Pompeii"—what did he die of? He—"Don't know exactly, but believe it was some sort of an eruption."

A Natural Mistake.—German (just arrived in New York)—Say, my friend, will you tell me what dot-limburger cheese factory was? Police officer—That ain't no cheese factory what yer smells—dat's de streets.

## ABSINTHE DRINKING IN FRANCE.

Origin of the Practice and Its Wide Prevalence—Some of Its Victims.

There seems to be no doubt that absinthe as a cordial was largely made by the old French confiseurs, who were experts in the science of distillation; but it was only used as a flavor to other beverages, and does not seem to have become a common potion until about the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe. The balance of evidence so far as it is obtainable, would seem to show that the Algerian campaign, in the days when the Princess of the Orleans family were fighting so bravely in North Africa, and when the favorite song of the French troops was "La Coquette du Pere Bagaud," had a great deal to do with the popularization of absinthe among military men. The operations of war had to be carried out not only under a burning sun, but in all seasons at all hours, and very often on marshy ground. The men were exposed to continual "fumes" and nothing is more probable than that some skilful and kindly military surgeon, observing the ravages made by brandy on the health of the troops in such a climate as that of Algeria, prescribed as a stimulant diluted absinthe. The soldiers may have made wry faces at first at a beverage which to the uninitiated tastes very like "doctor's stuff," but with disastrous celerity they soon grew to like it and to drink it in excess.

From a camp tonic, dispensed to recruit exhausted strength, and which in the beginning may have been as beneficent as the encephalyptic cordial served out to the laborers in the Roman Campaign, absinthe became the favorite pick-me-up in the Algerian cafes. It soon re-crossed the Mediterranean, left its traces at Marseilles and Toulon, and with terrible quickness became domiciled in Paris. It seized, so to speak, upon the people just as gin did in the London populace early in the eighteenth century, and has never since released its dreadful grip. We had positively to pass an act of Parliament in George II.'s time to diminish the number of ginshops, and to restrict the consumption of the poison by placing largely increased excise duties upon it. Our neighbors have not yet seen fit to pass any law, tending to suppress, or even to restrict, the sale of absinthe. The deleterious stuff has absolutely been allowed to adulterate the French language. Modern dictionaries have not scrupled to admit the verb "absintheor," to absintheate, and "absintheur," which is to swell or gorge one's self with absintheur; and there is even an aphorism current in the brasseries: "If thou hesitates, absintheate thyself." Poetry, finally, has been pressed into the darkly fascinating service of this maleficent herb. Absinthe has been called, from its half verdant, half opalescent hue, the "Fairy with the Green Eyes." Infinitely baleful, pernicious, fatal, has that green-eyed fairy been to tens of thousands of Frenchmen, gentle and simple, lettered and unlettered; nor among the victims of the seductive poison should be forgotten one of the greatest poets of modern France, Alfred de Musset.

## THE CROWN OF BOHEMIA.

A Question That Is Bothering the Government of Austria-Hungary.

The question as to whether the emperor of Austria shall be crowned king of Bohemia has suddenly become the topic of the day, says a Vienna dispatch, owing to the appointment of Count Thun, governor of Bohemia; Count Thun's predecessor, Gen. Kraus, is supposed to have been displaced because he failed in the policy which was to conciliate the Czechs and Germans, but Count Thun will not even attempt such a policy, for he has long ago declared that the pretensions of the Czechs and Germans are irreconcilable. Count Thun is a nationalist who has always held to the theory that the 3,000,000 Czechs of Bohemia must be supreme in all things over the minority of 2,000,000 Germans.

The "Paster Lloyd" and other Hungarian papers have begun to say that if the coronation is to be a mere ceremony, and if it will pacify the Czechs, Hungary can have no objection to it; but the German press of Vienna and Prague argues loudly that the question can not be disposed of on these easy terms. The coronation, as the German writers declare, would be only the first step toward home rule—that is, toward the establishment of dualism, a policy which would assuredly drive the Germans of Bohemia to seek severance from the Czechs and incorporation with the German fatherland.

This question of the coronation is such a burning one and touches so many combustible points in the organization of this monarchy that some authoritative decision will no doubt be announced in the emperor's name to put a stop to the angry discussions which are now raging.

## An Outlook for Gore.

"Mrs. Close, as a neighbor of yours I came in to say that I have made up my mind to keep chickens."

"That's all right if you keep 'em, but if they are forever leaving your jurisdiction to invade mine there's goin' to be gore in the atmosphere, and you can count on it."

## Obtaining the Necessary Permission.

The Young Man (rapturously)—"And now, Flosie, it only remains for you to name the happy day. Please make it soon, very, very soon, darling."

The Young Woman (in the kitchen a few moments later)—"Bridget, would it interfere with any of your engagements if I should be married three weeks from next Wednesday evening?"

## She Was in Doubt and Took the Trick.

The careful housewife, finding that the nursemaid had not come down, went up to her room and found the girl in bed, looking very queer and complaining of pain and violent sickness. On being asked what was the matter she explained that, having a bad cold, she had taken some patent medicine which had been recommended for the children.

"How much did you take?"

"Well, mum, I went by the directions of the bottle and it said 'Ten drops for a 5-year-old, thirty drops for an adult and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I was 'an infant and I didn't know what a adult was so I supposed I must be an emetic, and I took a tablespoonful and it have pretty high turned me inside out."