

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

BROTHER GARDNER HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ON RESOLVES.

Certain Members, Having Resolved Not to Do So Any More, Are Promptly Called to Account—It Is One Thing to Swear Off and Another to Stick to It.

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"It has cum to my knowledge," said Brother Gardner as he signaled to Samuel Shid to drop another empty soap box into the stove, "dat sartin members of dis Lime Kiln club has swore off. Brudder Waydown Bebe, I've bin told dat yo' resolved to be a better man."

"Yes, sah, I did," proudly replied Brother Bebe.
"Waal, I've sorry fur it. When I find a man nigh on to 50 years old resolutin to change hisself all ober an begin at de bottom of de ladder agin, I hain't got no faith in him. I allus feel dat he's practicin some deepshun. Take yo' case, fur instance. While yo' has resolved to be a better man, yo' haven't cum around an paid me dat \$3 borrowed money which yo' still owed fur two y'ars. Up to last night yo' still owed yo' grocer an old balance, an he was dun threatenin to punch yo' head. Early in de fall yo' bought an obercoat of Judge Johnson fur \$7, promisin to pay w'ihin two weeks, but it seems to hev slipped yo' mind. Brudder Shindig Watkins, I h'arn dat on a recent occasion yo' also swore off—yo' resolved not to run in debt any mo'."

"Dat's what I did, sah," replied Brother Watkins.
"I hain't got no praise fur yo', either, fur I don't believe yo' could run in debt any mo' if yo' tried eber so hard. It was a cheap resolve, it won't cause yo' any sacrifice to hang right to it. How am it wid yo', Judge Cabiff? I've bin told dat yo' resolved to save \$100 dis next y'ar."

"Yes, sah," replied the judge.
"I guess yo' kin do it if yo' beg yo'r tobacco an make odder folks pay fur yo'r beer, an dat's p'obably what yo' am figgerin on. Brudder Samuel Shid, am it true dat yo' resolved not to tell a single lie fur twelve months?"

"It ar!" exclaimed Samuel as he bobbed up.
"I've sorry fur dat—werry sorry. Fur de last 10 y'ars yo' has been known as de champion cull'd liar of de United States. Yo' will diskriver dat no one will now believe yo' when yo' am speakin de truth. Account



"DE CHAMPION CULL'D LIAR."
In to' what I've heard, Sir Isaac Walpole, Admiral Jones, Judge Caboots an General Rambo Green am among de dozen or mo' of yo' who has riz up to make resolves. I observe on each one o' yo' faces a sort of saintly sufferin look, as if dis resolve bizness was killin yo' by inches, but yo' was determined not to give in 'till death cum. I furdur observe dat each an ebery one o' yo' am behind in yo'r dues, an I wouldn't trust one of de lot widin fo' rods of my hen roost on a dark night!"

There was a flutter of excitement throughout Paradise hall, during which some one upset Elder Toots, who was sound asleep, as usual, and some one else broke a lamp chimney. Brother Gardner finally rapped for order, and continued:

"I've an ole man. Fur de last fo'ty y'ars I've bin studiy my feller man. I've made a speshal study of dis resolutin an swarin off bizness, an I tell yo' plainly dat I doan want nuffin to do wid a man who has to wait fur a pertickler day to cum around to resolve to lead a different life. Dar's too much machinery about it. An I has furdur diskrived dat de swar' off makes things mighty easy. If he's a drinkin man, he resolves not to use any mo' profanity. If he's a spendthrift, he resolves not to pick a fight wid anybody. If he's a liar, he resolves to save mo' money. It's generally a resolve widout de slightest sacrifice, an it's a resolve lastin from three to ten days. When yo' meet up wid a man of 25, yo' kin figger dat his ways am sot. He hain't too good nor too bad. When dat pusson gits outer bet on a sartin day an calls hisself a drunkard, deadbeat, gambler, hoss thief, liar an swindler, an resolves to live a different life, look out fur him! He hain't to be trusted half as much as befo'. At de next meetin of dis club de roll will be called to ascertain how many members am still stickin to deir resolves, an all sich will be marked on de books as suspicious characters."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Fatal Mistake Made by a Too Zealous Incubator Man.

IT WAS TOO SOON.—When a gentleman from Iowa named White called at THE KICKER office Monday afternoon and informed us that he intended to put a chicken incubator on exhibition next day and invite the public in to witness its workings, we advised him not to do it. We told him that we had succeeded in introducing the russet shoe, the blue necktie and the pink suspender to this community, but only with a six shooter in either hand and a private graveyard to our credit. We labored with him to make him understand that while civilization may hump along at the rate of 50 miles an hour, culture never gets beyond the speed of a stream of New Orleans molasses creeping over an unplanned floor, but he decided to try the experiment. Tuesday afternoon he opened out in a building on Apache avenue, and among his first callers was Jim Henderson, who is down on even a new brand of whisky.

"What's she fur?" asks Jim as he poked at the incubator with the muzzle of one of his guns.
"To hatch chickens by artificial heat."
"The sort of chickens yo' hev in theosest?"
"Yes."
"Chickens and red stockings and white shirts and yaller gloves and h'ar ile and stuffed ch'ars and sich all go together, don't they?"
"Yes."
"And ye hain't got no masheen fur hatchin out wolves, b'ars, panthers, kytes, rattlesnakes, Injuns, whisky, terbakker, revolvers and buckskin shirts?"
"No."
"Stranger!" says old Jim as he reached for his other gun, "I was over to Prescott

when they interduced the fust chicken, and inside of 10 days they begun to talk about laws and sidewalk and lemonade and shirt buttons, and in another 10 I was driv out. I was in Tombstone when the fust chicken crowd, and inside of two weeks you couldn't find a drink of whisky which would burn your throat half way down. That was good times in Tucson till the chicken, and the pianer, and the tablecloth got thar. Thar was b'ars and snakes and hoss thieves all around Gila City till the chicken got thar and sp'iled the fun. I cum up yere hopin to live out the rest of my days in peace, and the fust thing I know along cum the blamed chicken! Stranger, I'm a man as kin stand a heap o' grief and hard luck, but this ar a leetle too much!"



"I WAS IN TOMSTONE WHEN THE FUST CHICKEN CROWD."

he noticed that Dan White, Hank Stevens, Tom Rich and half a dozen other felices of the Drift Period were crowding closer and breathing harder.
"But hain't we got no rights?" demaunds old Jim as his hair began to curl. "It is the chicken today, handkerchiefs tomorrow, and then follers knives and forks and winder curtains and grammar and stuffed ch'ars and lookin glasses and white sugar! Boys, kin we stand it?"
"No, never!" yells the crowd.
"Shell we stand yere and see the chicken git more'n a fa'r show over the varminis and reptiles we hev livd with fur the last 30 y'ars?"
"We'll die fust!"
"Stranger!" says old Jim as he turns to the incubator man, "the feelin of this crowd is agin ye. It is agin yer chickens. It is down on yer masheen. We take it that ye mean all right, but hev got yere 50 y'ars too soon. Please stand aside till we git through shootin."

The man from Iowa got out of line just as seven or eight men opened fire on the incubator, and five minutes later the only portion he could find of it was a wrought iron hinge belonging to the cover. When the performance was over, the boys asked him to go and take a drink, but he didn't feel thirsty and begged off. He came over to see us about it, but we could say very little to console him. As an editor and a public spirited citizen we are gradually introducing innovations into this community, and we fondly believe the day will come when the chicken of civilization will perch upon the spire of the academy of education and culture, but we are a people who can't be rushed. We must be led up to the billed shirt, the patent clothespin, the encyclopedia and the silver backed hairbrush by slow degrees. Little by little we are letting go of the customs and traditions of our fathers, but no critter can jump in here with the idea that we can make ourselves all over in a day.

AN AMERICAN LEGEND.

A Girl Who Wasn't Satisfied With Certain Evidences.

Once upon a time a sage whose wisdom had made him famous was stopped on the highway as he traveled about by a first class article of young woman, who said:
"O sage, my mind is troubled, and I appeal to you for some fatherly advice."
"Use sunflower tea for the complexion!" replied the benign old man as he patted her golden hair in a grandfatherly way.
"But it is not my complexion, O wise man. There is a youth who says he loves me."
"I don't believe him," said the old man as he winked at the nearest telegraph pole.



"MY MIND IS TROUBLED."

"I wish to test his love and make sure of him before I give him my hand. How can I do it?"
"Has he offered to jump over a precipice for thee?"
"He has. He will precipitate himself at a moment's notice."
"Or throw himself into the river?"
"Yea, he will do that."
"Has he written you a letter in blood at midnight?"
"Six of them, O sage."
"And threatened to suicide if you refused him?"
"He has even bought six kinds of choice poisons, warranted to stand in any climate. Most any girl would be satisfied with these evidences, but I am not, and I therefore appeal to you."
"Thou' hast a father?" queried the sage as he stroked his long goatee.
"I hast," replied the maid.
"Then let him say unto William next time that young man appears that if he marries into the family he will be expected to support the old folks in first class style and pay up all back debts."
"And if he truly loves me?"
"He'll let you know all about it after the old man goes up stairs. Goodby, sissy—this is my busy day."
P. S.—The girl subsequently married a grocery clerk, who plainly told her when the courtship began that he'd be hanged to by gosh if he'd even precipitate himself down cellar for any woman who ever wore shoes.

Too Much Freedom.

A colored man who looked to be 60 years old was headed for the center of the town, walking in the middle of the road and carrying a letter in his hand, when the colored driver of a dray going in the opposite direction halted him and inquired:

"Look yere, ole man, whar yo' gittin along to wid dat letter in yo'r hand?"
"Gwine to de possibils, sah," was the reply.
"I don't reckon yo' libs around yere? I can't remember dat I has seen yo' befo'."
"Ize out on Mars Jones' plantashun, sah."
"Oh! Yo's bot dar? An did Mars Jones dun writ dat letter hisself?"
"No, sah. I dun writ it myself."
"Shoo! How much postage yo' gwine to put on?"
"Two cents, sah."
"An does yo' know de way to de possibils?"
"Yes, sah. I dun writ it myself."
"And does yo' know how to mail dat letter?"
"Yes, sah.—Ize much obleeged, but I knows all about it."
"Yo' does, eh? Boy, don't yo' say yo's much obleeged to me, fur I won't stand it! De ideah of a country nigger comin in yere an knowin all about de possibils and mails and stamps! Yo's gittin too peart, sah! Ize spected all along dat de wuss thing dat could be done was givin de nigger ekal rights, an yere am de proof of it! Yo' better lose dat peartness o' yo's right smart! If yo' don't, I shall driv around an see de possmaster, an 'bout de time yo' git dar wid dat letter which yo' writ yo'self yo'll find a calamity mixed up wid de corposity! Yo' kin go ahead dis time an mail yo'r letter, but mind what I'm tellin yo'! Next time yo' cum in wid a letter yo' dun stop me an inqur' de way to de possibils an all about how to mail a letter an hev it go out same as white folks. Don't make no mistake 'om me, nigger! I kin gib yo' seibenteen million pinters on possibils and dea hev lets left!"
M. QUAD.

THE WEALTHY AND INFLUENTIAL.
Lord Rosebery is a devoted father. He out the cabinet meeting rather short in order to be with his little daughter at Dalmeny park on her fifteenth birthday.
Admiral Ito, the Japanese hero of the day, who is known among his devoted sailors as "the Lean Admiral," on account of his extreme thinness, has a daughter who is one of Japan's very few blonde beauties.
By the etiquette of the Russian court a princess entering it by marriage brings nothing in the way of a wardrobe except the clothes she wears. The magnificent trousseau being prepared in Paris is at the expense of the Czar.
A German journalist, who visited Bismarck recently, says that the ex-chancellor has aged very much in the last few months. He eats with difficulty, can hardly hold himself erect, and speaks only in a tone so low that it is hard to understand him.
The Emperor of Russia has four separate "services" of horses and carriages. Fifty horses comprise each set, and in one the horses are perfectly white, with blue eyes, and anything more magnificent in the way of trappings than their harness can hardly be conceived.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

To choose time is to save time.—Eacon.
Immortal custom is transcendent law.—Menu.
The root of all discontent is self-love.—J. F. Clarke.
Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.—L. E. Landon.
A grateful thought toward Heaven is of itself a prayer.—Lessing.
All men's faces are true, whatso'er their hands are.—Shakespeare.
A robin redbreast in a cage puts all heaven in a rage.—William Blake.
Death is but the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—H. W. Beecher.
Lord Chatham and Napoleon were as much actors as Garrick or Talma.—E. P. Whipple.
All despotism is bad; but the worst of that which works with the machinery of freedom.—Junius.
Thought convinces; feeling persuades. Thought sees beauty; emotion feels it.—Theodore Parker.

CURIOSITIES OF PEARLS.

During the last century pearls to the value of £10,000 were taken from the river Tay.
Black pearls were at one time practically valueless, but now they command much higher prices than the finest pink or white specimens.
Some of the most beautiful of pearls are found in parts of the ocean where fresh water falls as at Suakin in the Red Sea and in the Island of Poosh.
An ingenious American desires to patent a process for manufacturing real pearls by securing from oyster shells the matter which is deposited around any foreign substance finding its way into the shell and dissolve it in acid and then re-deposit it in layers around a pea or shot by suspending them in the fluid.

BAYONET POINTS.

Only four of the survivors of Napoleon's great army are still alive: Jean Jacques Sebastian, 102; Victor Bailloil and Jean Bousset, 101, and Joseph Rose, 100.
Engineer in Chief Melville says that in the Olympia, Minneapolis, Columbia and New York, the United States has four cruisers that for speed beat anything in the world.
Aluminium is now used instead of steel for the nails and heel plates of the German soldiers' boots. The results expected are quicker and better marching.
Fifteen years after they were lost in the disaster at Isandhlwana, in Zululand, the colors of the Twenty-fourth regiment, the South Wales Borderers, have been recovered. They come some way into the hands of a French nobleman, who has just transferred them to the British military attache at Paris.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

Washington, D.C., has 600 varieties of trees.
The largest flower is the "Rafflesia," named in honor of Sir S. Raffles, which is a native of Sumatra. The diameter often exceeds nine feet.
Melweiss is rapidly disappearing in many parts of Tyrol. To save it, the landtag has lately imposed a fine for selling the plant with the roots.
It is known that trees have attained the following ages: Elm, 335 years; cypress 330; ivy, 450; larch, 570; chestnut, 600; orange, 630; palm, 650; olive, 700; or nut plane, 730; cedar, 800; lime, 1,100; oak, 1,390; yew, 2,800.
A string bean with a blue pod was the sensation of the recent Crystal Palace fruit show. The first plant was obtained by accident from a job lot of French seed, but the grower has now fixed the type and can produce it regularly.

FANGS OF THE RATTLER.

NOT CORRECTLY DESCRIBED IN MOST BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Some Curious Things Disclosed by an Examination of a Dead Specimen—Marvelous Mechanism of the Reptile's Deadly Jaw.

An opportunity of dissecting the business parts of the *Crotalus horridus*, or, in plain English, the horrid rattler, which is the literal meaning of this, its scientific name, goes to prove, what many scientific persons will tell you, viz., that the encyclopedias are the very worst sources to go to for any accurate information on scientific matters. The best newspapers now furnish this kind of information. And very truly this holds good in regard to this reptile, which is classed among the vipers, and of the vipers it is said, "They have but one fang."

The accompanying drawing is from life, or, rather from death, of a good sized rattler, carefully dissected. The reptile was nearly four feet long, had thirteen rattles, and when opened was found to have dined not long before on three young rabbits, which were lying snugly in its very long stomach, lengthwise, one after the other, as they were swallowed. The tail at the junction of the rattles is formed of a bundle of fibres much like those of a "Carred rope, one-third of an inch in diameter, twisted in the same manner, and crossed, so as to give a great force to the end of the tail, on which the loose rattles are arranged.

But the other end of the reptile is of the most interesting, because the examination completely upsets all the popular notions so far held about the fangs. There were four of these on each jaw. One was as shown in the drawing, quite large, over half an inch in length. This is the needle, but not the conveyor of the poison. This is a triple fang, or three separate fangs, very loosely attached to the moving muscle, so that they are very easily drawn out, and they are almost invisible, on account of their clear translucent color, so that they might easily escape notice in a wound made by the real fang. These poison fangs are hollow and are directly attached to the sac in which the poison is contained.

In separating this sac from the hollow seen in the root of the fang, the poison ducts became loose, with the sac, and were easily drawn with the sac out of the opening seen at the back of the fang. This fang is solidly attached to the loose, hollow bone seen at its lower end, which is connected by a hinge of strong muscle or tendon to the articulation of the jawbone. By the action of this hinge the fang is

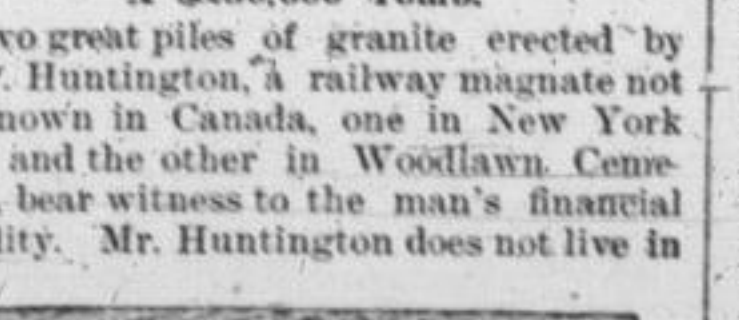


A RATTLER'S BUSINESS END.

erected and forced through the opening in the front of the muscular covering by which it is concealed when it is at rest. It then lies down on the jawbone at the back of the sharp, hooked teeth, set firmly in the jaws. This covering muscle lies like a soft cushion at the back part of the jaw, merely showing the rounded orifice through which the fangs are forced when the muscle is contracted.
This muscle is shown by the clear line drawn around the fangs, and it covers as well the loose bone and the jaw around which it is wrapped just behind the articulation and the teeth. They are eight teeth, quite small, on each side of the jaw. The jawbone has a ridge running lengthwise, with flanges on each side of it, by which it is attached to the muscles of the cheeks.
The tongue is a thin slender fiber attached by strong muscles not forked, as popularly supposed, but appearing to be so by its rapid vibration when the reptile is disturbed and shows its hostility to the intruder by giving some of its very sharp tongue. It is very clear under these circumstances that the most apparent fang is the puncturing instrument, and when it has done its work the deadly true fangs, which are tubular, enter the wounds and discharge their load of poison. These are plainly seen to be tubes, and are made exactly like the horns of a cow. They are shown of the actual size of the specimen, as are all the other drawings. Under the microscope the substance of them looks like pearl, and has a delicate polish and finish. No surgical instrument is made so delicately.

A \$250,000 Tomb.

Two great piles of granite erected by C. P. Huntington, a railway magnate not unknown in Canada, one in New York City and the other in Woodlawn Cemetery, bear witness to the man's financial solidity. Mr. Huntington does not live in



C. P. HUNTINGTON'S TOMB.

his big stone palace at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, nor is he to be found at his huge mausoleum. The tomb faces the east, on the very crest of Chapel Hill, a sentinel placed to look out over Westchester County.
The mausoleum of the President of the Southern Pacific Railroad is empty. It has been five years in the building. Nothing in the new world approaches it in durability. Each tier of the steps in the fifty feet of solid rock, from the roadway to the door of the mausoleum, is hewn from a single piece of granite. The main platform is a single forty-ton stone. Its foundation is sixteen feet under ground.
The mausoleum is 42 feet long, 28 feet wide and 34 feet high. The gates are of bronze, and the interior is of Italian marble. It contains sixteen catacombs. The architecture is that of a Roman temple of the Doric order. It cost a quarter of a million dollars, and there isn't a stone in it that weighs less than eighteen tons. Over the top of the door is the single word, in plain letters, "Huntington."

The British parliament meets Feb. 5th.

THE BLIND TYPEWRITER.

Extracts from His Machine Message on Behalf of the Sightless.

I see there is a prevalent opinion, concerning blind people, that blindness of the eyes means incapacity in many directions and inability to perform most things which sight, through the medium of the eyes, enables one to do. In other words, expressing the general belief tersely, blindness is only another name for helplessness. This is an error and severe injustice to the blind.

It is merciful to humanity, blessed with the greatest of all God's gifts to man, eyesight, to put no trust in this general belief, for if it were correct no amount of censure would be adequate to heap upon the world in general for



MARVIN R. CLARK, THE BLIND JOURNALIST.

the common neglect to provide for those who, through no fault of their own, as actually happens in most cases, have been deprived of that which millions of worlds with all of their combined wealth could not purchase for them.

I have never seen any class of afflicted ones on earth so worthy of tender care and solicitude as the blind. I speak from sad experience when I say that these suffer more from their loss than any other afflicted ones, because their loss is far greater and more frequently hopeless of cure and improvement. I speak for a heroic part of humanity who are always not only ready but eager to help themselves, and to whom the general meaning of charity is a horror worse than their affliction, if anything can be worse than blindness.

I have yet to meet a helpless blind man. It is noticeable that the helpfulness of the blind is not confined to themselves, for it extends to all humanity and there is no greater delight to a blind man than to possess the ability to assist, by his individual exertions, others who are needy, whether suffering from blindness or any other affliction. In this country there are thousands of men and women who have been deprived of their eyesight to a greater or lesser degree, who are self-supporting, while there are not a few who possess great wealth which has been accumulated through their individual exertions during the term of their deprivation.

Many of the accomplishments of blind people are accounted to be wonderful by those who are blessed with eyesight, and in many cases this is true. Ever since this blindness came upon me I have frequently been astonished at the accomplishments of some blind people. The performance of "Blind Tom," the negro pianist, was astonishing although he was possessed of a small amount of eyesight.

When I am informed that many blind people can distinguish between the different denominations of paper money; that blind women can tell the colors of worsteds and other materials; that men and women who are blind can travel all day through our busy streets without loss of life or limb and even without the chance of accident; that an actor can perform his part upon the theatrical stage, although blind, as naturally as any man who can see his way before the footlights; that almost all the affairs of life have been performed as perfectly by the blind as they can be done by others, and when you, too, are informed of these astonishing facts, I am sure that we cannot doubt the proposition that when the eyesight is gone the other senses fly to make up the deficiency in the being over whom they preside and, to a great degree, at least, repair the deficiency.

The estimates that have reached me state that in Paris, France, there are 32,000 so-called blind persons; that there are 200,000 in Europe and 2,000,000 in the whole world, but there is no statement extant, as far as I have been able to ascertain, as to the proportion of totally blind people among the numbers given by these figures.

In my own case newspapers all over the world have frequently spoken of my wonderful work on the typewriter and the short space of time in which I accomplished the mastery of the machine, having never touched one before my total blindness six years ago. Yet, to me, it was a very simple task which necessity set me to do. Learning the operation of the typewriter became a pleasure, and operating it has always been a pleasant one.

One of the most astonishing accomplishments of a blind man is his walking around his room, throughout the house and through the crowded streets of a city. I have found, by experience, that the accomplishment of this feat is owing principally to the keen appreciation of the air upon the skin. When approaching a solid object the air is compressed upon his face to a greater or less degree, according to the size of that object and the velocity of approach. I say that simply by this perception of the weight of the air upon the face the object may be discerned, and I mean just that, but to the aid of a blind man frequently, and I may say generally, come the senses of smelling, hearing and tasting, as well as feeling.

I cannot say it from experience, but I do say it with the strongest kind of belief in the truthfulness of the assertion, that the compensation of the other senses for the loss of one of their fellows is never so great as in the case of loss of eyesight. I, being blind, form pictures of all things, the presence of which makes me sensible, through my sense of smell, of their existence in certain shapes and colors. Immediately I paint a picture which remains with me, and by my estimate of distance I locate each store or factory, depot and so on and appropriate its distance from my residence or place of business.

I see all these things. I see the yielding leaves in June and paint them in all their verdant color and I not only hear the rustle of the dry leaf in October, but see the bright colors in the dry leaf. Do not see all this and cannot I depict all that I see? I will make the endeavor.

MARVIN R. CLARK.

MUSICAL POINTS.

George Henschel has written a Stabat Mater, which will be given in Albert Hall this winter by the Royal Choral Society.
A new string sextet, by a boy of sixteen named Bernhard Kohler, recently created an extraordinary sensation at Cologne.
A manuscript mass by Bellini is reported to have been discovered in Italy. It has been sent to the Naples conservatory of music to have its genuineness passed upon.