

BE STRONG.

Be strong to-day; the world needs men of nerve and muscle, heart and brain. To war for Truth and conquer Wrong. The light is on; the foes combine; The ether passes down the line; "Quit you like men; be strong."

QUEER OLD DOBBLES.

It was back in the '58 or '59 that Dobbles made his first appearance in Red Star gulch. Rich seams had been struck, and the boys were making money pretty rapidly. As a natural consequence the influx of settlers was great, but the newcomers were all young or middle aged men—all except Dobbles.

"Queer Old Dobbles," as he came to be called almost from the day of his appearance in the gulch, excited only curiosity at first. He seemed hard of comprehension, in fact, very simple-minded, and never spoke except when directly addressed. He appeared about camp at all hours of the day and night, until it became a mooted question if he ever slept at all.

More dead than alive, old Dobbles was dragged for the distance of a half mile out upon the Payson City road, where there was a convenient tree for hanging. The store-keeper brought an empty barrel upon his shoulder, and on the head of this the old man was made to stand. In a few moments a halter was tied around his neck, and the other end swung over a low projecting limb of the tree.

The proportions of the crowd had steadily increased until there were hundreds of men upon the scene. Maurice Telson was there, and evidently relished the summary justice to be dealt out to this poor infirm wretch. "I hope they'll make a quick job of it," he said to those around him.

The scene that followed was a wild, indescribable one. Cheers went up from hundreds of throats as it became evident that their victim had but a few minutes to live. Old Dobbles was seen wildly gesticulating for silence, and gradually the noise subsided sufficiently for him to make himself heard.

"Men," he began in a tone that was weak at first, but strengthened and became clearer as he went on. "I have a little story to tell you before I go to that place above. I had a daughter once, as good and pure a woman as any that can be found outside of heaven. She was dutiful to me and my one ambition was to see her happy in life. There never was a cloud upon our little horizon until a man came in to our home one day whom I have cursed ever since.

"Men, it was the old story of betrayal and desertion. My poor darling, once innocent in the eyes of all men, and still innocent in the eyes of the misguided love, left my roof and followed that man. Sometimes she would overtake him, only to be repulsed, only to follow him again and again, in the blind hope that sooner or later he would relent and take her to his heart once more.

Old Dobbles paused and looked around him. Only his eye saw a cloud of dust up the Payson City road, a cloud that dimly enveloped the forms of approaching horsemen.

"Well," demanded a burly miner, "what's this to do with us?" "Let me finish," answered the old man, "and then do your will with me. As my daughter became an outcast and a wanderer, so I, too, left my lonely home and followed in her footsteps as best I could. Never once did I overtake her, but many times I nearly found her only to be eluded. Her two ruling ideas were to join the man she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she had visited so much sorrow.

"I followed her into the mining camps, but never succeeded in exactly locating her. I came to Red Star Gulch and discovered, not her, but the villain who had brought all this wretchedness on me and mine. He has found prosperity here, here where his past is unknown to you. To-day he received a letter from my Jennie and crumpled it up in his hands. I was following him and picked it up. My poor little girl is in Payson City now pleading that she may join him.

Dobbles paused again, his voice choked by sobs, and cast a covert glance up the road. The cloud of dust was coming nearer. A few minutes would suffice to bring the horsemen to the tree. But none except the old man saw this, so absorbed were the rest in his words.

It was plain that he was carrying his hearers with him, when Maurice Telson broke in impatiently: "Who is this man you accuse? Come, out with it, old man." "It is you!" shouted old Dobbles, and immediately subsided into a fit of coughing.

"You lie!" yelled Telson. "Come, boys, up with the old rascal." But there was a division of opinion whether the hanging should take place. Pistols were drawn and it looked as if sides would be formed. Dobbles, alone of all the crowd, seemed perfectly calm as he stood upon the barrel, awaiting the decision of his fate.

I'll swear the 'queer' stuff wasn't substituted for good on the way home. If the money was changed—and it certainly appears to have been—it happened after we got here with it, and without my knowledge."

Another pay-day came around, and several thousand dollars more of the worthless currency got into circulation, despite the great vigilance exercised by every one concerned.

Excitement and indignation grew to feverish proportions, and on the following morning strange stories got about about the gulch. It was said that a solitary horseman had galloped into camp late at night, that he had gone straight to old Dobbles' cabin, had remained there for upward of an hour, and then had galloped off again at a break-neck pace. The visit of the mysterious stranger coupled with the circulation of spurious money assumed a dark import in the minds of the miners when these rumors became generally known.

About 9 o'clock in the forenoon old Dobbles, apparently feebler than ever, strolled into the vicinity of the Marjorie. The men regarded him with the blackest looks, which he did not seem to notice. He tarried for several minutes, speaking to no one, and spoken to by none. At last he turned to go, when as if by common impulse, the miners roughly seized him and threw him to the ground.

Old Dobbles lay as if fazed, and asked no explanation. Twenty or thirty men bounded off to his cabin, and came back a few minutes later with several small bags of specie. The storekeeper, who had been attracted to the scene by the unusual proceedings, examined the bags one after another, and pronounced the coins all bad and spurious.

"Up with him! Short life and a speedy journey for the rascal!" shouted the infuriated miners. More dead than alive, old Dobbles was dragged for the distance of a half mile out upon the Payson City road, where there was a convenient tree for hanging. The store-keeper brought an empty barrel upon his shoulder, and on the head of this the old man was made to stand. In a few moments a halter was tied around his neck, and the other end swung over a low projecting limb of the tree.

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"Hang him!" shouted the Superintendent again. "Then as many of you as like may go to Payson City with me, and if the old man's words are true, use me as you are about to use him."

This brought back to the miners the real issue at stake, and several of them reached forward to seize the rope and swing the alleged counterfeiter into space. But the horsemen had arrived; they wore blue coats and at their head rode a sergeant; beside him a man in plain clothes.

"Stop!" thundered the officer. "We want that man," and the troops drove straight through the astonished crowd. "Why, it's McCausland himself!" exclaimed the man in plain clothes who had borne the sergeant company. "What in the world are you doing up there, Mac?"

And to the astonishment of everybody, except the newcomers, old Dobbles straightened up and looked wonderfully energetic and supremely happy. Those near enough heard him say: "They had me up as the counterfeiter, and I am afraid they would have hanged me if I hadn't known you were coming before sundown, and so endeavor to hold their interest until you got here. You see, they went to my hut and found that coin which I had seized in Telson's cabin unbeknown to him. Really it did look like a clear case against me, didn't it?"

"It certainly did," assented the man in plain clothes, "and I'm mighty glad we got her when we did. You wouldn't look nice, Mac, dangling from a tree in this wild west country."

"See here, Dobbles, or Mac, or what's your name, how about that darter of your'n in Payson City?" demanded one of the miners who had listened to the above dialogue with a great deal of curiosity, but not with very much clearness of perception.

Old Dobbles laughed heartily in a way he had never been heard to laugh before in the camp, as he answered: "My name is McCausland—Captain McCausland, of the United States secret service. I have been here the greater part of a year, trying to make out a case against Telson for passing counterfeit money here and elsewhere. I ever was one of the shrewdest fellows I ever came across, and it's been a long hunt. A little while ago I got into Telson's place on the quiet, and seized several bags of the 'queer.' Then I wrote to my friend here, Joe Barker, also of the secret service, who was waiting to hear from me in Payson City, and he was the man who came to the gulch to see me last night. When he left he promised to bring the troops to assist me to-day, and he has saved my life by doing so."

"But what about your darter in Payson City?" persisted three or four of the men, who did not even then comprehend the situation. "My daughter, gentlemen," responded the captain, who seemed suddenly to have grown younger, "was simply the creature of my own fancy, and I think I owe my life to a clever bit of acting. I never had a daughter and yet she saved my life. Strange, isn't it?"

But while the captain was talking Barker had not been idle. Telson was making off across the country as fast as he could go on foot, but the younger detective, with the assistance of some of the miners, overtook him and brought him back.

The ex-superintendent and counterfeiter hadn't a word to say; he was tied to a saddle, and the detectives and troops started back to Payson City with their prisoner by sundown.

"Don't forget your poor old Dobbles, boys," cried McCausland as he galloped out of the camp that evening amid cheers from hundreds of throats. "And they never did the tale of 'Queer Old Dobbles' and his long and patient hunt for the counterfeiter is one that the new generation of miners there are never tired of hearing."

John Dawson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a middle-aged man who is intelligent and rational on every other topic, but is a thorough crank on the subject of bills of large denominations. He is well known among bankers, brokers and merchants, and knowing his weakness for large bills they save them for him, as they generally know what days Dawson makes his rounds. He walks into a bank or office and says, "Any large bill or two?" If the cashier hands him a \$100 bill he is delighted, but if the bill should happen to be of a \$1,000 denomination he goes wild with joy. This is his mode of procedure: He takes the bill into his hands, fondles it, looks at it with longing eyes, places it in his vest pocket and walks up and down the room for about five minutes. He then takes the bill out of his pocket and with a "Thank you, sir," he returns it. He devotes a day or two every week to this sort of thing, and the more money he can handle and place in his vest pocket the happier he is. In all other respects Dawson is as rational as any man in Cleveland.

MISTAKEN ANTHROW.—"Will you pass me the butter, please?" asked a seedy-looking stranger of a snob at a restaurant table.

"That's the waiter over there, sir," was the supercilious reply. "I beg your pardon," returned the stranger, "I did make a mistake."

"You're only adding insult, sir!" broke in the snob; "nothing could induce me to believe that you mistook me for a waiter!"

"Certainly not," returned the stranger, "I mistook you for a gentleman!"

A HARD HEART SOFTENED.—Young lady.—"Father, this is scandalous! The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition!" Old gentleman.—"Couldn't (hie) help it, m' dear. Met zee young feller I wouldn't let zee marry, an' (hie) had some drinks wiz him, and he's such a good feller I said he (hie) could marry you right off, m' dear."

"Mercy! Where is he?" "Dunno, m' dear. P'liceman took 'im off (hie) in wheelbarrow."

The Hardened Sex. Heart-Rendering Experiences of a Well-Bred Young Woman.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Susie Inswim, as she rushed into the room and sank into a chair, "you have no idea of what an afternoon of it I have had."

"Why, what was the trouble?" chorused the maidens. "I've been shopping, you know, all of the afternoon."

"Yes, yes," "Well, there have been crowds and crowds everywhere, and every one is so selfish and rude that I'm just worn out and sick."

"You poor thing. Tell us about it." "I think it's just a shame that people can't be arrested for being rude and mean. You know I started out bright and fresh this afternoon and rode down town in a street-car and it was so crowded—ladies in every seat but one, and a horrid old gray-headed man in that, who only looked up from his paper when I came in, and never offered me his seat nor stirred until a miserable old Irish woman with two big baskets got on, and then the old man got up and I tried to slip into the seat, but he stood right in the way bowing that horrid old woman into his place. She was lame, too. Wasn't it too mean?"

"Shameful! Shameful!" "Everybody was so rude and selfish. You know there was a bargain sale of lace handkerchiefs at Bait & Ketchum's and when I got there such a crowd of women as there was around that counter. I was so afraid that the best bargains would be gone, and not one of those selfish women would budge an inch so that I could get up nearer. I elbowed and pushed and squeezed my way into the jam, until I was almost crushed, and no one seemed to have the least consideration. I hit upon the most novel idea of forcing my way along. It was so funny. Some woman would be in the way and I'd want to get by her, so I'd stick my elbow against her side and real hard, and when she'd turn around to see who it was I'd slip into her place. I managed to get up to the counter before all the bargains were gone, but such pulling and hauling as I had to do to get there was terrible. I was completely tired out. I didn't suppose a crowd of ladies could be so rude and selfish and inconsiderate as most of them were in the crush around that handkerchief counter. Then the vulgar hussy behind the counter was rude, and I only asked a few questions and was quite a long time deciding, and she had the impudence to ask me if I would please make a selection as quickly as possible, as so many ladies were waiting. As though I didn't have the right to take as much time as I liked after I once got to the counter. I stood there twice as long then just to spite her and the crowd of women behind me."

"Where else did you go?" "Oh, lots of places. It was just as crowded everywhere. Women, women all around. I declare I was actually ashamed of my sex to see the way they acted. At the post-office there were lots of people waiting, and when I stepped out of the office I found a crowd of men in ahead of a little snob of an Irish woman, because I was in a hurry, she wouldn't move a bit, and when I tried to get back into my old place the line had closed up, and I had to drop back to the foot of the line. And the line was most all women, too, without a grain of decency or politeness. Isn't it just too awful to think that our sex can be so rude and hardened?"

"Isn't it?" "And each of the other girls told of similar heart-rending experiences, and they all fell to discussing the life of it that that poor, dear Mr. Wallywally would lead when he was married to that snippy little Van Dander girl."

His One Garment. Boys in the North Carolina Mountains Are Not Exactly Dudes.

One who has not lived there can never appreciate the picturesque and peculiar lives of North Carolina mountaineers, says the Washington Post. The railroads, the war, the incursions of revenue officials, have tended, however, largely to obliterate these rare and racial peculiarities. A well known Washington merchant tells the following story on himself: He was born clear up in the mountains near the Tennessee line. His mother died when he was two months old, and his father and grandmother "raised" him by hand in their lonely cabin on the mountain clearing, a few miles from the nearest neighbor. He was clad in a single flowing garment of the Mother Hubbard style, made of homespun wool, which was lengthened as years added length to his limbs.

He never saw a girl until he was 16. That year a terrible drought struck in and his father had to go ten miles down the "cove" to get his corn ground. So he yoked up the steers and threw several bags of corn in the bottom of the cart. The boy, in his peculiar garment, climbed in and sat on the bags. He was going to a new and far-off country, and every sight was a wonder. Arriving at the mill he watched with curious interest the corn making its way from the hopper into the heart of the stone and then spurt out in warm white jets into the trough. He went outside and saw the water pour over and turn the huge overshoot wheel, and peered with a sensation of fear into the dark, mossy cavern into which the wheel was forever retreating.

On arising at a little distance he spied a cabin, and shortly wandered over through the brush in its direction. A rail fence stopped his progress a couple of rods from the doorway, and he leaned over and looked. There, sitting outside the door on a bench, were two girls. One was spinning wool and the other knitting. They were the most beautiful things he had ever seen, and he nearly died right there. They saw him and burst out laughing at his remarkable appearance. He didn't know what to do, but thought it was probably some back, which he did with interest. The mutual entertainment kept up for ten minutes, when one of the girls laughed so hard she rolled off the bench. He thought that was queer, but just then he felt something cold on his legs.

He turned around. As he did so both girls shrieked with laughter and ran into the house. He found that the cold thing on his legs was the muzzle of a bull calf that was chewing away vigorously on what was left of the rear of his dress, which had been shockingly mutilated by the animal during the few minutes he was staring at the girls. He has seen more girls since and bears their smiles with greater equanimity. He is also one of the best dressed men in Washington, but that experience with the bull calf and the girls will never be effaced from his memory.

Never Saw The Like. Cheering Items of News from the Farming Regions of Southern Kansas.

From the Kansas City Times. Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that State. Among the Sunflower pilgrims who landed in the city on Saturday was Charley Barrett, the good-looking and talkative traveling passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific. He had spent five or six days in southern Kansas, and his mouth was going at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute about crops, when he was flagged by a Times man on Main street.

"Wheat!" he exclaimed, "you never saw the like! The farmers down in southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat. Wasn't room enough in the fields to hold the stacks. I saw one—"

"How is the fruit crop?" "Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks. I saw one apple that—"

"Don't the trees break down?" "Trees! You never saw the like! The farmers planted sorghum in the orchards and the stalks grew up like telegraph poles and supported the limbs. I saw one stalk of sorghum that was two feet—"

"How is the broom corn crop?" "Broom corn! You never saw the like! There hasn't been a cloudy day in southern Kansas for a month. Can't you see that? The broom corn grew so high that it kept the clouds swept off the face of the sky as clean as a new floor. They will have to cut the corn down if it gets too dry. Some of the broom corn stalks are so high that—"

"How is the corn crop?" "Corn! You never saw the like! Down in the Neosho and Fall River and Arkansas bottoms the corn is as high as a house. They use step ladders to gather roasting ears."

"Aren't step ladders pretty expensive?" "Expensive! Well! I should say so; but that isn't the worst of it. The trouble is that the children climb up into the corn stalks to hunt for eagles' nests and sometimes fall out and kill themselves. Fourteen funerals in one county last week from that cause. I attended all of them. That is why I am so sad. And, mind you, the corn is not more than half grown. A man at Arkansas City has invented a machine which he calls 'The Solar Corn Harvester and Child Protector.' It is loaded with gas like a balloon and floats over the corn tops and the occupants reach down and cut off the ears of corn with a cavalry sabre. Every Kansas farmer has a cavalry sabre, and—"

"Do they make much cider in Kansas?" "Cider! You never saw the like! Oceans of it! Most of the farmers in Crowley county have filled their cisterns with cider. A proposition was made a few days since to the Water works company of Arkansas City to supply the town with cider through the mains, but the company was compelled to decline because they were afraid the cider would rust the pumps. They were sorry, but they said they would have to continue to furnish water, although it cost more. I saw one farmer who—"

"How is the potato crop?" "Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar. I saw one potato that—"

"The people must be happy over their big crops?" "Happy! You never saw the like! I knew men in the Arkansas valley who were too poor this time last year to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pie three times a day. One fellow that—"

But the reporter, just at this point, had a pressing engagement elsewhere.

A DELICATE WAY.—"What makes you so thoughtful to-night, George?" asked Nellie.

"Well," said George, as he threw his eyes up to the ceiling and took a fresh hold upon her slender waist, "I was thinking that if your mother was willing to become my mother-in-law I would like it very much."

"On would?" "Then, if it would afford you any satisfaction, I can inform you that I am quite willing that she should, and that she is also quite willing to act in that capacity in a quiet and unostentatious manner."

And thus, under the silent stars, the arrangements were concluded by which two lives hitherto running apart are to be blended into one, and a youth hitherto his own master is to stoop under the yoke of a mother-in-law.

—Los Angeles is to build a sewer to the ocean at a cost of \$6,000,000.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Myriads of small black rats infest the cornfields of Texas. —The oldest wheelman in America is John W. Arnold, of Providence, R. I. He is 78. —Carriage horses, only fairly well matched, in Buenos Ayres bring \$5,000 a pair. —A Detroit lady had her pocket picked of a gold watch while at a Sunday school picnic the other day. —A man and his wife, of Kent, Ind., are in jail for stealing a neighbor's rooster and selling it for 12 cents. —In the last two years the Duke of Portland has won more than £63,000, or about \$390,000, on the races. —A Georgia moonshiner who was released from jail on Friday was found at work at his still on Saturday and again arrested. —At Waterville, Wash., squirrels are so plentiful that they enter people's houses and eat the crumbs from under the tables. —An important industry of Paris is the manufacture of toy soldiers from sardine boxes and other tins that have been thrown away. —There are still over 10,000,000 square miles of unoccupied districts in various heathen lands, where missionaries thus far have never entered. —Whittier, it is said, falls asleep in his chair when visitors begin to praise his poetry. Earthly honors grow less valuable to him as the years wane. —An Addison county (Vt.) farmer has a colt that has learned to ring the farm bell by catching the rope in his teeth and prancing back and forth. —A projected canal across the upper part of Italy, connecting from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, would take six years to build and cost \$125,000,000. —North Dakota will be the first State, as a State, to make provision for a system of manual training. Forty thousand acres of land are set apart for that purpose. —The French Council of Hygiene has just forbidden the use of blue paper in the public schools, claiming that it was making France a near-sighted nation. —A Chattanooga man stole a steamboat and took an excursion up the river. Not being an expert navigator he ran into a snag, sank the craft and narrowly escaped drowning. —There are 100 acres of land in Carroll county, Ga., for which no owner can be found. Gold has been found on the tract, and a number of people are anxious to secure a title to it. —A band of brigands has been terrorizing Macedonia, which, upon final capture, was found to include several priests, a Greek Archimandrite, the Superior of a monastery, and three "ladies."

—Pretty Miss Stella Cox, at 22, has married Nathaniel Patterson, a Seneca Indian, whose face is as coppery as the full moon. Miss Stella was a Washington girl, but the wedding was at Versailles, N. Y. —The Royal Meteorological Society of England is making a collection of photographs of lightning flashes. On each photograph is noted the time of the flash and the interval between it and the thunder. —Appleton Webb, of Waterville, Me., lost his gold watch while fishing in Paolin pond four years ago. The other day it was returned to him by a fisherman, who discovered it lying on the bottom of the lake. —While some boys were playing on a plot of grass at Ballston, N. Y., on Thursday, one of them discovered and captured a live snake which has two heads, each head having two eyes and a mouth, also a tongue. The little reptile which is about six inches long, is of the black snake breed. —A new use for rabbits has been found by the physicians of the Birmingham, England, Lunatic Asylum. A number of wild rabbits have been turned loose on to the fields adjoining the institution, so that the inmates will be amused by seeing the rabbits run about, and to divert the minds of the patients is one of the great objects of the institution. —The sheep is usually considered a stupid animal, but his environment in Colorado has brightened even his dull wits. Purchasers of sheep that have been brought from that State say that the animal holds his head more erect than those which come from other States, and say that this habit is caused by the sheep being in constant peril of being assailed by some wild animal. —A Baltimore street has a rat whose action has gained for it the title of the religious rat. He is seen at night, and only when there are services either in Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church or Broadway Baptist Church. He seems to be in a very placid humor when there is service in but one of the churches named. But when the two congregations are worshipping at the same time, as the case Sundays nights, he becomes uneasy and keeps up a constant running between the two. —Pedestrians on Eighth street, Philadelphia, were amused by the sagacity of a dog. The animal was trotting up street when suddenly his muzzle fell to the sidewalk. He stopped, looked at it, and after a few attempts again got his head in the cage. But just as he started on his trot it fell off a second time. This was repeated four times. Then the dog, apparently realizing that it was beyond him to fasten the muzzle, took it between his teeth and ran on, his looks indicating the pride he felt in mastering the difficulty.