

AN OBSTINATE DONKEY.

Would Not Stir Until the Pollock Were Called Out.

An Entire Platoon Was Required to Place the Placid Beast in the Cart It Was Supposed to Pull—The Procession to the Pound.

Every donkey may have his day in the same manner as may a dog. A Parisian "Neddy" a week or so ago enjoyed a red-letter experience in a manner thoroughly satisfactory to himself. Long wearied of the tyranny of masters, he found a remedy that he was not slow to avail himself of. Heavily laden one morning and belabored constantly with a large cudgel, he found himself in one of the market places of the capital, temptingly near to a fine display of carrots. His master's back was turned for a moment, and, stepping forward, he plunged his nose in among the savory morsels.

There was a wild shriek an instant later from a fat-faced dame, the proprietress of the little market stand, and as she belabored the beast across the nose with sturdy arm she kept up a constant cry of: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" interspersed with frantic calls for the police. A soldierly gendarme soon put in his appearance and conducted donkey, cart and owner, accompanied by a gaping crowd, through the streets to the nearest commissariat or police station.

Vociferously did the swart peddler protest, and as it came out in the examination that the fault was not really his, but was due to the greed of the innocent-appearing donkey, he (the peddler) was finally freed, and with anger swelling in his heart went to rejoin his least of burden.

It was a very pleasant place, that courtyard where the donkey had been left while the case was being decided, well shaded with the greenest of trees and a tempting bit of herbage within easy reach. The donkey knew a good thing when he saw it. Such a place was a vast contrast to the hot and glaring Paris street. He sniffed twice, thrice, contentedly, put one ear down and the other up wickedly as his master came near and assumed an attitude of complete contentedness and nonchalance.

The peddler jumped up to the seat of the cart, shook the reins out and



MR. DONKEY PLUNGED HIS NOSE IN AMONG THE CARROTS.

screamed the French equivalent of "Glang!" But the donkey did not stir. He might have been in Asia Minor for all the attention he paid to his perspiring and disgusted master. "Glang!" again shouted the peddler, and he rained blow after blow upon the donkey's back. Not one inch did the donkey move forward. He raised one forefoot lazily, as if toying with the situation, and put it back daintily.

Blow after blow came down upon his back. But the donkey was used to that. Louder and louder grew the cries of the now furious peddler. A gendarme came out to find what the trouble was. That the entire police station might not be distracted from their duties for the day, he called a select delegation of his brother officers, and with masterly activity and strength they picked the donkey up bodily and carried him into the street outside.

Once without, the peddler renewed his oburgations and his blows. The situation grew still more serious. The donkey seemed to have confirmed his resolution that he would not move. Whacks, kicks and screaming were alike in vain.

A crowd of vagrants, children and sharp-voiced women gathered around and made harsh remarks to the unfortunate peddler. That little man, already distracted, became raving and talked back. Finally, in despair, the donkey still remaining calmly in the exact spot where he had been set by the gendarme, the peddler fled, tossing his arms in the air and uttering a wild shriek, leaving behind him obdurate donkey, cart and cargo.

In the midst of all the turmoil the donkey remained unmoved, reflecting. The crowd swelled until the narrow street became almost impassable. Extreme measures were rendered necessary. An entire platoon of police marched out and unhitched the donkey from the cart. They dispersed the crowd to left and right, and then a dozen or more, seizing the placid donkey at all available points, pushing, pulling and hauling, placed him in the cart and trundled the whole outfit off to the pound.

Has a Taste for Flogging. A Cincinnati, known as John Bye-Bye, was found in the woods near Covington, Ky., undergoing a severe thrashing on his naked back at the hands of some boys armed with thorny switches. He exonerated the boys of all blame, saying that he had hired them to flog him. God had told him, he said, that as often as he could stand it he must submit to fifty-lash floggings to expiate the sins that his father had committed in flogging his slaves. Some years ago he was sent to the workhouse for having himself strapped to a floor and flogged.

PAXTON WAS VICTORIOUS.

Lively Experience of a California Rancher with a Rabid Coyote.

David Paxton, who resides on a mountain about six miles northwest of Ukiah, had a very narrow escape from being bitten by a mad coyote the other afternoon. He was returning from San Francisco to his mountain home, about six o'clock in the evening, when the adventure occurred. While passing through a deep redwood canyon he was startled by the howling of a coyote in the woods a few yards from the wagon road. Paxton stopped his team in order to obtain a view of the animal, as it is a rare occurrence for a coyote to openly approach a human being during the day time. A moment thereafter a coyote rushed from the under-



HE PULLED THE ROPE WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

growth and sprang from the overhanging bank directly into the wagon. Fortunately the bed of the wagon was empty at the time, and the seat was a high one, standing several feet above the wagon bed.

A single glance at the infuriated animal convinced Paxton that it was afflicted with some form of hydrophobia. It was foaming at the mouth and gave every evidence of madness. As soon as it reached the bed of the wagon the coyote began a furious assault upon Paxton, who in the meantime had sprung upon the seat and was thus temporarily out of the animal's reach. A Mexican riata was lying upon the jacket box of the wagon, and Paxton, being otherwise unarmed, determined to secure it and use it as a weapon of offense. After considerable difficulty, he succeeded in reaching it, the coyote in the meantime keeping up the assault and endeavoring to climb upon the wagon seat. It required considerable maneuvering to throw the noose over the coyote's head, but Paxton finally succeeded in doing so; but even then he was far from safe, as he had not yet determined on what disposition to make of the animal. He solved the problem by passing the riata through a ring on the brake bar, and then, springing from the wagon, he pulled the rope with all his strength until he succeeded in choking the rabid animal to death.

BLISTERED HER FEET.

Brooklyn Man Uses Fly Paper to Keep His Wife at Home.

"I put blisters on her feet, judge, to keep her in the house, but even then she went out," said John Woods, of Eagle street, in court while appearing against his wife, Catharine, whom he charged with being an habitual drunkard, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

After the examination Mr. Woods described how he blistered his wife's feet to a reporter. "I told my wife," he said, "that she would have to stay in the house if she would not stop drinking. I was willing to care for her in the house, but I didn't want her to be found intoxicated on the streets and cause me a good deal more trouble than if she stayed in the house. She insisted upon going out. I tried to have her stay in by doing everything I could think of.

"Finally the idea of blistering her feet came into my head. I heard of it twenty years ago as being used to keep people in bed when the doctor or their folks didn't want them to walk around.



PUT A PLASTER ON HIS WIFE'S FEET.

I bought a couple of fly-papers in a drug store. When I returned from the store my wife was lying on the bed intoxicated. I slipped off her shoes and stockings and put a plaster on each of her feet without arousing her. Not many minutes later I removed the plasters. The soles of her feet were covered with blisters. A few hours afterward she got up and walked around as usual and then went out. It's impossible to keep that woman in the house."

They Dislike the Dog.

Caged lions and tigers, pumas and jaguars take no notice of the men and women passing in front of them, but let a dog be brought anywhere near the cage and they show their savage nature at once and spring up, glaring out savagely.

A Veteran Teacher.

A schoolman in Massillon, O., who has been teaching the rising generation ever since the year 1845, was recently given a pension of \$350 per year by the board of education.

Americans Mistreated in China.

J. B. Hendry, who has reached Tacoma from China, where he has traveled for many years, traveled overland from Shanghai to Foo-Chow last year with two Englishmen. They were subjected to repeated indignities. Several times they were compelled to demand an audience of Chinese officials to obtain information as to routes. The common Chinese hooted them and would render no assistance. On two occasions the mandarins refused them an audience because they would not kneel to them. In other cases the officials, after offering them tea and pipes, would ask them to leave as soon as possible. "Americans have no idea of the hatred of foreigners prevalent among Chinese," said Mr. Hendry. "Even their dogs howl at European garb. In Foo-Chow placards were posted during my residence there offering one hundred dollars reward for the head of each foreigner taken into the city. It is my firm opinion that missionaries accomplish very little in China. They court danger by going into the interior and should confine their work to treaty ports, where they have some protection."

In the Midst of Alarms.

Patents for alarms are in great variety in the patent office in Washington. One of them is set off by escaping gas, another is designed as a safeguard for the unsophisticated visitor in the city hotels. His effort to blow out the gas tilts a delicately-balanced electrode, closing the circuit and giving notice in the office of the hotel. An alarm in the office of a cemetery gives notice of an attempt to rob a grave. There are several devices for connecting railway tracks with wires so that no train can enter a block while another train is on it. One of these stops the entering locomotive, shuts off its steam automatically and spills sand on the track. A new application of electricity is for a jail cell, the walls of which are composed wholly of bars, giving as much light and ventilation as possible. The bars are of hollow pipes, carrying heat in winter, and are connected with a battery. If the prisoner saws through one of them the circuit is broken and an alarm sounds.

High and lofty jumpers have become so common nowadays that Sam Patch, if he were to reappear in one of his phenomenal performances, would fall altogether to attract notable attention. Of course accidents and loss of life are often the result of the foolhardy attempts at long-distance jumping, but this fact does not seem to abate in the least the feverish desire for notoriety on the part of adventurous persons in this particular field of competition. In the remote western states some remarkable exploits in this line have been recorded. In one case certain bicyclists leaped from a high railway bridge into the river below, just by way of diversion, there being no spectators to stimulate them by their applause; but as a rule, exhibitions of this character have a mercenary motive, and would not be given if it were not for the pecuniary profit they are expected to yield.

The Young Men's Christian association of San Francisco has sent the following petition to the city board of supervisors: "We, the undersigned citizens of this city and county, pray to the honorable board of supervisors to enact and enforce that it be unlawful for ladies to wear bloomers or knickerbockers, or any attire unbecoming the fair sex. We consider the above wearing apparel—and we believe all good Christians will uphold us in our theory—a perpetual menace to the good morals of this city. We have consulted eminent physicians, and they all agree that it is unhealthy for ladies to ride bicycles. Furthermore, we have great compassion for the fair sex. Hoping our prayer will be received and special attention be given by your honorable body," etc.

There is a good deal of information given to the world that is quite unasked for. A curious statistician has put himself to the trouble of counting the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,760,100, or an average of 26,740 steps a day. Going still further into the details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs. The learned gentleman neglects to state, however, what benefit he or his fellow creatures will derive from these careful computations.

A prominent geologist, who has been looking into the formation of the bed of the Ohio river, forty-three miles below Pittsburgh, says the old river bed is three hundred feet above the present water level, and he finds there stones of Canadian granite, whose nearest home now is on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario. In the glacial gravel he came across a rough arrow head, which he attributes to the glacial period, perhaps three hundred thousand years ago.

Owing to the scarcity of hay the farmers in Niles, Mich., are cutting peppermint plants. Experiments have indicated that they give better results than timothy hay when fed to stock. Growers of peppermint have realized over one hundred thousand dollars this season from the oil.

A tobacco famine is imminent in the United States. This will be joyous news to the women who abhor the nasty weed.



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