

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare,

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pal,
As hard as a grindstone,

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,

BEVIS.

The Lyons diligence was just going to start from Geneva. I climbed on the roof, and chose my place next the driver; there was still a vacant seat, and the porter called "Monsieur Dermann!"

A tall young man with a German style of countenance advanced, holding in his arms a large black greyhound, which he vainly tried to place on the roof.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "will you have the kindness to take my dog?"

Bending over, I took hold of the animal and placed him on the straw at my feet. I observed that he wore a handsome silver collar, on which the following words were tastefully engraved: "Bevis. I belong to Sir Arthur Burnley, given him by Miss Clara."

His owner was therefore, an Englishman; yet my fellow traveler, who had now taken his place by my side, was evidently a Swiss or a German, and his name was Dermann. Trifling as was the mystery, it excited my curiosity, and after two or three hours' pleasant conversation had established an intimacy between us I ventured to ask my companion for an explanation.

"It does not surprise me," he answered, "that this collar should puzzle you; and I have great pleasure in telling you the story of its wearer. Bevis belongs to me, but it is not many years since he owned another master, whose name is on the collar. You will see why he still wears it, Bevis, speak to the gentleman."

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a salutation.

M. Dermann placed the animal's head on his knees and began to unfasten the collar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted toward the luggage on the hinder part of the roof. There, growling fiercely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowing with fury.

"You see, Monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar. I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of it. Here, Bevis," said he in a soft, caressing tone, "I won't touch it again, poor fellow! Come and make friends!"

The greyhound hesitated, still growling. At length he returned slowly toward his master, and began to lick his hands; his muscles gradually relaxed, and he trembled like a leaf.

"There, boy, there," said M. Dermann, caressing him. "We won't do it again. Lie down now, and be quiet." The dog nestled between his master's feet and went to sleep. My fellow traveler, then turning toward me, began:

"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in a little village of the Shernard, at the foot of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn for the reception of travelers going to St. Gothard. About two years since there arrived at our house one evening a young Englishman, with a pale, sad countenance; he traveled on foot, and was followed by a large greyhound—this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshment, and asked to be shown to his sleeping room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated round the fire. Presently we heard him pacing rapidly up and down, from time to time uttering broken words, addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal moaned occasionally, as if replying to and sympathizing with his master.

"At length we heard the Englishman

stop and apparently strike the dog a violent blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed as if he ran to take refuge under the bed. Then his master groaned aloud. Soon afterward he lay down, and all was quiet for the night. Early next morning he came down, looking still more pale than the previous evening, and, having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack and resumed his journey, followed by the greyhound, who had eaten nothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him than to frown when the creature ventured to caress him.

"About noon I chanced to be standing at the door, looking toward the direction which the Englishman had taken, when I perceived a dark object moving slowly along. Presently I heard howls of distress, proceeding from a wounded dog that was dragging himself toward me. I ran to him and recognized the Englishman's greyhound. His head was torn, evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws broken. I raised him in my arms and carried him into the house. When I crossed the threshold he made evident efforts to escape; so I placed him on the ground. Then, in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he scratched at the door of the room where his master had slept, moaning at the same time so piteously that I could scarce help weeping myself. I opened the door, and with a great effort he got into the room, looked about, and not finding whom he sought he fell down motionless.

"I called my father, and perceiving that the dog was not dead we gave him all possible assistance, taking indeed as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection. We found it, however, impossible to take off his collar, even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk he would often go toward the mountain and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred we followed him. He proceeded as far as a part of the road where a narrow defile borders a precipice. There he continued for a long time, smelling and scratching about. We conjectured that the Englishman might have been attacked by robbers on this spot and his dog wounded in defending him. However, no event of the kind had occurred in the country, and after the strictest search no corpse was discovered. Recollecting, therefore, the manner in which the traveler had treated his dog, I came to the conclusion that he had tried to kill the faithful creature. But wherefore? This was the mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the utmost gratitude for our kindness. His intelligence and good humor attracted the strangers who frequented our inn, while the inscription on his collar and the tale we had to tell of him failed not to excite their curiosity. One morning in autumn I had been out to take a walk, accompanied by Bevis. When I returned I found seated by the fire in the common hall a newly arrived stranger, who looked round as I entered. As soon as he perceived Bevis he started and called him. The dog immediately darted to him with frantic demonstrations of joy. He ran around him, smelling his clothes, and uttered the sort of salutation with which he honored you just now, and finally, placing his forepaws on the traveler's knees, began to lick his face.

"Where is your master, Bevis? Where is Sir Arthur?" said the stranger in English.

"The noble dog howled piteously, and lay down at the traveler's feet. Then the latter asked us to explain his presence. I did so, and as he listened I saw a tear fall on the beautiful head of the greyhound, whom he leant over to caress.

"Monsieur," said he addressing me, "from what you tell me I venture to hope that Sir Arthur still lives. We have been friends from childhood. About three years since he married a rich heiress, and this dog was presented to him by her. Bevis was cherished for his fidelity, a quality unhappily which was not possessed by his mistress. She left her fond and loving husband and eloped with another man. Sir Arthur sued for a divorce and got it; then, having arranged his affairs in England, he set out for the continent, followed only by his dog. His friends knew not whither he went; but it now appears that he was here last spring. Doubtless the presence of Bevis evermore recalling the memory of her who had so cruelly wronged him, must have torn his heart and at length impelled him to destroy the faithful creature. But the shot not having been mortal, the dog, I imagine, when he recovered consciousness, was led by instinct to seek the house where his master slept last. Now, Monsieur, he is yours, and I heartily thank you for the kindness you have shown him."

"About ten o'clock the stranger returned to his room, after having crossed Bevis, who escorted him to the door, and then returned to his accustomed place before the fire. My parents and the servants had retired to rest and I prepared to follow their example, my bed being placed at the end of the common hall. While I was undressing I heard a storm rising in the mountains. Just then there came a knocking at the door, and Bevis began to growl. I asked who was there. A voice replied: "Two travelers who want a night's lodging." I opened a small chink of the door to look out, and perceived two ragged men, each leaning on a large club. I did not like their looks; and knowing that several robberies had been committed in the neighborhood I refused them admission, telling them that in the next village they would readily find shelter.

They approached the door, as though they meant to force their way in; but Bevis made his voice heard in so formidable a manner that they judged it prudent to retire. I bolted the door and went to bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay down near the threshold, but we neither of us felt inclined to sleep.

"A quarter of an hour passed, when suddenly above the wailing of the wind came the loud, shrill cry of a human being in distress. Bevis rushed against the door with a fearful howl, at the same moment came the report of a gun, followed by another cry. Two minutes afterward I was on the road, armed with a carbine and holding a dark lantern; my father and the stranger, armed, accompanied me. As for Bevis, he had darted out of the house and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I mentioned before at the moment when a flash of lightning illumined the scene. A hundred yards in advance we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men whom I recognized as those who had sought admittance at our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Further on we discovered another man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry. It was Sir Arthur—the master of Bevis!"

Here M. Dermann paused, the recollection seeming to overcome him; and he stooped to caress the sleeping greyhound, in order to hide his emotion. After a while he finished his recital in a few words.

"Sir Arthur was mortally wounded, but he lived long enough to recognize his dog, and to confess that in a moment of desperation he had tried to kill the faithful creature who now avenged his death, by slaying the robbers who attacked him. He appointed the stranger his executor, and settled a large pension on Bevis, to revert to the family of the innkeeper, wishing thus to testify his repentant love toward his dog, and his gratitude to those who had succored him. The grief of Bevis was excessive; he watched by his master's couch, covered his dead body with caresses, and for a long time refused to take any nourishment; and it was not until after the lapse of many months that the affection of his new master seemed to console him for the death of Sir Arthur."

As my fellow traveler finished the recital, the diligence stopped to change horses at the little town of Mantua. Here M. Dermann's journey ended, and having taken down his luggage he asked me to assist the descent of the dog. I shook hands with him cordially, and then called Bevis, who, seeing me on such good terms with his master, placed his large paws on my breast and uttered a low, friendly bark. Shortly afterward they both disappeared from my sight, but not from my memory, as this narrative has proved.

Electricity Drills Thousands of Holes.

Electricity as a motive power was recently called into play in drilling thousands of holes through the webs of the rails of the South Side Elevated Railroad in Chicago, while the motive power was being changed from steam to electricity. One hole 3/4 of an inch in diameter was needed in each and every rail, and altogether there were 20,000 holes to be drilled. The work had to be done while the road was in operation, and the space for operating drills was only the nine inches between the wheel rail and the heavy wooden guard rail. The work would ordinarily be done by ratchet drill stocks operated by hand, but with these progress would have been very slow. Instead of this, electric motors were called into use. Each motor was mounted in a little car which ran upon the wooden guard rail, and drove a flexible shaft ten or twelve feet in length, which in turn ran the drill. The drill for each machine was mounted in a compact frame, with a screw at the upper end, and the whole thing, drill, frame and screw, was of a size to fit in between the metal rail and the outer wooden guard rail. In some places where there were convenient crossovers in the tracks, the motor wagons could be kept in place on the guard rails and drilling could be done continuously, but at other places the work had to be done between trains, and these often ran under two minutes' headway. The outfits proved to be so handy for the purpose and the men working them became so expert, that during the entire progress of the work not a train was delayed for more than ten seconds by the drillers.

A Kentucky Procession.

"There came into a little town down on the western Kentucky border one day recently one of the oddest looking processions I ever laughed my sides sore at," said Dr. Hiram French last night. "It was a man mounted on a mule, and to the animal's caudal appendage the rider had tied a rope, the other end of which was around the neck of a cow. Tied around the cow's tail was another rope, and the other end of it around the neck of a calf and a third rope led a razor-back hog. The porker, too, had to do service as a leader for it pulled along a brindle cur. The man was an eccentric old bachelor farmer, clad in blue jeans, who lived on the Tennessee river, and as he will have no men on his place, he does all of his work himself. He wanted to sell the cow, calf and hog, and had promised to give a friend the old coon dog which brought up the rear, and as none of the animals could be driven, the rural genius had hit upon the novel plan of leading them all. The sextet of curiosities had made the trip, over twenty miles, without accident.—Louisville Post.

OAK WOOD GETTING SCARCE.

The Danger of Using Up the Visible Supply.

No one who is at all familiar with existing conditions in the lumber trade can fail to note that there is already considerable complaint of the lack of desirable oak. Both in quarried and plain stock fairly good lots of dry oak are notably scarce. The leading jobbers have had their buyers out for months picking up anything they could find, and the result is that a very large proportion of the oak on stocks has already passed into second hands and is held by the present owners for distribution to consumers. Mill men in the South are cutting it all the time, but they do not have to wait until it is dry, or even partly dry, before selling. If they choose to do so they can usually negotiate for it in advance of the sawing and on terms that a few years ago would have been regarded as extremely liberal. Oak is, perhaps, the most readily salable of any saw mill product, which fact indicates that it is now, and is believed likely to be hereafter, relatively a scarce article.

While there is no occasion for alarm as to the present adequacy of the oak supply, it is a question if the time has not come when serious consideration should be given to the possibility, not to say probability, that in the not distant future oak may become one of the scarce woods. Considering the wide distribution of oak this may strike many lumber men as a remote contingency, but that it is not an impossible result, or so distant in point of time as to be removed from present consideration, is suggested at least by the existing conditions of demand and supply. Oak has been called for steadily during most of the hard times period. The consumption has been large and has even increased, while that of other woods has fallen below the normal quantity. This shows an increasing popularity and a growing requirement which, it is obvious, must be met from the constantly lessening supply. The growth of oak is too slow to count much in adding to our stock. Practically we are restricted for supplies to the wood already grown and ready for the saw. That there is of this no inexhaustible stock is readily proved by the difficulty, which has increased rapidly within the last five or ten years, of buying the standing timber in bunches large enough to make them the basis of lumbering operations. If oak cannot be bought in quantities now, there is no reason to suppose that it is ever going to be more plentiful. If it cannot be found now, it never can be, and within a comparatively short time the lumber trade and the users of oak must face the fact that it does not exist in sufficient quantity to warrant the liberal and even wasteful use that is now made of it.

It is the conviction of those who have made the closest study of oak that its present market value is based upon an incorrect idea of what is left and that we shall wake up some morning to find that we have sold almost for a song the most valuable of our timber possessions. Oak, except in the finer grades of quartered stock, is still a cheap wood. Is it not too cheap for a variety that is in universal demand and in only limited supply?—St. Louis Lumberman.

Crowned Usurpers.

The White Rose League of England makes the startling allegation that nearly every throne in Europe is occupied by a usurper; that 85 per cent. of the English nobility bear spurious titles, and, above all, that the rightful Queen of England is not the gracious lady who has ruled so well for sixty years, but Queen Mary IV., now living in obscurity as Princess of Bavaria.

The true Queen of England is thus described by the League: "Mary IV. of England, Ireland and Wales and III. of Scotland, born July 2, 1849; her son, Robert, Prince of Wales, born May 18, 1893; name of usurping ruler, Victoria, a Princess of Hanover."

Queen Mary IV. it now appears, traces her descent from the daughter of Charles I., while Queen Victoria is descended from a daughter of James I., and is thus not in the direct line of succession. By a strange oversight, which is fatal to the League's argument, no mention is made in the Act of Settlement, which puts a different complexion on matters.

It is interesting to note that among other usurpers of thrones is Abdul Hamid II of Turkey. The Turkish throne, according to the League, has been vacant since 1453. The crowns of France and Spain belong equally to the notorious Spanish pretender, Don Carlos and Charles XI of France.—New York Herald.

Remarkable Hair.

Some remarkable dogs were seen at the London dog show recently—none being more worthy of note than the French "bear" dogs. This is a breed raised in the south of France for the especial purpose of fighting bears in the mountain fastnesses. The dogs are enormous and very fierce, and even in a dog show they are none too quiet.

Esquimaux dogs were also among the features of the exhibit. Hairless Mexican dogs, Australian "wild dogs," and "chow-chows" from China were all centers of attraction.

The Chinese Oil Tree.

In a recent report of the United States Consul General at Shanghai there is an interesting description of the Tung, or Chinese oil tree. This useful tree grows to a height of fifteen feet, and is of beautiful appearance, its leaves being vivid green and its flowers a pink-white. The seeds are poisonous, and it is from them that the oil is extracted in the most primitive fashion. Wooden presses worked with

wedges. The oil thus obtained is used all over the country in the manufacture of paint and varnish, for water proofing paper and umbrellas, and in some districts for illuminating purposes. But its chief use is for caulking boats. On the submerged parts of vessels it is applied hot, but on other parts it is painted on in thin coats quite cold. All Chinese boats are thus oiled twice a month, and so are made to assume a glossy appearance, while the wood is greatly preserved. Like most other commodities, this tree oil is often adulterated before it is sold by retailers—chiefly with cottonseed oil.

ROBBING A RAILWAY.

Clever Ruse By Which the Thieves Were Discovered.

The Rock Island Railroad shops in Chicago had about 700 or 800 hands in the early sixties. Two helpers sent down from the office were put to work; they looked smart enough, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine, but they were of absolutely no use anywhere, and were passed from one department to another, being everywhere the butts of the workmen, who were accustomed to "main office" hands—as men sent down from headquarters simply to draw pay were called. The whole place, from the paint shop to the boiler shop, had fun with those two helpers for a couple of weeks, and then came a Saturday afternoon when all the workmen were asked by their foreman to give up their tool-box keys as they left the department for the day. Some of the men did not wish to let their keys go out of their hands, but all were taken. At the exit gates stood the two "main office" hands and two policeman, and it was very slow work passing out of the gate, because, at a nod from the "helpers," a man was taken into the oilroom, where there was a vacant floor space, and searched before he was allowed to go out. No one was held and only about half were searched. More than \$800 worth of "company" material was taken from the workmen at that single search, including samples of nearly everything used in making freight and passenger cars and locomotives. Two of the blacksmiths, father and son, Englishmen, were of the best men in the forge shops, were found to have carried out by some undiscovered method, an anvil, a large old-fashioned smith's forge, bellows, axes, fullers, formers, sets, hammers and sledges, and in addition, more than ten tons of bar iron and steel. They intended soon to start a shop on their own account. The two smiths were sent to prison, and a few of the thieves' workmen were discharged, but taking it altogether, there was very little said. The tool-box keys were returned Monday morning without a word; some of the hands' tool boxes had been relieved of company property, but nothing was said to most of the men, probably, justly blaming the opportunity for wholesale plunder—more than the men who "took" what was not properly guarded.

At Dr. McCosh's Expense.

The late Dr. McCosh, of Princeton University, was an excellent hand at securing donations for that institution, and yet it was always his boast that he never asked any man for a cent. In connection with this well-known trait of President McCosh's character, a prominent educator of this city tells how one of the doctor's friends and Chauncey M. Depew once conspired to mortify the good old Princetonian at a Yale dinner. It was arranged that the friend should accuse the doctor of begging, and that Mr. Depew should follow with a vigorous denial. In the first speech it was asserted that Dr. McCosh made a practice of calling upon brokers in their offices and remaining until in sheer desperation, the brokers gave him contributions to get rid of him; also, that he attended meetings of various kinds for the purpose of taking up a collection for Princeton at the end.

During the address Dr. McCosh turned white with anger, and started to reply, when the chairman recognized Mr. Depew.

"I believe that all the accusations made against our Princetonian guest are entirely without foundation," said Mr. Depew. "I have never heard of his begging from a broker."

"Never! Never!" cried Dr. McCosh. "And I never heard of his attending meetings called for other purposes and begging for his university."

"Never!" again echoed the doctor. "The only time I ever heard of anything of that kind implied," continued Mr. Depew, "was when I was told that he stood on a New York street corner with a monkey and a hand organ, wearing a placard on which was printed: 'I am poor and blind, so please help Princeton.'" Dr. McCosh never attended another Yale dinner.—Philadelphia Record.

A Country Clerk's Rise.

Levi Zeigler Leiter was a clerk in a country store in Maryland when he was a lad. Mr. Leiter and Marshal Field met in Chicago shortly after the former moved West to seek his fortune, and in 1865 they bought out the business of Potter Palmer. The firm became known Field, Palmer & Leiter, and not long after as Field, Leiter & Co. Mr. Leiter worked like a horse and bought real estate. He did not care to sell it, and the values enlarged wonderfully with the influx of population. In 1881 Mr. Leiter sold out to his partners. He had real estate to manage, and then he wanted to travel. He liked books, and collected many treasures to his superb addition. The American Sunday School Union is one of his favorite institutions. For several years he has lived in Washington for the benefit of its climate. Mr. Leiter is now 63 years old.—Argonaut.

WIT AND HUMOR. Up-to-Date Jokes and Witticisms From the Comic Papers.

BAD COMPANY. "He said he judged people by the company they kept." "What did you say?" "I said 'good-bye.'"

THE NEW CUPID. "I asked her to wear love's fetters for me." "What did she say?" "She said she couldn't think of it— that everything was chainless now-a-days."

AND HE WALKED ON. They were catechising the somnambulist. "Why is it that you walk in your sleep?" they asked. "Because I can't ride," he replied.

LOST ITS BREATH. "The story fairly breathed with life in the early number, but it's quite otherwise, now." "Well, I suppose it has run so long it is out of breath."

ALAS, POOR DRUMMOND. Drummond—McIntyre filled a drunkard's grave yesterday. Fife—And you attribute it to the fact— Drummond—That he was the regular grave digger.

UNTRAMMELED FLIGHTS. "Ah, me," sighed the poetess of passion, "I would be free as a bird." "Well," said the practical individual, "you've got half your wish anyhow, ma'am. You're a bird all right."

EXPLAINED. "I know he does not mean it. He says in his letter that everything has seemed dark as night since I went away." "He may be telling the truth. You know love is blind."

A GENERAL CHANGE. Mrs. Smythe—What would you be if I didn't have property? Smythe—Well, what would you be? "I?" "Yes, you! You wouldn't be Mrs. Smythe!"

THE MEAN MAN. "Some hateful person," said the Sweet Young Thing, "has declared love is a species of hypnotism." "I guess he is right," said the Mean Man. "Fellow usually gets married with his eyes shut."

IN THE SAME CONDITION. "Can you let me have a five-spot for a few days?" asked the New Yorker of his Boston friend. "I'm dead broke." "Sorry," was the Bostonian's reply; "I also suffer from a fatal fracture."

WORK OF THE STRING BAND. Tourist—What is that crowd over the way? Native—That's our string band. Tourist—Preparing to give an entertainment, I suppose? Native—Yes; going over the river to lynch a horse thief.

HE HAD BEEN THERE. "Did you ever," asked the young husband, "have your wife look you in the eye when you came home and ask you if you had not forgotten something?" "Many a time, me boy," answered the old married man. "She does yet. In the early days it used to mean a kiss, but now it is usually a reference to wiping my shoes."

IN THE WRONG ORDER. "He was married and went crazy," she said, referring to a statement in a morning paper. "Granting that he had any sense in the first place," he returned, "you must have got the statement reversed." "How do you mean?" she demanded.

"He went crazy and married," makes it seem more plausible," he answered.

HURRY'S GOOD QUALITIES. The curate was making a call on a humble member of his flock, when the good woman, in course of conversation, very much extolled the virtues of her absent husband, and finished up by saying: "And he is such a good man, too."

"In what way?" asked the curate. "Why, sir," she said, "he always says his prayers every night of his life—drunk or sober—he never misses that."

Mission Work Among Pigmies. Miss McLean, a woman of Glasgow, has given a fund for mission work among the dwarfs of the Cameroon district, West Africa, and the work of evangelization among them is fairly begun. They are a wandering, hunting folk, here to-day and there to-morrow, not staying long enough in one place to have any agriculture, and until they are instructed in more stable ways of living it will be necessary for missionaries to follow them about from place to place and labor among the little wanderers as they find opportunity.

His Precious Penny.

H. A. Sylvester, an aged man of Rockport, Me., still owns a penny given him when he was only two years old. The penny has traveled with him on shipboard round the world; has been shipwrecked, seen mining riots in the wilds of Idaho, and has been coveted by the pickpockets in the wilds of San Francisco. Sylvester hung on to it when it was the only cent he had to his name, and would not exchange it for a golden eagle.

Two counties in Kansas raised over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat each last year.