

THE "DOG CRAZE."

CONVERSATION OF TWO ATTRACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT LADIES.

How the Chat Ran About the "Dear Little Precious" Darlings - Items About the Dog Show - "What Can't Be Cured," Etc.

[New York City, Chicago News.]
You have heard much of the great "dog craze" affected here by many ladies. Well, I am glad to have witnessed a scene the other morning illustrative of it. I was calling on a friend in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue hotel. Mrs. B., who has a lovely home on the Hudson, but is spending a few days here, was receiving a caller at the same time. She is very pretty and attractive in feature, and wore the most exquisite dress. Every thing about her bespoke good taste and refinement. Her visitor was a stylish little lady of the most sparkling brunette type. In the arms of each was clasped a little dog, with tawny, silken and silk embroidered blankets. Mrs. B.'s doggie actually wore a \$10 gold piece, set in a rim of tin, diamonds, that dangled from his collar.

What first so impressed me with these ladies was that I never remembered to have seen two prettier, brighter, and more attractive faces so close together. Each was of different type, and yet fairly beaming with intelligence and culture, and promised the listener nothing but the most intellectual conversation, spiced with brilliant repartee or pretty, womanly sentiment. So I permitted my friend to do all the talking, while I lent eye and ear to the two attractive strangers, but if they conversed on any topic, or alluded to anything that was not in some way (no matter how remote) connected with "dog," then my ears are all wrong, and not to be credited at all. I will repeat it exactly, without exaggeration, word for word, from a faithful memory.

Mrs. B., bursting into the parlor with a great swirl of silk and perfume, said in glad tones: "Glad to see you. How is precious little Sappho and yourself, too, of course?"

"Oh, she's nicely, thanks. And how is darling little, sweetie Bella, bless her old heart and you also?"

Whereupon each kissed the other's little puglike smacker in the mouth! One said: "Oh, you dainty sweetie! You precious baby!" The first said: "Oh, you cutie little cunning!" The other: "You're the very sweetest thing alive, and so on, each finding the other's dog. They seated themselves, Mrs. B. carefully dropping the curtains to prevent the sun from falling in Bella's sore eye, regardless that it threw one corner in darkness. She had "buried" one little one from inflamed eyes," she said, with a heavy sigh, and it made her "doubly cautious with Bella."

"Have you been to the dog show yet?" asked the visitor.

"Ah! have I not?" said Mrs. B. "why, dear, I spent the whole of day before yesterday there, allowing myself only a half-hour for my luncheon, and thereby missed seeing that little thoroughbred angel, 'No. 49, take her milk! I was so broken-hearted over it that yesterday I took my luncheon with me, and saw the dear, sweet thing feed. Did you ever, Rose, see such a swell as that longlimbed hound, 'No. 84'?"

"No, never, never," said the other, enthusiastically; "he's a perfect dude. Did they allow you to fondle the dogs? They don't some days, you know."

"Oh, yes, indeed! I fondled every one of the puggies, till Bella was quite in a rage. I had her under my scalpin in a pocket I had fitted to her by the best tailor I could find. It's the most perfect invention of the day."

"Why, how nice, I must have one for Sappho," said her friend. "By the way, Rose, have you seen anything new in beds? Sappho has a silk-draped, brass one—a little beauty, but it is not healthy. Brass is thought poisonous, you know. And then, poor dear, sometimes she hits her head in the night against the brass rods. Oh, I am put to my wits' ends what to get her. Can you not advise me?"

Mrs. B.'s arched eyebrows grew level with thought meet for a worrier question, and she said: "I have seen nothing nicer than Bella's bed. It is a pretty little bamboo concern. I had it made to order and attached to my own, for I like to have her at my finger-ends. I couldn't sleep if she were out of reach where I could not cover her up. She is very restless and quite feverish at night."

"I think I should like that," said the lady. "Oh, let me tell you the charming good luck I met on my way here. You know that white setter belonging to the gentleman at Twenty-eighth and Broadway there has been so much excitement about, and which is almost impossible to get a look at (and by the way, he was offered \$2,000 for him yesterday and I most sensibly refused)? Well, I met him (the dog) face to face on Broadway. I couldn't believe my good fortune, and when that tall, majestic, spotless, creamy creature came up to me I stood spell-bound. His keeper led him by a heavy, solid, gold chain (his only ornament). I begged so stroke him, and shall never forget my sensation as my hand."

"This is intolerable," I said to my friend. "I don't want to hear any more. I have heard of this thing, but never believed it was so." So I left the fair lunatics to themselves.

Now, I am dot trying to impose on your credulity. I have repeated all, word for word. And you need not smile; the "craze" will soon reach Chicago, as all other New York rages do. There are sensible ladies here to whom this is disgusting; there are others who affect it to please the owners of dogs, and kiss the ugly, black, drooping little mouths held up to them, when their fingers are tingling to tweak their tails in private.

Prepare for the Cholera.

[Philadelphia Sanitary News.]
Think people should remember that cholera is not necessarily a fatal disease. Thousands recover in an epidemic, and are healthy and hearty in the future after an attack. Should you find the symptoms upon you, give up at once, remain quiet in a recumbent posture, and by the aid of judicious medical treatment there is very little doubt that you will recover, unless your constitution is thoroughly broken down by dissipation, overwork or by allowing yourself to be nearly frightened to death when the attack seizes you.

They Were Both Half-Breeds.

[New York Times.]
"Yes," boasted an Englishman in the street. "I have Tudor blood in my veins from my mother's side of the family and Plantagenet from my father's."

"Is that so?" said a citizen. "My blood is a little mixed, too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot and my grandmother a Pigger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Shake!"

Saeter Life in Norway.

[Our Zion Herald.]

The saeter is strictly a Norwegian institution. One must first realize that every accessible, and many an apparently inaccessible, bit of land is made use of in this country. During the few summer months, the high mountain plateaus afford a pasturing for goats, and here are built little cabins for the people, mostly girls, who tend the herds. The cabin consists of two rooms—a sleeping and dairy room, and the room where the great pots of sweet goat's milk hang over the fire, and the cheese-boiler is built into the wall. From the whey is made the light brown cheese which one sees among the almost incredible assortment of big cheeses which fill the tables in Norway. This variety of saeter cheese is in the looks rather like refined molasses sugar, and has a sweet taste, which doesn't seem to belong in cheese. It is very popular, especially among the women. A hole in the roof of the cabin often serves for a chimney as well as for a window, for it very rarely rains during the summer cheese season.

The saeter life is unique and primitive. Up from the ends of the fjords and in the Romsdal region, it is quite likely that an energetic mountaineer will spend several nights in such places. Sometimes an establishment is quite free from any "preserved milk" odor, and offers a welcome shelter. The wooden bowls of cream and flat bread cannot be beaten for deliciousness, and one mustn't be too nice when all hands are armed with spoons sit around the same big bowl. There are frequently many cows also pasturing, and each with her pet name.

The favorite composition of Ole Bull, entitled "The visit to the Saeter," is being played now in Bergen by the popular virtuoso Wolff, who accompanied him Thursday in her triumphal tour. One sometimes hears the saeter girls call the cows with the melody with Jenny Lind is said to have sung so often to delighted audiences. The cows seem remarkably intelligent, and are so tame that they are treated almost as associates on equal terms.

Sam Patch's Leap.

[H. B. Stanton.]

I must dispose of one or two little things in Rochester without recollecting precisely the year in which they occurred. Sam Patch, the famous jumper and diver, came there in the fall, we will say, of 1828, and proposed to leap from the falls in the heart of the village. On the day fixed Sam appeared. The banks of the river as far as the eye could reach were lined with spectators. He was dressed in a suit of white, and I will state for the benefit of other fools of the same class that before he leaped he placed his hands firmly on his loins, then sprang from the shelving rock, and went down as straight as an arrow. He came up feet foremost, and swam ashore amid the shouts of thousands. A few days later he proposed to leap again. He selected a scaffold twenty-five feet high on the brink of the falls, making the descent 125 feet. On the day named another immense throng assembled. Mr. Weed and I happened to meet at the foot of the scaffold. I atch came dressed as before, and, apparently, a little under the influence of liquor. As he ascended the scaffold Mr. Weed left, but I remained. As Patch went down his arms were all in a whirl, and he struck the water with a stunning splash. The crowd waited for hours. He did not rise. The next spring the mangled remains of the poor wretch were found at the foot of the falls at Carthage, four miles below.

Cheese-Making in Switzerland.

[Chicago Herald.]

The making of cheese is a very important occupation, and in some parts of Switzerland, the alps, for instance, the riches of a man are estimated according to the number of cheeses he possesses. A strange custom in the Valais is to make a cheese when a child is born, which is left untouched during his lifetime, and is often cut into for the first time at his funeral feast. A rich man stores up wine as well as cheese for his own funeral, and when that event takes place a goblet of this "dead wine," as it is called, is placed on the coffin, the mourners approach, take the goblet in their hand, touch the coffin with it, and drink the contents to a future meeting with their departed friend.

When He Will Get Over It.

[Chicago Ledger.]

"Mother, do you know that boy of ours seems to be a natural-born slouch?"
"Oh, yes; I've noticed it for some time."
"It don't seem to worry you much."
"Of course not; why should it? Don't bother your old head about that; he'll get over it at the proper time, and see as taken as teapot."
"And when will that be, I should like to know?"
"Why, when he falls in love, of course. That'll stretch him up; you see if it don't."

The Walking of Insects.

[Chicago Herald.]

As the result of his personal observations, M. Charet states that the walking of insects may be represented by three men in Indian file, the foremost and hindmost of whom keep step with each other, while the middle one walks in the alternate step. The walking of arachnids can be represented by four men in file, the even numbered ones walking in one step, while the odd numbered ones walk in the alternate step.

The Next Thing.

[Exchange.]

New Yorkers are writing to the newspapers giving the sizes of their wives' feet and bragging over their shape and daintiness. The next thing in order will be for the ladies to write to the newspapers and give them the size of their husbands' hats and the distance between their eyes and the top of their heads.

The Chinese Soldier's Wages.

[Norristown Herald.]

The Chinese soldier receives \$57 a year, and is paid once a month in scrap bullion. There is only one advantage discernible in working for such ridiculously low wages. The Chinese soldier can gamble six months salary away without losing much money.

Travel of a Tire.

An iron car-wheel will travel about 40,000 miles. A steel tire will run 200,000 miles, costing two and a half times as much and running more than four times as long as an iron wheel.

Enemies of the Horse.

A noted Arabian chieftain, Abdel-Kader, always maintained that the two great enemies of the horse were tea and fat.

Frank Leslie's Death.

The late Frank Leslie died of cancer in the throat, the whole course of the disease occupying but five weeks.

Whitehall Times: A governing body of men, love is often incompetent where hate is all powerful.

"OLD CAM."

A Pen Sketch of the Great Wall Street Bear Leader.

[New York Chronicle.]

Addison Cammack is the most important man on the "bear" side. The small operators circle around him like June bugs around a candle. They look upon him as the fountain-head of all "bear" wisdom and inspiration. Words from his lips are as precious as pearls, and are caught and carried along from one to another until they have gone the rounds. He is a heavy, broad-shouldered man of 38, with iron-gray hair and mustache. His eyes are gray, and his mouth and chin and nose are large, and indicative of firmness and resolution. He dresses very plainly, although his clothes are made by the most expensive tailor in town, and he always carries a walking stick. He speaks quickly, and almost invariably folls up each remark with the inquiry "Huh?" Being a bachelor, he has a valet, who attends to his wants.

He is a member of the stock exchange, but is rarely seen on the floor, and is not doing anything but a much as one would suppose he would be. He goes out walking and driving a great deal, and is often seen in Central park. Cammack is a man of exemplary habits. At one time he was an inveterate smoker. He smoked the strongest kind of cigars and a great number of them. A year and a half ago his physician told him that his health would be improved if he smoked less. He never smoked a cigar after that. The man will be strong that he will do anything he makes up his mind to do. He is a southerner. He was born in Kentucky and drifted down to New Orleans. He subsequently came north and started in as a cotton broker in New York. It was not long before he got to dealing in stocks, and he was successful.

He is now worth \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000. He goes on his judgment, which is next to nothing. It works often marked against Jay Gould and Gould does not seem to be able to entrap him in any way. He is always posted on everything, and there is scampering when he makes a move. He is gruff, blunt, and to the point, and has a mind of his own. He can form his own opinions. That is the great secret of his success.

"Cam" used to be shaved by a certain barber in the shop in the Windsor. The man was very attentive. Not long ago the man had a chance to buy a shop, and "Cam" let him have \$2,200 to start in business.

"Cam" made \$1,500,000 in the fall in stocks at the time of the panic of 1873. In the last great decline he has made all of \$2,000,000. It is no uncommon thing for him to make or lose a quarter of a million. While he may make that amount at any one time it is not of course that he loses so much in a lump. It may cost him \$100,000 or \$2,000,000 to get the market in shape to realize, but he gets it all back, with a huge profit besides. He runs the market just as much as Jay Gould. Cammack has made all his money in the market by his wits.

A Glimpse of Lord Byron.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is still living in the north of Scotland an old lady who can give the curious visitors who sometimes drop in on her an interesting glimpse of Lord Byron. When the century was young she accompanied two or three holiday makers to Glamis castle, then thrown open to visitors, and, at the entrance, fell upon them. By and by a handsome cavalier with a club foot, evidently a guest at the castle, sauntered up the walk, and took in the situation at a glance. He put his arm around the prettiest girl's waist, and drove the others jiggling up the steps and into the hall, where he even signed their names in the visitors' book for them. Gray are now the locks through which the poet's fingers wandered, but the only survivor of the little incident loves to recall how George, Lord Byron, looked on that sunny May morning.

A Common Carelessness.

[Boston Budget.]

The carelessness, not to say recklessness, with which people hold private conversations in public places, hotels, horse cars and elsewhere, is surprising. They seem to imagine that no one is within hearing who knows them or has any knowledge of what they are talking about. Very often they are mistaken. They are frequently known to persons by sight with whom they have not the most remote individual acquaintance, and often their remarks give a hint to a comparative stranger in which is far-reaching and disastrous in its consequences.

How They Compared.

[Merchant Traveler.]

Children have funny ways of expressing themselves. Johnnie, who was born and raised in the city, went up to Lortsmouth, a nice little town on the Ohio, not long ago, and when he came home he had much to tell.

"By the way, Johnnie," asked his father, "is Portsmouth as big as Cincinnati?"

"Well, no, papa, I guess not. That is, there ain't nearly so many houses, but there's ever so much more world."

The American Fashion.

[Chicago Herald.]

They are moving Lord Carrington's house in Whitehall, London, en masse, to an adjacent site, after what they call the American fashion, and the operation, so simple with us, is causing considerable excitement in London. Had they taken to this American fashion earlier many houses of historic interest, among them the several residences of Milton, might have been saved.

Parnell's Oratory.

[Chicago Times.]

Mr. Parnell's always frigid style of oratory has become even colder and more nonchalant than ever. He speaks, except on rare occasions, as an official duty, apparently, rather than from any other motive, and seems to take a pleasure in showing that, as it was not by mere talk that he gained his unique position, he need not imitate the loquacity of his followers.

According to the Moon.

[Boston Budget.]

At Harpwell, Me., those engaged in digging clams the past winter have received \$7 per barrel for them. It takes eight or ten bushels of the shell fish to fill a barrel when the shells are removed, that is, at full moon. But according to the Bath Independent, it takes twelve bushels if the clams are dug when the moon is in its first quarter.

On the Bermudas.

The only animal known on the Bermudas are rats and mice brought by ships, and bats blown from the main land. Birds, however, are numerous.

The Mound-Builders.

The Indians, according to Professor J. W. Powell, were the "mound-builders," and some build mounds to the present day.

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REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

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NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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TAUNTON, Sept. 18, 1881. The Rockford Watch runs very accurately; better than any watch I ever owned, and I have had one that cost \$150. Can recommend the Rockford Watch to everybody who wishes a fine timekeeper. S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.

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