

"THE DEAR OLD DAYS."

Gimme back the dear old days—all the boys in line—

Gimme back the dear old days—the path-way through the dells

True Tale of an Intelligent Dog.

Dogs constantly are surprising their best friends. The true tale of Bob is a shining illustration of this fact.

Bob is an unattractive but intelligent animal, whose ancestry is several parts fox terrier, the other being unknown.

He has, also, two contradictory characteristics—the love of his home and the lust for travel, and thereby hangs this vertical tale, which is, in the annals of dogdom, what the saga of Lief, the son of Eric, is in the chronicles of human adventure.

But as he settled down to a long, steady dog life he began to think of the happy days of long ago in Austin. He seemed to smell the cream puffs again and to hear the rats gnawing at the flour barrels in the cellar.

Let the clever animal psychologists who experiment on white mice at the universities tell, if they can, what instinct guided him over this route, which he never had traveled before.

Bob came into this world some nine or ten years ago, being born within the confines of Austin before that suburb was annexed to the city.

He was adopted by the Henry family, then resident in Austin, and interested in the management of a bakery at 201 North Park avenue.

Amid the fragrant exhalations of the bakeshop, with the aromas of cream puffs, coffee cake and fresh bread wafting his nostrils to a delicate sense of the good things in life, Bob passed through the days of puphood to canine maturity.

He frolicked with Willy and Rudy on the lawns of the town park just across the street, and proved himself a prodigy at massaging the rats which attempted to gnaw arabesques in the crusts of Mme. Henry's pies.

Five years ago the bakery changed hands and the Henrys moved away. William Henry, Sr., entered into the employment of the county and located in Chicago at 91 Hill street, but the grandmother immigrated to South Haven, where she owned a small plot of ground just outside the limits of the town.

Bob devoured it in stoic resignation, even as the man lost in the wilderness will eat his own shoes. But when one of the village cut-ups remarked, "That there dawg will eat anything," and made him "speak" for a discarded "chaw" of tobacco, Bob's city-bred pride arose, and he shook the sand of Michigan City out of his fur.

Although the Tolleston marshes confused him for a time, he soon found his bearings and began to forge northward, toward the smoky haze on the horizon, where he knew he would find the cream puffs and the rats. The dogout of the boy bandits and the scene of Niedemeier's last stand, near the powder mills of Aetna, had no charms for him; his strength began to return with the sense that he was nearing the goal, and he soon bolted through Hammond and across the state line into Chicago.

How Bob rode in a caboose from Pullman to Randolph street—that is minor detail in this true tale of a dog. He made a gallant finish at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, going straight as a homing pigeon to 201 North Park avenue, Austin. There, as of old, was the bakeshop, and there his nostrils were made glad with the scent of newly baked bread and delicious cream puffs.

Mrs. J. W. Boyle, now the proprietress of the bakery, was startled out of a study of the advertisements in the morning newspaper by a long and jubilant "Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

It was Bob, his nose in the air, every rib visible, covered with dirt, but cheerfully giving voice like a hound in at the death. She charitably opened the door for the tramp, Bob darted in, and in another moment was curled up in his favorite seat, on the window-sill, fast asleep. Shortly afterward Mrs. J. J. Owens, who lives in the flat above, came in to buy supplies for supper. She took one glance at the sleeping dog, and then ex-

claimed: "Why, where in the world did you get Bob?"

Meanwhile Henry, Sr., whose mind has been trained by a long study of legal documents, had been thinking over Bob's disappearance. Last Saturday morning he remarked to Mrs. Henry, "I'll bet that blamed dog has gone back to Austin," and, although this acute remark was greeted with wifely contempt, he went out to the old homestead that afternoon.—Chicago Record-Herald.

There is, however, much in the contention that the "soft" drinks manufactured today out of various charged waters and fruit flavors are as near perfection as science can make them.

Scientists, indeed, are constantly working at the problem of making them better, and the need of secrecy in certain cases, to protect new processes not yet patented, does not interfere much with the progress of the study.

The notion that soda water has any sulphuric acid in it is entirely erroneous, according to the authority quoted above. The carbonic acid gas with which plain water is charged, is, indeed, made by treating marble dust, or other substance containing carbon, with sulphuric acid, but after the gas is made it is neither marble dust nor sulphuric acid, but something very different, and before it is forced into the water by pressure it is passed through an apparatus which thoroughly cleanses it.

The name soda water comes from the fact that carbonic acid gas may be generated by treating bi-carbonate of soda with acid. It was often made in that way in the early days in small quantities and could be so made now, a glassful at a time, but there is a sediment in such water, resulting from the chemical combination of sulphur in the sulphuric acid and the soda in the bi-carbonate of soda, which may or may not be harmful to health.

The modern soda water, however, as made by the factories, is nothing but water and gas. It is the "fruit" flavoring, if made of chemicals, that is likely to be harmful. For manufacturing in quantity the gas is accumulated in a gasometer, where it is stored. For putting soda water, sarsaparilla or other carbonated waters in bottles the flavoring syrup is put in first and then the gas is conducted to the bottle from the gasometer by a stout rubber hose.

This is necessarily a rapid operation and is done by machinery. There are stops and cocks for both hands and feet of the operator, so that by the twist of the water and gas are in on top of the bottle's mouth and the fastening apparatus is applied, all in the space of a few seconds. There is more than one style of machine for this work, but with one of an up-to-date pattern an expert can fill from 200 to 250 dozen bottles a day.

For putting up seltzer and similar waters in siphons a special machine is used. The siphon has to withstand an interior pressure of from 175 to 200 pounds to the square inch, and in addition to being thick and strong must be as tight in the neck against leakage as a steam valve which often sustains no greater pressure. There is a good deal of risk to the operator in bottling siphon goods. The siphons are made in Bohemia, because the glass needs to be finely tempered, an art that reaches its highest perfection in that country.—Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A correspondent of Nature says he had his portrait painted by two well-known artists and calculated that in each case about 4,000 strokes of the brush were made.

A lineman at Reno, Nev., came in contact with a heavily-charged wire at the top of a 60-foot electric light pole and fell to the ground. When he recovered consciousness he wished to return to work at once, but was persuaded to call it a day.

Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical, are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of the ordinary Shanghai journal is four cash, or about one-fifth of a cent.

The following notice was recently conspicuously displayed in the engine-dispatcher's office at the roundhouse in a town within 50 miles of Albany: "Trainmen on passenger trains must not go through the coaches with overalls on, without first taking them off."

A bird which can talk in two languages and whose repertory consists of 17 phrases is the latest addition to the London zoological gardens. The bird belongs to a species which flourishes in northern India. Three of its phrases are in an Indian dialect and the rest in English. The bird's name is Tommy, and it asks all visitors, "Who are you?"

FIERCE HORNED CATTLE.

THE PHILIPPINE TIMARAU HAS NEVER BEEN TAMED.

Natives Afraid to Hunt It, Although It Is the Smallest of the Ox Family—Prof. Worcester's Hard Task in Getting a Shot at One—Can't Be Dropped.

Unpatriotic though it may sound, the American bison was great only in appearance. His shaggy frontlet, his wild eye and his mighty cornet concealed as cowardly a ton of flesh as ever stirred, says the Washington Star.

But even if we have to admit that the big Bos Americanus of the United States is not worthy of honor except as a marvel of the animal world, the Spanish-American war saved our face, for when we acquired the Philippines we acquired with them a buffalo that is the wickedest thing that ever moved on four legs. The Philippine carabao or water buffalo is wicked enough when wild, and even in a tamed state is prone to attack human beings suddenly. But the timarau, although much smaller than the carabao, is so mean and savage that he will search out carabao and kill them for the mere love of killing.

Nobody ever has tamed a timarau. Nobody in the Philippines wants to try; indeed, few natives of the Philippines ever want to see one. The fear of the tiger and lion in India and Africa is as nothing compared with the fear of the timarau in the Island of Mindoro.

So deeply rooted is the fear of the furtive, belligerent, relentless little ox that Prof. Worcester and Steere were unable even to find out what kind of beast it was when they visited the Philippines in 1888 on an exploring expedition.

Everybody warned them against the creature, but no two descriptions agreed. Prof. Worcester says that it had only one horn, which grew straight from the top of its head. Another declared that he had never seen any horns on it, but it certainly had only one eye, which was set right in the middle of its forehead.

These tales spurred them on, and they visited Mindoro, only to search in vain for several months until they found a tribe called the Mangyans, who knew it well. They said that it was like a small buffalo, with straight horns running upward and backward like those of a goat. They expressed great fear of it, and told him it attacked and killed the big water buffalo every time it got a chance, and how it would charge a man whenever it was approached.

Finding out about timarau and finding timarau were two different things. The creatures were so marvellously shy and cunning that, although the party followed trails day after day which showed where whole herds had congregated, they never even caught a glimpse of the animal itself.

At last, after more weeks of hunting, a native tracker led them to a hiding place of timarau; but he did so only after he had forced an agreement that he be permitted to run as soon as he had located the game for the hunters. He pointed into the bushes, whispered "Timarau, senior!" and raced madly away, his face gray with fear.

Prof. Worcester worked his way carefully through the bushes, but could not see the buffalo for a long time, so perfectly was the animal concealed. At last he saw his head and fired, but just as he did so the bull tossed his head and the shot missed him.

"As I fired a second time," says the professor, "there came crashes in the jungle on every side of me. I had walked into a whole herd of timarau without knowing it. One old bull stood his ground and I gave him a bullet in the shoulder. Furiouly he whirled around on me. As I stated the sliding block of my rifle to throw another cartridge into the magazine the mechanism jammed and left me to face a wounded timarau with a useless gun. Why that brute did not charge has always been a mystery to me. I never afterward knew one to fail to do it under similar circumstances. What he did do was to rush madly into the brush after the herd."

Prof. Worcester found his tracker up a tree and had so hard a time coaxing him to come down that they lost the trail.

Despite careful hunting and despite the fact that they were in timarau country, they got no other shot that trip; and it was not until the next trip that Prof. Worcester got one of these buffaloes, and then only by firing half on guess into the bushes where he could see one indistinctly. It is rare that these little buffaloes are found in any except cover so dense that the hunter must cut his way through it with a knife, foot by foot. This and the fact that if he happens to get within scent of a lurking buffalo the animal will charge him as quick as lightning and gore and trample him to pieces combines to assure the little forest buffalo of Mindoro a long season of immunity.

The natives like the meat of the timarau, and as other food often fails them they are eager enough for it; but they are far too much afraid of these cattle to hunt them, even when they are starving.

Attempts have been made to catch them alive, but the timarau usually kills itself by its wild struggles as soon as trapped, and even if it does not struggle to the death it refuses to eat in captivity. The natives say that even the youngest calves if caught and put to suck with a tame

carabao will not only refuse to eat, but will try desperately to kill the foster mother.

The timarau and its cousin, the pretty little anoa of Celebes, are the smallest of the ox family. The biggest, standing higher at the shoulders than even our bison, is the gaur or seladang.

HALF DEER, HALF COW.

Freak Animal Seen in Minnesota Said by Some to Have Horns.

A deer with a cow's tail is northern Minnesota's latest sensation. The animal is not so terrible to look at as was Cass Lake's great hog, but it is more real. That it has a cow's tail there is no doubt, for forty-five men in an extra gang working on the new extension of the Duluth, Missabe and Northern road saw the mysterious appendage, and more than once.

Some of the more suspicious of the crew stoutly maintain that the deer is a close relation of the devil, and that it also has cow's horns and cloven hoofs. This latter charge cannot be well denied, for the cloven hoof habit is one that all members of the venison tribe are guilty of. There is some doubt about the cow's horns, however.

If the deer is a doe it wouldn't have any horns at all, and if it were a buck it wouldn't have cow's horns; for a cinch. This line of argument was offered to bring the men in question to a reasonable frame of mind, but they gently reminded us that the male members of the cow family sport horns not unlike those of their gentle better halves. Be that as it may, the unbuck deer is there, the horns or no horns, it has a cow's tail, or to follow the reasoning of the superstitious ones above quoted, the tail may be the vertebral extension of a buck. The consensus of opinion among those who saw the strange animal, is that it has no horns, and, in this event cow's tail will probably come as near hitting it as anything else.

Several range people within the last few days have had something to say of the freak. They say it has been seen so many times, and by so many men, that there is no doubting the fact that the story is true. The animal seems to have inherited certain domestic proclivities along with its badge of civilization, for it has a strong hankering for the society of human beings, or else for the eatables furnished by human beings. Any way, it is never very far from the camp of the Missabe construction gang, and is seen almost daily, both morning and evening. The tail is easily observed, for whenever its owner is frightened the appendage is thrown straight up into the air, standing up four feet or more, like a flagpole, while the deer bounds away. The men are careful to see that no one shoots the animal, for they take a certain pride in it. Attempts are being made to photograph it, and it is even hoped that it may be captured alive.—Minneapolis Tribune.

SIMPLE LIFE IN ICELAND.

No Liquor Manufactured, No Jails and Only One Policeman.

There are no manufactures in the country. Each home is a factory and every member of the family a hand. Shoes are made from goat skins. The long stockings worn over these in wading through the snow are knitted by the women and children, and even the beautiful broadcloth comes smooth and perfect from the hand loom found in every house.

The sweet simplicity of their national costume does away with the necessity of fashion books. Young girls who are about to be married need take no thought as to "wherewithal shall they be clothed." When they array themselves in the wedding garments of their ancestor, two or even three generations remote, they are perfectly up-to-date in the matter of attire.

The simple life is conducive to a state of high morals, higher probably than in any other part of the world. There is not a drop of liquor manufactured on the island and for the 78,000 population there is but one policeman. There is neither a jail nor any place of incarceration for criminals; nor yet of keeping up a court. When a criminal could be tried.

The percentage of crime is so small that it does not warrant the expense of keeping up a court. When a criminal trial becomes necessary the offender is taken to Denmark to answer to the law for his misdeeds.

The women are among the most advanced in the world. Their Woman's Political league has a membership of 7000, and they enjoy more civil rights than the women of almost any other country, having a voice in all elections save that for members of their legislative body.—The Pilgrim.

Franklin's Bicentenary.

It is certainly discreditable that one of the three Americans who would by popular acclaim be pronounced to be the greatest the country has produced should have received so little formal recognition. The birthday of Washington is practically a national holiday; Lincoln's birthday is a red-letter day in many states; but Franklin, the third in this triumvirate of America's greatest, is denied the honor of a public testimonial to his superlative merits. An opportunity is at hand to make good this neglect. On Jan. 17 next will be the bicentenary of Franklin's birth. The day ought to be celebrated in an appropriate manner in the furthest ends of the country. It would be becoming for Philadelphia to take the lead in doing honor to her adopted son.—Philadelphia Record.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

OFFICERS SURPRISED.

Mine Cage Brings Up Body of Man, for Whom a Constable Was Waiting.

Waiting at the mouth of the Manifold coal mine in Washington county, with a warrant for the arrest of Jos. Grego, Constable G. W. Clutter and Detective K. Sarver were surprised when the cage reached the top to find Grego's decapitated body. The latter had been killed in the mine a few minutes before. The officers were there to arrest him on a surety of the peace charge. Some days ago Grego is alleged to have threatened to kill Frank Olmer, a fellow workman, who had a warrant sworn out for his arrest.

Harry, the 8-year-old son of Michael Rearick, who lives west of West Newton, was severely bitten by a mad dog. The lad was rescued by Charles Herrington. The dog first appeared on the road on the west side of the Youghiogheny river, snapping at the wheels of wagons and other vehicles. It then devoted its attention to hogs, cattle and other domestic animals. Pedestrians were compelled to climb trees and several women were chased into their homes. One of the men the dog tread managed to get his gun and killed the animal shortly after the biting of the Rearick lad.

Giovanni Malini was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Anton Redipi at Yorks Run, Nicholson township, Fayette county on August 23 last. It was alleged that Malini was a member of the "Black Hand" society and that he had stabbed his victim to death because the latter refused to give up money.

An advance ranging from 15 to 25 cents a day, has been granted the employes of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad shops at Connellsville. The increase is the outcome of a recent conference between a committee from the shops and General Superintendent of Motive Power J. E. Muffield. The raise affects about 100 men.

The Sigma Chi fraternity house at State college was badly damaged by fire. By some rapid work on the part of students nearly all the furniture and household goods was rescued. Fatkes, halfback on the "varsity" football eleven, sustained a sprained ankle while leading the student fire brigade.

George Misko, a New Salem merchant, was brought to the hospital at Uniontown, probably fatally wounded and the authorities are searching for three negroes responsible for the shooting. The negroes, who were strangers, shot Misko in his store. It is believed their motive was robbery.

When Dr. J. M. Maurer, of Washington returned to his home late at night he was confronted in his hall by a burglar. The burglar immediately made a break for an open window, through which he had gained entrance, and, joining a confederate on the outside, fled.

While walking in the woods on the Krump farm in Cole Hollow, Buffalo township, Butler county, George Gibson found the body of a man which was reduced to a skeleton. The corpse was clad in a black suit, weighing \$1.62, a gold watch and a rosary in the pockets.

A deal has been closed whereby the Pearce Manufacturing company, of Latrobe, comes into possession of the Merritt Comfort company, of Indianapolis. This plant will be moved to Latrobe within a short time and the business will be conducted as heretofore.

The Erie Railroad Company has awarded the contract for a new passenger station of brick and stone, at South Sharon. It is said the Erie will soon begin running passenger trains over the New Castle branch to Pittsburg.

Harvey Hess, a distributor of samples of a breakfast food, was stabbed by an Italian fruit dealer at Harrisburg because he was not allowed to help himself. The Italian escaped. Hess may die.

Rev. Dr. S. J. Fisher surprised his congregation at the morning service of the Swissvale Presbyterian Church Sunday by reading his resignation, which he desired to take effect November 10, the thirty-fifth anniversary of this pastorate.

Two robbers are alleged to have set fire to Dr. G. H. Sloan's stable at Carrolltown. The fire spread to three other stables and all were burned, entailing a loss of \$6,000. Three horses and two cows were cremated.

At Butler the jury in the case of the Commonwealth vs. John McLaughlin, indicted for the killing of William J. Hemphill, on May 5 last, returned a verdict of guilty in the second degree.

After deliberating for more than 52 hours the jury at Uniontown, arrived at a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree in the case of Andy Martechek, charged with killing Martin Schultz.

The new sheet mill of the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company at South Sharon, idle for several weeks, has resumed.

The merger of the Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley Street Railway company and the Sharon and New Castle Street Railway company is now assured. The deal involves the consolidation of almost \$5,000,000 in railway properties and valuable franchises.

C. P. Davis, C. C. Bunton, C. R. Wray, C. S. Dixon, James S. Carr and others have organized the West Shore Street Railway Co., to build a trolley line from Black Diamond above Monongahela to Donora. A charter has been applied for.