

DOGS FOR USE IN WAR

HOW THEY ARE TRAINED IN A LITTLE TOWN IN AUSTRIA.

The Intelligence They Display Is Simply Marvellous—How They Hunt Out and Snore the Wounded and Lost—Scouting an Enemy When Five Miles Away.

Some 50 miles west of Vienna, the little market town of Wels nestles in the foothills of the Austrian Alps, which here rise in bold cliffs from the banks of the Traun.

The forests of the neighborhood are too open to harbor much game, but a stranger stopping at the summer hotel of the little town might easily be led to believe that the citizens must be the most indefatigable hunters of the Austro-Hungarian empire. From morning till night, and sometimes till long after dark, he may hear the echo of shots and the barking and howling of dogs approaching the town or dying away in the distant hills, and occasionally answered from far and near, as if all the sportsmen of the northern Alps had met in convention.

For this is one of the stations where Kriegshunde—war dogs—are trained.

The plan of training dogs for military purposes was first adopted by the French garrisons in Algeria, but has since been tried with great success in Prussia, Italy and especially in Austria, where four footed messengers have for many years been taught to carry letters to the snow bound villages of the Alpine highlands. The shaggy collies used for that purpose make the best war dogs and can be trained to race in a bee line to the next military post and announce their arrival by a peculiar bark that is at once recognized and answered by the shout of a sentry.

They will also range a long chain of hills in quest of wounded soldiers, and either dash back to report their discoveries or stand guard at the side of the cripple till an ambulance party comes near enough to be signaled by a long drawn howl.

Trainers send out three or four of their shaggy pupils at once and ascertain their proficiency by all sorts of ingenious tests. Soldiers instructed to act the part of helpless cripples will hide in thickets or caverns and keep still till the dog tugs at their sleeves, when they will sit up and reward his sagacity with a piece of sausage.

They then try to rise, but pretend to be too weak to walk or even to shoot, and ask the dog to call for assistance. If help is near, Collie will set up a loud howl, repeated at shorter and shorter intervals, till the signal is answered from the valley below. If his appeals should remain unheeded, he will mount the next rock and look about as if to impress the lay of the land on his mind, and then dash off to summon help from headquarters.

Should two cripples intimate their need of aid at the same time, Collie will guide the rescuing party to the hiding place of the one farthest away, and help them to pick up or somehow assist the other man on their way home.

Messenger dogs carry letters in a small bag wrapped around their collar and will permit only the proper officials to touch that collar. A noncommissioned officer, displaying the insignia of his rank, may venture to remove the bag, but the dog will follow him and see to it that he gets him an answer.

Private soldiers are "stood off" with a menacing growl. Persons wearing the uniform of the enemy cannot stop the messenger with anything but an extremely well aimed shot. Dogs racing along the battle front will dodge bullets by running zigzag and develop a marvellous talent for taking advantage of every cover, running through the highest grass or along the safe side of rocks and fallen trees.

Picket post dogs are selected from a different breed. The half shepherd, half wolf dogs that carry letters and hunt up cripples are not entirely devoid of scent and can find their way back home in a manner not wholly explicable on the theory of keen eyesight. But for efficiency in the role of sentries they yield the palm to a species of deerhounds that do their best work after dark.

On picket duty a well trained sentinel of that breed will scent the approach of a troop of cavalry before a man, with his ear on the ground, can hear the trampling of the horses. The dog's sentry will announce his discovery in a more discreet way than the Scotch widow who screamed through the citadel of Lucknow when her "inner ear" heard the approaching scuffling of the McGregors. Phylax on scenting danger will step up close to his uniformed companion, and after a pause of silence and keen attention will announce his suspicion by low growls, getting more frequent rather than louder, as the cause for alarm becomes more unmistakable.

The best dogs of that breed have "challenged" cavalry from a distance of three to five miles, according to the direction of the wind, and infantry from nearly two miles. They can be trained to announce the approach of a known friend in a quite different way—viz, by leaping to and fro or crouching down and jumping up by turns, but without the warning growl of the danger signal.—F. L. Oswald in Youth's Companion.

A Massage Stone.

A "massage stone" is coming into use in England that is made of unglazed china and provided with a sort of dorsal lump for holding in the hand and has the rubbing surface slightly undulated, not to say ridged. The stone is white, and even when used on recently washed skin it soon becomes darkened, showing that it squeezes a good deal of material from the pores.—London Letter.

Suicide.

Jumpuppe—I have just hit on a definition for a suicide.
Jasper—What is it?
Jumpuppe—A suicide is a man who cannot bury his troubles without burying himself with them.—New York Herald.

ROMANCE OF A NEWSBOY.

Incidents in the Career of Ex-Governor Waller of Connecticut.

Who does not know genial Tom Waller of Connecticut? Tom was for years the leading lawyer of Hartford, twice member of the assembly in the Connecticut legislature, once senator and twice governor of the Nutmeg State. He failed the third time because he immolated himself on the political altar to save Cleveland. The president rewarded his self abnegation by making him consul general at London, the richest office in the administration.

Tom Waller 40 years ago was a newsboy on the ferryboats which plied between Brooklyn and New York. There was no big bridge in those days, and the boys hovered around the ferryboats, which carried all of the human freight of the two great cities at that time. The lad's real name was Thomas Waller O'Grady, and he descended from a family renowned in Irish history.

One ancestor is the famous Baron-feather O'Grady, Ireland's greatest jurist and the composer of Gratton, Curran, Phillips and other renowned Irish baristers. His granduncle was Thomas Standish Waller O'Grady, the bitterest Tory and hardest landlord in the good old ballivick of Limerick.

Thomas Waller O'Grady's parents died while he was almost a child in arms. He was adopted by an old Dutch family in New York, but the restrictions imposed upon the future statesman were so irksome that he ran away and became a newsboy. Many is the time in his precarious calling in those days that young Tom was compelled to sleep in a dry goods box at night after an unsatisfactory day's labor. Tom had dropped the family name and was known by his youthful associates as Tom Waller. One day while crossing the Fulton ferry from Brooklyn to New York he met a fussy old gentleman who wished a copy of the Hartford Courant. It was the favorite paper of his native town, and as he thought away ahead of all metropolitan journals. Of course New York newsboys did not sell country papers, and Tom told him so.

"However," said the cute little fellow in a reassuring way, "I think I can get it for you." By good luck Tom had seen an old lady in the saloon reading that very paper, which he recognized by the ancient type in its headline, and he forthwith came up to the dame and offered to exchange a copy of a New York paper for the medieval country sheet. The lady was a New Englander and ready for a bargain. She had read the Courant and had no further use for it. She thought she had made a clever deal when she exchanged the country morning paper for a bright metropolitan evening journal. Tom knew he had. When he presented the Courant to the fussy old gentleman, that dignitary gave him \$1 for his pains. Then he inquired his name.

"Tom Waller," promptly responded the newsboy. The old gentleman stood aghast. It was his own name. He took down the lad's address, looked up his references and in a fortnight adopted him. He had no children, and Tom was his idol. He gave him a sound preliminary education and then sent him to Yale college. There Tom graduated with high honors. His subsequent history is too familiar to the public to require repetition.—Boston Herald.

Tricoups and His Dog.

M. Tricoups, who may be regarded as the foremost statesman in King George's dominions, and who has repeatedly held the office of premier, is distinguished for the store set by him on canine friendship. One day when he was crossing along the Pireus to Constantinople on board an English steamer, his dog fell overboard. Tricoups, who was not in office at the time and a stranger to the captain, entreated the latter to stop the vessel in order that he might rescue the hound.

"Impossible!" replied the Englishman. "My orders are very strict. I dare not stop, even were it a man instead of a dog drowning."

"Good!" laconically answered the Greek, and at the same time he sprang over the ship's side and swam toward his dog, although sharks abound in those waters. The sequel may be guessed. The English captain could not resist such a spectacle of pluck, and in spite of his strict orders to the contrary he stopped the ship and saved both man and dog.—New York Tribune.

Women in Medicine.

At the beginning of 1896 the number of women who had entered their names in the British medical register amounted to 158, of whom nine have died since registration. About 50 are in practice in India and other parts of the east, chiefly as medical missionaries; some of the younger women—perhaps 20—are still engaged in study at various schools and hospitals, chiefly on the continent, and the remainder are in practice in various parts of Great Britain, more than half of these having settled in London. The number of posts thrown open to medical women increases every day, and the demand for their services in various directions is still considerably in excess of the supply.—Medical Magazine.

Could Lift a Ton and a Half.

A Scotchman, said to be the last of the Stuarts, was possessed with an extraordinary strength, from which circumstance he got the byname of Jemmy Strength. Among other feats, he could carry a 24 pounder cannon and had been known to lift a cartload of hay weighing a ton and a half upon his back. Many a time he took up a jackass, and carrying it on his shoulders walked through the tollgate.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Carelessness.

Little Miss—I'm going to have a birthday party next week.
Mr. Nicefellow—The members of your family always celebrate their birthdays, I believe?
Little Miss—Yes, all but sister. She's got so careless she's beginning to skip here.—Good News.

A HEART IN HIS LEG.

Operation in a St. Louis Hospital Upon a Patient Peculiarly Afflicted.

Dr. Marks, superintendent of the City hospital, cut a heart out of a man's leg recently. Instead of being necessary to the patient's existence, as hearts usually are, this organ was a very dangerous possession and was likely to end his life at any moment. The heart was almost as large as the one usually found inside a man's ribs and beat in very much the same manner. It was situated upon the inside of the right leg, four or five inches above the knee, and was more tender than the ball of the owner's eye.

Charles Gentry, a laborer, was the owner of this very remarkable organ. To the surgeons the phenomenon is called a traumatic aneurism of the femoral artery. This artery is the big blood feeding pipe that runs from the heart down through the body and leg, furnishing life to the different parts of the anatomy as it goes. About two months ago Gentry was struck upon the leg just over the artery by a shaft of a piece of machinery. The inner wall of the artery was burst, and the big pipe began to bulge out at this point. The outer wall, or coat of the artery, luckily stretched and held the blood, or Gentry would have bled to death in no time.

The artery kept on swelling with every pulsation of the patient's heart. From the size of a hazelnut the bulge grew and grew until it was larger than a man's fist. How the artery managed to stand it without bursting was a matter for wonder even to the surgeons. The least touch given to the skin over the swelling caused Gentry horrible pain, and he was obliged to keep very still lest any sudden movement or contact would break it and by the hemorrhage bring on death. The aneurism could be seen to beat to all intents and purposes like any other heart. If one brought his ear close to it, he could hear a constantly repeated blowing or breathing sound coming from beneath the skin. This noise was caused by the vacant air space around the swollen artery where it had crowded the muscles aside.

The patient was laid upon the operating table and placed under the influence of chloroform. A sharp knife laid the tissues aside and exposed the femoral artery with its apple shaped bulb. The artery was then tied or ligated two inches above and two inches below the swelling and the big bulb cut open. Nearly a pint of blood gushed forth, and then there was no heart left. The slit artery was then sewed together with fine silk threads previously soaked in antiseptic solution and left to heal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ITALY'S CRISIS.

Public Men Say It Is the Most Dangerous Since the Existence of the Kingdom.

The news from Italy this week has been each day worse than the last. Signor Villari, many times a cabinet minister and a powerful leader, publishes a remarkable article in Rome appealing to the king to save the country from the most dangerous crisis since the existence of the kingdom by proclaiming a dictatorship which shall put an end to powerless parliamentarism. Nothing else, he declares, will avert the triumph of revolutionary socialism which will destroy existing institutions. The article has won the approval of many conservative persons, and even the selection of a dictator is being discussed. He would be Signor Crispi or some general. Crispi is quoted as saying to his friends that his hour is not yet come, but when an appeal is made he will be ready.

The government dare not reduce the army for domestic as well as international reasons. The situation in Sicily is as threatening as ever, and there is no telling at what moment the large force now there will be required to suppress a rebellion at home. The forces are being prepared for such an emergency, but there are grave doubts whether any body of troops would obey an order to fire upon their rebellious countrymen. The government is undoubtedly cherishing strong hopes of the naval co-operation of Great Britain in any emergency.—New York Sun's European Letter.

A Thousand France Reward.

The Swedish Peace society, with headquarters at Stockholm, has offered a prize of 1,000 francs for the best essay on the subject, "How Can an International Public Opinion Against the Universal Armament Movement Be Created?" The answers, which should contain practical suggestions, should be sent to Gustav Bjoerklund, Stockholm, before March 1, 1894. They may be written in English, Swedish, Danish, French, German or Norwegian. Mr. Bjoerklund is president of the society and an author of wide repute in his native land. He proposes to spend as much time as possible in convincing European nations that the time of universal peace is nigh and that the standing armies should be abolished.—New York Tribune.

Influence of Manchester Canal.

A London correspondent says: It is evident that the Manchester Ship canal, which will open on Jan. 1, will obtain a large share of its business from cotton carrying steamers. The managers of the canal say that several steamers have already engaged to bring cotton from New Orleans and Galveston to Manchester direct, and 323 spinners, owning more than 20,000,000 spindles and consuming about 350,000 tons of raw cotton yearly, have signed a statement booming the new route. They pledge themselves to give preference, when buying to arrive, to cotton shipped direct, and when buying on spot to cotton imported direct and stored in Manchester.

Edison's English Patents.

Edison's English patents on incandescent lamps expired on the 10th inst., and hereafter their manufacture and sale will be free. What this means to the people will be understood when it is known that there are more of such lamps in use in London alone than in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Washington taken together.—London Exchange.

RAILROAD SCRAP IRON.

It is Fully Saved, Assorted and Then Sold by the Companies.

It is a very common sight to see a big railroad every scrap of iron and much secondhand material is valued at a fixed price and carried on the books as so much stock on hand. The system is used by the storekeeper's department of the railroad is a sample of many. The secondhand metals are gathered and placed in piles, regularly assorted.

Then they are classified by the foreman and taken into stock by the storekeeper or assistant. There are regular schedules—one of material which can be used again, which is denominated secondhand, and another of material which has to be melted before it can be used, which is known as scrap.

The classes are arranged something after the following order: Steel scrap, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, at prices ranging from \$28 a ton down; wrought iron, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; cast iron, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Even borings are taken into account, brass borings being credited at eight cents per pound and brass scrap and copper at twelve.

This material is shipped to division headquarters when a carload has accumulated. Here it is disposed of by the storekeeper on order of his chief, being shipped in carloads to big dealers in old metals in large cities. Much of it goes to Pittsburg, Cincinnati and such points. Orders for as high as 500,000 pounds of one kind of material are occasionally received from single firms. Most of the secondhand material is used over again in the shops, but it is previously taken on the books at a fixed price by the storekeeper and is charged up to the account of the articles for which it is used. All usable No. 1 wrought iron is received and charged up at 14 cents a pound, and cast iron at one cent.—Philadelphia Call.

Thought He Could Jump.

A young man the other day got an umbrella where the bottle got the cork—in the neck. This young man is one of those fellows who can readily explain to you that nothing that any one else can do is really as difficult as it appears. He joined a local gymnasium not long ago, and after watching the members once or twice going through their exercises came away with the feeling that he was a full fledged athlete. Walking on East Court street alongside of the jail, he espied two women ahead of him walking abreast and carrying a basket of freshly washed clothes between them. The street being narrow at this point, they took up the full width. The young man, being in a hurry, thought he could save time by jumping over the basket, but his calculation was not acute enough, and he kicked some of the wash off. After walking a few steps he turned around to ascertain the result of his maneuver and was just in time to see an umbrella hurled at him by the unerring aim of an enraged woman. He tried to dodge, but was too slow.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An advertiser in a New York daily a few days ago offered a reward for the return of two sets of teeth and no questions asked.

Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecil.

Miscellaneous.

C. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

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HOTEL BELNAP, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors. First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

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Men's suits the best and cheapest you ever saw for the money. We don't say so except we can convince you.

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