

DOGS OF INTELLIGENCE.

Stock subscriptions and a Treasurer in... The Ladies' Journal consists of a number of dog anecdotes selected from many sources, new and old. The stories are arranged to illustrate different features of the dog's character. Here is an example of what is called a dog's "tenacity of impression," vouchsafed by an Edinburgh minister: "One sacrament Sunday the minister left his house to the care of the servants, who thought it a good opportunity to give a party. During the day the dog (a Newfoundland) accompanied them through the garden, and indeed wherever they went in the most attentive manner and seemed well pleased. In the evening, when the time arrived that the party meant to separate, they proceeded to do so, but the dog, the instant they went to the door, interposed, and glancing himself before it, would not allow one of them to touch the handle. His first proceeding was attempting to bark, but he became furious and in a screaming manner drove them back into the kitchen, where he kept them until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Stimpson." From which it would appear that some dogs are Sabbathkeepers. At all events, he seems to have been of opinion that he had a mission on commandment to give out of plans. Another story, illustrating the reason of a dog's baying, is quoted as having been told by William Robson of Penzance, the year of the animal. The dog was in the habit of going about in human clothing. One day, after being fed, he went home by himself in a chair. The chairman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow overpaid the money, he inquired how and where he should find him. "Oh, sir," said the chairman, "I didn't tell him at all; he called me. I was standing close by St. James's church looking out for a fare, when he jumped into the chair and said, 'I'll give you a ride in the dog's chair. So I got down and took him out and drove him to the door, but he sat still and barked as much as to say, 'Go on, old man.' As I wasn't him by the collar I read his name and address. My fine gentleman called himself with his head just a-looking out, and I drove on till I came to the end. Then he jumps my passenger, and, clearing, the door, and walks in as though he'd been a regular fare." The driving in a dog is by no means a rare variety. It is told of Lady Ashburnham's collic that, after jumping into a hack, he so plainly intimated that he wanted his collar rung down as an omnibus that he drove it if he didn't ask me to.

AS AN ARMY RATION.

Means Briefly Considered by an Old Army Veteran. "Take it altogether," said the old soldier, "I think I liked better the bulk of the army rations. Hard bread, of course, was essential, and we expected to get that every day, but I am speaking of the comparative luxuries on the army bill of fare. I should prefer canned beef, if that issued in the army had been uniformly of a desirable quality. But when it was of a hardness more like that of quartz and of a saltness past belief by those who have never tried it. "Well, pork—well, fat salt pork, even of the best quality, is not desirable as a daily diet of food, and we got more salt pork than any other meat, and it was most always not of the best. In fact, no old soldier will ever forget the salt pork of the army. But his recollections of it will not be surrounded by a taint of recollection of the salt. "We everybody liked beans, but as to the quality, it was such a mess as to be almost inedible. All things considered, if I had a piece of pork to put in the bottle, so much the better. But we had salt anyway, and bean soup, with hard bread to break into it, and a cup of coffee made a meal that had delectable elements of hopefulness in it. "It is true that sometimes when we had beans day after day for days together, some of the men would get tired of beans. But you would grow tired of anything, wouldn't you, if you had too many of them? "I always used to be glad when we had beans, and to this day I like now and then a dish of bean soup, and I never get it without pleasant recollections of the army."—New York Sun.

A Poet's Charities.

The poetry of Longfellow reveals its author's sensitive, chivalrous spirit, so that those familiar with his verse will read without surprise this story told by Mrs. Phelps-Ward in her "Chapman From a Lady." Longfellow was reading aloud a poem one day to Mrs. Medford, whose eyes filled with tears as she listened. "I shall never forget," observes Mrs. Phelps-Ward, "the tone and manner with which he turned toward her. 'Oh, the child, I must go to give you happiness! And I have given you pain.' "His accent on the word 'pains' was like the smart of a wound."

Swiss Experts.

Swiss experts have come to the conclusion that more harm is done than prevented by roping climbers on glaciers. Often, fatally injured by the ropes cutting into the body. It is now proposed to obviate this by means of specially constructed broad belts.

CLIMATIC EXTREMES.

Parts of the Country with One Peculiarity or Another. The Yellowstone Has the Greatest Range of Temperature—Death Valley the Hottest Place—Where It Rains Every Day, Over the Hill From Winter to Summer. I have run about the United States a good deal for the last 30 years and have made memory notes of such climatic peculiarities as have come under my observation. The place having the widest range of temperature of any which I am familiar is Fort Keogh, in the Yellowstone Valley. Not infrequently in the winter the mercury tumbles down to 60 degrees below zero, and it has been known in summer to climb up to 130 degrees above. Here is an extreme range of 170 degrees, and yet people manage to live very comfortably there the year-round. In the early summer the grass on the plains and hills turns brown and yellow, and all green vegetation has withered away except where a fringe of cottonwood grows along a water course. It is a peculiarity of the extreme high temperature in the arid regions that you do not perspire at all—that is, you do not perspire perceptibly. The moisture is all evaporated from your skin as fast as it is formed by the extreme dryness of the air. The heat is not nearly so oppressive, however, as it is at a temperature of 90 or 100 degrees along the Atlantic seaboard. If you are indoors or under the shade of a tree, you are quite comfortable. Anything that will break the fierce rays of the sun is sufficient to relieve you from all oppression from the high temperature. Traveling some years ago across the hot, billowy plains of the great basin of the Columbia by a camping party looking up a route for a railroad, we came to a large columnar rock of black basalt. The day was intensely hot. We stopped the teams, and, throwing ourselves down on the shady side of the rock, recalled the words in the Bible about "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" and realized that a little shade meant as much to the people of arid Palestine as to tired travelers in arid America. The hottest place in the United States is unquestionably Death Valley, in southern California. It is about 200 feet below the sea level and is rimmed around with black, bare mountains. Birds flying across this valley in the heated season often drop dead. Bones is found here, but the mining processes cease in the heat of midsummer. I read somewhere of a party of men who entered the valley in July, knowing nothing of the deadly heat, and who perished there by the way. All day in the shade of a little stream that came out of the mountains and was now dried up in the fierce rays of the sun. They were glad to escape under the cooling shades of night.

The Senator's Striped Underwear.

A western senator, who has always been addicted to the habit of wearing striped underwear, had a narrow escape recently on that very account. The striped underwear worn by the distinguished senator looked for all the world like a prisoner's garb, but of course that aspect of the case did not suggest itself to the senator. While on route to Washington on one occasion the fact came to him in a striking way. It was on a sleeping car at night. The car pitched and threw him out of the lower berth to the floor, clad in his striped underwear. The lurch of the car startled the other passengers, and two ladies on the opposite side of the senator struck their heads out to see what the commotion was all about. When they saw the senator crawling under cover in his striped garb, thinking he was an escaped convict, they screamed, and a pandemonium reigned. The porter was summoned, whereupon the ladies commanded him to remove the "convict." It took all the "senatorial courtesy" the senator could rake up to prove an alibi, and he was finally able to demonstrate who he was, but he has since abandoned the idea of wearing striped underwear, leaving his friends in the conclusion that plain flannels without stripes are much better and far safer.

Means in Connemara.

Among the many fables of the nineteenth century is often reckoned those of the means in Connemara, Ireland. Time is outrageously dear, yet in the business of courting men are marvelous in patience and lethargy when compared to what they were in the middle ages. They liked then to commence a courtship by what is regarded now as the best of the best in it. "Will you marry me?" and they had little use for preliminaries. If the gentleman was wise and virtuous, she, of course, knew immediately what to say, for she previously had been informed of her suitor's fortune, as he of her dowry, and a few minutes only were necessary for the young people to see whether they were mutually agreeable or not.

Revisited Babe.

The convict under sentence of solitary confinement had utterly collapsed. "For heaven's sake," he begged, "I must have rest! My conscience will not let me sleep—unless, unless, I can listen to the chaplain's sermon!" Remembering that he had been a pillar of the church, they were disposed to grant his request. Habit, it must be remembered, is oftentimes more powerful than drugs.

The First British Telegraph Patent.

The first British telegraph patent was granted in the year that Queen Victoria was crowned, 1841.

Drudgey Required of the President.

The Yellowstone Has the Greatest Range of Temperature—Death Valley the Hottest Place—Where It Rains Every Day, Over the Hill From Winter to Summer. In The Century C. C. Biel has a paper on "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," in which he writes of the official drudge of the president. In opening his article he says: "A president who should not carry in to the White House a relish for drudgey, business habits of the most discrimination and a constitution of iron would be president only in name, even as regards his more important duties. His signature on the papers which he is told will not otherwise be legal might be as good as the signature of his bank account would require, but within the meaning of the law it would be as often as not a moral forgery. Yet no complaint should be offered on this account. Presidents are made for better or for worse, such as they are in natural faculties, and, although some of them are, I would not be slow to admit, distinguished and bureaucratic clerks in every respect, they take and some of them put the stamp of their own individuality on the papers and acts which make up an administration. When a president-elect, having the chief magistracy, has no other means of cash, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States," he has indicated himself, three days before he is inaugurated, as a man of letters. He is loved down by the crown of authority and is accompanied by the mantle of care.

Lincoln and the Widow.

During all that dreadful period when the civil war was ravaging the country Lincoln held the reins of the government, and although some of his decisions led, he never neglected an opportunity to help those who suffered. One day a poor woman, whose tears had worn furrows down her cheeks, came to Lincoln, and she said a few words related to the tale of her husband, who had fought in the Union army only to lose his life, and of her three boys, who were then fighting, she requested the discharge of her eldest boy, that she might have some one to support her. Lincoln's heart responded to the appeal, and he replied, "Certainly if you have given us all and your property has been taken away you are justly entitled to one of my boys." The poor woman went away light of heart, to return later, heartily begging the release of her second son. The discharge of the first son had come too late. He was killed before it reached him. Sully Lincoln sat down and wrote the requisite order for the release of the second son, and, rising, handed the paper to the afflicted woman, saying, "How you have loved him, and how I love you! This is no more than right." Weeping with joy, the poor mother blessed Lincoln and hurried out to send her previous order.—Hager's Biographical Table.

A Troubling Librarian.

An inquisitive reader on his travels, Napoleon complained when at Waterloo, 1802, and when at Bayona, in 1808, his librarian at Paris did not keep him well supplied with books. "The emperor," wrote the secretary to Napoleon in 1810, "printed in good type without margin, and composed as neatly as possible 40 volumes on religion, 40 on science, 40 on history, the remainder, to make up 1,000 of historical materials. The religious works are to be the Old and New Testaments, the Koran, a selection of the works of the fathers of the church, works respecting the Aryans, Calvinists, of metaphysics, etc. The titles are to be Homer, Lucretius, Tacitus, Thucydides, 'The Histories,' etc., Machiavelli, Fielding, Richardson, Montaigne, Voltaire, Cervantes, Racine and Rousseau were also among the authors mentioned.—Law Room.

Why Is It that a Common Man, When He wishes to compose a beautiful poem on any subject, as Venice or youth, always instinctively begins, 'O Venice, or 'O youth, when it is still known, that he is beginning in that way to write a poem?

Why is it that a common man, when he wishes to compose a beautiful poem on any subject, as Venice or youth, always instinctively begins, 'O Venice, or 'O youth, when it is still known, that he is beginning in that way to write a poem? It is strange, too, that when a beginner at story writing wishes to make a mad scene, he always begins in "bitter tears" and "breaking hearts," when it has long been known to the trade that the reddest paths can lead either bitter tears and "breaking hearts" all day and all night long.—Detroit Free Press.

Billiard Balls.

Billiard balls are first roughly turned by a lathe from the trunk, then left from six months to a year in a room about the temperature of an ordinary billiard hall. This length of time is necessary because the ivory shrinks more in one direction than another, and the shrinking must be complete before the balls are finished and polished.

A Good Deal in Him After All.

"Well," said Papa Rutherford, as he settled down to his job before writing his "Edgar," "now that I have had a chance to think about him I can't say that I think there is much in him." "Guess you didn't notice the dinner he ate, Jacob," said the practical manna.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nearly all the Royal Personages of Europe are constant, and not very far removed, as it has been laid down by a German genealogist, has every crowned head of Europe, excepting Turkey, descended from one or other of two sisters who lived about 150 years ago.

Excellent results have recently been obtained by the use of electricity in bleaching paper.

What Was It?

A fellow traveling in the east says that he was once in camp with his friend Ramsey, a man of limited talents. In a wretched Turkish village far from the track of travelers, as they were striking tents in the morning a heavy fisted boy brought Mr. Ramsey a handful of bronze for sale. He started rapidly on the pith of his hand and found among the rubbish one very rare coin of Hierapolis. Thus he got it all back again in the boy's astonished hands and offered half a dollar for the lot. The boy accepted the bid, gave back the handful, took his money and disappeared while the exultant purchaser went clanking off among the horses. Ten minutes later the boy appeared again, and, going up to the other flagstone, offered another handful of gold, high among which was the same rare Hierapolis coin. The gentleman kept the bronze in his hand and offered a half dollar for it, which the boy refused, though the bargain was eventually concluded for a dollar.

Lot us compare.

Let us compare," said the other, comparing the pebbles when his house was falling. "How did the key retain the coin in the first instance in order to fall it over again?" How, in that event, did he know the value of his find? The gentleman was told to which purchaser did the coin really belong?—Tenth's Companion.

His Sweet Vices.

The best of men are at times liable to make very serious mistakes. A man in a Leicestershire village writes in the night and heard while he was engaged in his task, groaning of a man on a hard bed and he came jumped to the conclusion that some body had buried a man in a hole in the front door. He slipped out of bed, glided like a specter into the hallway again, looked into the hall and was fully satisfied that his suspicions were correct. Finding his wrong-gone, he placed a handful of powder down the side of each barrel, capped them, softly riding an up stairs window, blew away in the darkness, the shot being followed by a howl of pain from below.

What?

What? It is not my fault, it is just 'necessity' with the date's house." He was for given on the spot.—London Telegraph.

The Saturday Review says that when he was in Egypt...

The Saturday Review says that when he was in Egypt that he had lived in a guide to take him to the pyramids. He was familiar enough with them, he thought, to make his own way to the pyramids without a guide. He was not unacquainted with the fact that he could not understand a word that either of the guides uttered. All the pyramids he met a friend, to whom he made known his dilemma. It was very sympathetic, he thought, "Why, the explanation is simple enough," said the friend, "The pyramids are dead, then, and I'm afraid." "Why, you should have told me that," said the young man. These old fellows have lost their teeth, and, of course, they don't speak Arabic. They speak gossamer.—London Telegraph.

A Wonderful Solution.

Antonio Magliabechi, the famous Florentine scholar, was remarkable not only for the amount and variety of his knowledge, but he was accurately 60 different languages, but also for his incessant labors in a student and librarian. He usually passed the whole night in study and when exhausted nature demanded rest a small chair served for a couch and an old threshold clock for a coverlet.

The People Living of Punk's Island.

The people living of Punk's Island, Ms., are so healthy that the physician who attempted to make a living by examining their skulls, and the islands, sick and well alike, contribute a certain amount yearly, outside that paid for services, to keep him there.