

Chief Justice Judd, of Hawaii, hopes for the United States— the island republic to become either a "Federal District or a Territory."

Marshall Yamagata, of Japan, thinks that this is the most wonderful country under the sun, and says that it is the only Nation in the world that does not need an army.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The civilization that can photograph the invisible should not despair of finding out what is the real cause and practical cure of crime."

Eugene V. Debs was invited by the Chicago University students to address them, but the faculty wouldn't allow it. They think Debs is a dangerous man, explains the New England Homestead.

Chicago is very much afraid that Canada might invade her, in case of trouble with England, and is loudly demanding a big share of the cash appropriated for fortifications. What's the matter with the brick battlement, Illinois? asks the New Orleans Picayune.

It is the announced purpose of Andrew Carnegie to make of Pittsburgh the "art centre" of America, by an annual "salon" exhibition after the manner of the Paris Salon. To induce the world's artists to send pictures for exhibition he has decided to give \$50,000 a year for the purchase of prize winners.

Buffalo Bill is said, in Farm, Field and Fireside, to be the best known American citizen. In Germany he is looked upon as a general, in France, England and Ireland as the most prominent Presidential candidate, and in Spain and Italy as a cabinet officer taking a tour for his health. The members of the Wild West Show are looked upon as the courtiers in his train—typical American gentlemen.

New cures for consumption continue to be proposed, notes the Pathfinder. None has so far proved a specific cure, invariably successful or exclusively accepted. Consumption appears to be the worst enemy of man's health in this day, and it is probably increasing. It is these serious considerations that are urging scientists to study more closely the pathology of the lungs. Nature abhors unhealth and as soon as we learn how to make the conditions right it will be as easy to reform a pair of lungs as to set a broken arm.

In Australia they are exploiting a whale cure for rheumatism, which is said to be effective, though disagreeable. It was discovered by a drunken man, relates the New York Press, who was staggering along the beach near the whaling station at Twofold Bay, and who, seeing a dead whale cut open, took a header into the decomposing blubber. It took two hours for him to work his way out, and he was then not only sober, but cured of his rheumatism. Now, they say, a hotel has been built in the neighboring town of Eden, where rheumatic patients wait for the arrival of a whale in order to take blubber baths.

Only one lighthouse in ninety miles from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City, and several boats, including the liner St. Louis, have lately run on the beach in that stretch, exclaims the New York Dispatch. Only one lighthouse for the Long Island shore approach to Sandy Hook for sixty miles and over, where numerous wrecks are beached and strew the coast every year. Is the approach to the greatest harbor in the world properly protected considering the dangerous sands waiting to hold any craft unfortunate enough to get ashore and considering the enormous tonnage and its value that has to reach this port by running the gauntlet of the Jersey and Long Island sands?

A State organization of the school boards of Minnesota has been formed. There are similar organizations in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas and Pennsylvania, and a National convention, the first, will be held in Buffalo this year, in connection with the National Teachers' Association. The purpose in the organization of these State associations of school boards is to gather and exchange opinions and decisions. Without such organization, it is argued, school boards are independent bodies, each acting upon its own best judgment, and knowing little or nothing of the methods of other boards. School teachers and superintendents have their conventions and exchange of ideas, and it is equally desirable that members of school boards should have an opportunity of educating themselves for their duties.

JENNY AND THE COWS.

The cows are coming home, Jenny—I hear their clanking bells:
White Face
And Bright Face:
Coming, coming, coming from the clover,
in the dells;
Coming, Jenny girl,
And what care they for a curl,
Or that red rose that you wear in your hair,
Jenny girl!

The cows are coming home,
Jenny, the cows are coming home:
Lazy Bell
And Daisy Bell—
Coming, coming, coming from the fields
where wild doves roam;
Coming, Jenny dear,
And I wonder why you wear
Such ribbons and such roses in your hair,
Jenny dear!

The cows are coming home,
Jenny, by the loving calves they're led.
White Face
And Bright Face:
Coming, coming, coming—but beware that
rose of red!
Or do the cattle care
For a woman's ribboned hair?
Nay! there's some one watching—watching
for your coming, Jenny dear!

The cows are coming home,
Jenny; but little do you care
For Lazy Bell,
Or Daisy Bell,
From fragrant fields of clover, while in all
the twilight air
A sweeter music swells
Than the ringing of their bells
From lips that cry for kisses from your red
lips, Jenny dear!
N'er mind the cattle, Jenny; they'll come
for all the girls;
Daisy Bell
And Lazy Bell:
The calves'll call them homeward spite of
of ribbons and of curls;
Think you the cattle care
For the rose that's in your hair?
Nay! but one there is who loves you, and
he's waiting, Jenny dear!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HERO.

HEY lived in a little two-roomed cabin on the bank of the Mississippi. The rising ground which they occupied had formerly been an island; but the Government had built a dike—locally called the "cut-off"—at the head of the slough, which turned the water into the main channel; and the rich, low ground between them and the shore road was where they planted their garden.

There were three of them, John Lane, his wife and their Fred, not counting Hero; but Hero was so large and clumsy that he might have been counted for a dozen. Whenever he came into the house the dishes on the table were in imminent danger from the majestic sweep of his huge, bushy tail; and as this so worried Fred's mother—for dishes were costly, and hard to get—Fred kept him out of doors most of the time, except on cold nights in the winter. Then Hero was allowed to come into the house, but was promptly made to go under Fred's bed, in order, as Mr. Lane would say, that there might be room enough left to turn in.

Mr. Lane was a rafterman, and had worked for years around the old saw-mill that stood on the river bank a mile above their little home. As the mill ran only when the river was open and free of ice, it was very difficult to make his scanty earnings last through the winter. It was Fred's work during the summer months to gather the driftwood which floated down from the mill. His father had built a narrow staging for him, which extended out over the water; and by means of a long pole, having a sharp iron hook on the end, he could catch hold of and secure any pieces that floated near him.

Hero would sit on the bank and gravely watch the proceedings; until one day when Fred missed his mark and a fine, large block escaped him, the dog gravely rose, plunged into the water and brought the block back to the pile.

When Fred had recounted this feat, his father built the staging wide enough for two; and thereafter Hero sedately stationed himself beside his little master. Whenever a large block drifted past beyond Fred's reach, he pointed it out to Hero, who would swim for it and drag it ashore in his huge mouth, with an air of: "There, now! I did that all myself!" and then gravely return again to his seat at the end of the narrow staging. In this way the pile grew rapidly, and before the mill shut down they had more than enough for the winter.

As Fred piled the last of it against the house he laughingly said to his mother: "I think old Hero has earned the right to stay in the house all he wants to, and to sing as loud as he pleases when Daddy plays his fiddle. If it hadn't been for Hero, that pile would have been about half as large." Hero looked as if he fully understood it all, and, as Fred's mother said, "really smiled."

The winter was unusually long and severe, and it was quite late in the spring before the ice moved out. Then the heavy rains set in, and for two weeks there was almost a continual downpour. The river rose alarmingly, and then seemed to settle a trifle; still it worried Mr. Lane, for he said the house was too old to bear the strain should the water reach the foundation. Fred had great sport sending Hero out for all sorts of things that floated by; and then one morning, to his sorrow, he saw his staging swept away. The river again rose rapidly, and

crept uncomfortably near them. By night the water had reached their cabin steps; but, as it seemed to rise no higher, they decided to bring Hero in and go to bed as usual.

Before dawn they were roused by a loud knocking; it was one of the men from the mill. The stringers securing the log jam had broken, and help was needed immediately; so Mr. Lane dressed, and, with a hasty good-bye, followed the messenger up the wet road.

Fred's mother could not go back to sleep; so she built a roaring fire in the old fashioned wide-mouthed fireplace and sat before it watching the flames. They could hear nothing but the roar of the rising river, and repeatedly went to the door to peer out into the darkness. Already the logs were coming down, and should a few of these strike the cabin she feared they might start it from its loose foundation. It seemed to her by the sounds that the water had reached the garden, but that could hardly be possible unless the cut-off had broken. Yet the sounds were so strange and alarming that she decided to waken Fred and be ready to leave by day-break, if the river should still be rising.

Hero seemed to know that danger was near, and Fred was so excited he could scarcely dress himself. The dog pawed at the door and whined, and day was just breaking as Fred opened it.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "the cut-off surely has gone, for see, the river is between us and the road."

Mrs. Lane hastened to the doorway, and for a moment her heart stood still with fear; for she saw it was now impossible to leave the cabin. Their garden was a perfect mirage, down which the heavy logs were tumbling and turning. As yet the water just covered their first step, but it seemed to be rising rapidly and each moment brought the heavy logs nearer to them. She hastily prepared breakfast, urging Fred to eat heartily, for she did not know when they might have another warm meal. Hero came in for his share as well, and before they had finished a tiny stream made its way across the floor, and now and then the cabin was jarred by some heavy object striking it.

Very calmly Fred's mother explained that their safest place now was out on the roof, as the logs were liable to send the cabin down stream at any moment. She seemed so quiet that Fred did not wholly realize their danger, and this was as she wished it. Fred said it was quite like camping, getting the blankets and food to the roof; and he entered heartily into the work. But when it came to getting Hero up the ladder and out through the small opening it was a great task. The old fellow seemed to understand; but he was so heavy that he could not hold himself on the rounds, and he had never been taught to climb ladders.

Fred finally piled up the tables and chairs and coaxed Hero to mount them. Then, by pulling at the dog's great fore-paw and with Mrs. Lane lifting and pushing below, they finally succeeded.

Scarcely had they settled themselves on the roof when a jam of half a dozen logs struck the house, the eddying waters whirled the light frame around, and, with a gentle, rocking motion, it settled down and slowly floated away upon the stream.

Fred said they were regular Robinson Crusoes out on the raft, and endeavored to cheer his mother by declaring that the men surely knew of the break, and would quickly come to their rescue. Hero crept to her and laid his great head in her lap, and for a moment her tears blinded her; then she resolutely brushed them aside, for she felt that she must not let her fears overcome her, but must watch for some means of escape.

Slowly the old cabin floated along, sometimes driven by the current close to the shore, and her hopes would rise; and then, caught by the eddies, it would turn round and round and be driven far out toward the middle of the wide river. Suddenly there was a harsh grating sound as they dragged on a gravelly bottom; then the cabin listed far over to one side, swung part way around and then back again, and settled hard and fast aground. They were firmly caught on a sandbar; but if some of the drifting logs or trees should happen to strike the cabin, Mrs. Lane feared it would break and founder. Anxiously she watched and prayed for assistance. Would it hold together until help came? Surely her husband must know about the broken cut-off and would come in pursuit—they had not drifted far—and he must soon overtake them.

When Mr. Lane arrived at the mill he joined in the difficult labor of piling such logs as they could secure into the comparatively still waters of a little bayou and mooring them securely. The men worked like Trojans; but, strive as they might, thousands of feet of valuable timber were swept away. By ones and twos and dozens the great logs were whirled beyond their grasp; and when daylight broke, a shout arose, and was repeated hoarsely from man to man: "The cut-off's broken open."

"Run, Lane!" the foreman shouted; "drop it and run for your cabin!"

But John Lane needed no such spur. At the first intimation of the break, he had dropped his pole and raced away down the shore road.

"He'll need help, men," the foreman said. "Joe Hart, you and Chapman join him. Better to lose the whole log jam than a mate's woman and youngster."

Lane, in his haste, had thought of nothing, hoping only to find the house standing; but Joe Hart thoughtfully went into the mill and came out bearing two coils of rope.

"I'm thinkin' we'll need 'em," he

remarked, catching up with Chapman and handing him half of his burden.

When Lane reached a point that should have brought the cabin in view, to his horror nothing was visible but an expanse of rushing water. For a moment he felt stunned; but, looking back, he saw his two friends with their heavy rope coils; and realizing why they had brought them, he started down the shore faster than ever. As far as he could see down the stream there were no signs of the cabin; but the river curved a short distance below and a thick grove of trees hid quite a long stretch of it. As he rounded the point and the bend was disclosed, to his great joy he saw the house about half a mile below him. With a glad cry to his friends, he hurried onward and soon gained the nearest approach of the shore to his poor little stranded family.

Cheering them with shouts, he began to devise some means for effecting their rescue. This appeared a difficult matter. They were fully two hundred feet from the shore; and the current between them was very strong, and it would be hazardous for a swimmer to try to reach them, because of the floating logs and debris which might strike and overwhelm him. There were no boats to be had, all those at the mill having been carried away by the freshet; and how to get them ashore was a perplexing and serious question.

Hart suggested that if they could in any way manage to pass a line to them, a large tub might be procured and rigged to ferry them over. But how might they get the rope to them?

Suddenly Mr. Lane brightened up. "I believe Hero'll do it," he said, as he hastily tied a block of driftwood to the end of the smaller rope. Then, making a trumpet of his hands, to carry his voice above the noise of the river, he called: "Send Hero after the block I throw out."

Fred roused the dog and bade him "watch sharp;" and his father flung the block toward them.

"After it, Hero. Get it!" Fred shouted; and Hero, true to his old training, plunged into the rushing water. But the dog was bewildered by the strength of the current, and when he felt himself borne downstream, he turned and swam back to the cabin. Fred scolded him roundly and cuffed his ears; while Mr. Lane pulled the block back to the shore and ran up-stream a little distance, to cast it in above the bar. Fred, in the meantime, kept Hero alert. The dog was prepared for another attempt, and sat up watching expectantly.

Mr. Lane swung the block round and round in the air, and then sent it flying out over the water. The dog plunged in, and made bravely toward it. He understood the current this time, and heeded up stream against it. Would the block be carried past him? Would he bring it to them should he reach it? Could he stem the torrent and lodge the drift? How the old fellow was cheered along! Shouts from the shore bade him go ahead; shouts from Fred urged him forward. He reached it at last and grasped it with his strong jaws. Then for a moment he hesitated, and seemed undecided which way to turn. What! would he go to the shore with it?

The men shouted hoarsely and mentioned his back. He was much easier for him to carry it ashore; but Fred's voice rang out clear and shrill: "Hello, Hero! Bring it to me. Hero: old boy. Back—back here with it!" And slowly the faithful animal turned and faced his little master. The current swept him below the house; but he fought bravely onward, nearer and nearer, until Fred was able to grasp him.

Bravely done, old Hero! Rightly named, for you saved twelve lives. Slowly he raised himself to the roof and Fred passed the line to his mother, then threw both his arms around Hero's wet neck and broke out wildly sobbing.

Mr. Lane hastily tied the rope to one of the cabin's rafters. The men brought a tub from a farmhouse near by and swung it by both its strong handles. Mr. Lane then jumped in with a second rope, which he payed out behind as he cautiously ferried across the water. He hauled himself along slowly, getting an occasional wetting, but landed on the house roof safely at last. How joyfully they welcomed him! Hero claimed his share of praise; and does any one doubt that he got it?

Mrs. Lane was placed in the tub and told to hold the rope firmly to keep their frail makeshift from tipping, and the men on shore slowly hauled it across by means of the small line tied to it. She landed safely, and the tub was pulled back to rescue Fred and his father. Hero stood watching them, until they were some distance from the house, and looked as though he expected the tub to come back for him; but he finally plunged in and followed. He was first to reach shore, and came trotting up the bank to meet them as the tub landed.

Before very long the cabin went to pieces, and until then no one really appreciated how much they owed to Hero. From that day on he was always allowed the very best of everything, and if his great tail did occasionally break a dish nothing was ever said about it.—New York Independent.

Music Published Cheaply.

Music is published very cheaply. The cost of 100 copies is only about \$20, if the cover of the music is plain. There were 60,000 musical compositions turned out from American presses last year. Hardly more than a dozen songs were a popular success. The need not deter the musically ambitious, who can, if they find the proper place, become composers "while you wait."—San Francisco Chronicle.

"JOCK."

The Shepherd Collie Which Saved Twenty-five Horses.

When Mr. Leitch, of the Paepke-Leitch Lumber Company, paid \$25 for Jock, a Scotch collie, he little thought the dog would pay for itself a hundred times over and save property worth \$3,000. Such, however, is the fact, and had it not been for the sagacity of Jock twenty-five horses belonging to Mr. Leitch's firm would have lost their lives in the fire which partially destroyed its lumber-yard on Tuesday night. The horses were in a stable in the rear of the building in which the fire was discovered, and though the night watchman cut their halters they would not leave the building. Jock seemed to understand the situation, and, rushing into the stalls, drove the animals out one by one. He barked and bit at the heels of the frightened animals, and did better work than a score of men. One of the animals after he was outside ran back into the burning stable and was followed by Jock. But the efforts of the dog were of no avail; the horse was "fire mad" and was burned to death.

Jock is four years old and is the nightly companion of Watchman Arndt. The dog discovered the fire and by barking attracted the attention of the watchman. When his work of rescue was complete he took up a position by the yard gate, and neither streams of water nor showers of sparks would dislodge him from his place.

Jock is of pure Scotch breed, and, according to his owner, Tuesday night's occurrence was not the first exhibition of intelligence above the ordinary. Sev-



"JOCK," THE SHEPHERD COLLIE.

eral times he has driven suspicious characters away from the yards, and vice to the tramp who tries to turn a lumber pile into a lodging-house.—Chicago Tribune.

SATAN IN HARNESS.

A Giant Georgia Negro Does the Work of a Mule.

"Satan at last in harness" should not be construed as meaning that the cloven hoof individual who figures most conspicuously in Dante's Inferno has been suddenly halted in his travels to and fro on this earth. The Satan here referred to is Sam Satan, a giant negro, of Dougherty County, Georgia, who allowed himself to be hitched to a plow and did the work of his deceased mule. Sam had owned a mouse-colored mule for a number of years, but hard work had hurried it to the bone factory, and money was not plentiful with Sam, and just how he should do the plowing in his field worried him very much. He saw nothing else to do but to take the mule's place in the harness, and let his wife do the driving. For one whole summer Sam assumed the role of a



SAM SATAN IN THE PLOW.

mule, and did the work in a masterly manner that created jealousy among the mules of the county.

Satan is seven feet tall and as strong as an ox, and has the reputation of being the Samson of Georgia. One of his feats that attracted especial attention was where he picked up four men, each weighing about 150 pounds. Putting one on each shoulder and taking one on each arm, he walked off down the street as easily as an ordinary man would

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Virginia possesses the greatest magnetium mines in the world.

The eyes of birds that fly by night are generally about double the size of day birds.

The Bertillon system for identifying criminals by measurements has been adopted by the New York City Police Board.

If human dwellings were constructed on the same proportionate scale as the ant-hills of Africa we should be living in houses a mile high.

An odd observation of Gilbert White, confirmed by recent writers, is that pheasant cocks invariably crow, as if in answer to a challenge, at the sound of artillery or thunder.

It is evident, according to the American Mechanist, that wheels constructed on the principle of the bicycle wheel are not suited for use in ordinary three and four wheel vehicles since they are planned to sustain vertical stress only, and are altogether un-fitted for lateral strain such as other vehicles are subjected to.

A Frenchman has invented a recording attachment for the piano, for the use of composers, by which each key, when struck, leaves a mark on a strip of slowly-moving paper. By means of this contrivance improved music may be transcribed, and floating ideas caught that, perhaps, it would be impossible for the composer to recall and commit to paper.

Plateau, a Belgian experimenter, throws doubt on the assumption that insects are strongly attracted by bright and contrasted colors in flowers. Showy dahlias, hidden beneath leaves and colored paper seemed to be visited by bees and butterflies quite as often as the exposed flowers. It is concluded that perception of odors is the insects' chief guide.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company finds that its electric locomotives are more expensive than those driven by steam, the former costing thirty-eight cents per engine-mile, while the cost of the latter is but twenty-three cents. However, as in all other respects the use of electricity in the tunnel has given far more satisfaction than that of steam, the former will be continued.

Usually skeletons of prehistoric peoples are found near the surface. Except in the high mounds of the Mississippi valley they are seldom more buried than ten feet deep. So it is interesting to note that an excellently preserved skeleton was found at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., twenty-two feet below the present surface, accompanied by pipe, tomahawk, drinking cup, shells and other articles.

Discovered Pigmies in Africa.

Donaldson Smith, the young physician who has been on an expedition to Lake Rudolph, Africa, arrived in New York from London on board the American line steamer St. Louis yesterday afternoon, and last evening reached his home in this city, says the Philadelphia Times.

Perhaps of the greatest popular interest is his discovery of many new tribes whose existence was previously unknown. Among these is a race of pigmies, the fact of whose discovery has caused a commotion in scientific circles. These curious people are of African type. Although of great physical beauty, with well-formed limbs, they are barely removed from animals. Late in life, they settle down and marry. These remarkable people are about four and five feet high and live in primitive conical huts.

Their only industry is corn raising and the rearing of sheep and goats. They are born hunters. In warfare they use poisoned arrows, the wounds inflicted by which prove fatal within an hour.

Salt in History.

The necessity for salt among aboriginal races must have been paramount, for nature craves it. Salts of soda are to be found in all animal and vegetable substances man uses, but it does not seem to be so assimilable as sodium chloride. Primitive Americans were certainly fortunate, because sources of salt far away from the seaboard are fairly numerous. The work of procuring salt must have fallen in a large measure on women. There was a Mexican goddess who was honored as the salt giver. Bancroft, in his Aztec studies, tells how an Aztec king kept the Tascalans without salt for years, until they acknowledged his sovereignty.

Proof Positive.

A Scotsman who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him into a room with a theological work, an apple and a sixpenny piece. If he found him when he returned reading the book, he intended to make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer, and if interested in the money, a banker.

When he did return he found the boy sitting on the book, with the sixpenny in his pocket, and the apple all most devoured.

"That settles it," said the keen Scotsman, "the lad's a born lawyer, I can easily see."—San Francisco Examiner.

Peculiar Way to Grind Out a Living.

There is a man with an office on West Twenty-eighth street who is grinding out a living in a peculiar way. He conducts a bureau of nomenclature. His specialty is to name titles for all sorts of plays. Of course, he must read the plays first. Many authors who are unable to conceive an appropriate title for their plays go to this individual for a catchy name. If the play is a success he generally gets a handsome bonus in addition to his fee. He has been in the business for seven years, and he says only two of the plays which he named have gone under.—New York World.