THE PARDON OF PONTO



E3. FOR A LONG ame I reposed the most blind confidence in him. We dearly. He was a setter, white, with Alas, it is Ponto." brown ears and tail. His name was Pon-

Ponto was enamored of a certain

wooden ball about the size of a billiard ball. In a moment of weakness I had purchased this one day and brought it home. Ponto immediately seized it, rolled it toward me, and said: "Throw that over there in the rosebushes. I will find it. You see if I thrown and Ponto found it. But he became rather irksome with his desire to retrieve the ball, because his favorite emark to me became: "Play ball." He had a fashion of coming into my study | incriminating that an avowal. with a brisk air, wagging his tail, with the ball held in his mouth. Then, placing his forepaws upon the table, he would put the precious ball in the midfle of the papers, letters and books, and say: "There is my ball. Now toss it out of the window, and I will go and get it. That will be very much more amusing than wasting your time on ill these stupid papers and books." I would disappear. A few minutes would pass before Ponto would reappear with his forepaws at the window and remark: "Say you, you man with the sapers, I don't find anything here. The ball isn't in the garden. You must have kept it." Then he would come in at the door,, go sniffing around under the furniture and in the partly opened desk drawers, and then, with the air of a man who smites his ferehead and discovers something, he would look inquiringly at you and say: "I will wager that it is on the table. He was right. With his intelligent eye he had followed your glance. If you attempted then to conceal the ball there was an end to work. He burst into extravagant gayety, jumped after the ball, followed your least movements, and would not quit you, laughing energetically

Ponto made me sometimes think that he was one of those men turned into dogs of whom we read in the fairy stories. His eye was deep, tender and human, and at times it seemed to say: "What would you? I am only a fourfooted beast, but have a human heart-



HE WOULD COME INTO MY STUDY. a better one than that of many men. I am a beast, and I have suffered much. I suffer still because I cannot express myself in speech and tell you, in those things that you call words, my fidelity and my devotion. Yes, I am yours, and I love you like a dog. Whatever belongs to you is secure. Just let anybody touch it, and you will see."

But Ponto and I fell out one day. It was a very unfortunate affair. Only those people who, like myself, believe bligdly in dogs will understand me. That is what happened. The cook had killed two chickens, and had gone into the adjoining pantry to get a basket to put the feathers in as the placked them. When she returned to the kitchen she uttered a shrick-one of the two chickens was gone. Yet she had been absent but a few minutes.

"Ah," said the cook reflectively, "evidently some beggar has passed by here and has taken one of the chickens through the window." She looked out of the door in order to find the supposititious beggar, but there was nobody there. Then for a moment she thought it must be the dog, but she was at once seized with remorse. "What! Suspect Pento? Never. He would not steal. Why, he would watch over a leg of mutton all day without touching it, even when he was perishing with hunger. Besides, he is there in the kitchen, sitting on his haunches, with his eyes partly closed and occasionally yawning. He is not thinking of chickens."

The cook was so profoundly puzzled that she summoned her master and I came. The melanchoiy affair was laid before me. I looked at Ponto. Ponto was sitting there, with a studied air of indifference, apparently half asleep. I called him, "Ponto!" He looked toward me and lifted his heavy eyelids.

"Did you call me, master? I was only asleep. I was dreaming-I was dreaming of my ball."

Of his ball, eh? I became at once suspicious. This was evidently a pretext. But I said:

"I think, Katherine, that you are right. The dog could not have stolen the chicken. If he had stolen it he would be engaged now in plucking it somewhere in the garden.'

"But look at him, sir-just look at him. He has not the air of a Christian

"What?" "I say that Ponto has not an honest

I turned and gazed at him. "Look at me, Ponto.

Ponto looked up, but his head dropped, and he grumbled: "Do you think that I would be hanging around here if I had stolen a chicken? Why, I'd be eating it."

But this remark did not divert my loved each other firmed them. "Katherine," said I thing that occurred the vast area of selemnly to the cook, "it is Ponto.

What I had seen in Ponto's eyes was terrible. I swear to you, reader, that I am most serious. I had distinctly voyage. The shores of Michigan, Wisseen there an almost human lie.

It is rather difficult to explain my meaning. Ponto wished to assume an graph lines, and the towns and small appearance of sincerity in his glance, and he did not succeed, because that lake, even to the islands, furnish ready is impossible, even to a man. It is means of communication with the said by profound philosophers that in larger cities; but not so on that part of men the power of lying is confined to the Canadian shore north of the lakes, speech; that the power of throwing where a wilderness inhabited by a few don't." So said, so done. The ball was | falsehood into glance is possessed only | fishermen and Indians exists. This is by women.

Ponto exhausted himself in vain efforts to lie with his eyes. But this long stretch of country to the north and unsuccessful falsebood was even more

I looked fixedly at Ponto. "Here, Ponto," said I, "take this," and I offered him the second chicken, which Katherine had just finished plucking.

Ponto looked at me reflectively. 'Hum," he said, "you evidently suspect me. Why do you give me a chicken today? You never gave me a ular course of vessels bound down from whole chicken before." He took the chicken in his mouth and immediatewould frequently feign to hurl the ball ly deposited it on the floor at my feet, 'rom the window, and like a flash Ponto and, looking up in my eyes, he said: "You must think I am a fooi."

Instinctively I said to myself: "Thief! Scoundrel! You have retrayed me. You are a perfidious dog. Your honest canine existence of loyalty has now come to an end, and you have been as false as if you were only a man." But patting him on the back, I added aloud: "Good Ponto, honest Ponto, nice Ponto."

The dissimulation was rather too deep for Ponto. Urged on by the savory smell of the chicken he took it between his jaws and started to go. But before he reached the door he turned several times and looked at me carefully in order to see if he could fathom my thoughts. As soon as he had left the kitchen I closed the door and began spying upon him through the blinds of the window. He went a few paces as if intending to devour his prey, and then stopped, placed the chicken on the ground and thought deeply for a long time. Several times he looked at the kitchen door with his false and treacherous eyes. Then, giving up all attempts to seek an explanation satisfactory to his mind, ac contented himself with the fact that he had the chicken, picked it up and departed. As he disappeared in the distance I could see that his sometime timid tail, which had hesitated throughout our entire conversation, had again became bold and firm. Ponto's tail said: "Bah! I have both chickens. Nobody saw me take the first. Hurrah!"

I stealthily followed him from afar, and I surprised him in the act of hastily | bishop and a lately deceased marquis scratching a hole in the ground with played leading parts. The marquis, his powerful forepaws. The chicken | who married a Gaiety chorus girl, and, that I had given him was lying on the generally speaking, lived up to the high ground and in the hole he was digging lay the other chicken. I was heartbroken. My friend Ponto retained the instincts of his remote ancestors, the men. One day he went into his hatfoxes and the wolves, and buried his maker's in Piccadilly and asked for a provisions. But, alas! being a domesti- new one to be made. The shopwalker cated animal, and having become the took the hat, and walked down to the companion of mankind, he had learned | far end of the shop to give the requisite to lie.

Under the eyes of the treacherous and now shame-faced Ponto I made up a of the two chickens, and I deposited this table. Whenever thereafter I was engaged at work and Ponto came bringeasy air, "Come, come! Lay aside that variably lifted the little feather duster. Then Ponto would drop his treacherous head. His tail would sink between his legs and adhere to his quivering he could. Unfortunately, the marquise his nerveless jaws. As he looked at you are so ruthless, so unforgiving? Do you never pardon?"

Weeks passed, and I had not yet pardoned Ponto. But he was indefatigable in his attempts to win me over. So one morning when he came to me again, and when I seized the poor little feather duster and poor Ponto was about to withdraw, I said to him:

"Look, Ponto," quoth I. "Look upon this for the last time. Thus perishes the only token of your fault," and I

hurled the feather duster into the fire. Ponto carefully watched the feather duster burn. Then, without any hysteric manifestations of joy, without leaps or skips, but nobly, simply, with dignity, he came and proffered his paw. The crime was forgotten. We were friends again.

Ponto was glad that be had been forgiven, but he was not nearly so glad as I that I had forgiven him.

Where Consumption Thrives Most. That tuberculosis is increased by living in thickly settled communities is shown by statistics collected by Dr. Peit for 662 French towns. In Paris the proportion of deaths from tuberculous disease in 100,000 inhibitants is 490; in eleven towns of from 100,000 to 430,000 inhabitants it is 363; in fortysix towns with a population between 30,000 and 100,000 it is 305; in fifty towns of from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants it is 288; in 127 towns between 10. 000 and 20,000 it is 271; in 332 towns between 5,000 and 10,000 it is 216, and in ninety-five towns with a population below 5,000 it is 181.

Charles A. Dana's Brother.

Junius Dana, who is by two years the junior of Charles A. Dana, lives quietly a national bank. His life has been a brother's house is ever at his disposal. sent him about his business.

ITS PERILS ARE MANY,

Lake Superior Is an Exceedingly Treacherous Body of Water.

From the Detroit Free Press: The recent accident to the steamer Missoula suspicions. On the centrary, it con- tends to show more clearly than any-Lake Superior, and the possibility of a vessel's crew reaching land after shipwreck and yet being unheard of for a couple of weeks after starting on a censin and Minnesota on the big lake are traversed by railways and telesettlements on the American side of the especially true of the Canadian shore just above Sault Ste. Marie, and for a cast of the point where the Canadian Facific railway turns in to the shore of the lake and traverses it on toward Port Arthur and Fort William. When the Missoula broke her shaft and was rendered helpless she was less than twenty-five miles from Caribou island on the course down toward Sault Ste. Marie. She was somewhat off the regthe head of Lake Superior, but if she had been able to make any headway toward the Sault, or care for herself at all on the course she was following, she would have been picked up very soon ofter the accident by some passing vessel. But a southerly wind drifted her out of the course of even the few vessels trading to Canadian ports at the head of the lakes, and she was working over toward the wildest part of the Canadian north shore territory when her crew was compelled to abandon her.

A glance at the chart will show that Brule point, where the crew of the Missoula first made land, is scarcely more than seventy-five miles from Sault Ste. Marie, where 15,000,000 tons of freight passes through a canal in a single season, and yet the men in one of the Missoula's yawl boats spent nearly two days working along the shore of the lake before they found any more sign of life than a deserted fisherman's shanty, in which they built a fire and dried their wet clothing. The fishing season has closed, but even fishermen are scarce in this territory during the most active periods. It is not strange, therefore, that the men from the Missoula were nearly a full week in finding means of communicating with the owners of the vessel after they had landed on the dreary north shore of Lake Superior.

WOULDN'T WEAR IT.

Sad Mistake by a Short-Sighted Bishop in England.

From the St. James Budget: There is hat story in which a well-known standard of his marriage life, was accustomed to wear a particular style of hat, shorter than that favored by most instructions, leaving the hatless marquis standing in the shop. At this moment there entered the shortsighted little package of the longer feathers | bishop of X, also in want of a new headgear. He saw only a small man, who little feather duster on my working might have passed for a shopkeeper, standing staring at him. So he took his peculiar hat off his head and went up ing his ball and said, with a light and to him. "Do you think, my good man," he said, persuasively, "that you have a rubbish and let us play ball," I in- bat like that?" The marquis looked at him for a moment, speechless with indignation, while the shopkeeper, seeing what was amiss, hurried up as fast as body, while the ball would fall from found his voice before the hat man reached his client. "No," he said, givme he would say, "Is it possible that ing the bishop back his headgear; "I haven't got a hat like that, and if I had I'm d-d if I'd wear it."

VENEZUELA IN PARAGRAPHS.

Eight states are in the union. Population of Venezuela is 2,121.998 Venezuela contains 566,000 square

Fifteen per cent of the population are full-blooded Indians.

The territory in dispute is about the ize of our state of Maine.

British Guiana was acquired by England through treaty in 1814.

In 1893 the amount of gold mined in Venezuela was 47,000 ounces. Slavery in the republic was abolshed by the decree of March 24, 1854.

Venezuela's export trade with New York reaches \$5,000,000 a year. Difficulties between Venezuela and

Great Britain first arose in 1836. It is estimated that seventy-five revolutions have occurred since the establishment of the republic.

An absolute separation of church and state has been effected, civil marriage is insisted on, and other admirable and progressive institutions have been es-

Previously to 1886 her public school system was very unimportant, only 1.312 pupils being in attendance at the public schools in the year mentioned.

Now the attendance exceeds 100,000. The constitution makes presidents ineligible for election, and it is the earnest endeavor of Venezuelan statesmen to establish the politics of the country on a firm footing of peace and order.

United States Minister, Mr. Pile, of at Warren, O., where he is a director in Virginia, once ventured to present himself to the president on one occasion very active one and typically American. minus a necktle. President Blanco very Junius Dana is a frequent visitor to sharply reminded him of his forgetful-New York and a special room in his ness of etiquette, and shortly afterward

BIGGEST IN WORLD.

WEIGHS 520 POUNDS, ACCORD-ING TO THE CITY WEIGHER.

Nearly 7 I-2 Feet Around the Walst-Height a Little Over 6 Feet, and No. Railway Car in France Will Admit



RASSERIE DU Colosse" (beer saloon of the Cologsus) is the name of a new refreshment resort built around the figure of the biggest man in the world on the boulevard St. Denis. near the old Porte St. Martin, Paris.

Cities have been built around royal palaces and state coaches around the court trains of drawing-room aspirants. but whoever heard of a dining-hall erected on plans subject to the dimensions and the weight of a single man

These extraordinary precautions were resorted to in order to accommodate and safely lodge Monsieur Canon-Berg, whose portrait is herewith repro-

Canon-Berg, the "Colossus," whem Paris goes to look at nowadays, is as long as he is broad. He measures six feet and three-quarters of an inch from head and exactly as much across the chest from the right to the left arm pit. | way representative of their class, who

Until a few months ago he acted as inspector of breweries in the Netherlands, having learned the trade in Germany. He is not a German, however, but a French-Swiss.

He was always a strong, healthy and corpulent boy and man, fond of athlettes, swimming and dancing. To reduce his weight he made a tour of Holland on foot, but meeting with an accident, had to return in a freight car. none of the passenger coaches having doors large enough to admit him. In this way he traveled to Paris. Only the Swiss passenger cars are roomy enough for the Colussus.

"That may be true, or not," says the giant, "but to be perfectly frank, I never knew I had a heart."

A real wild west carnival, in the heart of what is left of the wild west itself, is planned to be held in Arizona next February. It is to be in or near Phoenix. Representatives of every Indian tribe in Arizona, and of most tribes in the southwest, are to be present, and, because of the proximity of the exhibition to their native haunts, they will be able to show almost the real thing in Indian life and ways. Then the whole country round about is covthe sole of his foot to the top of his ered with cattle ranges, and there are many hundreds of cowboys, in every

From the Detroit Journal: The fol-

He has a brother weighing 350 pounds, but his sisters are of normal build. All the great Paris medical scientists are investigating the Colossus. Most of them seem to think that Canon-Berg is suffering from an abnormality of the heart.

The Wild West in Arizona.



BIGGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

His upper thigh measures four feet | will be able to be present, not alone as and one inch around; his calves meas- exhibits, but as spectators. The proure two feet and eleven inches, and his jectors think the show will be a big upper arm is one foot and eleven inches | success.

He weighs exactly 520 pounds, and there is no deception possible, for all the figures quoted are from the city weigher's office, properly attested by signatures, seals and government

Around the waist M. Canon-Berg uses up seven feet four and a half inches

of the tape.

The brasserie in which he is financially interested does a tremendous business all day, but between the hours of 8 and 1 o'clock at night it is hardly possible to secure a "standup," not to

say a seat, there. The big man occupies a specially built platform at the rear of the establishment, the platform being constructed of solid beams, and supported underneath the floor by iron pillars. This was done by order of the police. He sits on two benches-one placed in front of the other. Every half hour he takes a constitutional and walks from the platform to the entrance door over a strip of carpet that covers a portion of the floor supported by pillars the

same way as the platform. Canon-Berg rises slowly, supporting his weight by placing his hands firmly against the arms of the bench and, at the same time, making a few jerking motions with the upper part of the body. Then he begins to set his feet down deliberately, one before the other. He does not look exactly as if he were going to topple over, but his trembling, uncertain steps and the way his corposity quivers suggests a dire physical catastrophe.

Meanwhile the audience is requested to keep to their seats so that all may have "a chance to observe the Colossus from the front and rear" as he goes up and down.

Viewed from the front, the smallness of the head strikes one as remarkable. The breadth of the shoulders, too, is not in proportion to the giant's size. He entered upon the show business only recently in order to invest the

How He Asked Grace.

A commercial traveler who was taking a vacation with his uncle in the country, says the Sauk Center (Minn.) Avalanche, was suddenly called upon to ask the blessing, and, not being accustomed to it, promptly tackled the difficulty in the following words: "We acknowledge the receipt of your favor of this date. Allow uz to express our gratitude for this expression of good will. Trusting that our house may merit your confidence and that we may have many good orders from you this fall, we are yours truly."

Heaviest Horse in New England. A wonder in the form of horseflesh may be seen at Houghton's stable in Bennington, Vt. The animal is of the Clydesdale breed, 5 years old, eighteen hands high, and weghs 2,100 pounds. His head is as large as a half barrel. He belongs to Ernest Tuder of Somerset, and is used with a mate somewhat smaller in lumbering on the mountains. He is probably the heaviest piece of horseflesh in all New England.

An Angling Fish.

The angler fish angles for his prey. From the upper part of his head projects two long tentacles, with fleshy extremities, which wave about in the water and attract small fish, that, approaching and attempting to seize the small bait, are themselves captured by the angler.

Grim Pleasantry.

China has kindly consented to decapitate eighteen more participants in the Ku Cheng riots. Slowly, but surely, the missionaries are making headway over there.-Crookston (Minn.) Times

Women Working for Disarmament.

German women have been appealed to by the International Woman's League for Peace in Paris to help them iz bringing about a general disarmamoney he made as a working brewer. | ment.

FOUND AN APT PUPIL.

How the Aged Dog Taught the Pap te Stand Sentinet Over the House.

lowing dog story is told by an old resident who has never been required to present affidavits, but will do so if desired, although a resident on Plety Hill He has an old dog, a spaniel, that for nearly twenty years has been the most faithful of guardians. Summer or winter, fair weather or foul, as soon as the key was turned in the lock of the back door he has taken his position at the threshold, and not the slightest sound escaped his investigation during the night. In hot weather the family have never hesitated to leave the door open for ventilation. In all these years the first riser in the morning has never failed to find "old Rover" alert at his post at the threshold. Then, relieved of his charge, he immediately retired to his bunk in the woodshed for slumber. The faithful old fellow is becoming decrepit and his master recently carried home a bull terrier pup with a pedigree of great length and the bleest of blood; an unlettered pup from the kennel of its mother; full of playfulness, free from every care, thoughtless and perpetually hungry. That was three months ago, and the pup is now months old. For a time the old brown spaniel had no use for the frisky little white-haired fellow, so entirely unlike himself, that ran under him jumped over and upon his back, grabbed his long and silky ears and attempted to run away with them, but after a time it was a clear case of grandfather and the youngest baby. This is the situation now: When the key is turned it is the pup that takes the position at the threshold, while the old dog, confident of the faithfulness of his proxy sentinel, retires to his piece of carpet and snores the night through. Not only does the terrier remain on duty all night, but the moment someone is astir in the house she retires to her bunk for sleep, just as the old dog did for so many years. The owner has tip-toed down to the door at all hours, but has never found her napping. "You can not make me believe that this is instinct, unless you concede that instinct is thought and intelligence, and that dogs have the power to communicate them," he declares. "Three months ago this pup knew absolutely nothing, except how to play and eat. Its sole companion has been the old dog, and to-day the pup knows all that the old deg knows, and the old dog knows the pup knows it, and has retired from business fully aware that his duties have been left to a competent and faithful successor. I'm going to take the pup to a friend's house for a night or two and see if the old dog doesn't immediately resume his post by the door."

How She Found a Nom de Plume.

Miss French (Octave Thanet) thus explains how she got her nom de plume: Octave was the name of a school friend. It is both French and Scotch. I thought if I could find another name to go with it that was both French and Scotch 1 would adopt that. I was riding on a train one time when we stopped at a way station, and on the siding near where I sat was a freight car painted red. On the side was chalked the word 'Thanet.' What it meant or how it got there I have not the slightest idea, but I decided then and there to adopt it. Lots of people still think that Octave Thanet is a man.'

Making Perfumes.

In the collecting of perfumes two processes are employed. In one the grease process, boxes with glass bottoms are prepared, the bottom being covered with purse grease, or suct, and the flowers, gathered fresh every day during the season, are laid on trays in the box, the grease being laid to absorb their fragrance.

Swan Foot Propeller.

A steam yacht was once constructed with propellers on the principal of the swan foot. The progress of the boat was quite satisfactory, and the propellers would have been a success were it not for the fact that the experiment being made in the Thames, they were continually interfered with by the roots and floating wood.

Duplicate Wedding Presents.

"Do you know that Snigley is the father of twins?" "Yes, I heard it last night at the club. Did you hear what he said about it?" "No. What?" "He said that they were the first duplicate wedding presents that Mrs. Snigley and he had received."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Teacher: "Johnnie, give me the name of the largest known diamond." "The

An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey." They make it to

"The editor," said a contemporary, who said his mouth never uttered a ite probably spoke through his nose." A philosopher says, "My friend con-

ducted his future wife to the altarand here his leadership came to an end." Some wicked Yankee says that he has

'invented a new telegraph." He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a profound secret. A married couple sat down the other eight to a game of cards. She: "What are you going to play for?" He: "Any-

thing you like." She: "Let us play for a new jacket, dear. If you lose I shall have the choosing of it, and if I lose you shall." Excited American Freshman: "Did

pass my examination, professor?" Professor, with proud scorn: "No, sir!" Off dances Freshie, radiant with smiles, Professor: "You misunderstood me; you failed, sir!" Incorrigible Freshman; 'Ah, but I won a bet, you see!" Professor staggers.