

ESCAPE OF THE DOG.

Civilization taught the brute a trick worth knowing. My Dennis Reed, a young man about 17 years of age, who occupies the position of cook at the Coffee Mill claim in California, had quite a thrilling experience with a large California lion lately. The following is his experience in his own language: "On Friday evening, while sitting in front of my cabin in Indian Gulch absorbed in reading a very interesting book, my attention was attracted by a very peculiar noise. I at first thought it was a fox or a coyote, but you can imagine my feelings when I looked up and discovered that I was in very close quarters with a large California lion, and that he was slowly making his way toward me, snarling and showing his teeth. "Fortunately I am the owner of a large dog who happened to be by my side at the time. The dog took in the situation at once and started toward the lion, growling and barking at every jump. The lion turned his attention at once from me and started on a run for the dog, but the dog was equal to the occasion, and to my astonishment made for a large pine tree some twenty yards away, with the lion in close pursuit. On reaching the tree the dog disappeared as if by magic in a cave that had probably been dug by some prospector in the early days and used as a dwelling house. "At the further end of this cave an uprise had been made through the solid lava, answering the purpose of a stovepipe or a fireplace. The uprise being very flat through it the dog made his escape. The lion, after giving a couple of unearthly yells, slunk away in the brush, and I can assure you that I had no desire to follow him to see where he had gone."

IRELAND'S DEAD KINGS.

Most of Them Succumbed With Their Heads On. In Whitaker's Almanack for 1893 there is a short and succinct account of the kings of Ireland, dating from the Milesian conquest in 1300 B. C. There is apparently no record of the fate of the first two kings; they were probably translated. But from the year 1285 B. C. to the Christian era out of 169 kings fifteen died of malignant distemper or plague and the rest were either killed in battle or died other violent deaths. From the Christian era to the reign of Henry II. of England the record is not more promising. There were apparently seventy-eight kings; of these thirteen died natural deaths, that is to say that they presumably did not live long enough to enable them to share the fate of their predecessors and successors; one was drowned in a fog; one had thirty sons, in itself enough to cause death; one was choked by a fish bone; three were killed by "thunderbolts," but as the three reigned successively it is not unreasonable to suppose that the "thunderbolts" were but "rocks," "hefted" by the hands of aspirants to the throne; the remaining fifty-nine succumbed to the inevitable assassination or death in the battle field. Happy Ireland!

Another Four Hundred.

It is generally thought that the aping, that the only people in New York worth knowing can be numbered by 400, was originated by Ward McAllister, but it can be found in the bible, Acts v. 36, which speaks of Theudas boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves, who were scattered and brought to naught. The verse referred to reads as follows: "For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves; who were slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to naught." Another verse worth mentioning in this connection is from I Samuel, 23:2: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about 400 men."

A Misalculation.

Girls should avoid conversational risks. A couple of maidens, who had been entertaining an ultra-elegant gentleman of an older set than their own, to their immense satisfaction, said, in their simple exultation, after he had withdrawn to the hall, and, as they supposed, left the house, "I thought he'd never go, didn't you?" A remark in which the young man, who had not yet departed, failed to detect the compliment. Perhaps, too, he saw a chance to impart a useful lesson, for he promptly returned to the drawing room and exclaimed, "Please don't say that yet?"

Oderiferous.

Going through a picture gallery lately, with an acquaintance, Adelle Ledya Ferris, the illustrator, came to an example of the realistic school, a revolting subject, treated with great candor. One of the surrounding group, as they approached, murmured ecstatically: "How strong!" Mrs. Ferris swept one comprehensive glance at the canvas. She turned to her companion, with her dainty handkerchief raised to her nose: "Strong!" she repeated; "I should say it was some away."

Fruit and Health.

Lemons, grapes and tomatoes are most valuable from a medicinal point of view, and if the uses of such fruits and their juices were persevered in there is every reason to believe that not only cancer, but many other diseases of a similar nature with which the skill of the surgeon and physician are unable to cope, might be actually cured, or so much alleviated as scarcely to shorten life.

ONLY CASE ON RECORD.

A Man Under Indictment for Murder of a Sheep. There are many queer legal papers on file in probably every court of record in the world, but the only court that ever indicted a man for the murder of a sheep is in Gilmer county, West Virginia. In June, 1873, William E. Lively, who has since been prominently mentioned for governor on the Democratic ticket, and has several times been in the legislature, was the prosecuting attorney for Gilmer county. He drew an indictment filed with all the legal verbiage of which a country lawyer is possessed, which went to show that one Jacob Wiatt, with a gun, the value of which was \$5, and which was then and there charged with gunpowder and lead or some other destructive substance in his hand, and did willfully discharge and shoot off, to, against and upon the said sheep, the property of Jacob Burke, and the lead or the other destructive substance did strike, penetrate and wound the said sheep, causing it to linger and fall, and that said David Wiatt did set upon the said sheep, and with a sharp and dangerous instrument wound, cut and maltreat it, that it died. All this according to the testimony of one William Greenleaf, an eye-witness, and against the peace and dignity of the state of West Virginia. Lively got the grand jury to find a true bill, but the case never came to trial, legally. Jacob and David Wiatt are still under indictment for murder. The only case of the murder of a sheep on record.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

How the Young Surveyor Became Disenchanted by a Sextant. A man met with a sextant the other day, going on a surveying expedition, says a writer. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Just a piece out to run some lines." "Fine instrument." "Yes; but it lost me my first love." "How so?" "Well, I was taking a sight on a hillside, on which was a blackberry patch. Just as I got the bearing on my point of observation, one of the most beautiful girls I ever laid eyes on—white frock, jaunty bonnet, all except the wings—came within range." "Well?" "I turned pale around my heart, lost my bearings, and became totally engrossed in the contemplation of her figure!" "What else?" "She stooped, not to conquer, but to pluck a blackberry. She turned her face toward me unconsciously, curved her lips, and if a volcano had suddenly yawned its jaws I would not have been so astounded. She dropped a blackberry, apparently as big as a young pig, into that ruddy cavern (you see that I forgot I was looking through a sextant), and then I wished that I was dead. "That was the end of love's young dream with me, and I have remained a bachelor ever since."

FORGOT HE HAD HIM.

Absent-Mindedness of a Physician Who Bought a Horse. One of the most absent-minded men in New York is an eminent surgeon. He is a great lover of horses, and will abandon anything but a patient to take a drive up the road. One of his most peculiar characteristics is his inability to pass an auction-room without buying something. Happening one day to drive by a stable where an auction sale was going on, he saw a raw-boned animal under the hammer. "What's bid?" he asked of a bystander, who replied: "Nothing; nobody wants the brute at any price." At the next call from the auctioneer he bid \$20, and the horse was knocked down to him. He drove on, and the incident passed out of his mind. He forgot all about the purchase, but the animal was sent to his stable and the groom took him in charge. About two months afterward his favorite horse fell lame and he complained that he had nothing to drive. "Why not give the new horse a trial?" asked the groom. "What new horse?" he said. "I have no new horse." The groom replied: "The one you bought two months ago, sir. He hasn't had a bridle on since he came to the stable." The surgeon could not recollect having bought the animal, but he concluded to give him a trial. It proved satisfactory in every way, and for eight years that horse has been the old gentleman's delight.

The Pope's Contributions.

The pope has sent to Chicago not only the two maps from the Borgina museum (that of Diego Ribiera, A. D. 1539, and the earlier one bearing Alexander VI's dividing line), but also phototypes of the brief of Nicholas V. from the vatican regesta, addressed in 1448 to two Icelandic bishops, and urging the despatch of missionaries to Greenland; also of the printed letters of Christopher Columbus to the Treasurer Ruffaene Sanchez, giving an account of the discovery of America, of which only two or three copies now exist; transcripts of the first papal bulls issued to countries in America; some manuscript notices of the family of Columbus, and other documents.

His Preference.

"Won't you sit down in this chair, Willie?" said the kind lady who lived next door to the little fellow who had come to pay her a call. "If it's all the same to you, ma'am," said the little visitor, a shadow of pain creeping over his innocent young face, "I'd prefer to sit in a chair with a soft cushion. I hid pa's collar button yesterday morning and he found it out."

A GOOD PRICE FOR CATS.

Even if They Were Egyptians and Had Been Mummified. In the early part of 1890 a cargo of cats arrived in England from Egypt, having been shipped by a merchant in Alexandria to a merchant in Liverpool. This cargo consisted of twenty-one tons of cats, being the remains of 180,000 of the sacred Egyptian cats, every one of which at the time of its decease had been deemed worthy of special embalment into a mummy and honorable sepulture, according to the rites of the ancient cities in that country. These mummified cats are supposed to have lived some thousands of years before Christ, and to have been buried for close upon 4,000 years in the cat cemetery at Beni-Hassan. They were accidentally discovered by a fellow husbandman in 1886 by the ground on which he was working falling in and disclosing an immense subterranean cave, in which they were found. This cave was tenanted by untold legions of cats, all sedulously embalmed and swaddled in cloth coverings. A second consignment weighed nine tons. There was a brisk competition when the cargo was sold by auction. Heads brought as much as 4 shillings 6 pence each; body without head 5 shillings 6 pence, while the bulk averaged £5 17s. 6d. per ton.

BY PROXY.

A Young Man Who Fell From Grace at the Right Moment. An elderly man of sedate and side-whiskered appearance sat down violently on the sidewalk near the corner of State and Madison streets, Chicago, to the serious damage of an irreproachable suit of black and a shiny silk hat. As he rose slowly to his feet, picked up his demoralized hat and looked about him, his face purple with wrath, his lips firmly compressed, the veins in his neck swollen, his features working as if in an epileptic fit, and his fingers opening and closing as though moved by an uncontrollable impulse to clutch something or somebody, a young man who was hurrying along slipped and fell at the same place on the sidewalk where the gray-haired and sedate old party had come to grief. "Blankety-blank the dad-bingod, billy-be-dad-busted slippery old coal-covers to stagnation and back again!" he vociferated, picking himself up. "Young man," exclaimed the elderly victim, grasping him fervently by the hand, "I thank you! You have saved my life!"

The Hot Water Remedy.

Are you a busy, worried woman, who comes home at night with temples throbbing and every muscle aching from fatigue? If so, you often say to yourself: "I am dead tired, and I haven't the ambition to dress or even comb my hair for the evening." Then you lounge about and go to bed about 9 o'clock with your head still aching and your limbs just as tired as when you came in. The next time you feel that way, just slip off the waist of your gown, brush your hair up onto the top of your head and bathe the back of your neck with hot water. When the pain is a little relieved, wash your face with the same water, and by the time that is done you will feel like brushing your hair and fixing up a bit, or we are very much mistaken. The hot water cure is quite as efficacious taken externally as internally.

We Saw Modjeska by Chance.

It was purely by chance that American ever saw Helena Modjeska on the stage. Her doctor advised a sea voyage for her health, and it was decided that the family should visit the centennial. They did so, and in 1877 went to California, where Bozenta wished to found a Polish Catholic community. The effort failed, despite Mme. Modjeska's hard work, she cooking, scrubbing, milking cows and making butter; and Bozenta's money being gone, they said: "What are we to do?" But one resource remained—Helena's acting. But she could not speak English! Oh, well! she must learn. And she did. Six months from the day of her resolution she played "Adrienne Lecouvreur" in San Francisco and triumphed. An energetic impresario saw her, brought her East and her position was assured.

The Sedan Chair.

The sedan chair is named after Sedan, the town where it was first used. The earliest mention of it in England occurs in 1581. Early in the following century the duke of Buckingham caused much indignation by its use in London. People were exasperated at that nobleman employing his fellow men to take the place of horses to carry him. Prince Charles brought from Spain, in 1623, three curiously wrought sedans, two of which he gave to the duke of Buckingham. A few weeks after their introduction Masinger produced his play, "The Bondman," and in it he thus adverts to the ladies: "For their pomp and care being borne in triumph on men's shoulders. The reference is doubtless to Buckingham's sedan, which was borne like a palanquin.

Romeo, a Dog.

"Romeo," the dog which made a famous reputation in connection with the Johnstown flood, died the other day. The animal was noticed extensively by the newspapers for his work as a rescuer in the disaster, particularly for saving the life of Mrs. Kress, the wife of his master. She was washed off a roof on which the members of the family were afloat, and would certainly have drowned had not the dog swam to her aid, and seizing her skirt in his teeth, regained the raft after a desperate struggle. For some time past the dog has been blind and he had been cared for as tenderly as though he were human.

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The Jesuit. In Rome a tyrant, and in Spain a thing That wears a mask and bears a poisonous sting; In India a strangler, in France a knave, In Ireland a bigot and a slave; In our republic a designing tool And traitor warring with the public school— And whether in Greece, Hindostan or Spain, His record bears the progeny of Cain. In the black arts a chieftain and a king, Moving in rapport with a sudden spring; And in the game of infamy and sin, He steals a march long ere his foes begin; His dupes he marks, and with a ruthless greed, Wherein his conscience glorifies the deed, No means are left untried by which to take The last lone Peter's pence, for Jesus' sake. In a most marvelous and crafty way, He flatters, fawns, and pounces on his prey; If at his hands a kindly deed is done, O, then beware of some dark plot begun! The robes of light he dons, and serves his creed In garments fished, and suited to his need; Hid from the light in some dark, musty aisle, He learns to feign, to meddle and beguile; And in his skill avoids no toll nor care, As link on link he weaves his wily snare, Spins his dark web, and most drolly flies On poor confiding bats and helpless flies, The vilest of all arts and blackest of all lies. His breath is like some dire and dread doom, Forever blasting with a curse and doom; Whatever he touches, drops beneath the spell Of some dark, haunting shade, cruel and fell— Where'er he journeys, wheresoever toils, There virtue weeps and innocence recoils, And the fair cup of life doth overflow With desolation, infamy and woe. And thus he stands a stigma and a blot, With deeds confined to no especial spot— Where carnage, superstition, death and crime, Despoil an age or devastate a clime, There hath he wandered, and on every shore Placed his leprous hand, and left a plague spot and a sore. —Mrs. Eliza Pittsinger.

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