

**FROZEN DOGS.**

**A Round, Unvarnished Tale About a Very Bad Cold Snap.**

It was a cold, clear, sharp morning in January. A number of travelers were stamping up and down the platform, because it was freezing.

The express train never waits for any man, but sometimes man has to wait for the express train. When it is below zero and the wind blowing and roaring the train is generally behind time.

"This is pretty cold weather," said one man, as he commenced dancing a breakdown to keep his blood in circulation.

"Yes," said another, "but it's nothing to the cold weather I have seen in Russia."

This last declaration seemed to rile the frozen travelers, who were jumping and kicking and swinging their hands against their sides to keep warm.

They were patriotic and didn't care to stand by and hear the home cold weather belittled or made light of.

"How could you have known it in Russia?" asked several at once.

"Well, now, I have seen it pretty cold, I can tell you. I remember the winter of '67 pretty well. It was about the bitterest of all the bitter winters I ever spent. I was at Moscow then. One morning, we opened the back door to let the dog out for a run in the snow. As he jumped off the step a neighbor's dog saw him and, as they were old enemies, they made a frantic rush for each other. When they got into the middle of the field they stood still, each one waiting for the other to make an attack. After they had been standing in a warlike attitude for several minutes both dogs made up their minds to commence hostilities. Just as they undertook to spring upon one another they found they could not move."

"What was the matter?" asked several men, who could not let the stranger finish his story in peace.

"What was the matter?" repeated the stranger; "why, the dogs were frozen stiff, that is all, was the matter; and there they stood, knowing perfectly well that they couldn't move to save themselves. Every bit of each dog was frozen stiff except the intelligence. Each one thought the other might thaw out first and eat him up. The expression of mingled fear and disgust that lit up their features was heart-rending. They would be easy victims for any archvillain with evil designs that might come along. Suddenly each made an endeavor to wag his tail, and the two efforts were so great that both tails wagged; but, as they were frozen stiff they snapped off close to the termini of the owners, and two tails went scurrying across the field.

"By this time we thought something was the matter, and I went out to learn the state of affairs. I picked both dogs up and returned to the house with them. First we thought that we would put them in front of the fire and let them thaw out gradually; but my sister, who was, withal, a tender-hearted creature, said that a surer and quicker method of alleviating their suffering would be to immerse them in hot water, which would at the same time give them a much-needed bath. So we filled a wash tub with hot water and threw the dogs in, and what do you think?"

"What?" asked the entire party, in tones of great interest.

"Why, the dogs broke just as glassware does when put in hot water in cold weather."

"What—cracked like glassware?" they all asked.

"Certainly; just like preserve dishes or wineglasses."

"What did you do then?"

"Why, we stuck them together with glue; the only trouble was that in the hurry we got the wrong heads on the wrong dogs, and I couldn't tell the fox terrier from the King Charles spaniel. But they were glued tight, though."

"What kind of glue did you use?"

"I used my great Mag's Glue, which I am now selling over the country—I have a few samples left—at the reduced price of 6d. each. It is purely vegetable and will make a mechanic stick to his trade. I am the sole agent for—"

But the train came booming along and choked the glue man off.—London Tid-Bits.

**Crook's Councils of War.**

Gen. Crook's councils of war differed from those of any other general, living or dead. He never asked any one for an opinion, never gave one of his own, but taking his rifle in hand, strolled a short distance away from camp, sat down under a rock, crossed one knee over the other, clasped his arms about his shins, and occasionally rubbed the tip of his nose with the back of his right hand. This last was the infallible sign by which the troops afterward learned to know that one of Crook's councils of war was in progress. He communed with himself, canvassed all the pros and cons of his predicament.

**Scratch the Jest.**

Afran's confession that made by a Unitarian clergyman to a local Congregational divine: "You have a good deal easier time than we; all you have to do is to preach the Bible, while we have to be looking around constantly for something new. Scratch the jest and you discover a considerable amount of truth.—Cape Cod Item.

**Nothing Stands Still.**

Prof. Keeler, of the Jick Observatory, has found that the bright nebula of Orion is receding from the sun at the rate of nine miles per second. In all the vast universe nothing stands still—nothing but the corner loater.

**He May Change.**

A barking dog cannot bite, but the trouble is that he is likely at any time to stop barking and take a piece out of your leg.—Somerville Journal.

**A DANISH FARM.**

**The People Take the Greatest Possible Care of Their Cows.**

The horses are strong, thick-set animals, short in height, and more like those to be seen in Suffolk than anywhere else. In Denmark, however, by far the most important animal is the cow. In appearance they are not specially striking. In size, coloring and quality they are very similar to the ordinary shorthorn breed such as one sees in the north of England, though they are if anything a little smaller.

The people take the greatest possible care of an interest in them, much more than we do in England, says McMillan's Magazine. They seem to be watched by some one or other constantly. As there are no hedges to separate the fields, the cows and other animals, including the sheep, are all tethered, and this custom itself entails, of course, pretty constant attention. If the weather be at all cold, one may often see the beasts covered with cloths as they graze. The cows are milked thrice a day, about five in the morning, then between eleven and twelve, and again late in the evening. A register is frequently kept of the amount of milk in pounds given by each cow daily. This is done without difficulty, and adds greatly to the interest and success of the dairy work. Every cow has a name.

Sheep are not reared to any great extent, though every farmer has a few. Shearing takes place twice a year—in May and toward the end of September. This work is for the most part done by women; indeed, the women generally work nearly as hard as the men upon the farms, but they do not neglect their domestic duties. The houses, which are invariably thatched and of one story only, are clean and tidy, but from the close proximity of the cowhouse to the dwelling (a door opening straight from one to the other), the smell of the beasts is rather too overpowering for unaccustomed noses. The wife spins her own wool, and not infrequently weaves her own cloth.

**MALE AND FEMALE COURAGE.**

**The Female It Was That Fought, the Rooster Claimed the Victory.**

One morning as the wife of a milk dealer in Harrison, N. J., was sitting at the window in the rear of her house she saw a large hawk swoop down toward a hen that had led her brood of chickens a hundred yards away from the poultry inclosure, says the New York Sun. The hen had seen the approach of the enemy, and, cackling loudly, she called her chickens together, and valiantly standing over them she repelled the first attack. The noise she made brought a big rooster to her assistance, and he, too, faced the hawk with great clamor. But when the fierce bird swooped again it was the vigilant hen that met him. The rooster had pranced away behind her.

Then, however, as the baffled hawk again retreated, he rushed forward with the light of battle in his eye, knocked the hen away from her chickens, ruthlessly trampled on the brood and sounded his clarion note of triumph and defiance. Twice more the hawk renewed the onslaught, and each time the hen drove him off and the rooster claimed the victory and trod down the chickens. When the hawk at last flew away with empty beak and talons the hen had only two little birds to care for. Out of a family of nine the gallant rooster had trampled seven to death.

**OLD FASHIONED PREACHERS.**

**Who Do Not Use Slang Nor Resort to Sensational Methods.**

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that some of the greatest and best preachers in the world do not use slang or abusive language, or pass around the buzz for a living, says the Atlanta Constitution. They suffer many hardships, and as a rule remain poor all of their lives, but they never resort to sensational methods in order to draw crowds and fill their pockets. Many of them in their old age feel all the evils of poverty and die neglected and in want, but their work lives after them, and they go out of the world happy in the consciousness of having fought the good fight. The evangelists who go up and down the land startling people with their extravagant and unique manners and sayings no doubt do some good in their way with certain classes, but it would be very unsafe for the preachers of the day to imitate them. Among sober-minded people there is a growing conviction that the old way of preaching the gospel is the right way, and their opinion is more likely to be right than wrong.

**Vandalism.**

To the great regret of the friends of the late Dr. Schliemann, many of the interesting relics dug up by the great explorer in Troy have been stolen and despoiled by the miserable inhabitants of Asia Minor. Turks and Arabians in the neighborhood of the excavations use the valuable stones to build their huts. After Schliemann's death a man was employed to guard the ruins. His salary was discontinued recently, however, and the watchman ceased to guard the excavations. The Stamboul, of Constantinople, calls upon all scientific societies of Europe and America "to put an end to the iconoclasm and vandalism of the semi-barbarous inhabitants," and to continue the work of the great Schliemann.

**Calls for Reform.**

San Francisco has 4,500 saloons or places where liquor is sold at retail. If the population of the city is 330,000, there is one saloon to every 73 persons. If the voting population is 500,000, there is a saloon for every 131 votes.

**BRIAR ROOT PIPES.**

**Some of Them are Made of Bruyere Root and Some Not.**

Within two years pipe smoking has quadrupled. People smoke pipes because by doing so they get a better smoke and pay nothing for it—next to nothing as compared with cigars.

But the great thing, if you are going in for pipe smoking, says the New York Sun, is to know how to get a pipe and what kind of a pipe to get. To begin with the day of the meerschau pipe has gone. Where one man buys a meerschau ten buy a briar. Briar pipes, or more properly bruyere pipes, are made of the wood and root of the bruyere bushes, and the south of France supplies nearly all the raw material for this now really great industry. But you are not to suppose because you are going in for a plain every day briar pipe that you are going to get it for a small price. You can just get a fairly good, straight, unornamented briarwood pipe for a five-dollar bill. If you want something first-class you must pay from \$18 to \$28 for it. And in these last named high priced pipes it is not the amber mouthpiece or the silver ornamentation which costs the money. It is the wood in the bowl itself which is expensive.

It should be borne in mind that a pipe made from the bruyere wood and the bruyere root are two different things. The bruyere root, which is the part of it from which the pipes are cut, is a gnarled, clumsy mass about as big as a big fist. It has three peculiarities: It is very hard; it is at the same time porous and will take on a beautiful color, like a meerschau; it will also take a beautiful polish.

The bruyere wood is coarser in grain and is not porous. What is particularly looked at in a briar root pipe is the fineness of the grain and the beauty of the markings. These go to make up the beauty of a bit of bruyere root just as the various grades of crystalline purity go to make up the value of a diamond. You cannot get a fine-grained, well-marked, straight pipe short of \$15. It should be remembered, though, that when you have bought a pipe of this kind you have got a pipe for life. With ordinary care they never wear out, and a curious thing is that the longer you smoke a bruyere root pipe the sweeter it gets.

In this respect it is superior to a meerschau. A meerschau is at its best when you buy it. An aged meerschau is sure to become more or less "high" in odor.

**As John Bull Sees Us.**

The nervous effects of the rapidly with which men and women live in the new world are accentuated by influences of climate. A certain delicacy of feature, grace of movement, neatness of pose, distinguish both the mental and physical products of the country. Its literature, like its beauty, belongs to nervous, highly strung, keenly susceptible organizations. American artists are dexterous in management of lights and shades; they dispose sketches upon the canvas with the cleverness of French masters. American poets call up graceful images in graceful words, and invest common life with an air of refinement. American thought is apt to be superficial. Their thinkers rarely think a thing out; they are suggestive rather than forcible; they play with difficulties as cats play with mice; they rarely grapple with problems and squeeze from them their life. American humor is rarely of a rollicking kind; it is dry, not rich; fine rather than deep; subtle, not broad. It depends upon quick perceptions of analogies or upon exaggerations of facts rather than upon a broadly comic sensibility. Americans have produced no plays which deserve the name, and in power of dramatic invention, they are deficient. Their voices, like their laughter, are seldom rich or rounded, as though they proceeded from hidden recesses of being. Their variety of the English language is modified so as to gain time. Their utterance is rapid; they drop their voices at the end of the sentence in their hurry to reach the next; their idioms are compressed; even their spelling is clipped. Cold, self-possessed, precocious, alert, keen witted, Americans seem wanting in fervor, passion, repose and expansiveness. Their versatility is phenomenal, but the gift is dangerous if it dissipates powers or squanders talents. Few writers devote themselves to letters as their sole vocation with the self-devotion to which alone the highest literary work is produced. Novel writing is not undertaken by persons who have aptitude for work. It forms an interlude in the literary life of writers who are also versifiers, critics, essayists, biographers and journalists.—Edinburgh Review.

**'Twasn't One of That Kind.**

Dentist—Now, see here, what's the use of making so much fuss about a little miserable root like that? Let me pull it.

Patient—You'll hurt.

"Don't be a coward. Why, there was a woman in here this morning who had seven good teeth pulled."

"I know, doctor; but this isn't a good tooth."

**An Artistic Slip.**

A French painting which sold for \$18,000 was entitled: "Getting Ready for the Harness." A horse was represented getting up from the spot where he had passed the night under a tree, and it was an American who first called attention to the fact that he was getting up cow-fashion, or hind quarters first. All artists are licensed to make these slips.

**A Regular Snap.**

"What is Smith doing now?" "He is traveling with a circus." "Pretty hard work, isn't it?" "No; he has nothing to do except to stick his head in the lion's mouth twice a day."—Texas Sitings.

**RELATIONS OF NUMBERS.**

**A Curious Law Which Has Never Been Accounted For.**

There are many illustrations of the odd properties and relation of numbers; but one of the most interesting and remarkable is that known as Bode's Law.

As most girls and boys doubtless know, the earth on which we live is one of the eight planets which are continually revolving around the sun, at different distances from it. These eight planets and their satellites, and the minor planets known as asteroids, form, together with the sun, what is known as the solar system.

Astronomers have calculated with remarkable accuracy the distances of these planets from each other and from the sun.

Now, at one time, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn were the only planets known to astronomers, neither the asteroids, nor Uranus, nor Neptune yet having been discovered.

According to Prof. Lockyer, Titius discovered that if we write down a row of fours and place under them the figures 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, thus:

4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
0	3	6	12	24	48	96	
4	7	10	16	28	52	100	

By adding, we get an odd series of numbers. They represent very nearly the relative distances from the sun of the planets above mentioned, as follows: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn.

As fifty-two in the above series represents the relative distance of Jupiter, there was among the planets apparently no representative for the fifth term of the series.

The surprising accuracy, however, with which the series represented the distances of the other planets caused many astronomers to firmly believe that the number twenty-eight stood for an undiscovered planet.

When, some years later, upon the discovery of the planet Uranus, it was found that the position of this planet was very well represented by the next term of Bode's series, 196, an organized search for the suspected planet was determined upon.

A society of astronomers was formed for this purpose, and a certain section of the heavens assigned to each member of the society.

The results of these efforts was the discovery of the asteroids, the first and largest of which, Ceres, was discovered on the first day of the present century.

Since that time about 300 of these small planets have been discovered.

No satisfactory physical reason has yet been given to account for the workings of this law, which remains classed among the oddities of numbers.—Santa Claus.

**HORSE POWER.**

**Established as a Unit by James Watt About a Century Ago.**

When men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power they often speculate upon where the breed of horses is that can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is more familiar to some mechanics, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000 pounds raised one foot per minute is called one-horse power, it is natural that people should think the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on what horses could really do. But the horse that can do this work does not exist. The horse-power unit was established by James Watt about a century ago, and the figures were fixed in a curious way. Watt found that the average horse of his district could raise 22,000 pounds one foot per minute. This, then, was an actual horse-power. At that time Watt was employed in the manufacture of engines, and customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial inducements were necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines. As a method of encouraging them Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse-power. And thus he was the means of giving false unit to one of the most important measurements in the world.

**Luminous East Indian Plants.**

Upwards of sixty species of East Indian plants, mostly of the fern family, with a goodly sprinkling of grasses and creeping vines, are luminous, and it is said that the sides of the mountains in the vicinity of Syree are nightly illuminated by the pale, white light which they emit. The root stock of a plant from the Oranghoom jungle, near Layki (supposed to be an orchid), possesses the peculiar properties of becoming luminous when wetted, while, when dry, it is quite lustreless. One jointed plant, supposed to be a member of the rush or cane family, emits a fiery red light from its leaves a pale white one from its stalk, while its flowers give out capricious flashes, like that of our "lightning-bugs."

**Clearly Incongruous.**

Discouraged father—"I don't know what to do with the boy. He gets worse and worse all the time."

Friend of the family—"Do you try to develop the moral and religious side of his nature?"

Discouraged father—"Do I? I've whipped that boy a thousand times for not committing to memory his regular twenty-five verses a day from the Psalms!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Bought a Baby Carriage.**

A loving couple from the rural districts of Moose river went up to Bangor the other day and got married. After the nuptial knot had been tied they made a tour of the town in the electric cars, took in a view of the shops and at a 99-cent store invested in a baby carriage, their only purchase.

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