

Treatment of Animals.

Has one a right to do as he will with his own? In this question are involved principles which are of the deepest interest to all mankind. The time has been when ownership, not only in animals but in man also, was considered in accordance with the laws of nature, and human beings were liable to be treated as badly as the most inhuman brute could possibly be treated.

Exactly how well domestic or other animals should be treated is a question that is by no means easy to answer. In some countries some animals are regarded as sacred, and in some all animal life is looked upon with a degree of reverence, or as being something that is by no means easy to control.

To get the most out of a horse, the animal must be well fed that will be in good health and good spirits. In plump, well-fed horses, the ox is not only more willing to pull a load, but his extra weight, above that of a lean one, gives it an additional advantage over and above what is gained from the muscular strength.

If a horse or ox be starved only for a single day, its measure of usefulness is diminished, and if the starvation be continued for several days, the animal is rendered absolutely worthless. An old, low-priced animal, if well fed and otherwise well cared for, may, for the time being, be equally valuable with the young, high priced animal.

Many people seem to be very thoughtful as well as unreasonably kind to their hands upon their animals. They seem to forget that working horses can get tired as well as working men. When they urge a horse to a little higher speed, or are putting a load upon him, they ought to draw, they forget that one party is doing all the work while the other sits and rides.

Occasionally animals are injured, sometimes utterly ruined, by over kindness or what passes for it. Few horses can stand life in a narrow stall, and when they are crowded together, and with full feed, without losing the use of their feet or legs, and no animal can for a long time have all it can eat of rich food, without danger of losing both its appetite and its health.

As compared with former periods, our domestic animals are now treated in a very humane manner. A great change in public sentiment in this direction has been brought about through the efforts of men and women who have organized in societies for that purpose. The first time we visited the city of Boston we saw a cart horse down in the street, struggling under a load, and entirely unable to rise, but being most brutally pounded by its driver.

A slight word would be as rare as it was for even a policeman to interfere with the rights of a driver to do as he pleased with his own. Seventeen years ago there was no effective law in America to prevent cruelty to animals.

ing influence such cruelty has upon man himself. Blood and barbarity breed blood and barbarism everywhere and always. A man who is cruel to his animals will, as a rule, be cruel to his children, and children reared in an atmosphere of inhumanity will naturally grow up more or less inhuman, and become dangerous members of society. Not the least then of the good work that has been done in Massachusetts in this direction within a short time has been the pledging of twenty thousand children to be kind to animals. We would not like to see a public sentiment grow up in America that would raise an animal, even a poisonous reptile, as of more consequence than a human being, as is the case in some countries, but there is room for the cultivation of a great deal more of real kindness, both in our treatment of animals and of each other. Cruelty tears down and destroys; it is unprofitable. Kindness, however, is profitable, and it is as well as well as the kindly treated. Kindness pays, even in dollars and cents it pays.—New England Farmer.

A Merited Rebuke.

"Am Purveyor Hopewell in de hall dis evening?" asked Brother Gardner, of the Lincoln Club, as the meeting was called to order. "Yes, sah," replied a voice from the back row.

"Den please step dis way." Brother Hopewell shuffled forward with a mixed look of hope and doubt on his face. "I would like to know whether he was to be rewarded for pulling a stranger out of the river the other day, or court-martialed for having a wheel-barrow in his possession which was used to carry a dead man to have been stolen from them."

"I—I—s'pecks Ize 'bout eben, sah." "You had har 'ile on yer har," you smelt of perfumery, an' you car'd a cane." "Yes, sah."

"When you walked you acted like a man who owned half de town, an' when you stopped you struck a pose to show off yer leg. Brudder Hopewell, how much money did you get for a week?" "None, sah, but I got a good deal of respect."

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Stored into a Bunko.

A New York correspondent says: Dan Farley is an actor who does not make the mistake of being the breadwinner of person. He enhances it with good clothes and gentlemanly manners. He is playing the character of an honest man-about-town under his own management, and with great artistic and pecuniary success. He is the roper-in for a bunko game. The private detective of the Fifth Avenue hotel showed him, and said that if it was in his interest to his employment I could satisfy myself entertainingly and without much trouble.

"Don't fustur yourself," said he, "but your city cut will prevent him from operating upon you if you throw yourself in his way. His easiest victims are those who ought to know better, and who they do. Try him—see, as he gets through with you just what you've done."

I did put myself in the way of Dan Farley, making a bluff at the strategy from Chicago. The proceedings were not essentially different from what is usual in confidence swindling. He told me that he had drawn a profit of \$100,000 in an evening. He said that he did I care to take a walk and see him ask for the money? We sauntered up Broadway and through Twenty-sixth street to No. 122. This is a block which in the mean time of the light-green ones. They love to steal up behind one and garrote him, so to speak. But they are also cowardly; and, if rebuffed or stoutly resisted, they usually make out for themselves as gay deceivers. They come toward the object of their attack as if bent on some friendly errand. They are generally corpulent and snuff-colored, and they are usually dressed in the latest fashion of the day.

"I haven't the money with me," I said. "Then give me a check," was the fellow's suggestion. "I suppose you have a bank account. Or, won't that be convenient?"

It occurred to me that to sign a check would cost me nothing, since I could go immediately to the bank and stop payment. I readily agreed to sign a check for \$100,000. He then took out a pen and ink, and I filled it out. The gambler scrutinized it, remarked parenthetically that my payment could be cancelled at any time, and then he handed me the check, but he did not sign it. He then took out a pen and ink, and I filled it out. The gambler scrutinized it, remarked parenthetically that my payment could be cancelled at any time, and then he handed me the check, but he did not sign it.

"This is a friend of mine," he exclaimed, savagely. "I won't see him swindled. He shan't let you have his check for a cent." I wondered what he meant by this, and he said that he had found when Dan grabbed the check, took it into his, and threw them on the floor.

There was an excited protest by the other chap, but we went out unharmed, and I parted with Dan on the corner, receiving his gratification on the way. He was a very nice fellow, and he had a very good deal of money. He was a very nice fellow, and he had a very good deal of money.

The Smells of Cologne. Simple vile smells are all well enough. One can stand a good deal of such. But when it comes to inflicting upon a suspecting traveler with compounded smells, carrying in themselves a dozen distinct and separable odors, each one of which is as offensive as the other, one cannot but feel a spark of indignation, and a dependence on him, help but feel a little charitable toward the people who have been so treated. For a man who has been so treated, one cannot but feel a spark of indignation, and a dependence on him, help but feel a little charitable toward the people who have been so treated.

FOREIGN GOSNIP.

—About nine hundred British were saved last year by the British National Lifeboat Institution. —Mount Etna is now to have a railroad which will go a considerable way up it, and connect many villages lying around its base. —The Car has conferred decorations on all the members of the Papal Mission who went to Moscow to represent the Holy See at the Coronation. —The London & Northwestern Railway Company of England is now running a branch line from Liverpool to London—more than two hundred miles—in four and a half hours. —The civil servant under the crown longest in harness in England is Earl Russell. He has held office for thirty years. Mr. Gladstone's present chief, who rose several times so long and varied.

The latest fancy of the London makers is painted a delicate primrose color, and drawn by a chestnut horse. The Junior Army and Navy Club appears to be the headquarters of these brilliant equipages. —Lord Beaconsfield's fancy for primrose is said to be due to the circumstance that old Mrs. Williams, of Torquay, who left him \$200,000, always had bunches put in his room, and he had a point of view from which to dinner with one of them in his button-hole. —The Bank of France employs one hundred and sixty female clerks, who receive six cents a day to begin with, and after a year or two an annual salary of \$1000. Neither the clerks from the men, are superintended by officials of their own sex, and their work is of the best quality. —The magnificent Cologne Cathedral is nearly completely finished. It is a hundred and thirty-five years after its foundation, and nothing remains but to take down the last shed and put the terrace in order. Over \$2,000,000 has been expended in the work, and the amount of \$120,000 more than the money on hand is needed to tear down the incumbrances, and this will be raised by another and final lottery.

The "Sixpenny Fly Diners" at Southampton, Dr. Massey, who has thought of the Harbours Burdett-Coutts, have succeeded beyond expectation, and another and larger room has been added. The Harbours and her husband have been seen several times at the dining-room to watch the way the experiment works, and on the day of the greatest pressure Mr. Burdett-Coutts himself might have been seen, aided by two waiters, serving out plates to the hungry public. —Germany will do honor to the memory of the reformer, Martin Luther, on the occasion of the forthcoming four hundredth anniversary of his death. A new edition of a book, which has been a valuable addition to the guide-books now in existence.—Cologne Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Pats and Calls. "I believe you have gambled in Wall Street Mr. Brozey," said Mrs. Brozey, giving her lord and master a cup of coffee. "I have speculated a little in stocks, dear, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Brozey, unfolding his napkin. "You can call it speculation; I know it's gambling. How do they do it, anyway? I read about puts and calls and straddles and buy a three's, but I never can get it straight. I really don't know what it's all some horrid slang you men have invented."

"Well, no, dear," said Mr. Brozey, helping his better two-thirds to a chop, "while they are at it, they call it a buy a hundred short." "You do what?" cried Mrs. Brozey. "Buy a hundred short," repeated Mr. Brozey. "Well, what in the name of common sense do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Brozey. "Why don't you talk United States—I mean English? You buy a hundred short, and what has short got to do with it?"

"If you will give me time I will explain, my dear," said Mr. Brozey. "You see if a man is long on stock he is—'Long on Wall Street,' said Mrs. Brozey. "No, that's not what you're getting to. First, you are short and then you are long. What does a man want to get on a stock for, anyway?"

"If you call on the Northwest," cried Mr. Brozey, "you really got me, Mr. Brozey. Well, I might expect as much from the life you have led recently. What with clubs and parties you are going headlong to some terrible fate."

—A daring outrage was committed in Calcutta not long ago by a Mahomedan cook, who had been discharged by his mistress, determining upon revenge. He entered the house of his mistress, and deliberately went to work to cut up all her dresses. Then he stole into her bedroom, where she lay, and began cutting her hair. Suddenly she awoke, and started up, almost running one of her eyes against a point of the Mahomedan's scissors. This ingenious miscreant has been sent to prison, where it is said as something more arduous than hair-cutting for a year. —A nurse in an insane asylum says: "We outline quickly all fear of our patients. For we know by a peculiarity in the eye of each one when a dangerous outbreak is at hand; and finally we can tell a patient's state of mind, while outside the scene is a lunatic, while the maniacs seem sane." —Chicago Journal.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The fashion news from Paris is that in the case of the new evening toilets for women the left shoulder is wholly bare. —The most expensive and beautiful collection of old china in the country is owned by Mrs. George W. Wales, of Boston.—Boston Herald. —The Society of Friends has repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly two hundred years. —The New York Times' Saratoga correspondent says the leading hotel men are opposed to horse-racing at Saratoga, declaring that it does them more harm than good. —Rome, Ga., is howling over its new directory, and the compiler of it has fled to the mountains. Prominent church members and business men appear as bar-keepers in the directory.—Atlanta Constitution. —The anti-toy pistol law seems to have been violated in Maine. Not an accident is attributed to the weapon in the State this year, as far as known. Last year six deaths were caused by it.—Boston Post. —The other day a tumor was removed from the hand of a little boy residing in Canadaigua. In this tumor was found a piece of wooden toothpick, one end of which was fastened to the hand of the child had any knowledge as to how or when it came there.—Utica (N. Y.) Herald. —The wild Western cowboy may suffer, forgive and forget, but there is one thing he will not condone—a thief and his works. An Indian horribly was assailed and dragged to death at Lewiston, Idaho, by white cowboys for attempting to sell them stolen horses.—Chicago Inter Ocean. —A medical journal says that sneezing can be stopped by plugging the nostrils with cotton-batting. Is a man expected to take a lot of cotton-batting with him? An easier way is to press the finger upon the upper lip. That will stop sneezing immediately.—Chicago Inter Ocean. —Stomachs as well as minds give way because of the too intense commercial life of the day. Dr. Massey, who has thought of the Harbours Burdett-Coutts, have succeeded beyond expectation, and another and larger room has been added. The Harbours and her husband have been seen several times at the dining-room to watch the way the experiment works, and on the day of the greatest pressure Mr. Burdett-Coutts himself might have been seen, aided by two waiters, serving out plates to the hungry public.

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Some Facts About Lemons. A reporter called on one of the largest dealers in fruit in the United States to get some information as to the lemon crop in this market. "The lemons handled in this market," said the dealer, "are all imported. Sicily contributes more than all other countries put together. Calabria, Messina, and Palermo are also important sources. There are four crops each year. The lemons are cut from the trees when green and placed in magazines where they are subjected to a sweating or purging process. The fruit is either stored away in shallow trays or packed for shipment. Lemons gathered in November and December have the best quality. The best, and consequently the highest, case lemons come from Sorrento. Great care is bestowed upon their cultivation. The fruit is long and smooth and has a beautiful golden color. The lemons are considered a luxury in Paris, where they are used not only by confectioners and bakers, but also by decorators. Generally speaking a medium sized lemon is the best. The large, coarse-grained variety are the poorest and cheapest. The United States consumes more lemons in a year than all the other countries combined. The voyage by the old sailing frigates was long and uncertain. A cargo of decayed lemons was the frequent result of a voyage of several months. Now, with rapid transportation, the lemons are fresh and sweet when they reach our markets. There is one fact about the lemon and general fruit trade that is worthy of notice. The people in the far West will not buy any fruit unless it is fresh. They will not buy it unless they see the price, as they will buy it."—N. Y. Tribune.

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