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FISHING WITH DOGS.
Unique Method of Capturing Salmon Used by the Ainus.
The savages of Saghalin island have a unique method of fishing for salmon trout with their dogs, a description of which is given in "Trans-Siberian Travels." The water around the island is wonderfully clear. The author, who went out in a canoe, says the bottom was distinctly visible, while from under the canoe the frightened salmon-trout were swimming seaward in such numbers it seemed as if it would be difficult to drop a stone into the water without striking one.

NAPOLEON'S HATS.
Existing Relics of the Great French Emperor.
Careful inquiry has led to the discovery that there are no fewer than nine of Napoleon's hats still in existence. A writer in The Vie Contemporaine gives a list of them. One is in the possession of Mme. Claitre, whose grandfather, Gen. Girard, picked it up at Marongu. At a critical moment Bonaparte started off at a gallop, and the wind blowing off his hat he did not stop to pick it up.

Threatened with Extinction.
The report comes again from Florida that the alligator is threatened with speedy extermination. It is estimated that over two million five hundred thousand of them have been killed in the last dozen years or so. The alligator grows slowly, but he grows as long as he lives, and it is said that a twelve-footer is at least seventy-five years old. If let alone their average life is longer than man's.

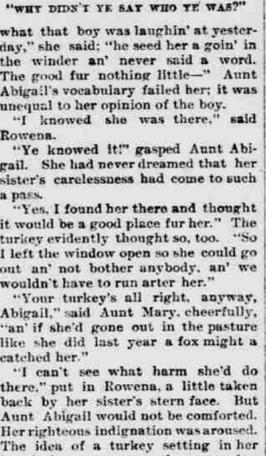
A TURKEY TRICK.
A Tale Which Illustrates Human Nature and Turkey Character.
[Copyright, 1893.]
"Rowena, Rowena," called Aunt Abigail from the front of the stairs, "come down here this minute."
"Who's that?" asked Aunt Abigail, making her appearance in the kitchen.
"Aunt Mary Simpson's over to Williams an' they're a comin' here to supper."

"Who told you?"
"William's boy, he's gone to the spring for a drink."
Here, as if to bear witness to her words, the boy came in and stood waiting, according to custom, for a cook. The desired dainties were brought from the pantry and the boy took a hasty leave.
"Tell 'em," called Aunt Abigail, rushing out of the house after him, "to come right after dinner."
She came back and dropped into a chair. "I don't see what on earth all that boy," she said in answer to Rowena's look of inquiry. "When I got round the house he was standin' in order of course. Aunt Mary will stay all night." There was little similarity between the sisters. Abigail, tall, gaunt and energetic, was a strong contrast to Rowena, short, plump and laconic. Abigail was the oldest, Rowena the youngest of a large family. Brothers and sisters had married or died, father and mother were laid to rest. The sisters were left alone in the old home. Abigail took upon herself the care of the house and farm. If her patience was often tried by her thoughtless sister, no word of complaint ever passed her lips. She was "Aunt Abigail" to the whole neighborhood, although no one ever thought of calling Rowena aunt. But Abigail Henderson was mistress in the house and on the farm. Everything, from the least to the greatest, yielded unquestioning obedience to her mild authority, with the exception of one old turkey. That bird had ideas of her own about seeking a nest and rearing her young, and passed with silent contempt the snug places her mistress provided for her. Other turkeys might be beguiled into sheds or convenient fence corners, not she. Only last spring she had eluded the vigilance of Abigail, Rowena and the hired man, and stolen her nest in Deacon Shipman's pasture half a mile away.



"AS IF YE HADN'T A GOOD HOME."
thought of the missing turkey; but there was no time to look for her then, and again the subject was forgotten. Supper was over. Brother William and his good wife were gone and Rowena rose to light Mrs. Simpson to the spare bedroom.
"I think you'll find everything comfortable," she said, setting the candle on the bureau; "but if you want anything in the night just call Abigail." Aunt Mary Simpson was an old lady in poor health. She was tired and soon fell asleep. Some time near midnight she awoke and was unable to sleep again. The night was warm, and growing restless she commenced to toss about, when from beneath her came a sharp voice: "Quit." She lay still and listened. All was silent as the grave. "I must be dreamin'," she said to herself, and tried to go to sleep, but in vain. Again she tossed restlessly about and again came the mysterious voice, saying only one word: "Quit." The old lady lay still in utter consternation. Who could it be that addressed her in such ill-mannered fashion? She listened intently. No sound came from out of the darkness. Her first impression was that she had better call Abigail, but a second thought changed her mind. "Who's a goin' to hurt me, anyhow," she said to herself.
Good old soul, she had a clear conscience, and it would have taken an earthquake to alarm her. After a while she fell asleep and the sun was shining when she awoke.
Aunt Mary arose hastily and looked about. Nothing unusual was to be seen. She raised the curtain and looked under the bed. There, nestling her speckled eggs in a basket of patchwork, sat the missing turkey.

put out."
But a wakeful night had left its impression on Aunt Mary's placid face. "Ye ain't lookin' well," said her hostess at breakfast. "Didn't ye rest last night?"
It was a question she had not counted on. Her answer came hesitatingly. "I was awake part of the night."
"Wa'n't the bed comfortable?"
"Ye, but"—Aunt Mary was no hand at subterfuges; she had to tell the plain truth. "The turkey kept me awake awhile."
"Who turkey?"
"The one that's settin' under the bed." At last the full significance of the statement dawned on Abigail's bewildered mind.
"Is that pesky old creature I orter hunted up yesterday? Then another thought came like a flash. "That's what!"



"WHY DIDN'T YE SAY WHO YE WAS?"
what that boy was laughin' at yesterday," she said; "he seed her goin' in the winder an' never said a word. The good for nothin' feller—" Aunt Abigail's vocabulary filled her; it was unequal to her opinion of the boy.
"I knowed she was there," said Rowena.
"Ye knowed it?" gasped Aunt Abigail. She had never dreamed that her sister's carelessness had come to such a pass.
"Ye found her there and thought it would be a good place for her." The turkey evidently thought so, too. "So I left the winder open so she could go out an' not bother anybody, an' we wouldn't have to run arter her."
"Your turkey's all right, anyway," Abigail said Aunt Mary cheerfully, "an' if she'd gone out in the pasture like she did last year a fox might a' caught her."

"I can't see what harm she'd do there," put in Rowena, a little taken back by her sister's stern face. But Aunt Abigail would not be comforted. Her righteous indignation was aroused. The idea of a turkey setting in her best bedroom was more than even her patient soul could bear, and she turned to her sister with a sternness she had never shown before.
"Rowena Henderson, don't ye never set a turkey in this house, again, ye see," said she, and Rowena never did.
DAVID WHEELER.

SECURED JUSTICE.
How a French Soldier Secured the Appointment He Deserved.
It is usually possible to secure recognition for real merit, but to accomplish this some ingenuity is required at times. A French writer tells a story of a French soldier (Chevert) who was as modest as he was brave, but who felt that he had waited for promotion long enough.
He had every claim to the command of a company in his regiment, but his colonel asked that the appointment be given to one of his proteges. Chevert went to Versailles and obtained an audience with the minister of war. This official said that he knew nothing about him, but he would write to his colonel and ask him to recommend some brave and skillful soldier for an important and difficult task.
The minister sent the message, and the name given in the colonel's reply was Chevert. He received his promotion at once.
Chevert found an appreciative friend in Marshal Saxe. The marshal heard some titled officers speaking of his friend Chevert.
"The fellow rose from the ranks," said one, contemptuously.
Saxe turned to the speaker and said, severely: "Sir, I always esteemed Chevert; now that I learn from you that he rose from the ranks, I find that I owe him respect and admiration."—Youth's Companion.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.
Has a Band Made from the Nails Used at the Crucifixion.
The famous "iron crown of Lombardy," reckoned as being one of the most precious relics of Jesus now in existence, the "holy coat" and the several pieces of the "true cross" not excepted, may be seen any day in the year by the sightseer who visits the national museum at Naples. Although known to ancient, mediæval and modern history as the "iron crown," it is really a crown of gold, made in the form of a gigantic bracelet, the only iron in its composition being a framework in the shape of a circlet—a thin, narrow strip—on the inside of the gold band. The secret magic of the name rests on the tradition that this inside ring of iron was made from the nails driven through the hands and feet of Jesus at the time of His crucifixion.

We first hear of this relic in the year 591 A. D., when it did service as the coronation of Agilulf at the time when he was crowned king of the Lombards. History states that it was made especially for that memorable occasion by the order of Princess Theodelinde, wife of Agilulf, but the historian neglects to tell us where, when, and how the princess gained possession of the nails which were hammered into a framework for her sacred regal insignia. The princess was a great churchwoman, and soon after the coronation of her husband she caused the crown to be presented to the church at Monza.
The next we hear of it was when it was used in connection with the coronations at the coronation of Charlemagne. After this it was used in crowning all emperors whose subtitle was that of king of Lombardy. In the year 1806 Napoleon visited Milan for the express purpose of examining the relic, and while so doing placed it upon his head with the remark: "God has given it to me. Voe unto him who shall attempt to wrest it from me."

ONE-LEGGED SENATORS.
Four of them were together at one time in Washington.
Say what they will, says a Washington letter, the associates of Senator Berry, of Arkansas, cannot persuade him to try a cork leg. At one time there were four one-legged senators. Three of them half concealed the loss with an artificial substitute. They used to get together in the cloak-room and tell each other how much more comfortable they felt, but they never convinced Senator Berry. He clings to his crutches, notwithstanding they have failed him more than once, and sent him headforemost downstairs almost to his death.
There are funny things about this one-legged business. Henderson, of Iowa, the Dubuque veteran, manages them so well that people form his acquaintance and see him around for weeks without learning that he is part cork. Once in awhile the stump becomes sensitive, and Mr. Henderson leaves the artificial leg at home for a few days to rest himself, while he hobbles about the house of representatives on crutches, to the amazement of those who have not known him long. A senator who manages an artificial leg with any grace is Butler, of South Carolina. He carries a cane and moves with some deliberation, but not one person in one hundred passing him on the street detects any stiffness in his gait.

An Awkward Situation.
A physician of Coasta, Wash., while botanizing in the woods near that place recently stumbled across a big black bear, which got annoyed at his presence and chased him. The railroad was a few yards away, and the doctor took to the track and sprinted along it a few yards ahead of the beast, until a long trestle was reached, when the bear halted and squatted down to watch the doctor hop along the ties. When he was a third of the way across a freight train appeared at the further end. Out on a high trestle, with a bear waiting for him at one end and a freight train coming for him from the other, the doctor felt that the situation was embarrassing. He dropped to a supporting beam, hung from the end of it while the train passed overhead, and then continued his way across the trestle and home by another route.

She Won Her Point.
Nearly half a century ago a maiden lady residing in Roxborough purchased an ax from George Paris, a hardware dealer in Manayunk. The ax was in constant service, and by its many trips to the grindstone was worn down until the steel blade was no longer of use. Recently the old lady carried the pole or head of the ax to Manayunk to have a new blade inserted. Meeting a friend, she advised her to go to Davis' store, now kept by two sons of the former proprietor, and get a new one in exchange, as the old one was warranted to last a life time. The two Davis brothers protested against exchanging, while the lady vehemently urged her rights. A large crowd soon congregated, everyone siding with the woman. She finally triumphed, and walked out of the store with a brand new article, waving it over her head as an emblem of her victory over the firm.

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ESKIMOS OF ALASKA.
Habit and Customs of These Queer People of the North.
The Eskimos live principally upon the fish, seal, walrus, whale, reindeer, and wild birds of their country. Latterly, they are learning the use of flour, which they procure from the government revenue vessels or barter from the whalers.
Among the more northern tribes much of the food is eaten raw, and nothing is thrown away, no matter how rotten or offensive it has become. Some of their choicest delicacies would be particularly disgusting to us. Having at one of the bird rookeries in the Arctic gathered a number of eggs, it was found that many of them contained chickens. When about to throw them overboard, the native interpreter remonstrated, saying, "Not Me eat them Good!"

All classes have a great craving for tobacco and liquor. Even nursing babes are seen with quids of tobacco in their mouths.
During the summer large quantities of fish are dried, and the oil of the seal, walrus, and whale put up for winter use. The oil is kept in bags made of the skin of the seal, similar to the water skins of oriental lands. The oil is kept sweet by the bags being buried in the frozen earth until wanted for use.
Their household utensils are few and primitive. A few families have secured iron kettles. Many however still use grass-woven baskets and bowls of wood and stone. Occasionally is found a jar of burnt clay. In these native dishes water is boiled by dropping hot stones into it.—Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., in Chautauquan.

ABORIGINAL NAMES.
Their Unnecessary Distortion When Written in the English.
From the very beginning of the modern European conquest and colonization, the "Indian" names have been invested chiefly with what is purely a fanciful and conjectural orthography in their English writings. There has been no surviving testimonial, in either living or dead tongues, fixing the definite expression of the ancient words just as the native man would have written them had he been possessed of the proper facilities.

Sometimes the native names have been made to appear unnecessarily grotesque in their writing—in some instances as much so as the rude savage himself appears personally—the fact illustrated in the writing Yonhighe-ghe for simply Ya-og-ha-na, and in Esqueneaux for Eska-mo. Many purely poetic garbs of the old words have become incorporated into our permanent geographical literature. The names Mississippi and Tennessee are examples of the fanciful versions of the old aboriginal titles; the former is supposed to have been in sounds represented by the English writing Messissipia, while the oldest historic records extant showing the latter give the writing as Ten-assa. What is evidently one ancestral word appears in the modern versions of Shawnee, Seneca, Suwanee, Swanan and Chowan. The French writing Cheyenne is the same word in the remote ancestry, as is now believed.—M. V. Moore, in Popular Science Monthly.

Counting Events.
"You needn't put on any airs. You will be an old maid all your life," said a seven-year-old Chicago girl to her younger sister.
"That's where you are fooling yourself. I'll be divorced three times before you are engaged," replied sassy.—Texas Siftings.

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