DENTISTS FOR PET DOGS.

A NEW PROFESSION TO REMEDY THE EVILS OF HIGH LIVING.

Candy and Cake as Diet Make It Necessary to Fill or Pull Canine Teeth—Patients that Make Things Lively for the Dentist—Canine Dentistry Is Very Expensive.

Luxury and the evils of high living are having their effect upon the dogs of the present generation. The town-bred dog, whose mistress lavishes kisses and confectionery upon him, while he doesn't feel any unpleasant results from the caresses, is bound sooner or later to suffer from the candy. His ancestors who led a simple and natural life, when they got out of order, went out and ate grass, and if that didn't cure them they curled up and died. But the petted darling of to-day has doctors and surgeons to minister unto him, and though the results may not be any better than in the old treatment, Fido has the satisfaction of having been cured at a large cost or of making his exit from this world with proper ceremoniousness. And the very latest thing is dog dentistry.

Up town, on one of the side streets, this sign greets the eye:

Canine Dentist.
Dog's teeth filled or extracted without pain.
Plates made on short notice.

An indicating finger points up a stairway leading into a very neat office, and up this stairway a Sun reporter walked a few days ago, encouraged in his progress by a series of wild and inhuman yells from the interior of the office.

"POOR PUFFY."

Just as the reporter rang the bell there came a shriek like the last expiring effort of a siren whistle, and then a soft voice with a suggestion of tears in it said:

"Poor Puffy! Did it hurt the poor 'ittle dear? Just a minute more, pet, and it will all be over."

"Yoop! Yoop! Wow-wow-wow. Woo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oop!" wailed the other voice in the accents of a lost soul.

An office boy, opening the door, admitted the reporter to a strange scene. A stylishly dressed young woman was standing near a high table, holding one limp paw of a pug who was tightly strapped down on his back to the table. His head was in a bracket similar to those which photographers inflict upon their victims, and his jaws were propped open by a big block, which, if one could judge from his appearance, was causing him great discomfort. Perhaps that was the cause of the howls which the unfortunate beast emitted at short intervals.

If it were not for the sign insuring painless operations it might have been supposed that the sharp-curved instrument with which a young man was prodding one of the patient's teeth was the cause of the noise. Puggy's appearance was certainly indicative of unhappiness. His tail was uncurled, and his paws hung limp, while all over him one could see the play of the muscles as he struggled to free himself from his bonds.

"Oh, isn't it almost over?" asked the young woman, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes. "I can't bear it much longer."

"Just a touch or two more," replied the dentist, giving two pokes and a jab that wrenched from the inner recesses of the pug a series of appalling howls, to which the young woman replied with a consoling shriek. Then the straps were cautiously loosened, and before the last one was off the dog had wriggled out and had fled to a far corner where he put himself in a

"COME, PUFFY."

posture of defence. The dentist walked over toward him, but was greeted with a snarl as evidence of an intention to imprint a diagram of the newly mended molars upon his person if he approached nearer, so he wisely retired.

"Come, Puffy," called Puffy's mistress, "Darling little doggy. Come and be petted."

But Puffy wasn't to be cajoled. He had had a lesson in the perfidy of woman, for it was his mistress, that same mistress who had so often petted him and fed him on the dainties which he particularly affected, who beguiled him upon that torture table, and he didn't propose to be caught again through a too confiding disposition. So he stayed in his corner and gave a fine display of his repaired teeth.

"Better let him alone a little while," suggested the dentist. "He'll want to get used to the filling, and then he'll feel better."

For a time puggy kept his eyes on the dentist and the young lady who had gone to the further end of the room. Presently he walked cautiously out on the floor and pawed wildly at his mouth, but couldn't get the filling out. Then he jammed his left paw in his mouth, took it out and put his right paw in, and, followed this by sitting up on his hind legs and endeavoring to insert both paws, which not only proved a failure, but caused him to lose his balance and bump his head against the floor. This discouraged him from any further essays at using his paws as dental instruments. His next move was to endeavor to shake the fillings out of his teeth, failing in which he opened his jaws to the fullest extent and rushed furiously about in a circle until he fell over from dizziness, a performance which caused his mistress to burst into tears and exclaim that her darling had gone mad.

"He's all right," the dentist assured her. "You'll find him quite ready to go home. In a day or two he will be accustomed to the feeling of the fillings and won't mind them at all."

Indeed, the animal was quite willing to leave the office, and darted out of the door as soon as it was opened. Then the reporter turned to the dentist and asked for some information regarding the business of canine dentistry.

"It's a new business," said the dentist, "and there are very few in it. As far as I know, there are only half a dozen establishments like this in existence. You see, this is purely an outgrowth of unnatural canine conditions. Take the teeth of a dog who has been brought up in the country and fed on plain fare, and they are as sound as a dollar, every one of 'em. But these pugs and pet dogs get candy and cakes and lollypops and all sorts of sweets, and pretty soon their teeth begin to feel the effects of it, and then they come here."

"How can people tell when their dogs have the toothache?" asked the reporter.

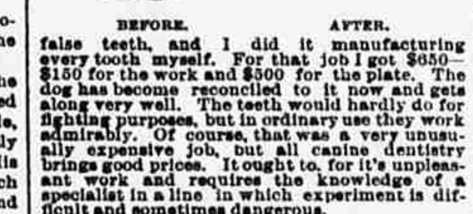
"Easily enough. When you find your dog lying on his back scratching at his teeth with his paws, you can bet he's got something the matter with them. Usually it's pretty hard to save a dog's teeth after they begin to decay. In the first place, it is almost impossible to keep the animal perfectly still while you're operating, and then you can't tell how near you're getting to the nerve as easily as you can with a man. Usually we pull the tooth, unless it is only slightly affected. Gas? No. I might use chloroform, but I never have. It isn't hard to extract a dog's tooth. The worst part is getting the dog on the table and then getting him off after it is over. He is apt to regard the dentist with disfavor, and, as I never have taken all the teeth out, I have found it convenient in some cases to make a hasty exit after the operation was over.

"There was a lively little fox terrier brought here once to have some tinkering done to his mouth. I pulled one tooth and tapped a bit of gold in another. The little chap took it very philosophically, and beyond a few introductory yelps, didn't have much to say about it, so I congratulated myself on an easy case. But the minute that beast was loose he gave one bound

TRYING TO SHAKE THE FILLINGS.

from the table and did a flying trapeze act with the slack of my trousers for trapeze. I contrived to shake him off and bolted, leaving him the freedom of the room. First of all he jumped up on the table and gnawed holes in the straps, and after that he went flying around the room scattering my instruments, and making general wreckage of the place. Finally I got the servant who brought him to take him away, leaving me the one consoling reflection that it might have been a bloodhound instead of a fox terrier. As a rule, the dogs are timorous and sulkily snappish after treatment, rather than savage. The experience seems to take the spirit out of them. When a dog has to come to me more than once, he always gives evidence that I am unpopular with him after the first visit. But then I know lots of men who don't like their dentists.

"One advantage that this business has is that good prices are paid for the work. You see there is no competition, and some of the bills would surprise you. Now a dog belonging to a wealthy woman up town recently lost his teeth by experimenting in a spirit of recklessness with a horse's spirit of forbearance, from a standpoint just behind the horse's hoofs. When the dog landed he didn't have any upper teeth, and his lower set suffered considerable loss too. I was employed to get up a set of



BEFORE. AFTER.

false teeth, and I did it manufacturing every tooth myself. For that job I got $650—$150 for the work and $500 for the plate. The dog has become reconciled to it now and gets along very well. The teeth would hardly do for fighting purposes, but in ordinary use they work admirably. Of course, that was a very unusually expensive job, but all canine dentistry brings good prices. It ought to, for it's unpleasant work and requires the knowledge of a specialist in a line in which experiment is difficult and sometimes dangerous.

"There may come a time," concluded the dentist, "when we shall have a race of toothless dogs, and then the men who make jokes about the nocturnal serenader, the tramp, and the small boy in relation to the watchdog will have to think up something new. It is pretty certain that within a century or two man will be a toothless being, and if he continues feeding his canine pets high it is more than probable that in that future condition, as the poet says, 'his faithful dog shall bear him company.'"

IN A BRITISH COLONY.

Aspects in the Bermudas Which Most Visitors Might Overlook.

The Bermudas, according to a recently returned visitor, have some aspects that most observers overlook. Between the delights of sea and shore, of climate and vegetation, most visitors are content to neglect things not so immediately upon the surface. Few tourists guess that lots fifty feet square on a few blocks of the main thoroughfare at Hamilton are worth $8,000. The price seems high when one recalls that the Bermudas, with about the same area as this city, have less than than one one-hundredth of its population. Farming land in the Bermudas, if the tiny cultivated patches can be called farms, is worth from $160 to $200 an acre. Lots on the back streets of Hamilton sell at good prices, though at much less than the land on the main thoroughfare.

There is nobody really poor, and it is difficult to distinguish the house of a laborer from that of a well-to-do citizen. There is work to be had the year round at $1 a day, and even the presence of some hundreds of well-to-do Yankees as transient visitors has not made the hack drivers grasping. The latter, like all the people of the Bermudas, where the jail and the poorhouse are usually empty, are scrupulous in their obedience to law. They are required to light their coach lamps at a given hour in the early evening, and when that hour comes, no matter what the coachman may be doing, he stops his horse and lights his lamps.

Although the islands are mainly important as a military station and stronghold, society is not especially military or official. In fact, British colony as it is, the leading local family is that of the principal shopkeeper. It was this family that entertained a daughter of the Queen on her visit to the place. To purchase at that shop is like making a call upon the proprietors. They wait on their customers without any of the British shopkeeper's traditional servility, chat in easy, friendly fashion, and consume a vast deal of time in selling very little. Everything is done in leisurely fashion down there. It sometimes takes twenty-four hours to get one's trunks from a steamship, from which they are hustled ashore in a jiffy at this end of the line. It is only a few years since a gangplank had to be laboriously put together whenever the steamer came to her wharf at the islands. Two aged men put out two stout stringpieces, slatted them with planks, and then floored them. The work occupied two hours, and when an American asked why the gangplank was not always ready, the conclusive answer was:

"What, then, would become of these poor fellows? They have been doing this all their lives."

There is a curious undertone of dissatisfaction touching Great Britain among the colonists. They feel that their best friends are the people of the United States, who buy their products and pay well for the privilege of a few weeks' recreation. Great Britain, however, looks upon the place merely as a military station, and there is a probably exaggerated notion that the Queen's Government would prefer to see fewer Americans visit the Bermudas. The soldiers dislike the group, and the station is sometimes used as a place of exile for disorderly regiments. Some visitors get the impression that a good many of the officers are not exactly the flower of the British army, and while they are courted by many American girls they are shunned by others and disapproved of by some parents.

One finds in some of the simplest Bermudan houses, evidently occupied by persons of very small means, beautiful old mahogany furniture, heirlooms carefully treasured, but freely used because there is no other furniture in the house. When stress of weather or accident drives the stranger to seek shelter in such houses, he is received with the greatest courtesy. This courtesy, from white and black, delights and surprises the visitor. There are kindly salutations wherever one goes, and the people show the softening influence on British manners of long residence under southern skies.

It is said that many of the people living on one of the smaller islands have never visited the town of Hamilton, though it is only a few miles distant by road; in fact, within easy walking distance. No other place of like population and topography is worse off for public conveyances. The man without his own conveyance must hire a carriage or a boat. There is no street car line and there are no regular lines of water conveyance reaching all the inhabited parts of the group. Such a community in the United States would have a trolley line that would carry passengers from one end of the group to the other in less than two hours.

There seems to be in the Bermudas somewhat of the British Indian prejudice against the "country born"—that is, native whites that have not been sent abroad to be educated. At any rate, young people are sent to England for that purpose very early upon the theory that the climate is unwholesome for children. Infant mortality is said to be large, and careful persons keep children bundled in flannels when they are out of doors, morning or evening. The flannels are a necessity to persons of rheumatic tendency, whether children or adults.

A CHEETAH IN A CORNER.

A. K. Jennings's Nocturnal Visitor in a Bungalow in India.

It was in an up-town fur store. Everybody seemed to be taking it easy. No one was buying or pricing goods, and the season for storing furs had not begun. The manager was in the storage room examining a pile of undressed skins brought in that morning by A. K. Jennings, who had just returned from two years' journeying in Asia, and wished them dressed and mounted for rugs. There were two tiger and several leopard skins, sleek and handsome in the sinister beauty of stripes and spots upon their prevailing ground hue of tawny yellow. One leopard skin differed from the others. The hair was rougher and the spots blacker, forming a harsher contrast with the yellow tints. On the throat, breast, and flanks the hair was long, and from the back of the head to a point between the shoulders a crest of long hair stood up, suggesting a mane. The shape of the skin indicated legs longer and slenderer than those of leopards in general.

"That's the skin of a cheetah or hunting leopard," said Mr. Jennings. "It's the only one you see here that fell to my gun. The others I bought. Here's where I caught him," and, parting the hair from the head and shoulder, he disclosed several perforations that looked as if made by buckshot.

"The Persian grandees and Indian rajahs have tame cheetahs which they use in hunting, for the creature, which does not climb trees as other leopards do, is very swift of foot. This one was wild, and was hunting on his own account when I came upon him, or rather he came upon me, when I was taking my ease on a veranda in the district of Bahwalla in northern India. I was a guest at the house of Kimberly, the collector of the district, who was glad enough to have the company of a white man in his remote and outlandish station. The country around the station was desert and open, without much game except gazelles and antelopes, with some jungle fowl to be shot by riding twenty miles to their cover. There were no tigers within a hundred miles, and the smaller savage animals had been pretty much killed off for sake of the Government bounties. There were stories told of goats and dogs, and even children, having been carried off from the native villages by wolves and leopards, but that was in times past.

"My friend's bungalow was a roomy one-story stone house, with a broad veranda in front, partly enclosed by lattice work and flowering vines and opening upon a garden with a lawn and trees and shrubbery. The screen doors and the windows of the house, always open to admit the air, were covered with fine strong wire netting to keep out snakes and noxious animals. The door of my room opened directly upon the veranda, which to the left was completely closed by the trellis. Returning from peacock shooting one evening, I remembered just as as I stepped upon the veranda that I had left the key to my wardrobe with my shooting jacket in the dog cart, and, setting my gun against the trellis, I went back to get it. Then I went to my bath and dinner, forgetting the gun.

"After our rubber of dummy whist and the regulation number of brandy and sodas, I retired to my room about midnight. The night was hot and I was not sleepy, so, after undressing and getting into my pajamas, I opened the door and went out on the veranda to smoke a cheroot. As I sat there my eye fell on my fowling piece leaning against the lattice, and I bethought myself of my carelessness in leaving it exposed to the night dews outside. My host's little cocker spaniel made his bed on a mat under my window, and was lying almost directly behind my chair. I observed that he was uneasy, and once or twice gave a low whine as if of apprehension. I looked around, but could see no cause of disturbance. He grew more uneasy, and, again looking round, I saw him stealing along toward the door of my room, which, opening outward, was ajar, leaving an open space just wide enough for him to pass. He whisked through it into my room, like a cat out of a pantry, just as something large and heavy struck upon the veranda close beside me and bounded onward like a rubber ball against the door, banging it shut. Then I saw a great catlike animal clambering and struggling against the wire netting which had stopped it. The creature's claws were caught in the steel meshes, but it tore loose, and at sight of me sprang down the veranda to escape.

"Here the lattice work headed him off. He could have broken through it as if it had been tissue paper, but, after his experience with the wire netting, did not seem inclined to make the experiment. There was only one way open to his escape, and that was past or over me. Two or three times as he darted about trying to find a hole in the trellis he approached me, and I knew that if he decided to come my way it would be not to pass by but to attack me. I could not get to my room without advancing upon the creature, and to turn my back to retreat would have brought him upon me at once. It was a trying situation for a peaceful man in pajamas, and I deeply felt the seriousness of it.

"In the suddenness with which the thing had come upon me I had not, in my first surprise, thought of my gun being against the trellis within my reach. We had been using swan shot in our peacock shooting, a size almost as deadly as buckshot. I caught up the gun, and, throwing down the breech, saw that there were cartridge shells in the barrels. I cocked both barrels and brought the piece to my shoulder as the animal faced me, half way from the end of the veranda, and, crouched, with tail swinging, seemed on the point of making a dash at me. Sighting between his blazing eyes I pulled the right hand trigger.

"Click! The hammer had fallen upon an empty shell. The creature, at the sound, started half upright, then crouched again. I sighted once more, and pulled the left hand trigger.

"Crash! The birds nesting among the vines flew out with startled cries, and on the veranda, almost at my feet, the animal was rolling and tumbling. The full charge of heavy shot had struck its forehead and shoulder, and it had made one spring forward and fallen. I clubbed my gun as I stepped back and stood ready, but there was nothing more to do. The report of the gun roused the household, whites and blacks, and they came upon the scene, Kimberly foremost, in all stages of undress, and surprised enough they were to see a big cheetah lying dead on the veranda. It was a fortunate shot I made, for you can see by the size of the skin what sort of show I would have had in a tussle with the brute."

THE SONG OF TOMMY ATKINS.

A Popular Production that Has Escaped the Parodist So Far.

A song very popular this season which has escaped the attentions of the parody writers and the travesty men is "Tommy Atkins," or "Private Tommy Atkins." It is English and was sung here for the first time in "The Gaiety Girl" at Daly's, and the probable reason for its peculiar exemption from the parodists is its essentially English character, which is only vaguely understood in the United States. The music made it popular, not the theme. The parodists deal with words, not score and bars. So "Private Tommy Atkins" has escaped.

Tommy Atkins is the typical English soldier, as Jack Tar is the typical English sailor. It is customary to give an enlisted soldier a shilling as evidence of his employment. The shilling is what is known as the Queen's shilling in English plays, novels, and newspapers. In the United States, where the regular army is recruited at military offices in large cities, the story of Tommy Atkins has no significance to theatre audiences. This is the first verse of the now popular but still unparodied song:

Oh, we take him from the city or the plough,
And we drill him and we dress him up so neat;
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,
And how to walk, and where to hold his feet.
It doesn't matter who he was before,
Or what his parents fancied for his name;
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

As the enlistment or conscription of Private Atkins is the theme of the first verse, his military service when England is at peace with her colonies and neighbors is the subject of verse second:

In times of peace he hears the bugle call,
In barracks, from "Reveille" to "Lights out,"
And if "Sentry-go" and "Pipe clay" ever pall
There's always plenty more of work about,
On leave, o' nights, you meet him in the street,
As happy as a schoolboy and as gay,
Then back he goes to duty, all for England, home, and beauty,
And the noble sum of thirteen pence a day.

The third verse, contrived to suit the patriotic sentiments of English theatregoers, and particularly of those theatregoers from whose ranks private soldiers are taken, tells of Atkins in stirring war times as follows:

In war time then it's "Tommy to the front,"
And we ship him off in "troopers" to the scene;
We sit at home while Tommy bears the brunt,
A-fighting for his country and his Queen;
And whether he's on India's coral strand,
Or pouring out his blood in the Soudan,
To keep our flags a-flying, he's a-doing and a-dying,
Every inch of him a soldier and a man.

In the Wicked Bowery.

"Here in the Bowery," said a stroller, "in the wicked and delightful Bowery, stood a street fakir with the usual little knot of onlookers around him, to whom he was busily but calmly showing what he had to sell. He was a keen, shrewd-looking man, a long way from being a farmer. People stopped to look, and lingered, interested. A woman with a child in her arms moved around to where the fringe of sightseers was thinnest, where she could see best.

"All this time the fakir was exhibiting deftly what he was offering for sale and explaining its merits, and what he was selling, here in the wicked and delightful Bowery, was a needle threader; not revolvers, nor dice, nor anything of that sort, but just a simple little instrument for making still easier the use of the needle, that very type and symbol of domestic life."

THE RESCUE OF A SLAVE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

Mrs. J. M. Fitch's Account of the Capture of the Slave Boy John at Wellington, and the Imprisonment of His Rescuers from Oberlin—The Secret Rooms in Her House.

It ceases to be a surprise that the underground railway from the slave States to Canada was a popular and successful route when one has met so charming a lady of seventy-five as is Mrs. James M. Fitch. She and her husband and her brother were conspicuous and important managers. During the fifties her home in Oberlin, O., was one of the stations on the line of the railway, and she was a station mistress. What has come to be known in history as the "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue," resulted in the arrest, with many other Abolitionists, of Mrs. Fitch's husband and brother. That is all written history. But the fact that the fugitive slave was taken to Mrs. Fitch's house when he was forcibly rescued from his captors has never been published until now. THE SUN reporter who called on Mrs. Fitch to hear her story of some of the incidents of the underground railway enterprise, met her with her daughter, Mrs. James F. Atkinson, at their residence, 62 St. John's place, Brooklyn.

"My husband was a merchant in Oberlin," said Mrs. Fitch, when she had been induced to speak of her own experiences of the time, "and when he built the house we lived in during the days of the underground railway, he decided to have at least two rooms built in the house in which fugitive slaves could be concealed while they were being harbored there on their way to Elyria, where they were taken on board a vessel in the Black River, and thence carried to the end of their journey toward freedom in Canada.

SOME OF THE RESCUERS AS THEY LEFT THE JAIL.

One room was reached by a blind door cut through the back partition of a closet off a sleeping room. From the sleeping room the closet seemed to extend to the end of the house, and really there was not much room behind it. But there was space enough for a fugitive to remain comfortably while waiting for dark, perhaps, to continue his journey. You know, under the operation of the Fugitive Slave act our houses could be searched. If any one opened the closet door he would only see some of the children's dresses hung up against the wall. If the searcher were more than usually inquisitive and took down the dresses there was no door visible. Another room was in the attic. The stairs leading to that attic room were so arranged that a searching party going up them would be at a great disadvantage if the fugitive wanted to resist.

"Of course, when a slave was taken to the attic Mr. Fitch would tell him that if the searchers came he would be obliged to admit them to the house, but the slave would be provided with something to—well, he would have something that would make it possible for him to resist a number of people."

Mrs. Fitch said this with a quiet smile which irresistibly led to the conclusion that the fugitive could not have been armed with anything less than a stout old musket loaded with a double charge of buckshot. This was not the only detail concerning which she spoke with caution, caution born of many years' experience when caution was necessary for the preservation of the life and liberty, not only of the slaves she harbored, but of herself and her family.

"Sometimes," resumed Mrs. Fitch, "fugitives were brought to us under a load of hay or in closed vehicles, disguised. They would be taken in and fed, and then means would be arranged to pass them safely on to Elyria, where there was a vessel owned by a man who—well, who was opposed to the Fugitive Slave act. Before that law was passed a number of escaped slaves had settled in Oberlin. There were many of their friends there, and it was the boast of the Abolitionists of Oberlin that a fugitive slave had never been captured in that city. And that was a fact until the capture of the slave boy, John. His rescue in Wellington and the imprisonment for months in the Cleveland jail of his rescuers did more, we think, to bring about the feeling in the North which resulted in the war than even the Dred Scott decision or any other one thing.

"I remembered the afternoon in September, 1858, when John, he was a boy about eighteen, was arrested and then rescued. John had escaped two years before from the plantation of John G. Bacon, in Mason county, Ky. A neighbor of Mr. Bacon's, one Anderson Jennings, was in Oberlin in pursuit of some fugitives and accidentally met and recognized John. He secured the necessary authority or, at least, what he assumed to be the necessary authority under the Fugitive Slave act, for the arrest of John, but the officers did not dare to act in Oberlin. They hired a lad of thirteen who lived on a farm some distance out of town to entice John away with the offer of employment at unusual wages. That part of the plan worked, and when the slave with the white boy had reached a safe distance from town he was arrested and taken by a roundabout route to the town of Wellington, nine miles away. The officers and their prisoner were met on the road by a young man of Oberlin, who was one of the comparatively few pro-slavery young men of the town. His sympathies prompted him not to disclose the fact of John's arrest, and, indeed, he did wait until he supposed that the slave was safely on board a train from Wellington on his way to Kentucky. Then he boasted of his discovery—too soon, as it turned out.

"The news was all over town in a flash. Men left their work, their business, their offices; they rushed out to the streets and took any vehicle they found without question. Farmers who were about to drive to their homes offered their horses and wagons to the rescuers. At Oberlin College the classes did not wait to be dismissed. The boys broke out from the college buildings bareheaded and started to run to Wellington. They had to race to beat their professors, who joined with the business men on the trip to Wellington in any vehicle they found on the streets. My brother went in his own buggy, fortunately, as it turned out.

"The crowd reached the hotel in Wellington and found that John and the men who had arrested him had not yet been able to take a train, but were still in the hotel, which the rescuers surrounded. The rescuers learned that the party was locked in a room. The rescuers got word to them through the window that the slave would not be allowed to go with his captors. While the more calm were discussing what plans to adopt to effect the rescue, a powerful and big black, a freedman, dashed the door of the locked room off from its hinges, picked up John on his shoulders, and rushed down to the street. The captors did not dare to follow, as by that time they understood the temper of the rescuers. Directly opposite the door of the hotel was my brother's buggy. The freedman threw the slave into the back of the buggy, and my brother jumped into the seat, lashed the horses, and before even the rescuers all understood what had been done the boy John was being driven out into the country somewhere, no one knew where. The citizens of Oberlin, having made good their boast that a slave should never be taken from their town, quietly returned to their homes.

"I, like all the other women of Oberlin, was excited and anxious for news. So when my brother entered our house, as he did from the back way and shortly after dark, I demanded of him to tell me at once what had happened. In response he gave me a look of caution, and that, in those days, was all that was required. When I found that all was safe in the house my brother brought the slave in from the back yard and he was taken to one of the secret rooms. That night John was passed on to Elyria, and the next day he was crossing Lake Erie on his way to Canada and freedom.

"My brother, my husband, and myself were the only three persons in Oberlin who knew where the rescued slave had been taken to. It was fortunate that this was so, for both my brother and my husband were arrested for complicity in the rescue, but neither was charged with harboring the rescued slave, which would have been the accusation had the fact been generally known. We told no one—absolutely no one, and in none of the newspaper articles or in the histories of the case which have been written has that fact ever been stated.

"The rescue caused a great sensation, but nothing like the sensation that was caused by the indictment by a special Grand Jury impanelled in Cleveland in the United States Court. Thirty-seven citizens of Oberlin and Wellington were indicted under the Fugitive Slave act for 'rescuing;' all except my husband, who, having been out of town, had not been with the rescuing party, and so was charged with 'aiding and abetting.' The United States Marshal came to Oberlin and called on Prof. Peck of the college, who was among those indicted. The Professor told the Marshal that if he would leave with him a list of the names of the men indicted they would appear in court. This the indicted men did. They went to Cleveland, where several of the most prominent attorneys volunteered for their defence. The prisoners refused to give bail and were liberated on their recognizances until the trials began. Then, as they still declined to give bail, they were imprisoned in the jail in Cleveland. By this time I think there were about sixty-five prisoners in all. They included merchants, college professors, professional men, mechanics, laborers, men of every station in life in fact. Most of them were in jail about three months. My husband, who was not found guilty, was in jail three months. My brother, who was found guilty, was there only a few days longer, for the Court counted the time they had been in jail before trial as part of the term of imprisonment to which they were sentenced. They lived as comfortably as they could in prison; those who had means arranged to have good meals served for all of them from a restaurant, and they were visited by ladies of their families. We arranged it so that some Oberlin ladies should be at the jail every day.

"My husband was President of the Sunday school in Oberlin, and in the early summer of 1859 the Sunday school children determined to pay a visit to the jail instead of having their usual picnic. The authorities would not permit my husband to come down to the jail yard to see the children, which was a great disappointment to them."

At this point in the story Mrs. Fitch paused, smiled quietly, and then said with a tremendously effective manner: "I regretted that, too, but they were making anti-slavery sentiment very fast just then."

Her manner in saying this was nothing less than thrilling. It spoke of the depth and strength of the feeling which actuated those early Abolitionists. Her husband was in jail, to be sure, and, as it happened, guiltless of the particular crime with which he was charged. He had been kept away from his family and his business and his interests for months, confined in a cell. They would not even let him meet his Sunday school pupils, but "they were making anti-slavery sentiment very fast just then."

The men behind the stone walls of the Cuyahoga county jail were doing some great propaganda work. They were writing to the newspapers, issuing pamphlets, and advising the preachers and ministers of the North who wanted to make sermons on the case, and the fire they started in the Western Reserve extended throughout all the States of the North. The result was that the Government, after having convicted a few of the prisoners, looked about for means of getting all the prisoners off its hands. The men who had arrested the slave, John, had themselves been arrested on the charge of kidnapping, as the processes by which John had been arrested were illegal or insufficient. The Cleveland *Morning Leader* of July 7, 1859, explains how the Government got its prisoners off its hands:

"Considerable excitement was created in this city by the announcement that a proposition had been made by the Kentucky kidnappers to have mutual nolles entered in their own case and the case of the Oberlin rescuers. The consequence was the most intense anxiety among men, both Black Republicans and Yellow Democrats, to learn the upshot of the whole matter. The negotiations between Judge Belden and the kidnappers on one side, and the authorities of Lorrain (holding the kidnappers) on the other (the Oberlinites refusing to be parties), were consummated yesterday when Marshal Johnson called at the jail and announced to the rescue prisoners that they were free.

"The news spread rapidly that the Government officials had caved. Hundreds immediately called on their rescuers to tender their congratulations at this signal triumph of the Higher Lawites. In the afternoon about 5 o'clock a hundred guns were fired, and some several hundreds of our citizens gathered at the jail to escort the rescuers to the depot."

Apparently that was only the beginning of the excitement. The rescuers were accompanied to the depot by bands and by a great crowd of men singing "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," and at Oberlin the whole community met the rescuers with cheers and prayers and music. There was a public meeting of a religious character, in which, among others, Mr. J. M. Fitch spoke. In concluding his speech he said:

"Never since I became a lover of truth have my hopes risen so high and my confidence in her speedy triumph been so great. Courage and energy are all we want when warring for the Lord. Slavery is a braggart. He is a coward. He foameth and maketh a noise, but he who meets him with the courage of a David and says, 'In the name of the Lord will I destroy you' shall soon see how unequal the conflict when truth and error meet. This glorious company of youths clothed in the panoply of righteousness, strong in the boldness of truth, and fired with the zeal of the Lord, could soon send the huge but weak monster, slavery, howling to his native hell."

THE INDIAN TERRITORY SURVEY.

A Great Undertaking Begun by the General Land Office.

One of the most serious undertakings of the United States General Land Office in recent years is the survey of the Indian Territory, begun with the view of opening up the region to settlement by the whites. Part of the Indian Territory was surveyed some years ago, so that Oklahoma needed no survey preliminary to its erection into a separate Territory. In fact, according to a recent report of the General Land Office, Oklahoma included only a little over 400,000 acres of unsurveyed public lands, while the Indian Territory includes more than 15,000,000 acres, or about three-fifths of the whole area of more than 40,000 square miles. The annual surveys of the General Land Office seldom aggregate so much nowadays and never include one-fourth of such area in a single body. It must be many years since the Land Office has assembled at any one point 150 surveyors and assistants, or undertaken a single survey that will require the work of two years. The total surveys by the Land Office in 1893 were short of 14,000,000 acres, and in no single State or Territory did the area surveyed reach 3,500,000 acres. The amount appropriated for the new survey in the Indian Territory considerably exceeds the whole amount appropriated for the surveys of that year. The surveys in 1889 were about 4,500,000 acres, and in 1890 they were about the same, while in 1891 they were about 12,700,000.

The Land Office procures its surveys by contract with men long accustomed to the work, and there are laws regulating the maximum price per lineal mile that may be paid. This varies, according to the value of the work and the character of the country, from $7 to $25 up. It was found difficult a few years ago to obtain contracts at the latter rate for surveys in part of the State of Washington, where the timber was somewhat heavy, and the ground was covered with thick underbrush, that greatly impeded the work. There is always a considerable annual expenditure for inspection of the surveys, and it not infrequently happens that after a survey has been inspected, and the field notes and other data have been examined, the survey is rejected and a new one is ordered.

Surveying for the General Land Office is done with the very best instruments, and there is probably no more careful work of the kind performed anywhere in the world. The responsible men in charge of the work are highly skilled surveyors, and the corps includes, in addition to skilled assistants, axemen and other unskilled attendants to aid in the less scientific details of the work. Each corps, in fact, forms a well-equipped little camping party when the country to be surveyed is sparsely settled, and if there were any real danger of attack, which there is not, the surveyors would be protected by United States troops.

The method of laying out the enormous area of the West, adopted when a large part of the region was a wilderness, is peculiar to this country. Col. Mansfield, surveyor of the Northwest Territory, as the region ceded by several of the original States to the general Government was called, devised in 1802 the plan since followed with comparatively unimportant modifications. The plan is such that a township contains thirty-six square miles, and is subdivided so that each square mile or section shall be marked and easily found upon the official map. When land is very valuable the section is further subdivided into quarter sections of 160 acres each, the homestead area of the famous Homestead law, now rapidly becoming a dead letter through the complete appropriation of the public lands.

For the purpose of the General Land Office twenty-six principal meridians were established by careful astronomical measurements, and each great survey is based upon one of these north and south lines. Standard parallels were also established, and these form the basis of the east and west lines of the surveys. The established great meridian for Indian Territory is that of 97°, 15', 66" west from Greenwich. It intersects the parallel or base line of 34°, 31' north latitude at old Fort Arundell, which must be close upon the edge of Oklahoma. This meridian and this parallel will govern the coming survey.

It will be the business of the surveyors to run lines parallel to these two established great lines every six miles for townships, and every mile for sections, and to mark the half miles, with quarter posts for quarter sections, a tract of 160 acres being, of course, half a mile square. Each row of townships north or south is called a range. The sections of each township are numbered, as are the townships themselves, and the quarter sections are designated by the points of the compass. The system reduces the political geography of a region to the simplest terms.

Because of the form of the earth it is impossible to make the townships truly six miles square and at the same time follow meridians because in paralleling the meridians, which converge toward the poles, the northern boundary of the township is necessarily shorter than the southern boundary, as all our surveys deal with regions north of the equator. To meet this difficulty there is an elaborate system of correctional lines. The error is greatest in our most northern territory. The system gives perfectly square townships, sections, and quarter sections save where some inter-State or inter-Territorial natural boundary line, such as a lake or a river, spoils the symmetry of the few outer townships. Counties, though usually bounded by right lines in the States and Territories surveyed by this system, have not been constituted of an arbitrary area, though in some of the States there is considerable uniformity in this matter. Counties in Kansas, for example, are often of twenty-five townships, which gives an area of 900 square miles. The exigencies of Statehood soon necessitate a readjustment of county boundaries. But township lines remain unchanged.

The unsurveyed area of public lands still amounts to many hundred million acres, Alaska leading the list of territorial possessions with nearly 370,000,000 acres. The Eastern States include none, and Florida and Louisiana are the only Southern States having any unsurveyed area of public lands. Many Western States and Territories have unsurveyed areas greatly exceeding that of Indian Territory.

Public land surveyors are fertile in the devices of their craft to meet topographical difficulties, but the Indian Territory presents comparatively few such, since it had no great bodies of water, no very extensive forest area, and little really rough country.

GREATER NEW YORK STALLED.

Brooklyn Opposition to Consolidation Preventing Action at Albany.

The question of the Greater New York was submitted to the voters of the localities concerned at the last election, and in nearly all of them a substantial majority in favor of the project was given. Only one town within the proposed limits of the Greater New York voted against it—the town of West Chester, in Westchester county. In New York, in Staten Island, in the Long Island towns to be included, with the exception of Brooklyn, and in the Westchester towns, with the exception of West Chester, the affirmative majority was decisive. But though the voters in November expressed their approval of the project, the Legislature thus far has taken no action toward carrying their views into execution, and the latest information at hand is to the effect that the Greater New York project is temporarily, if not permanently, stalled in Albany.

The fact is that the present stumbling block to the Greater New York is the city of Brooklyn. At the election Brooklyn cast 64,744 ballots for consolidation with New York and 64,467 ballots against it, while 40,000 citizens did not vote on the proposition. The slender margin secured for consolidation is almost tantamount to a defeat of the project so far as Brooklyn is concerned, and an examination of the figures shows the extent of the hostility in Brooklyn to it. In the twenty-eight wards of Brooklyn proper, exclusive of the county towns which were recently made into wards, the Greater New York project was defeated. The town of Flatbush gave a majority of 200 for it. The former town of New Utrecht, now the Thirtieth ward, gave a majority of 900 for it. The town of Gravesend, now the Thirty-first ward, gave, on a vote much reduced below previous years, a majority of 100 for it. These three towns gave, therefore, a majority of 1,200, whereas the regular wards of the city were, most of them, opposed to it.

In the Sixteenth ward, the German-American portion of Williamsburgh, the majority against consolidation was 900. In the Fifth ward, fronting on the Navy Yard, the majority against consolidation was 1,100. In the Twelfth ward, which includes the region known as South Brooklyn, or Gowanus, the majority against consolidation was 1,100. Of the twenty-eight wards of Brooklyn proper, seventeen recorded majorities against the Greater New York project at the November election.

From the Brooklyn point of view the project means substantially the absorption of a city of nearly a million inhabitants by another city having a population twice as large. It means the extinction of the individuality of Brooklyn as a city and the transfer of political power from the Brooklyn to the New York City Hall.

Political leaders of both parties in Brooklyn are opposed to the project, and so are the representatives of both parties in the Legislature. It is this state of affairs which stands in the way of any legislation for the Greater New York this year.

BLYTHE'S WICKED HOGS.

POOR PORKERS, BUT EVERLASTING FIGHTERS.

Descendants of Berkshire and Poland-China Stock, They Have Grown Bristles Like Bayonets and Tusks Eight Inches Long.

From the Chicago Record.

ONTARIO, Cal., March 16.—When the late Thomas Blythe of San Francisco was making millions of dollars he bought as an investment about 1,000,000 acres of semi-desert and rough land forty-five miles below Yuma on the muddy Colorado River, paying at the rate of 20 cents an acre. In the summer of 1868 he sent down about 300 of the biggest Berkshire and Poland-China sows and hogs that could be had on the Pacific coast and had them turned loose on the banks of the Colorado near the colony of Lerdo, which Blythe had tried to establish. It was expected that the pigs would wax and multiply down there and be a source of revenue to Thomas Blythe every year. They would find their own food on the roots, grass, weeds, tules, and mesquite beans that abound in that region.

From the time the beasts were set loose on the tule lands of the lower Colorado there has been no attempt to slaughter them as Blythe had planned. The pigs have run wild. There are now many generations of the animals that have never seen a human being, and they are the fiercest and wildest animals known to the State. There are literally thousands of them roaming in the chaparral and among the tules up and down the Colorado and Hardie rivers. They go as they please wherever they will, for nothing stops them in their course. Most of the hunters who go down the Colorado every winter for big game give these wild swine a wide berth. Many a man who has gone after a mountain lion, a lynx, or a panther, in the mountain ranges of California, says he does not care to hazard himself in hunting the wild boars of the Colorado River country. Dan Watters has just come home from a hunt down the Colorado, in company with three Yuma half-breeds, and he is kept busy telling his experiences to the army of interested sportsmen in this place. Speaking of Blythe's wild boars the other evening, he said:

"Dangerous? They're the fiercest animals in the whole State. Two old boars can whip a bear in no time, and, if wounded, they'd charge the devil. When you shoot at a wild boar shoot to kill, or hunt a tree mighty quick, and a good-sized one at that, or you're a goner. Don't climb a sappling, for a boar would soon dig it up by the roots and then rip you to pieces. Don't forget, when hunting old boars, to keep near a tree which you can climb quick.

"When three of the most intelligent half-breed Yuma Indians proposed to take me on a boar hunt I accepted readily enough, but had no idea what kind of sport and excitement I was going to have. I had no idea it would beat bear hunting. So we got up early one morning, while we were down the river, and went up into a sparsely settled foothill district to drop over, as I supposed, a hog or two in the course of the day. It was plain when we got among the trees that some swine had been feeding there, but we could not see hide or hair of them. We turned the dogs loose, and in less than twenty minutes we heard a deep bay over on the right about a quarter of a mile.

"In a few minutes I heard a crash in the undergrowth and a savage grunt and snort, and out started a big sow and two half-grown pigs. Just as the sow appeared over a slight elevation about 150 feet away I fired and keeled her over. The pigs stood still a minute until they caught sight of me, when they charged furiously. I knocked one of them over before they had made twenty-five feet, but the other kept right on, the very picture of demoniacal rage, with foam flying from his jaws and his teeth and tusks snapping like castinets. Luckily, I had placed myself under a low-branched live oak tree, and I lost no time in putting myself out of the reach of the savage beast. The tree was a thick, spreading oak, and I was safe enough to take things easy. I had swung my Winchester over my shoulder before I ascended the tree, and one shot from my gun settled the hog.

"About 200 yards away I could see Jack, my Yuma savage, leaning against a sapling which was not over five or six inches in diameter. Attracted by the rush of the hogs, Jack drew away from the tree just as a tremendous old boar darted out of the underbrush about fifty yards distant. Jack saw him coming like a cyclone, and, without considering, shot at him. The shot struck the boar fairly between the eyes, but it might as well have been fired into a monitor for all the harm it did. The bullet flattened like putty and did no other damage than to more thoroughly enrage the boar. When he saw the Indian he gave a fierce snort and started for him with the foam flying from his mouth and his fierce little eyes glinting with devilish ferocity. Jack had no time to reload his gun, which was a muzzle-loader, and if it had been a breech-loader the Indian would probably have forgotten the fact in his terror. He shinned up a tree, but, unluckily, it was a sapling barely big enough to hold his weight. The boar didn't stop in his charge, but ran full tilt into the sapling, shaking it so badly that the Indian had all he could do to hang on.

"When the boar found he couldn't knock the tree down by sheer force he deliberately went to work in another way. He walked round the tree three or four times, until he seemed to have found a spot in which to begin operations, when he stopped and began to dig and tear up the ground with his long snout and to tear and bite off the roots with his long tusks. It was plainly evident that something would have to be done pretty quick. Poor Jack was hanging on and yelling with all his might, and every yell appeared to add to the rage of the old boar.

"Calling to Jack to stop yelling and to hang onto the tree, I prepared to let the brute have a bullet. The distance was about 150 yards, and as it took a close shot to effect anything against the tough hide of an old boar I made preparations by standing on a big limb of the live oak tree and resting my gun on another about on a level with my shoulders. My first shot struck the boar behind the shoulder, but, as he had stood quartering toward me, the only result was to tear out a big piece of his hide along his side, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. When the boar felt the sting of the bullet he made for the tree I was in. He must either have caught a glimpse of me or have seen the smoke of the shot. Calling to the Indian to slip down out of the little tree and make for a big one, I turned my attention to the boar.

"When he came up I saw that he was a tremendous old fellow with tusks at least six inches in length. His eyes glistened with rage and his bristles stood out like wires as he charged the tree and began to tear the bark in great chips from its sides for several feet above the ground. After tearing away for several minutes, the brute stopped and began to root up the ground and tear and bite at the roots of the tree, but evidently soon satisfied himself that they were too large and too numerous to dispose of in that way, and he again went to the body of the tree. There was no danger of his succeeding in that undertaking, but after watching him for a short time I determined to finish the affair. It took half a dozen shots at close range to kill the brute, and I am satisfied there would not have been one chance in ten of escaping that way had I been on the ground.

"The whip-like cracks of guns off to the left told plainly that Ben and John, my other half-breed Indian companions, were also having their share of the sport. I got down and went to the tree where Jack was roosting and told him to come down, as the old boar was dead. We quietly approached the quarter from which the sound of the shooting came, and about 500 yards distant we suddenly came to a little opening about 100 yards in circumference. On the opposite side of this opening we saw a widespread live oak from which puffs of smoke were slowly drifting upward. Beneath and around the tree were about a dozen wild hogs, snorting and grunting with rage, and creating a pandemonium of sounds as they bit and tore at the tree and tried to reach the men by jumping upward. Three of the lot were tremendous boars, while the others were sows and half-grown pigs.

"Selecting a tree within easy shooting distance, Jack and I climbed into its branches and opened fire. In a few minutes not a living hog could be seen, and, as none of them had ever undertaken to run away, we knew that between us we had wiped out the lot. When we went to the tree Ben and John had descended, and were standing in the centre of a ring of thirteen hogs. John was unarmed, and he explained the fact by saying that when he fired his first shot he was some distance away from the tree, and had been pursued so closely that he was forced to drop his gun in order to make the tree in which Ben had climbed as soon as he saw the big drove.

"We killed seventeen wild hogs, five of which were boars of the largest size. It was, said Ben, the biggest slaughter of wild hogs he had taken part in for several years. We knocked the tusks out of the jaws of the biggest boars with a hatchet which Ben carried in his belt, and when we measured them we found that one pair was nearly eight inches in length. We cut up two of the smallest hogs and carried the best of the meat back to Ben's flatboat, but we found, as he had told us, that the flesh of even the youngest wild hogs had a rank and musky odor, which rendered it unpalatable. We remained down the river and among the mountains there for a full week, and had some splendid shooting, but no such success as attended our big boar hunt."

Natural Gas in a Mine.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

FRENCH GULCH, March 20.—Natural gas has been discovered here. Miners in making an upraise when in about sixty-five feet were stopped by the gas, which caught fire and severely burned one of them. At the upraise the gas did not come down nor out, but when touched with a candle poured forth in a sheet of flame.

On Thursday last Mr. Lewis went into the upraise and fanned out the gas as he thought, but did not empty the place, and when he touched a match to his candle a blaze started. Lewis ran, but in the tunnel fell over a wheelbarrow and bruised and skinned his hands and arms badly. Then the fire caught him and burned his face and hands badly, but fortunately not his eyes. One side of his face chanced to have some mud on it, which saved it. His right hand and face are blistered. When burning this gas makes a beautiful iridescent flame.