

# The Arizona Sentinel.

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## ALL FOR YOU.

The love in my heart is as strong as the hills  
And as deep as the fathomless sea,  
Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills  
The soul of summer with glow.  
That beams in the boundless blue;  
Who scintillate its radiance mark,  
And, sweetheart, "Hail for you."

All for you?  
Strong and true,  
No time the tie can sever.  
Till the angels doubt  
And the stars burn out,  
I am yours, sweetheart, forever.

The love in my heart, I know not why  
Nor how it came to be,  
But the bliss that is mine no gold can buy,  
Since here has been my life,  
I would not trade it for a crown  
Nor would I sell it for a throne,  
I would not trade it for a crown  
Nor would I sell it for a throne.

## LONG-HAIRED SAM.

Sketches of Life in Nevada in the Sixties.

Doing Up a Cowardly Desperado with a Double-Barreled Shotgun—It Wasn't Just Fair, But It Was His Deserts.

Sam Brown, or "Long-Haired Sam," during the summer of 1859, the first year of the "Washoe" excitement, rode over the mountains from Mariposa to Carson City. Where he hailed from originally or what were his antecedents nobody knew or cared. His sole companion was the animal he rode—a gray mare, fleet and powerful, which he called Betsy. It was the opinion of nearly every body that Brown had not a spark of affection for any living thing except this pet horse. I am not so sure of this; but at any rate, in the winter of 1859-60, when neither hay nor grain could be had in Virginia City at any price, he bought crackers for the mare at a dollar a pound and fed them to her without stint. He was, nevertheless, a quarrelsome, overbearing, bloodthirsty brute in heart, and by repeated killings a murderer. On the whole he was a coward, though on one occasion, when every body else was panic-stricken, he was cool and displayed genuine "grit."

He wore an Indian-made buckskin coat with double fringes around the bottom, and carried a long rifle on his saddle-bow and two large revolvers and a knife stuck in his belt. When you add to this striking equipment a luxuriant growth of fiery whiskers and long, lank hair hanging loosely over his neck and shoulders, like strands of faded yarn, you get some idea of Sam's appearance. Of course, he had a bad eye.

He made his first stop at Genoa and spent a week or ten days among the short-card fraternity of that place, at the end of which time he had made himself so obnoxious that there was not a gambler who could be induced to play with him. He went away to Carson, where he had not tarried long before he shot and killed an Italian over a game of cards. The murdered man, Belbo, might have been somebody's darling over in Italy, but in Carson City no one loved or cared for him, and his slayer got off without even an examination. After this killing Brown went up to Virginia, Nev., and spent the winter disreputably.

It was a long, hard winter, and as soon as the spring opened the Plutes began raiding the outside settlements of Carson valley, murdering men, burning stage stations and running off stock. After they had reduced Williams' station to ashes and killed the five white men there Major Ormsby called for volunteers to go against them. The volunteers at Carson City numbered about 100 men, and among them was Sam Brown. He was not a volunteer, but he went along with the rest of them. The volunteers were divided into three companies, and Sam was in the first company, which was commanded by Captain Blackburn. It was the first time that the volunteers were organized into companies, and Sam was the only one who had any military experience.

When the second body of volunteers marched to the Truckee under Colonel Jack Hays big Sam Brown and Betsy were with them and helped to punish the savages on the same ground where Major Ormsby and his followers had been butchered. The Hays expedition settled the Plute business for the time, and when the volunteers were disbanded Brown returned to his old haunts to drink, gamble and bluster. In Virginia,

Nev., he killed a man named Woodruff; but in the case of his previous murder the crime was passed over without legal notice. Brown now seemed inflamed by a passion to kill because he could do so with impunity, and a little later on he knifed one McKenzie to death at Gold Hill. The "terror" was not even arrested, and he went around bragging about the graveyard he had started; but this crime was so cold-blooded and brutal that the name of Long-Haired Brown excited detestation whenever mentioned. Some of the gentlemanly desperados of Carson and the Comstock tried to draw Brown into a quarrel, and having got the draw on him put him under the duress, but he would back down every time if it came to talking even charges in an exchange of seven compliments with men like Jack Williams, Bill Burns, Abraham Bob or Bill Mayfield, known to be dead shots, quick on the trigger and always ready.

They could not get a sight out of him, and backlogs as they were, they were not willing to kill him in the way in which he had dispatched his victims. He was not the fearless man that many thought him to be. He was easily angered and was a regular thug as regards the taking of human life, but he was quick to see it if he was overmatched, and he left that sort of fight to somebody else.

After the murder of McKenzie, Brown soon found the atmosphere of the Comstock so disagreeable that he determined to take up his quarters at Aurora, which was then one of the liveliest and wildest camps on the mountain. One time in the afternoon of July 6, 1861, accompanied by Alex Henderson, he stopped on his way thither at Lockhart's saloon in Genoa, and remained drinking and blustering for two or three hours, and then galloped out to Vansickle's station, where they found the proprietor, Henry Vansickle, alone. Stepping to the bar, he said in his coarse, bluffing style: "Set out your best whisky for two, and if you don't want the top of your head sheared with a bullet be darn quick about it." Vansickle, a very quiet but very determined rancher, answered: "You can't get any whisky or any thing else at this bar. You are not wanted here; so you may as well travel on." For a moment Brown looked in mute astonishment at the presumptuous station-keeper; then like a flash his hand dropped on one of his sixshooters. Van, being unarmed and knowing too well what that motion meant with Brown, darted through an open door into the dining-room, Brown following close after him, pistol in hand. There were about fifteen men seated at the long dining-table, eating supper, and as they all jumped to their feet when the two men rushed into the room the confusion which ensued prevented Brown from getting a shot, so Van was made his escape into another apartment.

After relieving his pent-up feeling by a few oaths and the threat that he would blow off the top of Vansickle's head before he was done with him, Brown remounted Betsy, who stood quietly waiting for him at the door, and galloped off to the Motville road toward Aurora, followed by Henderson. Vansickle's first move, after getting safely away from his assailant, was to get his double-barreled shotgun and double charge it with buckshot or pistol bullets. Thus equipped for war he returned to his bar-room. But the man he was hunting for was gone. He could see him and Henderson side by side leisurely cantering up the valley. Five minutes later Van was astride of his best saddle horse, shotgun on his shoulder and in hot pursuit. Brown saw him coming and knew perfectly well that he meant fight; still, he did not quicken his pace or try to get away, which he might have done, for though he had ridden Betsy thirty odd miles already, she was good for many miles more if he would urge her. Vansickle rode up to about

reined in Henderson and both men sat on horseback to see how the row would end. After the first shot Henderson turned off toward the East Fork of the Carson, and Brown kept on up the main road alone. Again Vansickle approached and fired his gun, but Brown turned to the ground, his horse stopping at a shield, and then went on his side as if he were a dead horse. He was not a dead horse, however, and neither of the two men nor the horse of either received a wound.

When the dead horses were seen and recovered continued until Brown reached Walter Corben's cabin and entered it. It was now getting too dark to see to shoot accurately at a distance, and Vansickle was too wary to go within range of the cabin so long as it held Brown and his two revolvers. Still he would not draw out of the fight, for he knew that if Brown escaped then he would never rest until he found some way to murder him. Thinking that Brown intended to make the next station, Lute Old's place, to stay all night, he deemed it best to ride on ahead, lie in wait for him there and tackle him at close range as he came up. He had figured it out right. He had not been at Old's station a half hour when by the bright starlight he saw Brown riding up to the barn in front of which he had dismounted and taken his station. Brown rode straight toward the barn, thinking no doubt if there were any enemies of his on the premises they would be in Old's house. He was watching the lights shining from the windows of the station, which was opposite the barn, and saw no one until Vansickle stepped out in front of him with his gun at his shoulder ready to fire. He was taken completely by surprise and only exclaimed: "By gorry he's got me!" when Vansickle with the words: "Now for it, Brown," discharged both barrels of his gun into his throat and chest, and with a groan the big ruffian tumbled out of his saddle and fell to the ground stone dead.

Every body was glad, and if justice was not satisfied, at any rate no complaint has ever been filed.

Brown's effects were sold at public auction, and the proceeds were devoted to some good purpose, of which no administrator took cognizance. Orin Gray became the owner of Betsy, and kept her as his favorite riding horse for twelve years or more.

Vansickle, who afterward figured in the role of moderator of the Assembly of Nevada, from Douglas County, when pistols were drawn, and spittoons and statute books filled the air, and who is now a rustler in Arizona, is a little old fellow, good natured, fond of fun and all that, but a tough customer if stirred up over much.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

Remarkable Traits of Equine Intelligence Observed by Hugh Burdette.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that a horse when tied in the stable should "always be kept so that he may see the passers-by and the other horses, and thus amuse and occupy himself." That is a good plan, but I think mine is still better. I own one of those intelligent horses myself. I have never noticed him "politely passing hay" to the other horses in the stable, but possibly that is because there are no other horses. I have frequently observed him dividing his oats with the hens, which is much the same thing. And he has the hay fever, just like "folks." Yes, indeed. But I was going to speak about making provisions for his hours in the stable. When he is to be left alone any length of time, we always place the morning paper, a copy of the Intelligencer, and a late magazine over him in his feed-box, and he looks over them with great interest. On one occasion he so plainly resented my taking away a late magazine, a number containing some wonderful stories about real dogs which I wished to show the terra cotta pug, that I looked to see what article so deeply interested the noble animal. I found he was in the midst of a bright sketch of travel in the "Foot-ye Islands." Don't tell me a horse hasn't human intelligence. The fact is, the people who sneer at these stories of the remarkable intelligence of animals are coarse and unintelligent people, who know nothing about animals. The more people study their brute companions, the more clearly and correctly do they understand, neigh, comprehend them. Look at the wild Indian; what he doesn't know about horses isn't worth knowing. And he believes his horse will go to Heaven with him. Then the horse believes that.

When I will go to Florida, I will have no more of an eye for an eye. This horse of mine, I am confident, has opinions on the subject, because one of his favorite books is "Barn's Tale on Time." He is, however, I give you to say, a heartless sort of brute; the sound of his hooves never gives him. Like all wildered horses, he has a certain sense of humor, and one day, when my little boy quoted, in his presence, the line: "How tall was Alexander," the intelligent animal immediately replied: "Box stall," and burst into a horse laugh. Upon one occasion, when every thing on the road had passed us, I overheard him saying to himself, slowly: "It pace to slow." He is a horse of contented disposition, although sorrow has left her traces along his ribs. I had to get the rest of the harness myself. Like all intelligent horses, he likes to be amused and played with. I used to play with my horses a great deal, to keep them from becoming low-spirited and homesick. But I haven't for a long while, now. Last time I had any fun with a horse he was a new one. I noticed that he seemed out of tune with his environment. He wore his ears flat back on his neck, and had his eyes rolled back and held in place with white folds of the same. He looked about as companionable and pleasant as a Umatilla cayuse. So I thought I would go in and brisk him up with a little game. He didn't understand Halma or Parchesi, nor Fox and Goose, as the story-book horses do, so I proposed a game of romps as something more suited to his un-cultured mind. I smote him a resounding thump under the bosom, after the manner of horsemen, and cried gaily: "Come up and come over!" He did both, at once. I got down and went under. My man, who was bedding strawberries on the sunny side of the barn, said if I had told him I was going to come out of that window he would have left it open.

It is a rare thing to see a horse who has a white coat, and I don't suppose the whole thing was more than eight or nine years ago, and all.

"But you say," I said, "these wonderful stories about horses are hard to believe? Nonsense; you get a horse or a dog of your own. In six weeks you'll believe any thing you tell about either of them. But will other people? Well, yes; that is, they will believe as much of your story as you believe of theirs; what more do you want?"—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Best of All Critics.

A mother says: "A clothes-basket makes one of the nicest possible cribs for a baby. All my children were raised in a clothes-basket and a hammock, with never a cradle or crib. It was a large-sized one (the basket, I mean), with handles at the ends. For the first baby it was covered with blue silesia and dotted Swiss. But when the other babies came an old cotonne for the inside and out did very well. The sides were padded with a piece of old bed-quilt, and a little mattress made of the bottom. When baby fell asleep the basket was easily carried into a quiet room, which could be made dark." The idea could not be a bad one. Such a basket would do very nicely for the babies who are just learning to sit alone.

The padding would save the little heads from many a hard bump, and also keep the little ones from feeling the drafts which rush along the floor."—Detroit News.

When a man is vile and villainous, and thinks nobody knows, he is cherishing a big error that will some day greatly confuse him.

The man who is sure that he can't be wrong is always the very one to find that it is the impossible which always happens.—Puck.

## A MAGNETIC YOUTH.

Young Louis Hamburger's Ability to Make Things Stick to His Hands.

Louis, the sixteen-year-old son of Philip Hamburger, is possessed of a mysterious power which is puzzling scientific men. This power enables him to make objects of considerable weight adhere to his finger-tips, contact only being necessary. The young man, who is quite small, has been studying chemistry some time at the Maryland College of Pharmacy, and has shown his parents and friends some astonishing feats and bits of magic. By merely pressing his fully-dilated fingers against a heavy name he holds it suspended in air for a long time. He is also able, by placing the balls of three fingers against the side of a glass tube, to raise the weight of the pounds attached thereto. He says he has always remarked a peculiar thing when touching small objects which are wet, greasy, and in order to get the best results in his experiments he must have both the hands and objects dry and very clean. For this purpose he always washes his fingers in alcohol and other and wipes them and the objects dry.

In the presence of friends he gave an exhibition of his powers. The first experiment was to place a number of pins on the palm of his hands and on the tips of his fingers. On holding the palms vertically the pins are found to drop only after a long time. He next showed his ability to pick up from the table by pressing his dry finger tips against it any highly-polished, smooth body, such as a pencil or a pen. Much more striking, however, was the manner in which a pen held perpendicularly stuck to the ends of his fingers.

Both hands have the same remarkable power, though the right one does it more work. The tips of the fingers, which are more than usually fleshy, are capable of the greatest force. He touched his fingers against a glass tube three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and they stuck with such force that, as he pulled them away from it one after another, there was a click. The end of the tube thus raised was freighted with a plaster of paris block, and on this were gradually piled leaden weights until five and one-half pounds were reached. This he was able to raise with the open palms.

The young man has complete control of his secret force when the objects become damp by perspiration or otherwise, and can only show its action on very smooth bodies. Prof. William Simon, of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, has developed whatever strength and remarkable powers the young man displays from the very smallest beginnings. He has hopes of making him perform yet more wonderful feats. At present he is engaged in experimenting with him in a scientific manner in order to present the same to the public in a technical journal. He has called the attention of a number of medical specialists in this city to the case, and all are at a loss to give an adequate explanation.—Baltimore Letter.

## INDIGENT PEASANTS.

The Hard Struggle for Existence Among the Poor People of Tyrol.

The struggle for mere existence with these poor people (the Tyrolese) is a fearful one, something that an American farmer has never even dreamed of. The summer days are so few and so rainy that the hay can be made only by tying the grass around poles to dry, free from the ground, and they may often be seen mowing in the rain, hoping that the sun will come out long enough to partly dry out the grass when cut.

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## PITH AND POINT.

The most reliable good man in the world is the man who has tired of wickedness.—Athenian Globe.

—Truth is the same through the generations, but its diversity is in the seeing of it.—United Presbyterian.

—We lose half the happiness of life by caring too much for the opinions of others.

—Misery may love company, but the company doesn't generally return the compliment.—Somerville Journal.

—In this age of sharp rivalry the man who permits his wife to go wool-gathering is very liable to get worried.—Binghamton Democrat.

—They who are weary of life, and get a notion of killing a die, are such who have no purpose, who have rather associated than lived.—Clarendon.

—Be not too ready to question the virtue or veracity of a statement for fear of exposing your ignorance of even a subject with which you suppose yourself well acquainted.—A. P. Reed.

—Information got by galloping through a multitude of books is about as nourishing as the mustard scraped off a sandwich. It may make your tongue "smart," but it won't make you strong.

—Every action, every thought, every feeling contributes to the education of the temper, the habits and understanding and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life.

A large part of the drill of life consists in overcoming hostile dispositions. Each time we have conquered some resentment or prejudice we have made a distinct gain in the way to a well-regulated behavior.

—As steady application to work is the healthiest training for every individual, so is it the best discipline of a State. Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it.

—Economy should be practiced in time of youth, its results to be prudently preserved for unforeseen sickness, need, misfortune, and inevitable feeble and helpless old age. Its observance calls for no peculiar trait of character in the individual; it simply requires determination and strength of will to resist selfish gratification. Further, it may demand education; that is, that the power of extravagant habit must be trained to succumb to the power of economic education.—American Agriculturist.

—The young man has complete control of his secret force when the objects become damp by perspiration or otherwise, and can only show its action on very smooth bodies. Prof. William Simon, of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, has developed whatever strength and remarkable powers the young man displays from the very smallest beginnings. He has hopes of making him perform yet more wonderful feats. At present he is engaged in experimenting with him in a scientific manner in order to present the same to the public in a technical journal. He has called the attention of a number of medical specialists in this city to the case, and all are at a loss to give an adequate explanation.—Baltimore Letter.

## GROOMING THE HAIR.

How to Dress the Hair of Ladies and How to Dress Their Faces.

Every lady should study her own features, and unless she possesses a face of marvelous beauty she will at once perceive that the entire effect of her countenance is changed by the manner in which her hair is dressed. In a coiffure she may appear handsome, or at least stylish; with her hair combed plainly back, positively ugly, and as American ladies are blessed with fine, beautiful hair, with the new and extremely graceful modes which our artistic hair-dressers are constantly displaying, there is no reason why every woman, regardless of her age, should not make the most of her looks and always appear at her best.

Those who are deficient in capillary wealth can easily remedy that misfortune by adding a "switch," and none save their hair-dresser will be the wiser, and both these and the bangs or front pieces so much in favor at present are now so beautiful and naturally made that they cause no discomfort to the wearer and defy detection.

The high and lofty coiffure, at present the reigning style, which consists of two long braids reaching from the top of the head to below the nape of the neck, is an extremely neat and practical arrangement, admirably adapted for every-day wear, and is much favored by ladies who prefer a coiffure, while at the same time desiring a modest head-dress.

For full-dress occasions the more elaborate is universally adopted. The latest style coiffure combines unusual grace with the highest form of simplicity. This coiffure is now worn by Paris, and will be the prevailing style in New York this winter. It requires long hair and is easy to arrange. Those wishing to become their own hair-dressers in arranging this style, the hair-dresser will find the following directions of eminent service.

Divide the front hair from the back, from ear to ear, about three inches from forehead; tie the back hair about two inches below crown; place a pompadour roll in front and cover it with the front hair, waving the hair on temples slightly with small curling-irons. Cover the pompadour with a light, pointed bang. Take a three or four ounce switch, or very slightly crimped, made of hair 34 or 28 inches long and braided in three strands, and place it at the tie, falling two or three inches below the nape of the neck. Then pin the braid on the sides near the neck, so as to appear like two braids. Fasten a shell brooch so as to appear like the braids, fast to the head. A bow of ribbon, not too large, can be used for the purpose, but the shell brooch should be recommended, as it really forms part of the style. With the hair of the head a couple of flat loops can be arranged to cover the top of the braid and meet the back of the pointed bang. If the hair is not long or thick enough to use a couple of waved points will do better, fastened on the head with large loop-shell pins.

Fancy pins and combs are much used when the hair is coiled, and loops of fairy tulle fastened to a pin appear over the coils and curls. Gold, silver and shell bands are very fashionable. They are also useful in keeping the curled front locks in place, and are becoming to almost all faces. With the evening coiffure the feathery aigrettes, with quivering diamond drops, real or imitation, is the favorite ornament. For every-day wear shell-combs and pins are mostly used.—Chicago Times.

## OUR YOUNG READERS.

A LITTLE GIRL.

Once mamma was a little girl,  
And then, how very queer!  
When any one went wrong with her,  
She never said: "Oh, dear!"

She never found a word of fault,  
She never fussed or cried;  
And neither did my dear papa,  
Or my dear Auntie Clyde.

If ever I'm a woman grown,  
And have dear children small,  
They shall have the same love for me  
As little girl at home I was.  
—Alice May Douglas, in Santa Claus.

## A CURIOUS SHOW.

Cats, Birds and Mice Living Together in Peace and Harmony.

Have you ever seen a "happy family" of boys and girls? I mean, not of cats, birds and mice?

"Why," you may exclaim with scorn, "the cats would eat the others up!" No, not in the "happy family" of which I am now going to tell you.

Some times and in some places in the streets of London, and also at the seaside resorts, may be seen such a family; and the birds do not peck at the mice, and the cats keep their claws from both! It is called a "happy family."

"What birds are these?" Well, in one such family which I have seen there are pretty parrots, a couple of green-finches, and sometimes a brace of gay Java sparrows. There are one or more white mice and a couple of cats.

The birds chirp and twitter and hop about in cages, and the two of which two sleepy cats stare around them, apparently quite oblivious of the feathered creatures beneath, while when wanted the mouse or mice make their appearance, sometimes from the master's pocket, sometimes from the cage or a little box. And so tamed are the cats that I have seen the little white mouse run up a slight pole and down again through a cat's paws, and it was actually placed once on a cat's nose—for a second or so only, it is true—but the cruel jaws made no snap at the little creature. The mouse seemed quite safe.

But these creatures perform. The Exhibition—if we may give it that grand name—takes place on a little wooden platform or board supported on two pairs of legs which can be folded up like two pairs of gigantic scissors. And if you were to meet Mr. Showman and his companion, who is sometimes a little girl and carries a small bag for the money, on their travels as they make their way to different places, you might not prize them much as the "Happy Family" with them. The cage is shrouded in a cloth cover, the cats are shut up in a flat-topped basket, and the platform, taken off its legs, which are folded up, looks little else than a painted board.

But now the show is to begin! The board is placed on its legs, the cage of twitterers uncovered and stood at one end, with the two sleepy cats upon it. The little pole is fixed in its place with a little flag on the top. When required a couple of small ladders leaning together like the sides of a pyramid are produced, and up the sloping sides of this twittering birds move—one side and down the other—and the white mouse crawls. A tight rope is also stretched for them, and along this the little performers also pass.

Perhaps the mouse hopes to find food at the end of its journey, for I have seen it hurry into the cage, the door of which is open opposite the end of the second ladder, and look after the bird-seed lying there. Another trick performed by a Java sparrow is to hang from the tight-rope with his head downwards like a piece of meat in a butcher's shop; and the red color of the bird of course assists the imitation. Then another little feathered creature pretends to be a dead bird. It lies on its back in the showman's hand with its legs apparently stiff, for all the world as though life had really departed!

And while the little performance is proceeding Mr. Showman can keep up a pretty patter or running talk of his own, in which you may hear such names as Champagne Charlie, Mrs. Caudle and Girl of the Period. Presently two of the birds—shall we call them Mrs. and Mrs. Caudle?—are taken out for a drive! Dextrously their master catches one of the greenfinches and hooks around his neck a little black, perhaps a small hat or a small cap, and looks into a little open carriage. Very fancy he looks, the pretty little head with its beak and bright eyes turning about.

The other greenfinch is treated in a similar manner. Then a parrot is caught—possibly one of the largest and strongest—and placed between the shafts. These appear like two wires converging toward each other and joined at their ends by a ring placed upright between them, like a loop, make a bird stoops its head, pops it through the ring, and hops away, drawing the coachful behind. Very probably if you watch, you will see Mr. Showman lift up his platform slightly so that the coach may run more easily down the incline. The ring seems to rest on the bird's wings and apparently does it no harm, though it will probably get out of the circle as soon as possible.

Sometimes greater brilliancy is given to the performance by a bird firing of a toy cannon. The master lights the match and places it in a little apparatus behind the small piece of artillery. The bird jumps upon the apparatus, when down goes the match and off bangs the cannon!

One of the cats and sometimes both, may be supposed to hold up the little pole for the mouse to climb. The stick is fixed in the platform but the cat's paws are placed around it. The little white animal crawls between the paws without, apparently, the slightest fear. A cat too will jump over the master's outstretched arm, something as its big cousins, a trained tiger or leopard, will spring through a hoop in a show.

Now how is it, you may ask, that these cats are thus tamed with regard to these birds and mice. Well, the secret is said to be this, that they are brought up together. That is the reason that the cats do not attack the birds. When kittens the cats are introduced into a large cage with the birds,

## and there they live together a "Happy Family."

Certainly the method seems simple enough. Moreover the cats are said not to touch other birds afterwards. Sparrows are to these paragon of pussies an unknown delicacy. And the owner has, on occasion, sold cats to persons desiring such harmless specimens of the feline race.

As for the teaching of the creatures for the show, a little time and patience, says the man, will train them. I should be inclined to add kindness and firmness—but no harshness or frightening. I know a little canary which will perch on a lad's shoulder all the time he is working at his lessons and wrestling with that dreadful Latin and arithmetic. Every now and again the small creature gives little tickling pecks at his neck, and presently if you crack a hemp seed and place it between your lips it will come and peck it out in the prettiest and most delicate manner. In short, if you choose to be kind and patient and firm, you may teach a fairly intelligent canary a number of pretty little tricks.—F. M. Holmes, in Little Folks.

## "LUCKY NED HOYT."

Can Our Boy Readers Explain the Secret of His Success?

"Lucky Ned Hoyt" was the popular sobriquet of the railway magnate.

"A man," his associates would tell you, "of only moderate talents, born in poverty, with no family or social influence, yet he had mounted the ladder of success rapidly and steadily. Nothing to help him but luck, blind luck."

Let us look a little at the steps of this ladder upon which Ned climbed so fast. He was the son of a poor woman, who gave him a few years' schooling, and then found him a place as "elevator boy" in a hotel. Ned had one aim: to find work on a railroad, and there to make his way up. He stuck to that one idea; he never changed it, he never forgot it. The man who used the elevator daily found the boy always clean, always polite and eager to be of use. He became a favorite, especially with one, a station-master on a railway leading out of the city. To him Ned, choosing a moment when he was in a good humor, frankly told his story and his hope. "Can you give me work?" he asked.

"Yes," the man said; "in the yard; but it will be hard and poorly paid. Better stay where you are." "You never can rise in an elevator—above the fifth story," retorted Ned, laughing.

He was set of handling freight on the platform. In a month he attracted the notice of all the men in the yard by his untiring promptness, energy and good-humored courtesy. His eyes and ears were always open, and he was eager to learn the business and the methods of the road.

One day the freight-master needed a temporary helper in his office, as one of the clerks was absent—suddenly ill. He applied to the yard-master for a substitute, "if you've got a wide-awake young fellow, not afraid to work."

"Here's your man!" said the yard-master, tapping Ned on the back.

"What luck Hoyt has!" said his companions, as he went into the office.

At the end of the week the sick man returned, but Ned had made himself too useful to be dismissed from the office. A year later a small road applied to the larger one for a man competent to superintend its freight department. Nobody was surprised when Hoyt was chosen.

Ned threw himself into the interests of the new road with zeal, and introduced into its management the methods of the older systems. At last he saw an opportunity for a grand coup by which to insure the success of the road, and his own as well. By building a short branch, it would tap the trade of a productive region. He urged this action upon the directors; the road was built. In a few years two great railways saw the vast advantages held by the smaller line, and bid high for them against each other. The short road was at last incorporated in one of the larger ones, and Hoyt was taken into its board of management.

"Blind luck!" cried the men whom he had left behind.

But as years passed and Hoyt, always cheerful, energetic and good-humored, steadily rose in the estimation of the road, they ever falling to see and secure an opening for his advancement or his own, his comrades began to suspect that there was some secret in his success other than that of luck.

## Can our boy-readers explain it?—Youth's Companion.

Why?  
Why do we call a piece of cloth nailed to a stick a flag?  
"That is, how did we happen to choose that name? Why wouldn't it be just as well to have named it a spread, or a string, or anything?"

There are generally reasons for things, my friends.

Did you ever see the plant named flag? Did you notice how its leaves drop gracefully downward, instead of standing erect? It is true there are some species of the plant whose leaves stand erect, having power to support their own weight, but it was not this kind which gave the plant its name.

Think, now, of all the national flags you have seen. Did any of them stand out straight and firm. Life hoards? Don't you know how gracefully the folds droop, and how better than the old world? What word better than the old Latin one, meaning "to droop," "to hang down," could better describe its character?—Pansy.

—The Boston Transcript tells the following: A member of a suburban Browning club was found reading the Bible indistinctly day after day. Her daughter commented on her new habit and she said: "Yes, dear, I find it necessary to read the Bible now. Browning quotes so much from it."

—English as she is advertised in a Japanese paper: "This tooth powder is not common thing, as he called in the world, it is powerful to hold the health of teeth, and recover the teeth from its decay. If you only examine should find that it never tells a lie."