THE CANINE HOSPITAL.

A PECULIAR INSTITUTION IN NEW YORK.

Doctoring Dogs for All Kinds of Diseases--As in Other Swell Places the Doctors' Fee are Heavy.

There are babies' hospitals, women's hospitals, city hospitals and hospitals for almost every human need in this great city, writes a New York correspondent. But lately the hospital service has been extended so as to take in and provide for dogs, and on Fifty-fourth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, there is a flourishing dog hospital.

If your hundred dollar pet lap dog has a slight cold, or has been exposed to grip, you can come between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock any afternoon with the patient and have him examined and prescribed for in the most skillful and scientific manner. If the cold is serious, and there are complications of cough and fever, you will have to enter him as a house patient and leave him to be treated in the hospital.

The hospital occupies a number of bright, cheery, sunny rooms over a long row of beautifully built and kept terra cotta and red pressed brick stables. There are separate rooms for the several diseases to which dog flesh is heir, and these rooms are subdivided into wards, just as in a real hospital. There are flowering plants in the windows, snowy white draperies and hangings and tiny little white enameled iron beds, all railed round, and soft wool blankets, which are kept spotlessly clean and sweet. It usually falls to the lot of the footman or coachman to bring the sick dog to the hospital, but it often happens, especially if the pet is unusually valuable, or very sick, that the mistress herself drives up to the door, mounts the short flight of steps with the little patient snugly folded in her arms.

These little animals are so wise and so loving that they seem almost human to their owners, and to see them suffer affects them as the suffering of a little, helpless child does most women. Many are the real groans and the tears shed when the owner is informed that the patient is really ill and must remain for ten days or a week to be regularly and systematically treated. The sick dogs are usually the tiny little pet dogs, and their usual trouble is a bad attack of indigestion from too many grilled bones or too much cream on their porridge.

The little Japanese spaniels and the Mexican hairless dogs often suffer from pneumonia, and sometimes die of consumption. Coming from a warmer climate, they cannot stand the severe winter. These little patients are brought in their silk lined beribboned baskets, and their owner pleads hard to have them continue to sleep and rest in their luxurious little nests, but the superintendent is firm, and doggie is relieved of all superflous wraps and trimmings and given a good warm bath as soon as he is entered on the books as a fullfledged patient.

The doctor makes a thorough examination and then the men who serve as nurses put the little patient in one of the iron bedsteads and tuck him in securely. A ticket fastened to the head of the bed tells the name, owner, date of admission and diagnosis, so that never by any possibility could there be a mixture of pets, many of whom are so much alike that the precaution of labeling them is a very wise one.

At regular intervals the dogs are carefully fed with milk and gruel, and their medicine is administered from a slender china feeding tube or from a spoon, whichever is most agreeable to the cranky patients, for the dogs resent having strange hands laid upon them, for the majority are badly spoiled by their indulgent mistresses. From 3 until 5 o'clock are the visiting hours, and most of the owners drop in to see and cheer the little sufferers and to bring them some dainty bit which they are accustomed to have at home.

There is great rejoicing when the patient is pronounced cured and is put back into the little basket and borne home in triumph; but, on the other hand, when one has to go to the land where all good dogs go there is lamentation and weeping and mourning.

Two dollars is the fee for prescribing for a dog which is brought as an out of door patient to the hospital; the medicines, of course, are extra; $10 will pay for a week at the hospital with the very best care and attention which it would be possible even for a baby to have. Some cases, where the trouble is a broken foot or a dislocated limb, are taken at $6 or $8, varying as to the amount of care which must be given them.

How to Treat a Cold.

We are now in what we may call the season for colds, and a well known French scientific writer, M. Henri de Parville, has been writing some notes on their prevention and cure. He points out that as soon as there is the slightest symptom of a cold the sufferer should rinse the mouth frequently with some antiseptic fluid, such as a solution of carbolic acid, and should inhale through the nose the smell of this fluid. This treatment serves to keep off the germs which are likely to cause a cold.

But the most curious part of his notes is that which treats of catching cold through getting one's feet wet. In this case, in addition to the treatment of the mouth and nose by disinfectants, he advocates plunging the feet into cold water. Usually, he says, people have the water as hot as they can bear it, but that is a mistake. It is likely to make the cold worse. When our feet have become chilled by the wet, obviously the first thing to be done is to make the blood circulate properly in them.

Now, warm water certainly brings the blood back to the chilled feet while they are in the hot water, but as soon as they are taken out and the temperature becomes much lower the blood again leaves the feet and returns to the inner organs, which are warmer, with the result that the cold often becomes wor

The feet should be plunged into cold water, even into snow, for the space of forty to fifty seconds, not more. This sends the blood flying into the inner organs, where the temperature is very high, and, as a consequence, it gradually goes back to the feet and stops there. The circulation being thus restored, a little energetic rubbing of the feet will maintain it. M. de Parville recommends this treatment to all who are sufferers from anemia and bad circulation.

ELECTRICAL PROBLEMS.

Converting Coal Directly Into Electricity.

"What will be the next great discovery, in electricity?" Edison was asked by a Philadelphia Press interviewer.

"Well that," he replied, "would be a little difficult to reply to. There are so many lines and so many of us pursuing our investigations on these lines that it leaves a wide field to choose from. The fellow who solves his particular problem first can answer it, but not until the problem is solved. There are more possibilities in some lines than in others. The experimenters who are striving after high speed on railroads will, if they succeed in their object, become real epoch makers. The desire to cover distance at a remarkable speed and 'get there in no time' is strong, but I think the general public looks upon it in a wrong light. There is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad. It is wrong to assume that there is. The only limit there could be would be at the point at which the engine and cars would break up or fly to pieces. Viewing it from the commercial standpoint it will depend on various external influences. But I think that great speed will finally be attained and it will be when we are able to obtain electricity direct from coal.

"The discovery of a way of converting coal directly into electricity will be the turning point of all our methods of propulsion. Naturally steam will be entirely superseded by the current. There will be no boilers nor any of the necessary externals which go with steam engines. We are rapidly approaching the time of the steam engine's end. The large Atlantic liners are slowly reducing their time on their trips, but that must soon stop. Then we shall have to wait until coal is turned directly into electricity. I believe it will come and then we will cross the Atlantic in four days or less. We can get 90 per cent. of the efficacy of a dynamo against 6 to 10 per cent. of an engine. The difference will be as great or greater in results under the looked for regime. We get fifteen thousand horse power or thereabouts from the liner's engine now. When we get 80,000 horse power, as we will, perhaps, we will be nearer what I look for.

"It is one thing to solve. Let some fellow follow out this line of research and get the right reaction and we shall have a wonderful revolution in many things. It will lead to treating metals by electrical reduction, and an enormous number of accomplishments. We now go to the melting point of nickel, for instance, but under the new regime we will get all reactions not now obtainable and go to the melting point of anything on earth."

The Owl Blew Out the Gas.

Mr. Dewar, of Ravenswood, is very fond of pets and he is also somewhat peculiar in his choice of them. He objects to dogs. He has four beautiful children, and he thinks the combination might be dangerous on dog days. So he tried an owl as something hitherto untried, and altogether likely from its well known habits to be just the sort of a pet that would not annoy him. For a few months he dismissed the pet question from his mind as settled forever. One night, after carefully tucking the children in bed, he went out with the older members of his family to spend the evening. The owl, misled by the quiet of the house, began his nightly wanderings in quest of adventure.

Perhaps the light from turned down gas jets prevented him from enjoying the darkness he loved so well, or perhaps it was by accident that his flapping wings blew them out one after another. Be that as it may, when Mr. Dewar opened his front door on his return home late that night he was almost overpowered by the fumes of escaping gas. He rushed in and found his little daughter nearly suffocated. During the time he was helping to restore her—opening windows and wondering how in the world this affair had taken place—he stumbled over his pet owl lying on the floor limp and lifeless. The situation was explained, and he is now looking forward with anxiety for his monthly gas bill.

Military Honors.

Not only does the discipline of the German soldiers call for admiration; that of the civilians is no less remarkable. The other day, in the vicinity of Marienburg, the German emperor, on his return from the maneouvers, had to drive through a little village. Suddenly and without any assignable reason his majesty was seen by the members of his suite to shake his sides and break into loud shouts of laughter. One of the gentlemen in waiting, happening to raise his eyes, began to follow the emperor's example, and the next minute the whole party went into convulsions. This is what happened: A sweep, wearing a top hat of prodigious dimensions, had just emerged from a chimney. Catching sight of the emperor, and remembering his military code, he stood perched up there like a sentry at his post and presented his brush.

Crazy on Checkers.

An Atlanta (Ga.) man is so fond of checkers that he plays the game three hours a night six nights in the week. He has kept this up for years, sometimes paying a partner, whose time is valuable, to play with him.

A HAPPY NATION.

We ought to be happy because:

There are 63,403 postoffices.

We have 175,441 miles of railroad track.

We produced in 1893 1,619,496,130 bushels of corn.

Less than one-half of our farms are mortgaged.

In 1894 7,527,211 bales of cotton were raised and packed.

In the year 1893 our mint coined of gold and silver $43,685,179.

The parents of this country are blessed with 22,447,392 children.

We export $972,861,378 worth of goods and import only $746,786,298.

We raised in the Carolinas and Georgia 128,590,431 pounds of rice.

American sheep last year grew wool to the extent of 307,100,000 pounds.

The farmlands of this country are estimated to be worth $13,279,352,649.

The real and personal property in this country is assessed at $17,139,903,649.

Only about one-fifth of our country is straight up and down like Switzerland.

We have not a debt of $6,000,000,000 like France nor of £587,000,000 like England.

The farmers and stock raisers of this country have live stock valued at $2,208,767,578.

There are only 107,475 Chinamen in this country, instead of 400,000,000, as they have in China.

Our coal mines produce 118,237,845 tons of bituminous coal and 46,850,450 tons of anthracite.

Our 451 colleges have an income of $14,601,034 and funds vested or available of $94,500,758.

We have not had thirty-one administrations in twenty-four years, like the people of France.

The fishermen along our coast and in our waters catch $45,000,000 worth of fish every year.

Our savings banks have $1,739,006,705 deposited with them as the surplus earnings of our people.

Between the years 1849 and 1894 the silver mines of this country have yielded $1,151,817,575 of silver.

There were, according to the eleventh census, only 40,741 men and 32,304 women in our almshouses.

No nation, save Great Britain, coins a greater amount of gold every year than the United States.

The total valuation of all the farm products of every description was by the last census $2,460,107,454.

The valuation of the labor of our hens in eggs and spring chickens is every year estimated at $200,000,000.

Instead of one Italy as Europe has, we have two, the gulf coast and the coast of southern California.

Since the organization of our mint in 1793 it has coined, of gold, $1,612,405,375.50, and of silver, $669,929,328.

There are enrolled in the public schools of our country 13,484,572 pupils, who are taught by 378,219 teachers.

In the year 1893 only 7,340 people were killed and 40,393 were injured more or less seriously on our railroads.

Over and above the cheese which goes down our throats there are manufactured 82,000,000 pounds for export.

Cotton and woollen goods are so cheap that any one who makes living wages can afford to be passably dressed.

There were 11,483,318 houses in the United States when the last census was taken and less than six people to each house.

There were 5,134 books printed last year, and although not all of them were good most of them were sold and found readers.

Bruin Fond of Red Ants.

The big, dome like nests of the red ant of the woods are familiar to all who ever roamed much in the forests of northern Pennsylvania. There would be more of them if it were not for bears. Frequently the hunter or wanderer through the woods will come to one of these big domes in ruins. These dismantled ant homes tell a story of the visit of some annihilating bear. Bruin is ever on the lookout for an opportunity to not only depopulate an ant hill of its contingent of busy life, but to destroy its importance as a prospective colony. When a bear has come upon one of these homes of the industrious ant he knocks the rounded roof off with one sweep of his paw. The interior of the dome is a geometrical network of galleries radiating from one central chamber. When the bear has uncovered the teeming interior he places his commodious mouth over the opening, and if there be any one in the woods within an eighth of a mile of that spot he will have no difficulty in hearing what follows.

A Novel Advertisement.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the painter, was passionately fond of animals, for which he had small room in his London garden. He was with difficulty prevented once from purchasing, for a very large sum, a young elephant. Browning said to him: "What on earth will you do with him, Gabriel?" and Rossetti answered: "I mean to teach him to clean windows. Then, when someone passes by the house, he will see the elephant cleaning the windows, and will say, 'Who lives in that house?' and people will tell him, Oh, that's a painter called Rossetti,' and he will say, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures;' so he will ring to come in and I shall sell him a picture."

How Volcanoes are Made.

Volcanoes and how they are made was the subject of a lecture by Prof. J. S. Diller, of the geological survey, at Washington seminary. The lecturer discussed first the history of these burning mountains. Experiment had demonstrated that at a depth of fifty miles the temperature of the earth would be about 3,000 degrees, or hot enough to melt iron. The earth at this depth was kept solid only by reason of the immense pressure on it. When a fissure or other exit was opened up the material boiled forth as a volcanic product.

The Great Hereley Warehouse.

The Hereley Brothers Commission Company have reopened their great warehouse at 428 to 448 North Halsted street, and have sent out the following circular in connection therewith:

To consumers and dealers of hay, oats, grain, flour, and feed of all kinds:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that if you do not buy your feed at our warehouse you are unaware of the benefits you can derive by so doing.

We handle the best goods only and sell at rock-bottom prices, for the many advantages we have over other wholesale feed men are so great that it enables us to sell first-class goods as cheap as others sell second-class.

Our warehouse is the largest, handiest and most complete hay and grain warehouse in the city of Chicago, covering one acre of ground and situated on the C., M. & St. P. R. R. tracks, where we have our own private track and receive all our goods direct to our warehouse. This is a great advantage, as it saves the expense of hauling, which is quite an item.

We have constructed, in addition to our warehouse, the latest improved grain elevator system, which unloads, elevates and conveys, by machinery, all our grain from cars on our track direct to our elevator, without rehandling. This is a great labor saving, and adds greatly to the value of grain, as all grain passes through our grain cleaner, which frees it from all dust and chaff, and leaves it perfectly clean.

There is no waiting outside on the street in cold and wet at our warehouse, as we have provided large driveways for teams, and plenty of waiting room in our warehouse. All our bins are elevated, so that you can drive under them and put on a load in less than five minutes.

We do a straight wholesale and retail mercantile business, and you will always find us here, from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., ready to show you our goods and give you prices. We invite you to call and examine our stock, look at our cleaning and conveying machinery and see the way we do business.

Thanking you for your past favors, and hoping we may receive your orders, we remain, yours very respectfully,

HERELEY BROS. COMMISSION CO.

Summer Train Service via Wisconsin Central.

Effective May 27. To Waukesha and lake resorts 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5 p. m. To St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Pacific Northwest 6:05 p. m., 11:45 p. m. To Duluth 6:05 p. m.

Salvator!

A BAVARIAN BEER.

Brewed of the finest BARLEY MALT and HOPS, well aged. Is now ready for delivery in wood or glass. Please send orders through our agents or delivery men, by mail, or Telephone South 350. Bottling Dept., Tel. South 869.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.

JOHN S. COOKE, Pres. and Treas. CHARLES F. COOKE, Sec.

COOKE Brewing Company.

27th Street and Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

—BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF—

COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER.

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brewing Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Ill., A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the United States Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

WILLIAM O'CONNELL. IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS. 182 State Street. Telephone 1585. Opp. Palmer House. CHICAGO.

FAMILY ORDERS SOLICITED. SOLE AGENT

J. H. Cutter Old Reserve, 1871	$6.00	Anderson Old Bourbon	5.00
J. H. Cutter Pure Old Rye, 1876	4.00	Old Crow Old Bourbon	3.00
J. H. Cutter Bourbon, 1877	3.00	Irish Whisky, John Jamieson	5.00
W. H. McBrayer Old Bourbon	5.00	Scotch Whisky, Andrew Usher Special Reserve	5.00
Spring Hill Old Bourbon	3.00		

All kinds of Brandies, Gins, Rums and Bottled Goods of the finest qualities at reasonable prices.

BASS' ALE and GUINNESS' STOUT

ALL GOODS PROMPTLY DELIVERED AT RESIDENCES. We handle no cheap or adulterated goods.

ED. C. WILKEN. CALIFORNIA WINES, BRANDIES AND LIQUORS. 47 La Salle St. CHICAGO.

LAKE VIEW HEADQUARTERS!

FRANK A. BAER, Sample Room.

1341 North Clark St., corner Dewey Ct.

PAUL POHL, Brewer of Weiss Beer, Porter AND EXPORT BEER.

29-35 Cooper St., Cor. Fullerton Av., Chicago. Telephone North 902

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Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

TELEPHONE MAIN 2629.

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No. 8 Sherman Street,

Opposite Board of Trade.

FRANK L. ROUT.

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WHISKIES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

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74 VAN BUREN ST., 68 RANDOLPH ST., Chicago, Ills.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

HENRY GANEY,

Northwest Corner Clark and Lake Sts.,

Aged Whiskies

COMPLETE VARIETY OF IMPORTED LIQUORS.

Family Trade Solicited. Select Line of Cigars.

HARRY ROMAIN,

174 Clark Street,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

TELEPHONE MAIN 502.

DAVID DEIST,

FINE IMPORTED

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

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Cor. Wentworth Ave., - - CHICAGO, ILL.