THE PUG DYNASTY FALLEN.

The St. Bernards and the Great Danes Rapidly Coming Into Favor.

All dynasties are destined to final fall, and the reign of the house of Pug is not an exception. The monarchy of the dog continues, but another family sits upon the throne of female affections. The women who are known as the "hunting set" and who go in for athletics and all things masculine and energetic set the fashion in matters of this sort. They have decreed that the pug must go, and big dogs have taken their place. Consequently the pug market is weak, with few takers. The most turned-up-nosed beauties that sold up in the hundreds last year may now be had for $15 and $20.

But fabulous prices are paid for St. Bernards, mastiffs and the huge silvery Great Dane. These women have become very learned in pedigrees and points of breeding, and though occasionally they are swindled by dishonest breeders, as a rule they are too well informed as to what a dog should be to allow themselves to be imposed upon. The women who have big dogs take them to the country for the summer if they are to live in cottages, and at most country resorts this year are already to be seen young girls accompanied by big St. Bernards, mastiffs and gray or stags hounds. For the lighter joys of strictly home life they unbend themselves with Yorkshire terriers and King Charles spaniels.

Summer hotel life is unconsistent with the cultivation of canines, and so, many dogs are put out to board while their fair owners are away. An old Yorkshire man, who keeps a dogs' boarding-house, says that these ladies rarely have an idea of the misery of their pets for the first few weeks of the separation. They sit in corners, too unhappy to eat, giving little suppressed moans, and actual tears running down their afflicted noses from pure homesickness and yearning for their affectionate mistresses, whose caresses they miss. Fortunately their memories are not much longer than those of a human being, so they cheer up eventually and return to their rations.

To properly care for a big dog, who requires almost as much attention as a horse, is too great a tax on most women, who apply to the dog emporium that sends out uniformed men who carry brushes, soap and combs and perform the toilet of these luxurious animals. They adjourn to the owner's bath-room, the dog takes a bath in her tub and is duly combed and curled. This process is repeated every week.—New York World.

Curious Phases of English Law.

There are curious phases connected with English law that would puzzle the most ingenious of the followers of Blackstone. At Dulverton, in Somerset, a poor woman was recently sentenced by two justices of the peace to twelve months' hard labor for stealing a few turnips. The case was brought to the attention of the home secretary in parliament, and Mr. Childers announced that he had ordered eleven months of the sentence to be remitted. If the poor starving woman had stolen a sack of potatoes she would probably have been sentenced for life.

In another case, at Hereford, when a woman was charged with stealing some hedging-gloves, the jury could not arrive at a conclusion in regard to the matter. Accordingly the foreman, on being asked whether the jury were agreed as to the verdict, replied: "It looks very suspicious, but we are not certain." On being reminded that this was not a verdict, the worthy man observed: "Well, I don't think she is guilty myself." Asked further whether the rest of the jury were, or were not of that opinion, he replied: "Well, you see, a part of us be and a part of us bean't." "The jury was ordered to retire again, and fortunately for the prisoner, the foreman was able to bring round the dissentients to his own way of thinking, and after some delay announced that all the jury were now unanimously of the opinion that the woman was innocent. It would be curious to know the methods employed, but probably the majesty of England's laws was enforced by the tossing up of a penny.—Chicago Times.

Base Ball on Moving Freight Trains.

"Yes, braking is pretty hard work, and we don't get much fun as we go 'long," said a freight brakeman, as his caboose stood by the station waiting for orders; "but there's a new craze on among the boys which gives us a good deal of sport. It is freight train base ball."

"Base ball on a freight train?"

"Yes, sir; and it's great fun, too. We don't do any batting, but we're great on fielding. The head brakeman stands on the front car, the rear brakeman in the middle of the train and the conductor gets up on the caboose. Then we play pitch, with the fireman as referee. There ain't many errors, now let me tell you. An error means a lost ball, and the man that lets it get away from him has to buy a new one. The feller that makes a wild throw, or the one that fails to stop a fair-thrown ball is the victim. The craze has run so high that I'll bet there ain't a dozen crews running out of Chicago that don't carry a stock of base balls along in their caboose. They would all say they didn't if you asked 'em, 'cause they don't want the bosses to get onto 'em, but just wait till they get out into the country and if you're where you can see you will see how freight train base ball is played. Fellows that play ball on the ground may think they are having great sport, but if you want fun, and want to have the blood run pretty lively in your veins, just take a hand in a game on top of a freight train going twenty or twenty-five miles an hour."—Chicago Herald.

Troubles of Growing Wheat in France.

One of the great difficulties which French and English wheat growers are trying to overcome is the lack of sufficient stiffness in the straw of good wheat. The varieties with stiff straw usually yield an inferior grain, while the best grain grows on stalks which are beaten down to the earth by an ordinary storm. The problem is now receiving much attention from scientific agriculturists in France.—Detroit Free Press.

A Complete Outfit for Fishing.

There has just arrived at Lewiston, Me., a gentleman from New York, who has one of the most complete outfits for fishing there is in the country. He carries a box nearly two feet long and a foot wide, packed full of fly-hooks filled with artificial flies. An estimate places the number of his fly-hooks at 10,000.—Chicago Times.

Typewriters for Various Languages.

Typewriters are now made for the French, German, Spanish, Bohemian, Russian, Danish, Swedish, Portugese, and Italian languages. The Chinese, with its 30,000 characters, has not yet been tackled.

The first time the halls of congress were illuminated with gas was during the Polk administration.

Before the Prussian Army Came.

In July, 1870, I was again in Paris, when the cry of the crowd in the streets was "a Berlin!" and when a robust songstress at a cafe-chantant rudely chanted the praise of the honest poor to the refrain "Si c'est de la canaille—eh bien, je suis!" With the first shock of war the power of Napoleon tottered, and in September it fell into the dust. I was at the death. No one who saw can forget the feverish excitement of Paris on the bright Sunday morning when the news came of the defeat at Sedan. Long before noon the people besieged the Corps Legislatif until it—creature as it was of the imperial will—decreed the abolition of the empire. I was at the window of the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendome, when the throng surged through the Rue Castigliene bearing in triumph the great lawyer Cremieux, who was taken to the ministry of justice, where he had ruled under the republic of 1848, and from the window of which he made a brief and eloquent address to his fellow citizens.

The hatred of the empire—perhaps also the fear of the mob—caused a sudden slaughter of the imperial eagles which decorated the shop fronts; and when golden letters on a black ground set forth that the owner of the establishment had been a "Fournisseur brevete de S. M. L'Empereur," the gilt letters were soon hidden under a thick coat of blacking hastily applied with a shoebrush. The fall of a tyranny just as the enemy was in full march on the capital gave a double meaning to the burning words of the "Marseillaise" sung unceasingly by the interminable throngs which filled the boulevards. That night, as we threaded our way through the crowd, we were besought violently, "Criez donc 'Vive la Republique'"—which we did with a good grace; and within a week we left Paris by almost the last train which escaped before the Prussians threw their black ring of blood and iron around the city of art and pleasure.—Brander Matthews in Kansas City Journal.

The Old Judge's Second Marriage.

An old farmer of Shelby county, a life-long friend and admirer of the judge, met him some time since on the train as he was returning home from his law office in the city. The judge, knowing his friend's proneness to talk out in meeting when John Barleycorn was at the helm, retreated into a portion of the coach occupied by a number of ladies, but the old man followed him, and, standing in the aisle, addressed the judge as follows:

"Judge, I want to live 2,000 years."

"What for?" asked the judge.

"Well," said the old granger, "I want to vote for you for governor of Tennessee every two years for 2,000 years."

"But," replied the judge, "I do not wish to live that long unless my wife can be with me all the time."

The old man studied a moment, and a bright idea seemed to strike him by way of compromise:

"Well, judge," said he, let's give the old woman 1,800 years. You'll wan't to marry again, anyhow, you know."—Louisville (Tenn.) Reporter.

The Queer Vehicles of Persia.

The cajavahs and taktravan are substitutes for wheeled vehicles, to be used when there are no wagons. The former name is given to two light frames with box bottom which are suspended one on either side of the horse or other beast of burden. The cajahvah is more available than the taktravan, and safer in most places. The sides have to be equally balanced. So if the occupant of one side is of less weight than the person in the other side, the difference is adjusted by the addition of a stone or some part of the luggage. The top is provided with hoops over which canvas is fastened, thus affording a protection from sunlight and rain. The taktravan may be described as a box set in the center of two parallel poles. The ends of the box, serve as shafts. In them a horse is hitched, the head of the rear horse being tied to the box. These conveyances are usually made of wood, and of water-tight top and sides. The vehicle is suspended by rings to hooks attached to the pack-saddles.—Land of the Imams.

Mint Juleps Cooled with Hail.

"Do you know that mint juleps were originally cooled with hail?" said a gentleman from Virginia to me the other day, as we were discussing the great hail storm.

I acknowledged my ignorance.

"It is a fact. You see, the mint julep is an old colonial Virginian drink. It was invented in Virginia by a wealthy planter who had a company of friends at his house. A great hail storm came up; he gathered the hail stones, and on the inspiration of the moment, concocted that delicious beverage which we call mint julep. Its fame spread, but at first they never made it except when it hailed.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Effectual Way of Crippling Crime.

The difficulty of preventing the escape of criminals has at all times grieved the friends of justice, but the most radical solution of the problem has probably been devised in Gazi, a seaport town claimed both by the emir of Belang and the sultan of Zanzibar. According to a correspondent of The Colonial Zeitung, the municipal authorities, who enjoy a local autonomy, have for years saved the expense of burglar-proof jails by hamstringing their malefactors and teaching them to earn a living by some sedentary occupation. Besides being a useful avis au public, the consequent lameness prevents a relapse, or at least the flight of a suspected back slider.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

A Steam Engine in Miniature.

Charles Cox, a jeweler of Salem, Ore., has constructed a steam engine inside the wreath on a $1 gold piece. Its weight is two pennyweight and six grains, and the length of the stroke is fifteen-hundredths of an inch. The length of the valve stroke is three hundredths of an inch, and the machine when run by steam is capable of 5,000 revolutions per minute. It is now run by compressed air. The cylinder and bright work is gold plated, and the little thing is quite a curiosity in its way.—Exchange.

Looking Up a Point of Law.

A few days ago a young lawyer entered the law library, and after an hour or two's inspection of sundry and divers folios, approached Law Librarian Digby, and taking him aside, whispered in dead earnest?

"Percy, I want to find a little law. I want to know what the law in this state is regarding Good Friday when it comes on Sunday."—Pittsburg Leader.

Puzzled by a New Liquor.

The Boston Gazette relates that a well-known gentleman of that city was once handed a glass of water and asked to say what it was. He took it, turned it round, looked through it, smelt it. At last he said: "Well, it looks like gin, but there's no taste to it."