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CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

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CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

THE conviction has become wide spread that Ignatius Donnelly has not saved his Bacon.

IT has been discovered that a flea uses only one eye at a time, and that he dies the hardest of any insect in nature.

A BASEBALL player prides himself on stealing bases, but the Providence Pitcher who stole $700,000 from the Union Bank receives no applause.

A CHICAGO grain speculator who has made a fortune in cereals says he never saw a field of barley in his life, but has an idea that the stuff grows on shrubs.

PHILIP WHITE, a Heidelberg student who married a poor girl in Germany ten years ago against his father's will and came to America disinherited, is now a blacksmith in New York city. An attorney has just found him and notified him that he is heir to one-sixth of $200,000, the fortune of a deceased uncle in Barvaria.

LIEUT. COL. JOHN J. COPPINGER, of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, has been detailed as superintendent of the general recruiting service, with headquarters in New York city, for two years beginning October 1 next. He is a son-in-law of Hon. James G. Blaine, and is at present stationed at Fort Gibson, Indian territory.

TATTERSALL'S, the great English horse market, was founded by Richard Tattersall in 1766. The present head of the firm is Edmund F. Tattersall, a fine specimen of an English gentleman, and justly esteemed and respected by all who know him. He is 65 years old, a hale and hearty man. His son, Somerset, brings to the auctioneer's desk an education obtained at Eton and Oxford.

THERE are a number of warm sulphur springs in Elsinore, Cal., and a citizen of that town is utilizing them for incubating purposes. He puts a tin pail full of eggs in a spring whose temperature is 102 degrees, and in three weeks the chicks come out. As the temperature of the spring does not vary, the eggs require no attention. This beats the patent incubators all hollow.

IN the National Library at Paris there is a Spanish globe 350 years old, on which the Congo follows in a remarkable manner the course now given to that river on the maps. All the best maps in the sixteenth century showed the Congo as rising in a lake far inland, while in this century we first tried to identify the Congo with the Niger, and then for many years made it flow north.

New York newspapers are calling attention to the filth, disease, and degradation in New York's overcrowded Italian quarter, and pointing out that these immigrants are the victims of speculators, who receive a commission of $3 a head. Italians are now arriving at the rate of 80,000 a year. In May, 8,673 males landed. In a week five out of six deaths in the city were those of Italians.

MR. JIM BLEVINS, living near White Rock, Tex., killed a very large chicken snake a few days ago, and noticing the snake's body was unsually large and ill-shaped, made an incision, and found it to contain a large cow horn and in the cow horn a prairie rat. It is supposed that the snake chased the rat into the horn, and to secure the rat swallowed the horn.

COL. DONN PIATT, who is equally noted as judge, soldier, journalist and author, has lived during the past six or seven years at his magnificent country place in the Mac-o-Cheek Valley, in Ohio. His house there, which was built at a cost of $75,000, is described as being as handsome as a baronial castle, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens. The place is well stocked with high-bred cattle and fine horses.

ONE of the most interesting of the elderly matrons of the national capital is the wife of Justice Miller. Her experience in the higher social sphere of the seat of government extends over a greater lapse of years than that of any other lady, save two, now in public life at Washington. She went there 26 years ago, when her husband, from the bar of Keokuk, Iowa, was raised by President Lincoln to the bench of the Supreme court.

THE explorer of the Fayum, Mr. Petre, has discovered "a splendid fragment of the Second Book of the Iliad, written on papyrus in the finest Greek hand, before the rounded uncial or cursive scripts came into use. This precious document was found rolled up under the head of a mummy which was buried simply in the sand, without the protection of a tomb. It measures apparently from three-and-a-half to four feet in length. The date of the manuscript is about the second or third century. It will be edited by Prof. Sayce."

AMONG the visitors in Chicago at present is Col. J. M. Norton, of Texas. He is about 70 years of age, and his white hair falls in curls half way down his back. His white beard reaches below his waist. In 1844 Henry Clay was a candidate for President, and Colonel Norton registered a vow that he would not cut his hair or shave his beard until Clay entered the White House. He has religiously kept his vow, and now presents a very picturesque appearance. He says, however, if Mr. Cleveland is re-elected he will have his hair cut and beard removed.

PUBLIC PRINTER BENEDICT received a mysterious package by mail recently. On the lid was the word "personal." When the wrapper was removed a round tin tube was discovered, tightly plugged at each end and about a foot long. Mr. Benedict exclaimed: "What's this?" as his fingers caught hold of a fuse. "It looks like an infernal machine," suggested a cheerful bystander. The curious bundle was sent downstairs, and a plucky employe of the Government risked his life to extract from the tube a red silk bandanna, bearing Cleveland's and Thurman's pictures and the name of Mr. Benedict embroidered in one corner.

A Runaway Train.

The other day, says a writer, I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told me by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railroads that cross the Alleghany Mountains.

"There," said the officer to my informant, as they were both going about a great central station where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept; "there is the very man. If he wants any favor of the road he has only to ask for it. The rest of us come and go; but he—he stays and may stay, service or no service, till death removes him. The road is grateful to him and will always hold him in honor."

Many years have elapsed since the incident happened; many more since the telling of the tale to my friends. The details and the coloring vary somewhat as they pass from mouth to mouth. No doubt, when you have finished the story, you will say, "Why, that was the very thing I would have done myself." But would you have done it? Here is the story:

Puff! Puff! Puff! It was hard work; for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as if its strength was failing. And no wonder. For miles and miles up the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains it had been tugging its precious burdens, and there were many more miles before it should reach the summit and tarry awhile to regain its strength.

Much of the way was little more than a shelf cut into the mountain sides, with rising walls of rock on one hand and deep ravines on the other. And far up among the mountains, often on the opposite sides of huge and gloomy chasms, the observant traveler would catch glimpses of what seemed to be the curves and embankments of another road. Later he would be himself borne over these very chasms and whirled around these very curves.

These changing scenes kept the passengers in a tremor of half joyful, half anxious excitement.

"How beautiful that wooded slope!"

"Shall we ever get to the top of the ridge?"

"Down here among the trees! See this silvery cascade!"

"Ah, here we go through a tunnel!"

"That great boulder looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down upon us!"

"What if the roadbed should give way here like an avalanch?"

"Oh, here comes some trestle-work! How frail it looks! And what a dizzy height! If it should break under us—oh, dear!"

Just then a quick, sharp whistle was heard. To those who heard it, it said imperatively, "Down brakes and be quick about it, too!" instantly the brakemen were straining at their posts as if every life were threatened. Indeed, it was stheir duty on these hard, treacherous grades to stand by the brakes and use them at a moment's warning. People thrust their heads out of the car windows, and some hurried to the platforms, and there was a deal of nervous questioning. What was the matter? Had an accident happened? Was there any danger? Nobody seemed to know. Not even the brakemen were informed. And it was the gift of blessed Providence that the cause was not revealed, else that moment of uncertainty and subdued alarm would have been one of anguish and disaster.

"Free the engine from the train!" he shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled, and the train was left behind. "Now jump for your life!" There was no time for parley. The fireman leaped, fell and scrambled to his feet again. Then the engineer put on full steam. Freed from its burden of coaches the locomotive responded at once.

"Now fight the battle for us!" exclaimed the engineer as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chosen a favorable spot on which to alight. Though thrown headlong with some force, he was on his feet promptly enough to see his train roll by a lessening speed, under the full control of the faithful brakemen.

That something serious had happened or was about to occur began to be clear to the passengers. One or two had seen the firemen jump, two or three, the engineer; and larger numbers from the soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to raise to their feet by the side of the track. All was excitement and tumult. Some began to leap from the cars. Fortunately there was little danger now, or the motion of the train had nearly ceased.

Up the track, meanwhile, went the iron monster to meet the foe alone. Down the track, into full sight, came the wild freight cars with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rail as they rounded the curve. Nearer and nearer, the speed of each increasing. When they flew at each other in a mighty, tiger-like rage, as if there were blood to be shed and nerves to be torn asunder. The crash shook the hills. A great, roaring cloud of steam burst in the air, while another of dust and debris boiled up and mingled confusedly with it. Then the shattered ends of the cars shot out here and there through the smoke, and a grinding, cracking mass rose up. Quivering in the air a moment, it reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below. When the steam and dust cleared away there were the deep, ugly furrows in the roadbed, the splintered ties, and the bent and broken rails, and the nameless fragments of an utter wreck to mark the scene of the fierce encounter.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin; but it had done a noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives and untold interests were at stake, and it had won it. Not a life of that precious company was lost, not a member of it hurt by so much as a scratch. Before they saw their peril they were rescued from it; and yet their rescue had hardly been completed before the full and awful nature of their peril burst upon them and stirred them in their inmost being.

With tears of joy and gratitude they blessed the engineer, whose quick wit and daring plan and instant execution saved them from a fate that at one moment it seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below, there went out a kind and tender feeling, as if, in giving up its life to save others, it had shown something akin to love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human soul.

A Dog Turns Toper.

Poor Nellie is dead!

Nellie was a dog, a fine specimen of the Russian fox terrier breed. She had one fault, says the New York Herald, and that was her love for lager beer. Nellie was an inveterate tippler, and while "crazy drunk" recently met with a terrible death by being run over and killed by a heavy laden truck.

There were probably few such smart dogs as Nellie. She was the property of Andrew Reardon, a bartender in Lynch's saloon, at No. 175 Grand street, Williamsburg. He became the possessor of the animal a little less than three years ago when she was a puppy of about three weeks old. As she grew up she became a handsome dog. She was a great favorite with the customers of the place, and they were in the habit of teaching Nellie all kinds of tricks.

Last summer Nellie, who had made the saloon her headquarters, became addicted to the use of lager. It was nothing unusual to see the animal going to the trough and sipping the drippings. The customers rather enjoyed this, and for hours sometimes watched the antics of the young dog. During the winter months she limited her consumption of the beverage, and appeared resolved to drink moderately. As the warm weather came on, however, Nellie drank more than ever, and on account of her intemperate habits and foolish actions became a scandal to the neighborhood. Not until recently did Nellie show symptoms of having become a complete slave to drink, however. Her owner observed it also, and kept her securely chained in the rear of the store, furnishing her with a moderate allowance of lager.

Two weeks ago Nellie gave birth to pups, and she was released from her imprisonment. She was chased away from the beer troughs several times, but when not observed would tackle the lager again. She began to drink to excess, and would stagger when in that condition to her bunk and sleep off the effects of her debauch. It was no uncommon occurrence, after a nap of a few hours, for her to go straightway again to the trough and quench her thirst.

Since the birth of her puppies she had become more dissipated than ever before. A few days ago she began to sip the lager at an unusally early hour. She slept during the forenoon, and in the afternoon again imbibed to such an extent that she became tipsy, and staggered around the rear room. Nellie finally reached the street, where she wandered into the gutter. In trying to dodge a car she accidently got under the wheels of the truck, and was killed outright. The mangled remains of the favorite animal were gathered together and buried in a vacant lot not far away.

Power of the Eye.

From the New York Star.

The power exerted by the human eye over man and animals is well known, and the evil use of such influence is widely recognized. This maleficient power is called the "evil eye," and the belief in its operation seems never to have been absent in any land. This does not mean the undoubted influence exerted by the eye, as in mesmerism, but a sort of noxious influence proceeding from the eye, with or without the connivance of the owner of the organ. Intelligence of a belief in this strange power comes to us from the cradle lands of the East at an unknown period of history. Chaldean cylinders of clay, dug up on the banks of the Euphrates, contain magical formula against it. In Assyria, eight centuries before Christ, men appealed to their Gods in long formulated prayers against possessors of the evil eye, who are declared the worst of men. Egyptian incantations against the sorcerer, of an early date, have come down to us. In one of these the sun is addressed thus: "O thou whose soul is the pupil of the eye." An ancient Nedaic hymn to Agni invokes Indra against the evil eye. The eye of the Brahmin was thought so powerful that he was forbidden, when satisfying the wants of nature, to look at the sun, the moon the stars, water or trees, lest he, thould bewitch them. The Persian Vendidad contains prayers and rites to ward off the effects of the evil eye. Ahriman subdued evil spirits by the power of his glance. The Apocryphal books of the Bible allude to the same evil influence, and we find a universal belief in its effects throughout antiquity,

An Aerolite Falls in Cleveland.

According to a New York Times despatch an aerolite fell within ten feet of I. N. McMullen, while the latter was smoking in the yard of his home, on Seelye avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. The aerolite was first observed in the heavens. After it struck, "The mass of fire resolved itself into a ball as large as a foot-ball, and burned for a few seconds. The atmosphere was filled with sulphurous odor. For a moment Mr. McMullen was struck dumb with amazement and terror, but on recovering he hastened to the spot where the mass had fallen. He found a hole in the ground, from which a considerable amount of heat issued. Resolved at all hazards to find out what had entered the ground, he procured a light and seizing a small hatched, dug down for a distance of two feet, when he found a substance about as large as a small apple, too hot to handle. He threw it out on the ground to cool, which took about half an hour. After being sufficiently cooled to handle he took it into the house and proceeded to examine it. It is a half sphere, weighs about twelve ounces, and has the appearance of copper coated with a thin black substance. It is so hard that a sharp knife will not cut it. The bottom, which is flat, is punctured with small holes, making it somewhat resemble a sponge. One side is corrugated and has the appearance of beaten brass, only the color is a duller, coarser one. The mass is covered in spots with a thin, melted substance, which causes it to resemble a new casting. Mr. McMullen will place it in the hands of Prof. Morley, of Adelbert College, for analysis."

The state department received a dispatch announcing the death at Kingston, Jamaica, of J. Harvey Bingham. He was consul at Paso del Norte, Mex., at the time of the Cutting incident, and was subsequently promoted to Kingston.

SAVED ON THE BRINK.

I was seated in my office one afternoon in October, 1884, when an acquaintance, a merchant of this city, called. I had then acquired a fair experience in my calling, but my income from that source had been quite limited; hence my extreme gratification when my visitor announced that the purpose of his visit was "business."

The gentleman said that a friend of his, Mr. B——, a merchant doing an extensive business on Lake street, had requested him to suggest the name of a reliable man to undertake a private investigation; that he had promised to comply with the request, and therefore came to me. I asked him if he knew anything about the character and details of the case. He replied that he did not. At my instance the gentleman wrote a letter of introduction to Mr. B——, which he handed me, and after receiving my promise to deliver it without delay he departed.

I lost no time in communicating with Mr. B——. I sent my messenger the letter of introduction inclosed in a note of my own, requesting an interview, and in reply was invited to call at his residence that evening at 8 o'clock.

I was promptly on hand at the designated time, and was ushered into a comfortably and well appointed little library room.

Mr. B—— received me cordially, but his face wore an expression of much concern.

"For what specific purpose is my service required?" I asked, making a dive at the business in hand.

"I wish you to investigate a little matter for me," he said, "and will give you the cause and details in a few words." After a moment's hesitation, which seemed devoted to deep thought, he said: "I presume you are aware of the character of our business; we require a large clerical force in our counting room; we reward our efficiency and zeal with merited promotion, and many of our clerks have acquired their present advanced positions through this system. Among others in our counting room is one who has secured his desk by gradual promotion, a young man who seems possessed of the required qualifications and who has always, so far as I can judge, properly performed his whole duty. I speak of our cashier. He is young, intelligent, with a kindly disposition, prompt at his post, and indefatigable in his work. Because of these qualities and the fact that he has exercised economy I have felt myself gradually drawn toward him. I have taken deeper interest in him than in many others in our employ and was much gratified to find that he had to his credit a neat little sum, saved out of his salary. Recently, however, I have noticed that he wears a haggard expression, and the discovery has disturbed me. When first I observed this change it was but slightly depicted on his countenance, but it has grown more pronounced from day to day until now he seems little more than a shadow of his former self, and though prompt at his post and in his work, the old smile seldom lights up his genial face. I have taken occasion to look into his personal account in the ledger and find that from time to time he has drawn upon it until now very little remains of the $1,900 to his credit a month ago."

"What is your idea of the cause of this condition of things?" I asked.

"I have no fixed idea," Mr. B—— replied, and then added: "What puzzles and pains me is the fact that, though he has authority to pay out money standing to the credit of any employe's account and had a right to draw his money, he had several times invested in shares of building and loan associations, but never without first consulting me as to the advisability of doing so. Of course, I have been more than pleased with this mark of confidence, and was so favorably impressed with his worth that I had already determined that he would be the next to be admitted to a junior copartnership interest in our establishment. My recent discoveries and the cashier's reticence have made me uneasy. I am determined, if possible, to learn the cause of this change, and therefore I have sent for you to look into the case for me. I desire you to ascertain what influence has caused the change in his appearance, and what he has done with his money. The only condition that I interpose is that you must make no move that will disturb him until you shall have reported to me. You may adopt your own time and method to reach the end in view, and you may call upon me for such assistance as you may require in the case."

"Do you suspect financial trouble in any form?"

"I have no data upon which to ground a suspicion; his trial balance sheet made three days ago proves the books and accounts in good shape, and the cash balance on hand at that time was correct."

"Does he complain of illness or overwork?"

"He does not; in fact, when I questioned him concerning the cause of his appearance, his answers seemed rather evasive."

After a few moments' further conversation I bade my client good night and departed. The next day I entered the counting room of Mr. B—— and asked the clerk at one of the windows to give me silver coin for a $20 note. Pointing to another window he said: "The cashier will give it to you." I was about to have a view of the cashier. This was the purpose I desired to compass. I had not up to that time had a glimpse of that gentleman's face.

Approaching the aperture designated I asked: "Are you the cashier?" Receiving an affirmative response I requested change for my paper currency, which request was silently granted.

The few seconds required by the cashier in which to gather up the coin and pass it through the window sufficed me to "take in" that gentleman's face that I might know it whenever I should see it again.

I spent several days in quiet investigation and then sought a private interview with the accused. After a few commonplace remarks I took up the matter in hand.

"I am a messenger appointed to watch you and gain information concerning your habits," said I, looking steadily in his eyes.

The young man assumed a calmness, but could not conceal his alarm and deep concern. I had fully determined that the cashier was not a rogue at heart, I believed that he was not confirmed in any vicious practice, and if his conduct during our interview warranted it I intended to be his friend. I have always felt that it was our duty, if possible, to prevent crime. We effect a vast deal more good in this world by preventing our fellow man from being a criminal than by permitting the commission of crime in order to "detect" the criminal and punish him. How many lives and happy homes might be saved if this were more frequently practiced!

After a moment's pause my companion asked: "Who sent you to watch me?"

"One deeply interested in your welfare. Can you not guess who?" I replied.

"A lady?" he asked, much agitated.

"No," I answered, and taking the cue, I added: "Miss——, of —— avenue, so far as I know, is not aware of my employment, and I presume she does not even suspect that there is cause for it; indeed, I would deeply regret it if she did."

He turned his face full upon me and there was a startled and puzzled expression resting upon it. "What do you know about that lady, and why did you mention her when I asked if your principal was a lady?" he asked, hastily.

"I know that you visited her at her home this evening, and have reason to know your feelings toward the lady," was my response.

I had been right in my conjectures, and now knew that I had sent a shaft to a tender spot and felt assured that this hit would prove a valuable, though silent, adjunct to the successful execution of my hastily formed plan.

With a deep sigh of relief he said: "I am glad of it;" and then, after a pause, asked again, "Who sent you?"

"Who else can be so deeply interested in you?" said I. "I will tell you who authorized me to follow your movements while away from the office, but I will precede the information by the statement that my employer is prompted by the deepest concern in your behalf. Mr. B—— is the individual," I said, but the young man's alarmed countenance urged me to add: "Yet he does not suspect what I have discovered; he is especially alarmed about the great change noted in your appearance, and commissioned me to adopt my own method and time in making the investigation. To execute this commission I determined to keep you under my surveillance, though I scarcely expected developments so soon."

"I presume you will report your discovery to Mr. B—— at once?" he interrogated, with apparent alarm.

"Not necessarily," I replied, briefly.

"Can my exposure be prevented?" he quickly asked.

"That depends," I answered. The cashier impulsively thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and drew forth a roll of bills. Turning to me, with extending arm, the money in his hand, he said, excitedly: "You are welcome to this, but, for God's sake, don't expose me; it will ruin me forever!"

Restraining my indignation as much as possible, I said: "Your proposition is unworthy of you as it would be unworthy in me to accept it." My words stunned him, and an expression of dejection and lost hope overcast his countenance. Seeing the effect my speech had, I added, earnestly: "I will be your friend and save you if you will comply fully with my demands."

A gleam of hope instantly shone on his countenance and he added, rather demurely: What do you demand?"

Looking him earnestly in the eyes I answered, "That you tell me truthfully how you came to visit a faro bank; how long the visits had been indulged in; how often and with what result."

To sum up this statement briefly, but which he gave in detail, he said he went with a friend one night out of curiosity; that the game was fascinating; that he commenced by buying $5 worth of checks; he won $10; visited the place again a few nights after, and tried his luck, but this time lost $25. He repeated his visit two nights following with a like result, then the fascination and a determination to recover his small loss impelled him to go again, each time meeting with a loss and each succeeding loss being greater than the last, until he visited the place almost nightly, and finally realized that he had drawn out nearly all of his cash balance in the office besides having hypothecated some shares of stock owned by him. The loss caused him much regret, but he had spent many sleepless night because of remorse when it fully dawned upon him that he was living a lie and that the confidence reposed in him by Mr. B—— and Miss —— would be instantly withdrawn and summary dismissal from both follow, meaning, of course, disgrace. He had used his own money; he had not gone far enough in his recklessness to filch.

"Are you satisfied now to cut short this recklessness?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, determinedly.

"Pledge me your word that you will never again enter a gambling house or gamble, and I will agree to make a report that will not expose your recklessness. I feel assured that otherwise you are reliable. I believe there is ample chance for you if you will be wise as well as correct in your character; but I will warn you that you will yet be watched, and if you prove unfaithful to your pledge I will see to it that you do not escape the logical consequences."

He extended his hand, which I grasped, and his moistened eyes, full of gratitude, told me that he was in earnest when he said: "I pledge my word to never again enter a gambling house or gamble. I thank you for your more than friendship. Your generosity will make mo a better and stronger man." We parted on State and Madison streets, the cashier going home and I to my lodgings. I put a shadow after him. His conduct proved exemplary. I so reported from time to time during the month following to my client that I believed the young man made a temporary loan to a friend who was in trouble; that he had rescued his friend, and that his friend had paid him back the loan. To confirm my report the cashier had deposited the money in the office and credited his account with the amount, the haggard expression had vanished, and the old genial smile was again enthroned in its place. My report was accepted; I was thanked for my services, and well paid for the effort.

On the 1st of January following the cashier was admitted to a junior copartnership interest in Mr. B——'s extensive business, and in October of the same year he led Miss —— to the alter, and a happier couple never assumed the responsibilities of wedlock than did this one.

I meet the cashier occasionally. We greet each other cordially, but never allude to his narrow escape from disgrace.—Blackstone in Chicago Times.

A Kangaroo Round up.

A reporter met a gentleman who has been largely indentified with pastorial interests both in Australia and New Zealand, and from him some interesting facts were ascertained in connection with the efforts of antipodean agriculturists to combat the plague of the long eared pests.

"The idea," said the gentleman, "is not entirely new to Australians. They have for years employed a somewhat similar method of riding pastoral lands of the destructive kangaroo. The usual way was to build a capacious stock yard, with very high fences, for your able bodied is no slouch at playing leap frog. The location generally chosen was on the fork of a river, for kangaroos are not extra partial to water. Invitations to the round up would then be sent to neighboring farmers, and on a specified morning the farmers would all put in an appearance, mounted, an accompanied by whatever kangaroo hounds they chanced to possess. Dogs and owners would then get away back and scatter out in skirmishing order until a large section of country was covered, and then circumnavigation was in order, the object point, of course being the lofty stock yard.

"Pretty soon you would hear the baying of scores of hounds, and then the long jumping marsupials would be seen leaping like gigantic frogs, while the skirmishers would advance and close in steadily and systematically, controlling the hounds the while, so as to gradually direct the hopping kangoroos to the desired point. When the mob, which on occasions numbered many hundreds, were finally housed in the place of slaughter, some one was sent to close the draw gate on them, and the fun commenced.

The dogs were restrained and family relics in the shape of blunderbusses and ancient flint locks were brought into requisition until the last grass and crop despoiler had bitten the dust."

"Kangaroos make it rough for the hounds on some occasions, do they not?" asked the reporter.

"You bet they do. An old man kangaroo is just as tough a bit of mechanism as ever a dog tackled. When fairly cornered he will place his back against a tree or rock and invite the best dog in the pack to come on. Old dogs are wary of them, and use their best endeavors to get an ear or neck hold from behind, but a young hound will frequently rush into the bayed marsupial's arms, so to speak, and if he gets away alive he is lucky. The kangaroo will balance himself firmly on his tail, which is both powerful and springy, and will clasp the dog around the body with his hind legs, while he will utilize the sharp claws of his fore paws to tear the brute's stomach into ribbons and haul his entrails out.

A Rebel Gold Dollar.

From the Duluth Tribune'

Jerry Johnson, a negro boy, was standing on a trash pile, running his toes turough the debris. He noticed something bright in the pile, and when he picked it up, found it to be a very small yellow coin. At first he thought it was copper but as he fingered it his native sense told him it was too heavy for copper, so he at once conjectured that it was made of gold. He had some business with Mr. Walker, and while in his office showed him the piece of money. He asked the lawyer how much he would give him for it. Walker's attorney thought it was a gold dollar, and, as he was particularly anxious to get such a coin to wear on his watch chain, he offered the boy one dollar for it, which he gleefully accepted. Mr. Walker gave the coin a careful examination, and became convinced that he paid too much for it. He was in Colonel Redwine's office, and took the coin out and exhibited it to the great financier. "What will you give me for it?" he asked. I'll give $1," was the reply. "And I'll give you $1.25," interrupted a man who had come in to renew a note. "Done," exclaimed Mr. Walker. here's your money," was the quick answer. The buyer left the office with his coin, and the lawyer thought he had made a good bargain. Hurrying off to a man that buys coins, the purchaser exhibited the piece. The dealer scrutinized it closely and said: "What will you take for it?" "What will you give?" After a little consideration the dealer said: "Will you take $25 for it? "No but I'll take $30 for it." "It's a go; here's your money," and the happy man walked out of the office. The coin which figured in these transactions is a Confederate gold dollar. A gentleman said to a reporter. "The worst sold man of the four was he who sold the coin for $30. If it be true that it is as represented a genuine Confederate dollar, it is worth $650. I am told that there are only six of these coins in existence."

How Calico Got Its Name.

Smith's Researcher.

The derivation of this word is very interesting as of such an ancient date is its origin. Mrs. Leonowens says in her "Travels in India," that in the year 1498, just ten months and two days after leaving the port at Lisbon, Vasco da Gama landed on the coast of Malabar at Calicut, or, more properly, Kale Rhoda, "City of the Black Goddess." Calicut was at that period not only a very ancient seaport, but an extensive territory, which, stretching along the westeren coast of southern India, reached fresh Bombay and the adjacent islands to Cape Comorin. It was at an early period so famous for its weaving and dyeing of cotton cloth that its name became identified with the manufactured fabric, whence the name calico. It is now generally admitted that this ingenious art originated in India in remote ages, and from that country found its way to Egypt. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that calico printing was introduced into Europe. A knowledge of the art was acquired by some of the servants of the Dutch East India company and carried to Holland, whence it was introduced in London in the year 1676. It is surprising for grown-up children, as well as our young folks, to learn that "Pliny as early as the first century mentions in his natural history that there existed in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing white cloth." Calico cannot be despised when it boasts of such antiquity. The shoddy made-up of the present day may look down with contempt upon the calico dress, but what kind of lineage has it? the calico can proudly ask.

IF SOME TRUE MAIDEN'S LOVE.

All worldly dreams I would resign,
Nor ever long for hidden love
If some true maiden's love were mine.

If but two eyes of blue divine
Could meet my glance forever more,
All worldly dreams I would resign.

The clouds would show a silver line
And rainbow tints would hue them o'er.
If some true maiden's love were mine.

A jasmine tree should droop and twine
And peep within our cottage door.
And worldy dreams I would resign.

Our gems should be the dewdrop's shine
Our music float from larks that soar,
If some true maiden's love were mine.

Where is she now? She gives no sign,
That loyal heart leal to the core!
All worldly dreams I would resign
If some true maiden's love were mine.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

DISEASE FROM BEASTS.

The fact that many of the diseases which affect animals are capable of being contracted by man is no longer a matter for discussion. We see evidences of its truth on all sides and we make use of the knowledge in order to protect ourselves from other diseases to which mankind is subject. Thus we take the matter engendered by the cowpox and by inoculating ourselves with it protect ourselves from that great scourge of former days—smallpox. It is well known, too, that Pasteur asserts his ability to secure the immunity of the human subject from hydrophobia by inoculating with attenuated hydrophobia virus, but it is by no means yet proved that his efforts have in a single case been successful. The late Mr. Darwin relied upon the fact that animals are subject to many of the diseases which are met with in mankind for one of his chief arguments in favor of the identity of origin of man and those below him in the scale of creation. Thus not only hydrophobia and smallpox, but glanders, cholera and certain skin diseases, can be communicated from animals to man. In addition to these strictly contagious affections, the lower animals are subject to other diseases to which man is liable. Among these are consumption, catarrh, apoplexy, inflamation of the bowels and certain affections of the brain and spinal cord, causing convulsions, tremor and paralysis.

PARASITIC INFECTION.

Among the most important diseases which we contract from the lower animals are those which are due to parasites of various kinds. As these sometimes produce fatal results and as they are all more or less preventable I propose to restrict what I have to say at this time to the consideration of some of those diseases which are due to the presence of various organic beings which man derives from the domestic animals which minister to his wants.

Most farmers are familiar with what is called measled pork, but few persons outside of the medical profession know in what the condition really consists. The general belief is that it is a disase similar to the measles to which the human race is subjeet. With that disease, however, it has no analogy. A hog that is measly is inhabited, so to speak, by numerous organisms, called in learned phraseology cysticercus, or, in the vernacular, bladder worm, which name is due to the fact that its body consists of a vesicle which is large enough to be visible to the naked eye. This body has a comparatively long neck and a round head to which numerous hooks are attached, by means of which it can adhere to any part of the body in which it may settle. Besides the hog it is frequently met with in sheep. The chief danger to man arising from the existence of this parasite is due to the fact of its predilection for the hog. It is destroyed by a temperature of 170 degrees Fahrenheit and as we do not often eat our mutton without first cooking it (although mutton hams dried and smoked are sometimes taken without being cooked) we are not very liable to set these organisms into our system from this source. Certain classes of our population, however, are in the habit of eating pork which has been subjected to no more thorough cooking than such as has been afforded by the smoke house, and this is never sufficient to kill the cysticercus. As a consequence the animal obtains a lodgement in the human body and if it is content to make its way to the muscles and remain there quietly it does little or no harm. But its habits appear to be migratory, and hence it not frequently makes excursions into the eye or the brain or other important organs, giving rise to serious symptoms and frequently causing death. It appears to have a particular liking for the brain and especially for that most important part of this organ—the gray matter. Epilepsy, acute mania, imbecility and stupor are the consequence of its presence and death usually ends the series of morbid disturbances.

A great difficulty in the way of the successful treatment of diseases caused by cysticercus is due to the fact that we have no means of recognizing their presence in the brain until we come to make a post-mortem examination, the symptoms which they produce not being distinguishable during life from those caused by the morbific factors. It has, however, been removed from the eye by a surgical operation, but we are not warranted in the present state of our knowledge in perforating the skull in a search for these animals. Prevention, however, is very easy. In the first place, the pork intended to be eaten should be carefully examined and, if even if one or two cysticerci should escape observation, proper cooking would inevitably deprive them of vitality. It is by our own neglect, therefore, that they ever obtain lodgment in the human body.

NOT A PLEASANT FELLOW.

Among the earliest known of human parasites the tapeworm occupies a distinguished place. Two of these animals evince their predilection for man as a habitation. Both of these species have heads and long segmented bodies, but they are not equally troublesome, for while one is armed with either two or four suckers and with a crown of small hooks by means of which it fastens itself to its dwelling place and is with difficulty dislodged, the other is unarmed and is therefore more easily gotten rid of. The head of either of these varieties is the part from which the rest of the body is developed, and therefore, if all the segments should be expelled, so long as the head remained new segments and therefore a new body would be produced.

The history of the development of the tapeworm shows that here again were man sufficiently careful its existence within his body would be impossible, for it is generally, if not invariably, though eating flesh infested with the embryos and which is not sufficiently cooked that they make their entrance into his system. From what exact source the animals in question abtain the eggs in which the embryos are contained is not definitely known, but when they do get into their stomachs the egg covering is broken the embryos are set free and, not finding a congenial house, make their way at once to various parts of the body, especially the muscles and flesh. There they remain quiescent, reaching no further stage of development until they are eaten by man. Then they awaken into activity, for they now find for the first time in their existence the food which is necessary to enable them to arrive at maturity.

The armed tapeworm comes to us through the pig, while the unarmed is acquired from eating the raw or imperfectly cooked flesh of the ox. This latter is frequently introduced into the system through the grated or finely cut raw beef which is given to the sick persons. It is said that in Abyssinia every person has his tapeworm, because the people of that country prefer to eat their beef in a raw state.

THE TRICHINA THE WORST.

But of all the parasites to which man is subject the trichina is the worst and the most to be feared, for not only does it cause almost invariably the death of those so unfortunate as to be its subject, but through it the commerce of nations is to a great extent impeded. Here again the flesh of the pig is the medium through which it enters the human system, and as the American hog is either justly or unjustly regarded by European governments as being above all others liable to be infected, they unite to exclude our pork from their territories. How the trichina get into the hog was for a long time a matter of great doubt, but the fact appears to be now pretty well established that the pig gets them from his fondness for the flesh of the rat, in which animal these parasites abound. Where the rats get them is still unknown. Both in the rat and the hog the trichina remain undeveloped. They lie incisted in the flesh with a potential vitality which would never be called into the body of man. There they not only develop, but they at once become migratory and penetrate almost every organ of the body. When it is considered that a single drachm weight may contain 40,000 trichina embryos we may form some idea of the number that might enter the human body from even a single meal of raw or insufficiently cooked pork.

It is thus seen that it was not without reason that Moses and other lawgivers have prohibited pork as an article of food. It is not to be supposed that they knew anything of the cysticercus, the tapeworm or the trichina, but it is quite certain that they had observed cases of disease arise from the eating of pork and they therefore very wisely made the hog what nature had already made it, an unclean animal.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

That Swordfish.

Although our early instructors do their best to teach us the difference between "subject" and "object," it seems that one is likely to become confused on that head, even after he is old enough to "speak in meetin'." The following anecdote told by a country "character," furnishes one of many points of interest in "Five Hundred Dollars:"

Uncle Cephas Bascom was a shoemaker, and he never went to sea much, only to anchor his skiff in the narrows abreast of his house, and to catch a mess of scup, or to pole a load of salt hay from Sanquitt Island. But he used to visit his married sister, in Vermont, and up there they knew he came from the seaboard, and they used to call him Captain Bascom. So one time when he was there, they had a Sabbath school concert, and nothing would do but Captain Bascom must talk to the boys, and tell a sea-yarn, and draw a moral.

Now, Uncle Cephas was rather pleased with his name of Captain Bascom, and wanted to justify it. So he tried to prepare something that would sound nautical. It seems he had heard a summer boarder talk in Sabbath school at Northhaven. He told how a poor boy minded his mother, and then got to tend store and then kept store himself, and the speaker added:

"That poor boy now stands before you."

So Uncle Cephas thought him up a similar yarn. He had never spoken in meeting before, and he hemmed and hawed some, but he got on quite well while he was telling about a certain poor boy who, when he grew up, was out at sea in an open boat, and saw a great swordfish making for the boat, and bound to stave right through her and sink her—and how this man took an oar, and gave it a swing and broke the critter's sword square off, and then Uncle Cephas—he was a little flustered by this time,—stopped short, and waved his arms, and said:

"Boys, what do you think? That swordfish now stands before you!"

A Lake Serpent.

Alpena, Mich., Special to N.Y. Herald.

Thunder Bay people are much exercised over the story of the appearance of a monster lake serpent there.

Near and partly bordering on the bay is the farm of Isaac Isaacson. Not long ago he found a track through his ploughed field about a foot wide, the appearance of which led him to believe it was made by a monstrous snake.

Mr. Isaacson's boy Grant was planting potatoes in a field near the house recently when he saw a huge snake moving toward him. The boy had a double-barelled shotgun, having taken the precaution to carry the gun with him when he went in the fields since the snake track was discovered. The boy fired twice at the monster. He says it went over stones and sticks as lively as a horse, and glided down to the bay water.

The boy's father then came along, having been attracted by the gun reports, and they followed the tracks to the water. The boy described the snake as about 25 feet long and over a foot thick, the body as black, with yellow spots, and a yellow tail. The head was covered with long black hair. Where the snake went under a board fence there was found some dark hair about eight inches long.