

DOGS IN ANCIENT EGYPT. They Were Washed, Shaved, Roused and Patted in Various Ways. In Egypt the dog was a friend and faithful servant.

The ancients did not feel the delicate taste and disgusts in such matters that we experience; their life presented excessive refinements and rude features of which we have no idea, side by side.

The house-dog was shaved, combed and washed. He was sometimes tinted with henna, as if he were a woman. He wore the collar on his neck, furnished sometimes with an earthenware clasp in the shape of a bell or flower.

When sometimes, he says, "the people of the country meet to drink Cicerian beer, and go out to open the bottles—there are two hundred large mastiffs and three hundred wolf dogs waiting all day at the door of my house—every time I go out at nightfall to take part in the feast I am kept out if I have not with me the little wolf dog of Nabilon, the royal scribe, who lodges with me.

SHENANDOAH POST OFFICE FORCE.

The Public Servants who so Efficiently Serve the Citizens of Shenandoah Daily with Mail Matter.



CARRIER BARTSCH.

POSTMASTER BOYER.

CARRIER BUCK.

CARRIER KEHLER.

CARRIER BOYER.

ASST. POSTMASTER DENGLER.

CARRIER HOLMAN.

SHORT SKETCH.

A Brief History of Shenandoah's Postmaster and Assistant.

HENRY C. BOYER, who is the present postmaster of the Borough of Shenandoah, had the honor of being the first presidential postmaster of the town. He was appointed by President Grant in 1873 on the recommendation of Congressman Killinger, who then represented this congressional district.

Mr. Boyer was born in Hamburg, Berks county, on August 30, 1843. His father was the late John S. Boyer, one of the best known residents in the county in his time, who served two terms in the Legislature of this state.

national Guard. In 1867 Mr. Boyer became an employe of the Hazleton Sentinel and remained with the paper three years, serving as foreman most of the time. In 1870 he moved to this town and associated with P. J. Foster in the publication of the SHENANDOAH HERALD.

Mr. Boyer was born in Hamburg, Berks county, on August 30, 1843. His father was the late John S. Boyer, one of the best known residents in the county in his time, who served two terms in the Legislature of this state.

years he resigned to accept the position he now holds.

Fire Alarm Boxes. The following list shows the location of the alarm boxes of the Shenandoah Fire Department:

- LOCATION. 15—Coal and Bowers streets. 16—Bowers and Centre streets. 17—Bridle and Centre streets. 18—Main and Centre streets. 19—Main and Poplar streets. 20—Main and Coal streets. 21—Gilbert and Centre streets. 22—Gilbert and Cherry streets. 23—Chestnut and Coal streets. To sound and alarm open the box, pull down the back cover and let go. When an alarm is sent in the fire bell will sound the number of the box and repeat the alarm four times.

He'd Noticed It, Too.

"By George," said Smithers, angrily, about a week after he had moved into the country, "every blessed thing I meet seems to have a bill for something."

"Yes," said little Johnny Smithers, "there was a rooster here this morning with a bill for corn."—Truth.

THE POST OFFICE Shenandoah.

Table with columns for P.M. A.M., Destinations, and Departures. Destinations include Philadelphia, Western and Southern States, New York and Eastern States, Anstard, Girardville, Raven Run, Centralia, Mahanoy City, Mahanoy Place, and Frackville.

An Experienced Jeweler.

Mr. H. DeMann, the manager of the mammoth jewelry establishment at the southwest corner of Main and Lloyd streets is a man of vast experience in his line of business.

A BENEVOLENT PUBLISHER.

He Wanted to Give the Poor Young Author a Fair Trial. Three recently died in Paris a famous publisher, Monsieur Calmann Levy, who had sent into the world a vast number of printed volumes, good and bad, and in doing so had acquired a great fortune.

One day a very young man came to Calmann Levy, with an introduction and a book, mostly air, and offered him a novel in manuscript. It was entitled "Father to us."

"A capital title," said the publisher. "Contrary to my usual custom, I will read the manuscript myself. Come back in a fortnight."

At the time set the young man returned. "It's pretty good," said the publisher, returning the story, "but very immature. Sorry I can't accept it."

The youth looked so heartbroken that the publisher slipped a fifty-franc note into his hand. The young man went away and two months after came back with another story, entitled "Aunt Givofee."

"Good title," said Calmann Levy, again. "Come again in two months. I'll tell you what I think about it and I like your perseverance."

In a week the young man returned, looking haggard and worn. "I am sorry that I cannot accept your story," said Calmann Levy. "But what's the matter with you?"

"The young man told him that he was very ill, and that the doctor had told him that if he did not have two months' rest in the country he would die. The publisher gave him a bank-note and sent him away."

Two months afterward the young man came back, much refreshed, and with him he brought another novel, entitled "Gonsie Gonsette."

"I have been so careful with my style this time," he said. "Very well," said the publisher, looking a little wearied, "this will be read."

"No, it won't!" exclaimed the author, bitterly; "you won't read this any more than you did the others!"

"See here, young man," said Calmann Levy, "you have made a great mistake. I did read the others, and here is the proof. All you have done with your remarkable stories is to change the title each time and replace the first page. But though you have not yet used up the fifty francs, I'm afraid it is much too large to interest me any further. But never mind the money I have given you. I saw you were poor, and I wanted to try you. I have tried you all I wish to now!"—Youth's Companion.

WOMEN'S PRIVILEGES.

The Change Time Has Wrought in the Condition of the Fair Sex.

There was a time, not a century ago, when women were considered a race of beings altogether different from men; when no woman could sharpen a pencil, tie a pencil or sing bass; when about the only out-of-door game—it was called a "game" in bitter derision—in which young girls, between the ages of twelve and forty-two, were permitted to indulge, was a melancholy performance called "grace-hoops."

But now, woman can do anything she tries, even to singing bass in her own quartette of girls, so that weak man is a superfluous in the choir. She has harnessed her grace-hoops tandem, and made a bicycle of them; she rows, she fishes, she shoots, inasmuch that all men, and it may be that some game, fear her shooting (ho); she wench her brother's hat and his out-going cap; his shirt front; his four-in-hand tie, and many things that are her brother's. She is stronger than her mother, and can stand a great deal more rest; she is quite as happy, and far more independent. She hangs on to the strap in the street car when her mother had a seat in the omnibus if every man rode outside in the rain. She gets jostled and pushed about in the crowd, when some bare-headed man, bowing low, used to make way for her grandmother. With weary patience she stands in line at the ticket-office; was is she if she presumes on the privilege of sex to step in ahead of a man; she gets hustled back to her place. Much she hath gained by freedom; somewhat, also, hath she lost. She cannot eat her cake and keep it. Still, if she didn't eat it, it would become heartily stale, or somebody else would get it. And cake is only good to eat, anyhow. Scarcely would she exchange her independence for deference and helplessness. Her loss is more in form than fact. Men are more unselfish; obnoxious toward her than ever their fathers were; but this hurrying age of gas and grip has rumbled upon the deliberatae grass and studied elegance of a lazier day, when men bowed lower and did less; when men abandoned leading and went to work, they put it wearing down at their wrists and rapers at their sides; they ceased to talk in blank verse, and conversed in plain prose; they cut off their long ringlets.