THE DOG'S IDEA OF HIS MASTER.

He Probably Regards Him as an Abnormal Member of His Species.

Our custom of ascribing human faculties and modes of thought is an involuntary and invariable one when we are dealing with the mental processes of other beings, says Dr. Louis Robinson in Popular Science Monthly. Even when we speak of the supernatural the same habit is manifest, and human passions, emotions and weaknesses are commonly ascribed to beings presumed to be infinitely more remote from us in power and knowledge than we are from the dog. Thus we see in the not very distant past roasted flesh and fruits were thought by men to be acceptable to the gods, doubtless because they were pleasing to the palates of the worshipers, who reasoned by analogy from the known to the unknown. This should teach us to bear in mind that there is, affecting the dog's point of view, almost undoubtedly such a thing as cynomorphism, and that he has his peculiar and limited ideas of life and range of mental vision, and therefore perforce makes his artificial surroundings square with him. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god, but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient man, who loves, hates, desires, rewards and punishes in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature.

KICKED BY A DEAD MAN.

A Governor's Mail Carrier's Experience with a Lynched Robber.

"I had my hat kicked off one dark night by a dead man," said John A Edwards to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "When a youngster of sixteen I was riding a star mail route in southwestern Missouri. It was just after the war, and footpads were very plentiful.

"One dark night a couple of these gentry tried to hold me up, but I was mounted on a mettlesome horse and I socked the spurs home and rode over them. I went plunging on through the darkness for several hundred yards when my horse stopped so suddenly that I inadvertently left the saddle and sat astride his neck.

"My roadster was trembling all over with fright, but, to save me, I could see nothing. I thought it must be more footpads and spurred the horse forward, while I held my pistol ready for the expected attack.

"As I passed a large walnut tree that nearly covered the road a big muddy boot struck me in the face and scraped my hat off. I concluded that I did not need a hat, so did not stop to recover it.

"On my way back next morning I found that the kicker was a dead man who was swinging from a limb with a piece of paper pinned to his shirt, on which was scrawled: 'Thou shalt not steal—specially cows and mewls.'"

THE PARSON'S TEETH.

They Didn't Arrive in Time, So He Had to Be Excused.

There is a story of a clergyman who had taken temporary duty for a friend and who had the ill luck to injure his false teeth during the week. The plate was sent to the dentist's for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be duly returned by Sunday's post, but the dentist or the post proved faithless.

With the assistance of the clerk the clergyman managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be impossible to attempt to preach. He therefore instructed the clerk to "make some excuse for him and dismiss the congregation.

[illegible] feelings may be better imagined than described when, in the [illegible] of the vestry, he overheard the clerk, in impressive tones, thus deliver the "excuse:"

"Parson's very sorry, but it is his misfortune to be obliged to wear a set of artful teeth. They busted last Wednesday and he ain't got them back from London to-day, as he was promised. I've helped him all I could through the service, but I can't do no more for him; isn't any use for him going into the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may as well go home."

VANISHING ANIMALS.

Men in Hunting Them Off Completely from the Earth.

No one can read a book of travel in wild countries without having brought forcibly before him the grave fact that many of the most interesting forms on this earth are on the brink of extermination.

The bison is practically gone as a wild animal from North America. The quagga is not now to be found in South Africa. The harmless and interesting ant bear appears also to be going the way of the mammoth and the mastodon. The London Zoo cannot get a giraffe.

The price of animals in the market has gone up to unprecedented figures. We carefully provide their native majesties of Africa with repeating rifles to accelerate the process of annihilation. Travelers warn us that the dismal slaughter proceeds with an ever accelerated pace so long as animals can be found to be killed.

The destruction apparently must soon result in most of the larger wild animals becoming as extinct as the dodo.

Bootle Wit.

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, England, told a good story the other day at a reception given him by a Boston gentleman. He said that the English rustics are sometimes regarded as rather feeble-minded and not very promising persons for ministers to work among, but they can do awhile show a native shrewdness which is [illegible] to be despised. One of them, one day, leading his donkey, was met by a sportsman, well dressed and equipped, who hailed him with the [illegible] "What shall I give you to have your donkey?" "O, don't about [illegible]

SPORT IN SUMATRA.

Tigers and Buffaloes Fight in a Very Tame Way.

The following particulars of an official tiger and buffalo fight that took place at Padang Panjang, in the residency of the west coast of Sumatra, are given by the Batavia Nieuwsbald: The assistant resident of the district had determined upon giving this performance to the people, owing to the capture of a large tigress in that neighborhood. The tigress had vainly been offered to the zoological gardens at Batavia and Amsterdam, and by the time of the fight had lost much of her fierceness. The people of the place got together stout bamboos to fence round the arena, a circular piece of ground more than thirty feet broad, with galleries for spectators, who were charged admission fees.

A few weeks before the fight the assistant resident secured a tiger, and the people provided two stout buffaloes to measure themselves in the arena with it and the tigress. On the day of battle crowds thronged the arena, into which the tigress stepped at about ten a. m. to meet a buffalo. The latter quietly held its own against the tigress which, reduced by her long imprisonment, showed no inclination for further attack. To stir them up both animals were pricked now and then with bamboo darts. The buffalo then got some spear thrusts, the wounds being freely drenched with extract of chillies. The tigress was aroused by the application of burning torches and crackers, and, in short, every effort was made to give the onlookers their money's worth.

Despite all this neither buffalo nor tigress would fight, so that in the end orders were given to kill the tigress. After her corpse had been removed the second buffalo was let into the arena, followed by the tiger. This buffalo, aided by its comrade, attacked the tiger, which soon had enough of it, and sought safety by clambering up the palisading until several spear thrusts made it let go. No amount of urging with pricks, thrusts and fire proved of any avail in arousing the champions to battle until the prolonged torture of the tiger was ended by killing it with spears. Both corpses were taken to the assistant resident, but the skins proved worthless from being scorched and pierced. The spectators left disappointed at seeing a fight which they had paid so high to see. What would be done with the balance of the fees after deducting expenses was not known, but it was hoped that the government would spend it in relieving the distress caused by a recent earthquake there.

HANDSHAKING WAS A TRIAL.

Peculiar Aversion of a Famous Scotch Architect.

George Meikle Kemp, the architect of the Scott monument at Edinburgh, was a man who raised himself from obscurity by the sheer force of talent and determination, says the Youth's Companion.

He had a retiring nature and a shy and shrinking manner toward strangers. The habit of handshaking created in him an embarrassment and aversion which he could scarcely conceal, and one of his friends gives an amusing description of the manner in which he accomplished the deed when it became inevitable.

The two were walking along one of the streets in Edinburgh in the full flow of an animated conversation, when Kemp suddenly became aware of a friend approaching them from the opposite direction.

Instantly the current of his thought was arrested, he lost the thread of conversation and then became silent altogether. A whimsically troubled expression crept over his face and a nervous commotion developed itself in his manner.

Extraordinary movements began in his right hand and arm, which he kept dangling and jerking backward and forward in a helpless way, as if he had entirely lost control of them. Gradually the hand appeared to stiffen and rose with the arm until they were at right angles with the body.

With a powerful effort he shot out his hand and grasped that of the friend who had approached, and then, the ordeal passed, with a sigh of relief, he briskly resumed his part of the conversation with the air of a man who has performed an unpleasant but meritorious action.

Illiterate Business.

Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because the great majority of the humbler classes cannot read, and this is not to be wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial: for instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea signs, Chinamen shipping tea; a barber sign, a bare-headed man shaving another, etc. Russia uses more candles than any other country, 60,000,000 pounds a year being the estimate. A large part of these are made in houses instead of large factories. One estimate shows that 75,000 men make $750,000,000 of goods in their own homes. The fine shawls, known as "ring shawls" are made entirely by hand by the peasants of Oremburg, and Russian lace, velvets, carpets, bronzes, silverware and enamel ware are beautifully made, some of these things being the finest in the world.

The Weaker Sex.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so-called stronger sex. Men are, indeed, women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitterer than death, and surely there never was a greater slave to woman. Statistics show that seven wives survive every ten famous men. Heloise survived the loss of her beloved Abelard twenty-two years, and, similarly, the wife of Washington, though she declared she could never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.

WHALING IN NEW SEAS.

A Prospecting Cruise in the Antarctic Ocean.

New Grounds to Be Sought on Account of the Growing Scarcity of Whalebone in Our Markets.

The bark Gayhead, of this city, is on her way to the southern seas on an expedition the like of which has not been undertaken since 1871, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

In that year the British man-of-war Challenger was sent on an exploration to the Antarctic to ascertain whether or not there was a field there for the catch of whales, and she returned with an adverse report.

Since that date many thousand vessels have doubled Cape Horn and frequently have been driven many degrees further south than was absolutely necessary to make the trip. Invariably they have reported a number of schools of whales encountered on their voyages.

By reason of these reports the whalers of England and America have felt obliged to doubt the accuracy of the Challenger's report, but in the twenty-two years which have elapsed since then no one has had the daring or enterprise to undertake a personal survey of the waters until the present time.

In October last the Gayhead was started from New Bedford with instructions to spend a couple of years in the Antarctic, where she is to skirt the ice floe as far south as she can possibly reach. She is to fish for whales and see if a new hunting ground cannot be opened to commerce. The Gayhead will extend her voyage over what is called the New Bedford whaling cruise, that ordinarily lasts one year, but that will keep her out about three years this time.

The route calls her to pass St. Helena and skirt Graham's land, from where she will sail for Australian waters and then go north, taking in the Japanese waters, Behring sea and the Arctic ocean. San Francisco will be reached about October, 1894.

The fact of the matter, and the one point that has caused this extended exploration trip of the Gayhead, is that the hunting grounds in the north are giving out very rapidly, and the whalers have virtually ceased fishing in Baffin's bay, Davis strait and in the Spitzbergen whaling ground. The "right" and "bowhead" whales, which are more desirable on account of the bone they produce, are virtually extinct in these waters, and the whaling fleet now push on to Behring sea, Okhotsk sea, and the Arctic proper.

It is a fact that whalebone and ivory are two animal products which art or science have not been able to reproduce. In the good days of plenty whalebone sold at one dollar and a half a pound; its price to-day is six dollars. That gives a fair idea of how the supply has diminished in the last few years.

Little is known of the waters south of seventy degrees south as compared to the knowledge had of the waters north of latitude seventy degrees north. Next to nothing is known regarding the Antarctic ocean, and the hope is entertained that the present expedition will develop a new field to replace the old one that is dying out.

At the present time an English and Scotch company is building three vessels at Dundee for the purpose of sending them into the Antarctic for whales. It is not unlikely, therefore, that in a few years the whaling fleet that sails out of this port will steer south after leaving the Hawaiian grounds, instead of going north, as they do at present.

Country Gentleman's Surprise.

A story is told of a gentleman in the King's county, England, who died only the other day full of years and honors. When Mr. Mooney of "the Doon" paid his first visit to London very long ago—perhaps in the forties—he found himself with a checkbook, but no cash; and to put an end to the situation he turned into a well known bank, filled up a check, and presented it to the cashier, who told him that he would be delighted to pay it if properly indorsed, or if he were vouched for by one of their clients. This could not be done offhand, and Mr Mooney, who was quite a personage in his county, representing a fair estate and a good family, added: "But I'm Mooney of the Doon!" However, the cashier, who in his way was a wit, regretted that he did not know such a gentleman, and that even if he were "Dooney of the Moon" he could not comply with his request.

One of His Element.

A rather vulgar personage, who had been created a marquis a few months previous to this story, managed to get himself invited to a court ball in Italy. The new-fledged marquis could not contain himself for joy, and exhaled proud satisfaction at every pore. Casting an Olympian glance around the room, he chanced to spy among the ladies the tall, angular figure of an elderly matron, with compressed lips, as though afraid of wasting her breath, and as lean as a lath. She was leaning on the arm of a young gentleman. "Who is that nanny-goat?" said the noble lord to a gentleman who was standing beside him. And the latter replied with a knowing smile: "That nanny-goat is the embarrass of S——, the mother of the kid who is giving her his arm, and the wife of the old buck who has the honor of speaking with your excellency."

Prophets in Java.

There is a good deal of profit in the prophet business in Java. A prophet of that island has been paid four hundred dollars a year for the last fifteen years "for not predicting a tidal wave which will sweep clear over the island." But, after all, he can't be very enterprising. With the amount of credulity ready at hand to work upon, he could get one thousand dollars a year just as easily as not.

DIPLOMATS' EXPENSES.

What Our Foreign Ministers Cost the Government.

How pinched our diplomatic agents are was well illustrated in Mr. Lowell's time. A rich American, proud of his country, and wishing to leave a monument to his liberality and patriotism, decided to purchase a fitting legation house in London for the American minister, but Mr. Lowell begged him not to carry out his generous intention during his term of office, for the cost of maintaining such a house would have been nearly three times his salary. Mr. Lincoln has lived becomingly but modestly during his tenure of the English mission, but he recently stated to a friend that his annual expenditure had been thirty-five thousand dollars, or just double his salary.

What the expenditure of an embassy will be depends, according to Harper's Weekly, on the means of the ambassador, but if our ambassador to London or to Paris were to be paid a salary equal to that of the president, he would not be able to do more than return the official courtesies of the country to which he was accredited, and of his fellow-members of the corps.

All of this means that an American ambassador who has no private fortune will be unhappy, and unhappy men cannot transact business. If present pay is inadequate for ministers, it is absurd for ambassadors, and yet congress is not likely to increase salaries. It has sanctioned a title authorized by the constitution, but is unwilling to pay for what the title calls. For several years the fact has been recognized that only rich men, or at least men who had something beyond their pay, could afford to accept the London, Paris or Berlin mission. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps being exceptions. The raising of the grade to an ambassadorship makes the obstacles to poor men all the greater. An impecunious ambassador would be ridiculous, and as the increased rank is practically of no benefit to the country, the sooner we return to the old rank the better. The country will be better represented by a self-respecting minister than by an ambassador who is the object of universal commiseration because his meager salary compels him to live in lodgings.

HOW POI IS MADE.

Peculiar Dish of the Hawaiians Made from a Species of Turnip.

Poi is a dish that must long remain peculiar to the Hawaiian islands—always, in fact, unless some means is contrived for preserving taro so that it will stand export. Poi is made from taro, a root resembling the turnip, says the San Francisco Call. It grows in the water, with a large, handsome green leaf, and is almost tasteless. There is also an upland taro cultivated in the mountains by the natives which has a more decided taste, and which as I learned to my cost on tasting it raw, bites the throat like horseradish. The low taro is the chief vegetable in the island, and in early days constituted the natives' principal crop.

When cooked it assumes a mottled gray and white appearance, very like the lava rock that abounds everywhere in the islands. The process of manufacturing the poi is quite a lengthy one. A great hole is dug in the ground and into this the taro roots are placed around piles of hot stones. The earth is then heaped over the place and the taro left to steam. When the taro is thoroughly cooked, which is often several hours, the roots are dug out again, peeled and put into a large stone receptacle, in which they are pounded to a pulp. This work is performed by the men. It is an arduous task, and on a hot day (and nearly all days are hot in the islands) the pounding of poi is a scene over which it is advisable to draw a veil. The poi pounder not only earns his bread by the sweat of his brow but mixes it as well largely by the aid of that fluid.

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

An Aged Italian's Strange Renewal of Youth.

A most remarkable thing is reported to have occurred at Naples in the year 1534. Antonio Lazzetti, a beggar who had formerly resided at Tarentum, but who on account of age had been sent to a home for the aged at one of the other places mentioned, experienced a complete renewal of life. At the beginning of the transformation he was little less than ninety years of age. The first thing noticed which suggested that something extraordinary was about to take place was in his skin, which cracked and came off like that of a toad or snake, leaving a soft new skin in place of the wrinkled cuticle that had been worn for four score years and a half. Within a surprisingly short time his flaccid old muscles became strong and plump. The white hairs fell from his head and were replaced by curly black hair similar to that which had so delighted the maidens seventy years before. His eyesight also returned with all the vigor of youth; his complexion seemed fresh and rosy; in fact, he was a new man from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. He lived sixty years after this transformation, and then died at the age of one hundred and fifty.

The Riddles of Dreams.

A lady who was fond of riddles dreamed that she met another lady, a stranger to her. "I shall not tell you my name," said the strange lady, "but I'll put it like this: If I had a tame hare which escaped and you caught it, and asked me if you might keep it up—that's my name." "Letitia Harrup," answered the dreamer at once. "Let it lie a hare up." There was no pause for reflection in the dream, any more than in another case. The dreamer, walking with a friend, met an acquaintance of ovine appearance, who saluted with a curious duck. "What a queer bow!" said the companion in the dream. "Sheep-dip," answered the dreamer, a kind of pun which, perhaps, nobody would have made when awake, any more than he would have solved the idiotic riddle of Letitia Harrup.

INDIAN FREEMASONRY.

A Secret Society Existing in the Cherokee Nation.

An Ancient Order That Has for Its Object the Preservation of Tribal Legends and Traditions.

Not many persons are aware that there exists among the Cherokees a secret society that is hundreds of years old, as old, in fact, as the tribe itself, and is today stronger than it ever was, at least in numbers. This society is called the Ketoowah, which, literally translated, means elder brother. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says it is a sort of Indian freemasonry and has its laws and rules of order as well as its officers and secret signs. So well are its secrets and its doings guarded that there are hundreds of people living in the Cherokee nation, and who have lived there for years, who are not even aware of the existence of a society every member of which is sworn to assist in the defense of their homes from the invasion of the pale-faced brother either by squatter sovereignty or by squawmen privileges. Only full-bloods are eligible to membership, but so jealously is the Ketoowah watched that what else is necessary for membership is not known outside of the order. The society now has a membership of about a thousand full-bloods, each the head of a family, and thus the organization represents about five thousand persons. Formerly the Ketoowah only comprised the chiefs and some few of the older men of the tribe. Then it was all-powerful and exercised full control over all tribal affairs; its mandate once issued was never questioned even by the most powerful chief. It dictated treaties, proclaimed war or peace, settled disputes and guided the welfare of the tribe in all matters, spiritual and temporal. Such was the Ketoowah until within the past fifty years. When the white man's government was formed and the affairs of the people were taken from the hands of the few and administered by men elected by the people and the Indians saw their power and their birthright steadily passing away, their customs and language receding before the march of civilization, they realized that unless something was done to counteract these influences the Cherokee would soon pass from the face of the earth. To prevent this became at once the object of the Ketoowah, and it was so enlarged as to include the heads of all full-blood families, so that from a privy council it became a powerful oath-bound organization.

No Cherokee whose blood has been tainted can become a member, and it is said that the penalty for disclosing the simplest secret is death. The chief aim of the Ketoowah at the present day is to perpetuate the legends, customs and language of the Cherokees. The existence of this society accounts for something that has often puzzled inquiring persons who have found that it is very rarely that a full-blood Cherokee does not both read and write his own tongue fluently. They all have a classical Cherokee education, and as their language is not taught in the public schools, and they have no schools of their own, when and where they learned to write it was a mystery. Every Ketoowah is bound to teach it to his children, and there exists a pride among them so strong that the full-blood who has not acquired those accomplishments is in continual disgrace and is made to feel his ignorance most keenly and continually. Among its members are some of the oldest of the Cherokees, Indians who have acquired thorough English educations and who are lawyers, ministers and born leaders. It is natural to suppose that these are the leaders, but this is not known. Certain it is, the society exerts a powerful influence in the government by casting its entire vote as a man for or against certain measures. It is never heard of in politics, and yet it has often been noticed that at an election the full-bloods are sure to support the same ticket. There is no way for a candidate to approach the society to secure its support, for he does not know who its members are. They select their ticket and vote for it and there are no buttons. The members have a sign language by which they can converse intelligently among themselves wholly unobserved and employ this means of communication when others are near. Through the medium of their national paper, one-half of which is printed in Cherokee and is sent free to all citizens who do not read English, the full-blood is thoroughly posted upon all public matters and in fact much more conversant with affairs of state than his half-blood brother.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR STAMPS.

To Be Introduced Into the Boston Public Schools Very Shortly.

It is proposed to introduce "stamp savings banks" in the Boston public schools. From various offices colored stamps of six denominations and stamp cards will be obtained. To each person wishing to become a depositor the local treasurer gives him a stamp card and sells him as many stamps as he has money for. These stamps must be pasted on the card. The card, when full, will probably contain about five dollars.

As soon as the child has stamps for that sum the money is taken and deposited for him in some savings bank that he may designate. The five dollars once deposited he begins again, and the small sum grows to a larger one under his hands. If he wishes to withdraw he presents his card and draws all that is on it. Then if he has more money than he cares to use he calls for another card and redeposits the balance.

By this method all bookkeeping is avoided, the child always knows just how much he has, and the local treasurer can tell in the same manner. If the child loses the card, however, he loses his money, or, rather, all that he carried on that card.

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