

CLEVER DOG BOZ.

A Scotch Colly that Can and that Can Cipher as Far as Fractions.

N. Y. Sun.
A handsome Scotch colly dog in the office of Dr. J. C. Corlies, in Market and Mulberry streets, Newark, has been trained by his owner, R. B. Williams, Dr. Corlies' young clerk, to do things which prove him to be an animal of unusual intelligence. He spells words, distinguishes colors, and performs arithmetical calculations; or else he and his owner are among the most clever of living practitioners of Jegerdemain. Yesterday a reporter of The Sun called with a friend at Dr. Corlies' office to see the dog. The friend's mission was to assist the reporter in detecting any possible collusion between Mr. Williams and Boz. The latter was found to be a beautiful animal, with a white and tawny coat, a large head, and dark, intelligent eyes. He is 22 inches high and is ten months old.

"Dr. Corlies gave Boz to me when he was three weeks old," said Mr. Williams. "It would take me a day to tell you how I taught him to spell and figure. It will be easier for me to show you the results. Boz, get on the sofa."

The colly jumped upon a lounge and remained there while his owner set several blocks in a row on the floor. Each block was painted a different color.

"Now call for colors," said Mr. Williams.

The reporter asked Boz to pick out green, and the dog walked slowly along the row of blocks until he came to the color called for, when he lifted the block by a leather strap on the top of it and set it on one side. In like manner Boz correctly selected red, white, yellow, and black. The reporter observed that when making his choice of colors, and, later of letters and figures, the dog faced his owner. The visitors therefore watched the latter to ascertain if he gave Boz any signals, but were unable to detect any communication between the two. Several times when the dog was doing his work Mr. Williams turned his face away from the blocks and looked out of a window.

"Boz, match this book," said Mr. Williams pointing to a pink-covered telephone list.

The dog promptly picked up the pink block. Finally only a dark-blue remained on the floor. Mr. Williams called for light-blue. Boz walked several times around the block and, without disturbing it, returned to his master to signify by a bark that there was no light blue block. Blocks with letters on them were next placed on the floor, and the reporter asked the dog to spell Tan. Boz picked up T and then got A and N. The other visitor called for the first letter in white, and the dog presented W. Next he spelled his own name, and then, being asked for the first letter of what he is, picked up D.

"Who is the biggest fraud in the room?" inquired Mr. Williams.

Boz set U before him. When only K and C remained, the reporter asked for the first letter in the word corn, to ascertain whether Boz approved of phonetic spelling. The dog ignored K and picked up C.

"This gold collar on his neck Boz won," said Mr. Williams. "Mr. Edward Cox of the Medford Novelty Goods Company, 101 Chambers street, New York, said the dog couldn't pick out colors unless these blocks were used. So he tried Boz with pieces of leather, and the dog did just as well. Mr. Cox also asked for the initial of his first name and for all the letters of his last name. The dog succeeded in this, too, and Mr. Cox was so much pleased that he got the collar and gave it to Boz. Now test his memory. Call for several colors at once."

The color blocks having been put back on the floor, the reporter said: "Boz, I want green, pink, red, blue, yellow, black and white. As he called them, the reporter wrote down the names of the colors. Mr. Williams asked for the names and wrote them down for himself. After a minute had been consumed, he said:

"Now, Boz, give the gentleman the colors in the order in which he called for them."

The reporter could not remember them without the aid of his paper, but Boz picked up each block in its order. As in all the tests, the dog faced his master, while the visitors were behind the dog, and facing Mr. Williams.

"I suspect that you guided him," said the reporter to Mr. Williams. "Else why did you ask for the list of the colors beforehand? I would have told you whether the dog succeeded or failed."

Mr. Williams explained that he wanted to know during the progress of the experiment how Boz was getting on with it.

With ten blocks with figures on them, the intelligent colly performed sums in addition and subtraction, multiplied two by four, and then, getting into fractions gave the product of twice two and a-half. He answered the question as to a-half, the number of days in the week, and the number counted five by producing five blocks. He was told to pick out 4, then 1 and afterwards 3, and was again equated to the demand. The reporter asked for 55 when there was only one 5 on the floor. Boz barked to say that he could not comply with the request. Eight newspapers were laid on the floor, with their names in sight. Boz led off by producing "No."

"I know! Mark Anthony's mother!" yelled Johnny Sharo.

A New Missionary Journal.

Northwestern Herald.

A new daily paper called the Evening Truth will soon appear at Scranton. From its title we infer that it will ignore politics and refuse to insert circus advertisements.

Mr. Williams called the dog's attention to the clock, and asked him what the time was. It was 3:20. Boz was slow in responding, apparently being tired, and had to be punished. "You've wasted time," said the owner, "and I want to know what time it is now."

A HINDOO BURIAL.

The Death, Obsequies, and Cremation of Keshub Chunder Sen.

Calcutta Cor. Omaha Herald.
When I left America several friends said to me, "Don't forget to call upon Keshub Chunder Sen while you are in Calcutta." It was little thought of then that the Oriental patriarch would be no longer numbered with the living when I reached Calcutta. The old proverb that a prophet is never without honor save in his own country is partly exemplified in the present case, for while the late Minister of the Brahma-Somaj has his warmest native friends in India, I find that the knowledge concerning this fair flower of the Orient is scarcely as universal among the masses in Calcutta of those who speak English as it is in America.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the company of apostles and mourners arranged themselves in order, took up the flowery bedstead with its precious burden and started for the cremation ghat in Nimtollah, a suburb to the north, on the bank of the Hooghly. Many hundreds of grief-stricken people followed, their eyes downcast, their feet without shoes, and their hair dishevelled. There was much difficulty at the outset to preserve order and to form a line, as each was eager to have a glimpse of the benignant smile which still played upon that beautiful face, cold in death though it was.

The housepots were full of gazing men and women, who frequently took up the chorus of Jai Sachchidananda Hari in common, piteous lament. Europeans, Mohammedans, and Hindus all conspired to render homage to the dead leader of the New Dispensation.

Well, it was just dusk as the earthly remains and the flowery cot upon which they reposed were laid upon a pile of sandal wood there. The hand rested upon the heart, outside of the winding sheet. As the body lay upon the pyre, the vast assemblage shouted: "As the true, the intelligent, the infinite, and the blissful, He manifests himself. He is the peaceful and merciful God. He is one without a second. He is holy and sinless."

The chief mourner, Karuna Chunder Sen, the eldest son of the deceased, then took a torch in his right hand and applied it to the pyre, saying: "In the name of God I apply this holy fire to the deceased. The mortal shall burn away and perish, but the immortal shall live. O Lord, the departed soul is rejoicing in Thee, in Thy blissful abode." As the body began to burn the multitude again chanted Keshub's favorite anthem, "Glory unto the Redeemer, who is Truth, Wisdom, and Joy." The cremation lasted about five hours, and at a quarter past 11 o'clock the ashes were collected in an urn and brought back to the Lily Cottage by the chief mourners and apostles of the New Dispensation.

In reply to my question about Keshub Chunder Sen's successor, my guide said: "Mr. Mozoomdar thinks that the mantle of our departed leader should fall upon him, and even with independent power to act in matters of Church administration. There are some who think him the natural successor of Mr. Sen, and many who do not, so that two factions have grown up. The place has not been usurped as yet, however. It is my view that God will raise up a natural leader in time, and perhaps it will be Mr. Mozoomdar. I think he must work first, however, until the force of circumstances declares him unquestionably our spiritual shepherd."

Of course I wanted to see the author of the Oriental Christ, and the probable successor of Keshub Chunder Sen. So I followed my apostolic informant out of the compound past the Mission home, where all the missionary residences were built on the European plan, and into a yard bearing the pleasant inscription upon the gateway of "Peace Cottage."

We entered into the study, I gazed about me in delight at well-filled book shelves, a fine desk, and study chairs, all on the foreign plan. Presently Mr. Mozoomdar entered, a handsome well-formed gentleman, clad in the neatest of native costumes. His features were rather light, he wore a remarkably symmetrical beard for an Indian, and there was something of refined languor in his utterance, which was rather fascinating than suggestive of efficiency. He conversed pleasantly with me, recalling reminiscences of the round the world trip from which he has just returned, particularly those relating to America, to which country he seemed to have an especial attachment. During his sojourn in the United States he delivered frequent lectures, and it may be that some of your readers heard him then. "Everywhere," he said, "I found such a surprising interest in Keshub Chunder Sen, and it was all so kindly. Infidels and denominations alike spoke in his praise simply on the ground of what they had read of his life work and excellent principles. Even such an uncompromising man as Joseph Cook relaxed and unbent in a manner that amazed me. You know Joseph Cook had several interviews with our Minister when he was visiting Calcutta; and the latter even presided at one of his meetings."

Although about six weeks have elapsed since the minister's death, I find that a universal feeling of sorrow hangs over India. For two weeks after the event all the followers of the late apostle throughout the whole country observed seven points of commemoration. They wore a piece of garrie cloth; they abstained from animal food; they gave up all manner of mirth; they studied the life and teachings of their minister; they prayed for the descent of the Holy Spirit, and practiced communion daily with the view of realizing the presence of the Divine Mother, with her child—the departed minister—upon her lap; they tried to "simulate the minister's character in life with his daily food; they held conversations every evening on spiritual themes."

Mr. Arthur Bitten by a Pampered Pet Washington Letter in the Boston Traveller.

Miss Nellie Arthur has a Scotch terrier named "Tot." He is a wilful little

A SINGULAR HISTORY.

The Remarkable Vow of a Remorseful Lover, and his Ugly Observance.

The London cable correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat relates this strange story:
The famous deaf and dumb knickknack peddler, who during the past fourteen years attracted so much attention on London Bridge, is dead, and the subject of the latest sensation. He died at Southwark Work House, near the southern end of the bridge. Despite his infirmities, he managed to support himself by his small sales, and securing official and police favor by the gentleness of his demeanor and the intelligence of his conduct, he was allowed to occupy the same post on the great thoroughfare for year to year.

Before his death the peddler beckoned to his cot one of the hospital attendants and terrified him by speaking to him. When the attendant recovered from his astonishment the beggar confessed that his deafness and dumbness had been feigned. He said he was a Swiss gentleman of fortune, and belonged to one of the best families in the republic.

When in youth he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl. He was possessed with the most violent temper, and in a lovers' quarrel over a trifle one day he so wounded the girl by the bitterness of his invectives that she fell ill. The reproaches of his friends for his cruel conduct stung him so he became melancholy from remorse and left home. He then resolved to punish himself.

He vowed to become a voluntary exile for twenty years and earn his own living, leave his fortune untouched, keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts, and go bareheaded and barefooted in all weathers during the entire time, and to listen to no one and to speak to no human being during the last ten years of his exile. If he lived to complete his vow he meant to return home and use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy, provided she were alive and unmarried.

He had rigidly kept his vow. "But," he cried before he expired, "my time is not quite up, and I must die before it. I have been punished as I deserved."

Investigation, so far as it has gone, has proven that the peddler's story is entirely true, and his family in Switzerland have been made acquainted with his death.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

The Decision of a Judge That Delighted a Negro to Another.

"Yes, dey had to let 'im go, kase no case could be made out de charge."

"How wuz dat? Tell me all 'bout it."

"Well, de way de trouble riz, a white gemmen sead Sam wid one o' his 'birts on."

"'Yas, an' 'rested him fur stealin', didn't dey?"

"Dat's hit, but 'w'en dey cum fer trile, de Judge 'cleared dat 'ar wa'n't no groun' for de plaint, arter he'd heard de testimony ob Sam's mudder."

"What got him out?"

"De simple fac' dat Sam's mudder wuz washin' fer de gemmen an' de Judge sead long ez de man wuz lucky 'nough to git his cloze on 'Sat'day he didn't hab no room to growl 'bout de washer oman's frens 'warin' 'n de balance ob de week."

"Dat Judge got sense," answered the other, as they parted.

A Michigan Sugar Camp. Detroit Free Press.

One of the finest maple sugar camps in the West is situated right here in Detroit. The camp, which, when first started, occupied one room in the basement, has now extended over the entire underground floor of a large building.

A reporter, on visiting this maple grove, found the horny-handed farmers hard at work sugaring off. Great barrels of the poorest sort of Cuba sugar, damp, dark, and clammy, stood in the cellar like executed Cubans, with their heads off. Shallow copper tanks simmered over coal fires.

"Yes," said the bronzed agriculturist, "now is our busy season. We use up several barrels of muscovado sugar a day. We dump the sugar into the pans and stir it up with hot water. Then we add the sand and ground leaf and twigs."

"I don't twig," said the reporter.

"What ground leaf do you use, and why?"

"Oh, we get maple leaves and break 'em up. Nothing pleases a man so much as to find a bit of maple leaf or a snapped-off twig in his lump of maple sugar."

"And the sand?"

"Oh, well sand is cheap enough and helps big in weighing out chunks. People are sort of educated up to expecting sand in their maple sugar."

"You use real maple sugar to give the flavor, I suppose?"

CURTIN AND McCLURE.

How a Clew was Misinterpreted at a Political Meeting.

Washington Hatchet.
One of the best old-time unpublished stories on ex-Governor and Congressman Curtin, of Pennsylvania, occurred during the war. Governor Curtin was designated in a convention to make a speech, and desired to make a strong, hot, and pertinent attack on the Cameron faction. What bothered him was how to make the assault most positive. Aleck McClure who was in with Curtin, suggested that the best plan would be to have some representative man in the audience ask a question and thus afford an opportunity for an answer covering the project. McClure selected a well known sporting man and "rounder" of Philadelphia, "Buckey" Neale by name. "Buckey" was much elated by the honor and prospective importance of his position, and prior to the calling of the convention attired himself in his best suit of clothes, purchased a tall silk hat, and located himself in the most prominent portion of the hall. The signal for him to make the inquiry was preconcerted—it was when Aleck McClure would wipe his face with his handkerchief. Governor Curtin commenced his speech, continued, and was frequently warmly applauded, the audience being enthusiastically his friends. "Buckey" was buried in oblivion to all things except Aleck McClure, upon whom he had his eye fastened intensely as those of an Ancient Mariner. At the fitting time the handkerchief came out and Aleck mopped his face. Up jumped "Buckey" and pointing his finger Burke-like to Curtin, in ringing tones called out:

"Governor Curtin, can I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, sir, as many as you like and—"

"You blank, blank, blank!" howled a dozen voices. "W'atcher mean by tryin' to break up this meetin'?"

And before "Buckey" could explain, a mob was on him. He was knocked down, the floor swept up with him, and despite his prayers and protestations that "Aleck McClure told him to do it" was dragged, kicked, and fired out of the hall amidst a most tumultuous uproar.

Several hours later "Buckey," hatless, coatless, and covered with blood, mud, and rags was seen skimming around the Continental hotel looking "for that sucker Aleck Mick-Lure which put up such a snide job on me!"

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT. Atlanta Constitution.

"I see dey hab 'n'ded Sam loose," said one negro to another.

"'Yas, dey had to let 'im go, kase no case could be made out de charge."

"How wuz dat? Tell me all 'bout it."

"Well, de way de trouble riz, a white gemmen sead Sam wid one o' his 'birts on."

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"Dat Judge got sense," answered the other, as they parted.

A SKELETON IN ARMOR. The Sight That Paralyzed the Passengers of a Steamship. N. Y. Journal.

A passenger on the just arrived steamer from Australia says that on the second day out from Melbourne the passengers were amazed to behold a large swarthy-faced, black-eyed man emerge from his stateroom in a full jockey costume—boots, whip, spurs, silk jacket and all. In this attire he solemnly paced up and down the deck for an hour and then disappeared.

The next morning the same party appeared attired in the half armor of a knight of the Middle Ages, and the same afternoon emerged in a gorgeous Cardinal's dress and continued his dignified promenade without speaking a word to any one.

The fact that all these costumes were a world too large for the wearer made this masquerading the more grotesque, and the passengers watched each transformation with increased merriment until it was suddenly whispered around that the fellow was a madman who imagined himself going to a perpetual series of masked balls and that any opposition to his delusion would provoke him to fury.

The strange passenger rattled the nerves of the company very much the next morning by appearing as a Bedouin Arab, armed with a cruel-looking scimitar, but when shortly after dinner he showed up as a Pinta Indian, carrying a blood-curdling tomahawk and scalping knife, the women and children locked themselves in their staterooms, while a committee of men hunted up the captain and filed an indignant protest against allowing the maniac to remain at large.

"Maniac be blowed!" growled the sailor. "Don't you know that Davidson, the actor, is on board?"

"What of it?"

"Why, that's his body servant. He is simply airing his master's wardrobe to keep it from molding."

And the committee "set 'em up."

Ten Thousand Buds from One Rose-Bush. Wilmington Republican.

A florist here has a remarkable rose-bush. During the last three years and including the present time over ten thousand buds were plucked from its numerous branches. Some idea may be had of the value of this vine when we state that these buds sold during the winter at \$15 a hundred. At this time not less than two thousand buds can be counted on the vine. It is believed that with two exceptions it is the largest and most prolific in the United States. But then Mr. Reed does not stop with the culture of roses.

A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family and is about three feet high, with a crook at the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

THE SECRETARY'S SMART SON.

Little Jack Lincoln a Great Favorite with the Marines.

Washington Cor. Philadelphia Record.
Secretary Lincoln's biggest boy, aged eight or nine, is already a skillful politician. His name is said to be Abraham but at the Washington Navy Yard, where he spends most of his time, he is universally called Jack. He is a jolly, sturdy little fellow, who makes friends as easily as his grandfather did, and very much more easily than his father, and he is as well known in the Navy Yard as the bell that tolls the hour.

Just at present Jack Lincoln is devoting himself to the United States steamer Dispatch. He goes at it shrewdly. He does not waste time on the officers, although he is a great favorite among them but is concentrating his attentions on the crew. He has won all their hearts already. He is counted as one of them. They have chipped in and bought him, with the contents of a hat which no one of them neglected as it passed, a complete seaman's outfit.

Standing on the deck in his neatly fitting rig, complete from the jaunty little cap labeled "U. S. S. Dispatch" down to the bottom of his regulation shoes, he is a perfect picture of Gilbert's jolly midshipmate. The other day the Tallapoosa was preparing to take his father, Secretary Chandler and other public men down to Fortress Monroe.

"Well, Jack," said one of the officers on the Dispatch, "I suppose you'll leave us, now that the Tallapoosa has been fitted up for you?"

"No, sir," said little Jack, "the Dispatch is a better boat than the Tallapoosa. I want go."

HAPPY MOMENTS OF A MISS. A Pretty Programme Played with Parrot and Toes. Detroit Free Press.

She stood on the corner waiting for a car. She had French-beeled shoes, and was laced to break her ribs, and she had two plumes on her hat, and looked sweet enough to eat. When the car came along she danced up and down on her toes, gyrated her parasol at the driver and brought him to a dead halt.

Then she toe-toed to the car. Then she toe-toed the steps, danced around for a moment and sat down.

It was a success. She exulted over it for a moment and then drew out her portemonnaie, took from it a \$20 bill, and danced up to the front door and handed it to the driver.

"No change for anything above \$2," he said, as he turned to his horse.

Then she danced half way down the aisle, rang the bell at the front end and at the back, and as both ends came to a stand-still she toe-toed out, nipped and tucked down the steps and danced to the curb stone. She had shown off. She was happy.

LOVED BY THE CATS. A Curious Sight that is Said to be Common Enough in Morrisania. N. Y. Sun.

"There is a curious sight," said a lady, pointing out of the parlor window of her house in Morrisania one day last week; "but it is a common enough one in this neighborhood."

The reporter looked, and saw a fish peddler flirting with a servant girl across the road. He was evidently a prosperous peddler, and the servant girl seemed to appreciate the fact. But it was neither the peddler nor the girl who constituted the curious sight alluded to. The wagon, with the thoughtful horse between the shafts, stood in the middle of the road. A tarpaulin covered the fish, and three cats' tails were visible above the cloth, and the vibratory motion of each indicated that the object at the other end was enjoying itself.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said the Morrisania lady, "but each fish peddler is followed by his own particular cats. They seem to know the sound of his horn, and trot out of their houses as soon as he blows it. Each wagon has usually about three cats following it. I don't think any affection for the peddler influences their selection, or, if it does, there is no reciprocity of the sentiment, for, while the cat may love the peddler, the peddler invariably hates the cat. I am inclined to think that the attraction lies in the quality of the fish. I fancy that herring is the favorite fish of the cat. Cats are also fond of shad, but they dislike the bones. That wagon has shad in it. Before three weeks have gone by the cats will look with contempt upon shad and follow the mackerel wagons. I see there is a fourth tail sticking up above the tarpaulin."

There was, and the peddler said it too. He put a rapid end to his courtship, and softly stepping toward his wagon, seized a tail and dragged out a cat with a shad in its mouth. The cat was made the recipient of a hard kick, and its three fellows were similarly treated.

The Dancing Hula-hula Girls. Sandwich Island Letter.

I once had a conversation with a charming, high-caste Hawaiian girl, while we watched together the performance of a band of hula-hula girls. The first time you see a hula-hula dance in company with ladies you will find out just how much of a mental strain you can endure without fainting. I was in a most complicated state of mind, and did not dare allude to the spectacle before us, from which I turned my eyes previously to my companion, only to find that as she ate a mango she was regarding the dancers in an honest and simple enjoyment as though it was a landscape view that attracted her. I strove to take the conversation as far away from the scene before us as possible, and so directed it to allude to the spectacle before us, from which I turned my eyes previously to my companion, only to find that as she ate a mango she was regarding the dancers in an honest and simple enjoyment as though it was a landscape view that attracted her. 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