

**THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**

**Fashions, Requirements and Emotions Easily Detected by Study.**

The physical expressions which the animals employ to manifest their passions, requirements, distresses and emotions, are precisely similar to man's, observes a writer in Forest and Stream. They caress with their lips and limbs, show resentment by facial distortion, bites and kicks, and fear by a tremor; they leap with joy, loll with thirst, lag with fatigue, and attack for revenge and reprisal. Even fishes, with their poor deficient bodies, are able to manifest many mental operations in a manner intelligible to man as well as to each other. There is no end to authenticated instances of animal sagacity, including premeditation, plan, purpose, sense of duty, prudence, gratitude, method, judgment. Animals memorize. They cherish malice, they dream in their sleep, they can count, they have a sense of injustice, a consciousness of error, and notions of forgiveness and reparation. I have seen a brute of a man require the clumsy caress of his horse by a thumping blow on the nose. His supreme intelligence did not comprehend the animal's action, forsooth. Now some men get vexed if they are not readily understood. Did the horse show temper—this noble animal whom Job represents as imbued with the spirit of the tempest! Did he even resent the outrage! Not by retaliation, although he plainly indicated his keen sense of this indignity. What may we suppose his emotions to have been at treatment so regardless and unprovoked? Yet he presently forgave all. Do not say that he forgot, for at all times afterward he shrank with apprehension when his master approached. Oh! the gentleness, forbearance and long-suffering of brutes, who oftentimes grieve in silence—speechless and unable to utter protest or complaint.

Animals meditate. Dogs have been seen to sit in a fit of abstraction, so that no one could engage their attention, and presently start off with an impetus which showed there was a mental impulse behind it. That was a leon case of finesse displayed by the Newfoundland dog at a seaside resort when he pushed little children off the pier so that he could jump in magnanimously to the rescue, and thereby obtain the reward of a handful of candy which he anticipated the grateful parents would bestow. He repeated the trick so often that he fell into suspicion and disgrace, but his method showed not only a conception of the efficacy of a virtuous act and its logical recompense, but the advantage of deception when successfully practiced. A crow which I know of shammed hunger habitually, so as to obtain more food, which he invariably carried off and hid in a wall, and then came back for more. In this way he accumulated large hoards of provender. A certain Java sparrow was able to distinguish the click of its master's latch-key in the hall door from any other person's, and flew to meet him with demonstrations of joy as soon as he entered the house. He never made a mistake. A sagacious mastiff always pulled the door-bell when he desired to enter. A parrot in New Orleans seemed to answer questions categorically, and recognized different persons, calling them by name. The intelligence of fishes is, perhaps, even more wonderful. Fishes exhibit remarkable sagacity, which has been made the theme of writers for two thousand years.

**NEAT NEW SCHEME.**

**One by Which an Artful Dodger Got Ahead of a Railroad Company.**

As a New York Sun reporter stood in the crowd around the ticket-office in the Old Colony depot in Boston just before the train left for the Fall River boat, a woman pushed her way to the window and said: "A ticket to New York, please." At the same moment a man hurried up, and, slipping down his money, called out also "New York." The ticket agent took in one of the bills, shot out the ticket and the change, which the man hastily scooped up and darted away into the crowd. The woman stood waiting for her ticket, seeing that her money was gone, and finally ventured to remind the agent that it was almost time for the train to start.

"I gave you your ticket and change," said the man.

"Why," said the woman, "that's what I am waiting for. You attended that man before you did me, though I got here first."

The woman was positive the agent had taken in her money, and had given her no return for it, and the agent was equally positive that he had handled but one five-dollar bill. By this time the conversation grew heated, and the crowd was three deep, waiting for a chance at the window. The gong was almost sounding, and they grew restless as the dialogue grew more pointed and emphatic.

At last the ticket agent observed that the woman was crazy, to which she replied that perhaps she was, but she wanted her money and was going to have it. The matter was finally brought to an end by the woman getting a ticket shoved out to her.

The ticket agent said later that this was a new dodge, and he wouldn't be caught that way again. The artful dodger had waited his opportunity to come to the ticket window just as the woman stepped up, and after throwing out his money, to give her an impression of two bills lying on the counter, had jerked his bill back into his sleeve, seized the woman's ticket and change and made off with it, quickly losing himself in the crowd.

**Mean But Businesslike.**

The champion mean man has been found in Vermont. A young lady went into a dentist's office a few days ago and had her teeth examined, the doctor reporting them badly decayed, but by quite an outlay of money he could put them in good shape. The young lady departed, saying she would report to her husband and call again in a few days. She did so, and on her second call she was accompanied by her father, the latter telling the dentist to go ahead with the job and he would pay the bill. Thinking the dentist might wonder why he was paying the bill the father explained that the husband had said his wife's teeth decayed before he married her, and he was not going to pay for fixing them up; her father taught to do it.

**The Count Caught On.**

Miss Richardzuly (with a sigh)—"Then you love me, Count?" Count Castagno (for-vently)—"Lova you? My Goda, yessa!" Bobby (under sofa)—"Chestnuts?" Count (his old commercial instincts overcame him)—"Fiva centsa pint; how mucha you want!"

**BLACKSTONE JUNIOR.**

**How Rising Young Lawyers Overwork Their Gigantic Brains.**

Nobody can possibly have any idea how young lawyers, particularly young lawyers in the city courts, overwork their brains, unless he goes to the cross-examination of a witness by a young member of the bar. It is worth paying admission to hear.

The witness, says the Detroit Commercial Advertiser, has given in his testimony, and is turned over like a lamb to the slaughter, or a rabbit to the tender mercies of an anaconda. There is hushed stillness as the anaconda prepares to throw its voluminous folds around the trembling victim, crush its bones, and then swallow the shapeless mass. It is perfectly awful. The brow becomes corrugated with deep thought; the glittering eye is bent on the guilty wretch of a witness who seems conscious of his approaching doom. Slowly and solemnly, like the supreme head of the church promulgating officially some entirely new dogma, the words reverberating like minute guns at sea, the coming Blackstone says:

"Did you—not—swear—on—your—direct examination—that—your—name—was—Peto Snooks?"

The witness said he did. Then the lawyer bares his massive brow in his hands and thinks, and thinks. Suddenly running his fingers through his hair, he fixes his glittering orbs as if they could see the buckle on the back of the witness's vest, and asks:

"Now, sir, I will ask you on your oath to tell this court and jury, without any hemming or hawing, giving a categorical answer to a categorical question—I ask you now whether your name is not Peto Snooks instead of Peto Snooks, as you swore it was a moment ago?"

Witness—"My name—"

"Halt! May it please your honor, the witness is trifling with this court and jury. He is evidently trying to lug in hearsay evidence. According to second Greenleaf, page 285—"

"The witness will proceed," said the court, yawning.

"Your honor, during the whole course of my long and extensive practice—"

"The witness will proceed."

"Your honor will please note my exception. I intend that the Supreme Court shall pass on this case."

Witness—"Yes."

"Are you a resident of this city?"

Witness—"Yes."

"The city of Detroit?"

Witness—"Yes."

Then Blackstone, Jr., walks backward and forward, his brow as hunky with thought as an old washboard. The anaconda is about to spring again.

"County of Wayne?"

"Yes."

"State of Michigan?"

"Yes."

"We rest the case, may it please your honor."

And the planets keep right on around the sun as if nothing had happened.

**FUGACIOUS SCISSORS.**

**An Instrument Which Disappears in the Most Mysterious Manner.**

The apparently fugacious habits of scissors have been noticed since the earliest historic period, according to a writer in Collier's Once a Week. They disappear with a celerity and secrecy wholly without a parallel in the history of lost objects. A woman is sewing and has a pair of scissors in her lap. She uses them, say twice, and each time drops them again in her lap. The third time she wishes to use them she can not find them. Though she searches her lap, her dress, her chair and the floor thoroughly she can not find the slightest trace of the missing scissors, and thereafter they are never again seen by mortal eyes. Or let us say that a woman, in the very act of using a pair of scissors, is called from her work. She places the scissors carefully in her work-basket, goes out, locking the door of the room after her, and returns in ten or fifteen minutes to find her scissors gone.

What is more remarkable about the disappearance of scissors is that, once having disappeared they are never again found. You may lose a tack-hammer or a comb, but sooner or later you will find the missing article behind some piece of furniture, but a pair of scissors once lost are lost forever.

That there is something peculiar in the disappearance of scissors is virtually admitted by women when they seek to prevent the loss of scissors by means of charms. For a piece of ribbon, which many women attach to the handle of their scissors "to prevent them from being lost," must act as a charm, or otherwise it would be valueless. How, in the name of science and common sense, can the mere fact that four inches of blue ribbon are tied to the handle of a pair of scissors keep them from being mislaid? In point of fact it does nothing of the kind, and in spite of the woman's faith in the blue ribbon charm it is absolutely useless. If, however, we assume that the origin of this custom was the attaching of a bit of witch-hazel to the handle of a pair of scissors, we can understand it. The woman of the middle ages had a vague belief that the disappearance of scissors was due to the witches, and therefore called in the aid of witch-hazel. The modern woman, ignorant of the peculiar efficacy of witch-hazel, fancies that any thing tied to a pair of scissors will keep them from being lost, and she prefers ribbon to witch-hazel because it is prettier and more convenient.

**Nicolini and Adolina Patti.**

Sig. Nicolini does not sing with his wife, says a Paris letter to the New York Tribune. He is her devoted care-taker. He watches to protect her from drafts the instant she quits the stage, watches that she does not talk between the acts after the carbine is laid on her lips, keeps intrusive bodies away, and is attentive to all those whom she wishes to treat as friends. If her throat is parched he drops water down it so that no red paint will be swallowed with it. He sees that the water which is to wash off the face pigments is the right heat and oversees the make-up operations, and all this quietly, affectionately and without fuss. If Mme. Patti were in the hands of an old nurse she could not be more tenderly used. When her gratitude wells over she stands up, takes her husband by the hand, and lowers her head, the top of which he kisses, the face not being in a state to be kissed. He does not strike one, he is so unassuming and untheatrical, as being the husband of a star, or a professional tenor.

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