

Fears and Freaks of the Four-footed family.

The more we study the animal kingdom the more highly we regard it. Among the domesticated animals there is much sense and occasional evidence of sentiment. To some it may seem ludicrous to study the phenology of the dog, but let's not be too hasty. The canine isn't talking much, but perhaps there is a great deal more in his head than he has been given credit for. The globe gives below some of the queer things done by our four-footed speechless friends which indicate a high degree of intelligence.

From the New York Herald.

Have you a dog? If you have, do you want to know all about his mental and moral characteristics? Then why don't you take him to a phenologist and have his bumps felt? It's quite the thing in England, and Miss Jessie A. Fowler, of the American Institute of Phenology, tells me that the custom is rapidly growing in this country.

"Fesh!" Who ever heard of such a thing? I think I hear you remark. But there is no hush about it, and if you haven't heard of it it is time you should be enlightened. Among intelligent persons there remain but few skeptics where phenology is concerned, provided, of course, it is practiced scientifically, and not by quacks. And why shouldn't the formation of a dog's cranium indicate as much of canine character as the human head does of man's traits?

Scarcely a day passes that Miss Fowler is not called upon to examine the head of at least one dog. Some of her subjects are dogs of high degree. Black Prince Hampton, the 69,000 English mastiff owned by Dr. Charles A. Longest, of Boston, was brought to her, and a portrait of him, with a portion of Miss Fowler's report, is produced on this page. Peter, a St. Bernard, formerly owned by Lady Trevelyan, has also been examined by Miss Fowler, and other of her subjects who have been particularly noted for their traits are Hebe, a noble St. Bernard; the famous pointer, Barnard; the equally famous setter, Mallard West, and the bulldog, which was the winner at the Crystal Palace show in 1883.

DOGS MAY HAVE SOULS.

Some enthusiasts have claimed that dogs have souls. Be that as it may, they certainly have brains, and wonderfully active brains at that. Before considering their higher attributes, it might be well to first learn something of their mental qualities, and in accordance with this dog phenology cannot be overestimated.

Dogs vary very much in the development of their mental faculties, as well as do human beings. Even the pig has been educated to many ingenious kinds of work, yet that animal is looked upon as having very little intellectual caliber, but the dog, being more constantly with man and receiving from him continual benefit in an intellectual way, represents higher possibilities than any other domestic animal.

Miss Fowler is very much interested in the way in which the dog performs his work, and she communicates her enthusiasm to others. Women bring their pets to her by the score to have their little bumps felt, and a sometimes they go away very sorrowful, with a full understanding of their dog's deficiencies, and yet with a knowledge of just which trait or characteristic needs developing.

For Miss Fowler does not gloss over the bad qualities of her subjects. She is perfectly frank, and a sometimes sufficient in morality, she doesn't hesitate to say so.

AN APPLI ILLUSTRATION.

She sometimes makes examinations from photographs, although naturally the readings are not so complete in detail as when the animal is brought to her at her office. A gentleman living in New Jersey adopted a dog, and having his dog's character analyzed recently, Miss Fowler made her examination from the photograph and sent the result by mail.

Among other things, she said that the dog's morals were very bad. This displeased the animal's master, and he proved that the dog was a well-bred master and dog both journeyed to New York and presented themselves at Miss Fowler's office. A personal examination convinced her that her first impressions had been correct.

"Your dog is not only lacking in moral qualities," she said, "he is totally depraved. I should say, for one thing, that he is a thief."

Then the owner of the dog grew exceedingly wrathful, and in his own language, "I've had enough of this nonsense," he remarked, and went away in a rage.

A week later he called again. "This time he was very meek. He was full of apologies. He admitted that Miss Fowler had been right, and that his confidence had been abused. The dog had been caught red-handed. He had killed the neighbors' chickens, had plied meat from the butcher shop and was found to have been implicated in every bit of canine mischief in the vicinity of his home. It had cost his master several dollars to settle various claims for damages, the result of his dog's depraved nature, and he is now a firm believer in dog phenology."

I learned much of this fascinating study from Miss Fowler. The Scotch collie, I learned, is not only a dog of keen intelligence and quick perception, and these qualities are demonstrated by the form and outline of the skull. The Newfoundlander is noted for his nobleness and as a saver of life, which characteristics are shown by his head formation and wonderful intuition. The pointer is known for his attributes of instinct, fearlessness, and direction. The tan terrier is especially sensitive to the human voice, and remembers all that is said to it. It has a high forehead, which indicates as much reason as a dog can show. The Skye terrier has a very nervous temperament, is always on the alert, and easy and restless. A fox terrier's head shows that he is quick and has a fine sense of sight. He is also very agile.

While these general characteristics or traits are found in dogs of the various breeds, it must not be inferred that all dogs of the same breed are similar in temperament. Two Newfoundland dogs, for instance, may differ as far as in their dispositions and general characteristics as two opposite types of men often do.

Miss Fowler has several skulls of dogs, and she showed me one, that of a collie, which she had marked off in sections, each section indicating the development of the animal's character. In these were located the executive faculties, the perceptive faculties, the reflective group, the moral group, selfish sentiments, the social group and the perfecting group. The latter embraced the musical and artistic temperament, which is seldom developed in dogs.

But occasionally a dog can be taught to play a musical instrument, and some dogs are quite fond of hearing music. In such instances the perfecting group is largely developed. The perceptive faculties in that particular dog were remarkably large, as shown by the orbital arch, or frontal development.

Miss Fowler seems to think that Black Prince Hampton is as fine a dog as she has ever met. "Although its value is \$10,000," she said, "that is not my way of looking at it. Were I choosing a dog from one of the dog shows in the city, I would select one

from the contour of its facial and cranial developments, rather than from the color points, provided its pedigree was satisfactory.

"It is questioned whether a dog can reason and understand speech. Lady Trevelyan's Skye terrier, Peter, demonstrated that they can, to my satisfaction at least. Dogs are also able to show human thoughtfulness in the form of reminding their masters of things they have forgotten to mention. One day when Lady Trevelyan was about to take a carriage drive Peter was to be her companion, but he hesitated in getting into the carriage, at which Lady Trevelyan wondered.

"Presently he ran off into the house. She asked him what was wrong, and he brought back from the lobby one of her overshoes, and then went back to the other. She had forgotten to put them on, when they and the chair stood for the purpose in the hall."

TEDDY, THE SAILOR CAT.

Anxious to Go Out in a Boat—Jumps Overboard and Swims In.

From the Westminster Budget.

Cats, as we have pointed out before, are becoming "the fashion," and their virtues and talents, so long despised and disregarded, are at last recognized. History repeats itself, and if the cult of the cat continues to develop at the rate at which it has done during the last two or three years there is no knowing but that, in due course, they may again arrive at the stage of adoration which prompted ancient Egypt to look upon its cats as adorable deities, to be revered in life, embalmed after death, and buried in tombs.

As the cult of the cat stands at present, Grimalkin, dainty and dignified, affectionate and intelligent, gracious and graceful far beyond the ken of any dog, is purring herself into favor with all classes. The great ladies who not so long ago thought only fit to have a little Italian greyhound, a King Charles, or a tiny Yorkshire terrier as a pet, are now vying with each other for owning the finest cat, and so far from being rather ashamed of admiring so lowly a creature, they proudly boast of their attachment to their feline friends. One is glad to see the wheel of fortune thus rolled since more a domestic animal which is as amusing as it is interesting, and which interests more individuals than most pet animals. As an instance of the spirit and determination of a pet cat, we print the following charming "character sketch," sent to us by a constant reader and lover of animals:

"Whilst in the north of England recently," writes our correspondent, "I made the acquaintance of a handsome cat, to whom I will introduce you. His name is Teddy. He is big and gray striped, with a good deal of shining black in his coat. When excited he turns his head round and looks the careering hand as a dog would. He shows little of the haughty indifference that is always on the face of a cat."

"Who is it that a cat treats us as inferiors? I may not quote the word correctly, but that is the spirit in which I speak. As the case is known that if the cat is not in the mood she won't stir when she is called, nor take any but scant notice of the politest of her admirers. As the case is known that if the cat is not in the mood she won't stir when she is called, nor take any but scant notice of the politest of her admirers. As the case is known that if the cat is not in the mood she won't stir when she is called, nor take any but scant notice of the politest of her admirers."

"The cat to whom I am introducing you has his home in an old house near the banks of a beautiful river. Near the house is a landing place where a boat is moored. The cat and I are kept in an out-house close to the house. When Teddy sees the oars produced he knows what is about to happen. If he is in the mood for an adventure he betakes himself to the landing stage and watches till the rowers appear. Then he is the first to jump into the boat and swim across the river. He knows all about managing a boat. On one occasion, when well out in the river, Teddy suddenly became restless and nervous, apparently remembering a pressing engagement ashore which he must keep. As no one wished to land but he, he jumped overboard and swam out of the difficulty, and leapt from the boat into deep water, swimming gallantly to the banks and climbing up as fast as a cat can. At his first landing, he made tracks across country to no known whereabouts. The swim, for a cat, an animal that detests water, is a remarkable feat. He seemed to have no way to suffer, and still go out for an airing in the boat when opportunity and inclination suggest. I never before knew of a cat showing such a brave spirit as actually jumping into the water, and it would be interesting to hear of a similar occurrence."

The following story in illustration of the astonishingly quick understanding between children and animals:

"A most intelligent black kitten, the prettiest I ever saw, was brought to us as a present by a sweet little girl. After considerable discussion a dolly's cradle was selected as his resting place, and a dolly's nightgown was procured in which to array the Kitty. This was done as only children's hands could do it, and the kitten was put to bed in the cradle. At his first waking he was sticking out of the white sleeves, the most comical sight imaginable; and he went to sleep, too, and had some milk when he awoke. He could not walk about in the nightgown, but romped it and turned head over heels. It was then decided, for the good of the nightgown, that he really need not require it."

"He slept in the cradle, and was big for it, and after that he compromised matters by putting his fore paws and head inside the cradle, while the rest of him stood on the floor."

HORSE DIED OF GRIEF.

Left Behind a Caravan, It Could Not Bear the Pangs of Separation.

From the Washington Star.

"Speaking of the emotional life of a horse," said an old trainer, who had been listening to a story about an animal's death that was directly traced to grief. "I recall one remarkable instance of sorrow shown by a horse belonging to a circus with which I was traveling three years ago. We were performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trick horses fell and sprained one of his legs so badly that he could not travel. He was taken to a livery stable and put in a box stall; the leg was bandaged, and he was made as comfortable as possible.

"He ate his food and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and stamped the floor with his feet. He seemed past the stable to be seeking the sound that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ears caught the sound of the retreating wagons he would rush as best he could with his injured leg from one side of the stall to the other, pushing

at the door with his nose, and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted.

"Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him and he quivered in every part of the body. Finally the stableman went to his employer's house, woke him up, and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor of the stable mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook us ten or twelve miles away, and as I had charge of all the horses and was much attached to the injured animal I returned with him. When we reached the stall the horse was dead."

"The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still, and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell dead with scarcely a struggle. The veterinarian who was called remarked that the circumstances were told him, that unquestionably the horse died from grief."

TEETH OF AN ELEPHANT.

Beast Has Only Eight Molars, but Each Is Two Inches Thick.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh, or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, and about two inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no woper or movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pink serpent.

There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about fourteen years old. These baby teeth, which are, nevertheless, enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities.

THE WICKED KNORT.

He Makes More Trouble in Lapland Than the Mosquito.

From the Badminton Review.

The sun was shining brightly through the window of the little wooden hut as I tumbled out of bed on Aug. 10 last year. Three days' tramp from the Norwegian coast, across rough fields and spongy bogs, one long day of rowing and shooting rapids, varied with spells of walking round the dangerous falls, had brought us late the night before to this little settlement in Lapland. The dozen inhabitants, part Swedes, part Lapps, were already hard at work on their scanty harvest, and beyond the small field I caught a glimpse of the river, here widening out into a glittering lake, shining like a sheet of silver, scarcely ruffled by the breath of wind. What a morning for a bath! How gloriously refreshing to travel-tired limbs!

"Look out!" cried Jack, "the room's full of them! Light up, quick!" The air was suddenly shrill with the high-pitched, hungry whistle of the mosquito. The window I had observed before was tightly closed—indeed, would not open; the wide platform fireplace was stuffed up with green boughs. Perhaps my brother had opened the door, and had been lost in the admiration of the snow line mountains in the distance, or the creatures had worked a way down the chimney. At any rate, to the cover of the bed, I fled, and still going out for the steady pull-puff of our lips as we filled the room with clouds of stupefying tobacco smoke.

One sometimes hears people who have only met the mosquito in its mild

er form, perhaps in Norway, or Central Sweden, or in southern countries, or possibly in Lapland in favorable years, or late in the season, maintain that its terrors are much exaggerated. They do not find it so. The worst accounts that I had heard of it before I visited the country did not come anywhere near the reality. And even if the mosquito crop be a comparative failure in any season, there is a far more deadly insect waiting for you, a harmless-looking little sandy, worm-like creature called a knort. The natives call a knort. The mosquito is a gentleman by comparison. He fights under the rules of civilized warfare; hostilities are openly declared, a shrill blare of trumpets heralds his approach. True, he descends upon you in overpowering hosts, but from the fierce blast when he first sights his foe to the savage thrust of his face through your skin, there is nothing secret or underhand about him. Not so the little knort. In ones and twos he creeps stealthily upon you, there is no whistling of wings, no parade of drumming round the victim. Quietly he works his way into your clothing, where he seems as much at home as any of the wingless vermin, which, fortunately, are comparatively rare in Lapland. His bite is practically painless; you rarely notice it at the time, but on the second day a red, itchy burning wound, to rub or chafe which is intolerable agony.

MONKEY HUNT ON BROADWAY.

Gotham Turns Out to Chase an Escaped Simian.

From the New York Herald.

It isn't often one gets a chance to see a monkey hunt on Broadway. One usually associates such sport with palm trees and tangled jungles and the other accessories of a tropical scene. But nearly 1,000 persons witnessed a monkey chase in Broadway last evening. To be exact, it wasn't right in Broadway—just a few blocks over the fifth street. The monkey was one of those used to add life to the decorations of the Olympia roof garden. Having formed a close attachment for Mr. Hammerstein, the monkey, fearing possibly he might be compelled to work for Mr. Freedman, should that gentleman succeed in his efforts to oust Mr. Hammerstein, made a bold dash for liberty about six o'clock last evening. At least that was when his escape was discovered, and immediately there was a great hub and cry.

A little later a small boy rushed breathlessly into the lobby and announced that the "monkey" was doing stunts on the first escape on the Forty-fifth street side of the building. Several able-bodied men, employees of the theatre, hurried forth to capture him. They found a small crowd of people watching the little animal's antics, and a few minutes later the chase began. Fifth street was literally packed with men, women, children and bicycles.

The head usher said he knew the monkey and he'd go up and get him. That was the monkey's first chance, though. For the monkey evidently didn't intend to be captured. He declaimed all acquaintance with the head usher or anybody else. Up one stairs and down another he ran until everybody was out of breath, and then he took up a seat on the sheet iron roof of the fire escape and grinned at the head usher while the crowd in the street cheered him lustily.

Every effort was made to dislodge him. One man even proposed to beat the monkey with a club, but the monkey was too quick for him. At last—it was 7:30 then, and he had kept his hold-beholders at bay more than an hour—he lost his hold on the steep roof and slid clear down into the street, where two policemen were waiting for him. Mr. Monkey had no idea of being arrested, however, and up another fire escape he fled straight into the arms of the head usher, who grabbed him by the neck and held him fast.

Then the fickle spectators cheered the usher and dispersed. A new chain was fastened to the monkey, and he grinned and chattered as usual in the roof garden last night.

THE USEFUL TOAD.

An Animal Which Is Most Beneficent to the Farmer.

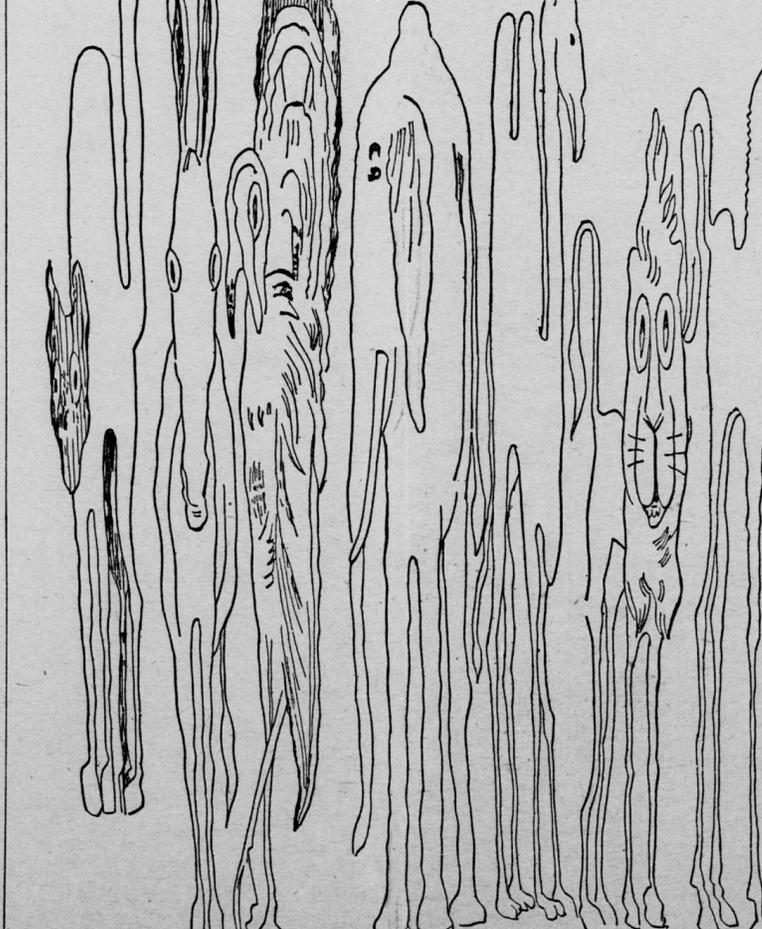
From the American Agriculturist.

That the toad is beneficial to the

farmer, and particularly to the gardener, is admitted by every one who has observed its habits. Additional facts have been secured by recent observations at the Massachusetts experiment station which show 11 per cent of the toad's food is composed of insects and spiders beneficial or indirectly helpful to man, and 80 per cent of insects and other animals directly injurious to cultivated crops or in other ways obnoxious to man. The toad feeds on worms, snails, scorpions and beetles, and many other insects and animals which damage greenhouses and gardens. It feeds to some extent on grasshoppers and crickets and destroys large numbers of ants. It consumes a considerable number of May beetles, rose chasers, click beetles or adults of the wireworm, potato beetles and cucumber beetles. It is a prime destroyer of cutworms and army worms.

To all agriculturists the toad renders conspicuous services, but the gardener and greenhouse owner may make this animal of especial value. Every gardener should aim to keep a colony of toads among his growing crops, and the practice of collecting and transporting them to the gardens is a commendable one. While the sense of locality is strong in the toad, and it will adhere to its original haunts, considerable inducements to remain in new quarters if there is a sufficient food supply.

A MENAGERIE.



In Order to Be Able to See the Animals Which Make Up the Menagerie the Sketch Must Be Placed Horizontally on the Plane at the Height of the Eye and the Observer Must Behold It When You Will See Perfectly, Going From Left to Right, a Cat, a Donkey, a Peacock, an Elephant, a Camel, a Lion and a Horse.

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Many farmers provide tea with artificial shelters made by digging shallow holes in the ground and partially covering them with a bit of board or flat stone. In such places toads will often remain for many days, sallying forth at night to seek food.

The enemies of the toad are hawks, owls, and worst of all, small boys, who stone and kill many toads. Dr. C. F. Hodge states that he found 200 dead or wounded toads in a single day on the shores of a small pond on the grounds of Clark university. The toads were the toad at spawning time, and they were in the presence, and small boys, and sometimes those of a larger growth, gravitate toward the ponds as naturally as do the toads themselves. There have been excellent laws enacted to protect insectivorous birds. Why should there not be as stringent legislation against the destruction of toads?

NEVER CEASE TO WANDER.

Busy Bee Doesn't Go Five Miles After Raw Material.

From the Baltimore American.

The range of the honey bee is but little understood by the masses, many supposing that bees go for miles in quest of nectar, while others think that they go only a short distance. It may be curious to many to understand how any one can tell how far the bee may fly, but this is simple when understood. Years ago, when the Italian bees were first introduced in the United States, these bees, which are very different to the common bees already here, were easily distinguished, and after any beehive had obtained the Italian bees the difference was observed and their range easily noticed. If bloom is plentiful near where bees are located they will not go far, perhaps a mile in range, but if bloom is scarce they may go five miles. Usually about three miles is as far as they may go profitably.

Bees have been known to go as far as eight miles in a straight line, crossing a body of water that distance to land. It is wonderful how the little animal can go so far from its home and find its way back. It is not a particular hive, if, while the little bee is out of its home or hive the hive should be removed some ten or twenty feet according to the surroundings, when it came back to where it was first located it would be hopelessly lost. If its home was in an open space, with no other objects close, it might find its way home, but even should the hive be moved only a few feet many of the bees would get lost.

To move a hive, it should be in the winter time, if it could be done, but if in the summer time it should be done after dark, or when the bees are not flying, and even then the bees should be staked up, and a small object blown in at the hive entrance and a board or some object placed in front of the hive, so that the bees in coming out be started up, and a small object blown in at the hive entrance, but even doubt, are guided by sight and not by sense of smell. They are attracted by the color of bloom, as, if they are at work on a certain kind of bloom, they are not likely to leave it for any other kind of bloom for any other as long as they can find that kind. Again, bees are often attracted to sweets by the sense of smell, for they will go after sweets even in the dark, if close. However, any kind of sweets may be placed in glass in plain sight, but if covered so as not to emit any smell the bees will take no notice of them.

FOR HOME AQUARIUMS.

Tanks in Great Variety and at All Prices—Aquarium Supplies.

From the New York Sun.

Aquarium tanks for home use are made in very great variety of styles and sizes, from the simple little glass tanks, to the suspended by a chain and sold for a quarter of a dollar, to large, elaborate and ornamental tanks selling for \$250.

There are sold also various kinds of aquarium ornaments, including imitation stone arches, grottos, little castles, roots, and figures of frogs, swans and ducks. Aquarium stock includes, of course, the familiar goldfish, and Japanese goldfish, and also many other fishes and water turtles, snails and frogs and various plants.

Besides being kept in homes, aquariums are maintained also in schools and elsewhere. Aquariums and aquarium supplies are sold in New York to purchasers in various parts of the country. For salt water aquariums at interior points to which they are shipped from here in barrels. There is at present rather an increased interest in the keeping of aquariums.

FOR CHILDREN'S PETS.

Small Birds and Animals That Are Sold at Very Low Prices.

From the New York Sun.

Some canary birds can be bought for as little as twenty-five cents each. These are small, young birds, which have not yet begun to sing, but may turn out to be good singers. A wooden cage may be bought for ten cents, or a small wire cage for the same price, so that it is possible to get a bird in a cage very cheap.

Half-grown rabbits may be bought for fifty cents each. Rabbits can be bought for a dollar apiece for fine full grown ones. Common gray squirrels can be bought for fifty cents each. Meadow squirrels cost \$1 and \$1.50. Kittens of imported stock may be bought for fifty cents each. Fine cats run up to \$25 each. Dwarf parrots may be bought for \$1 each. Little mice may be bought for fifteen cents each.

These and other small birds and animals are sold chiefly for children's pets.

NEW USE FOR CARRIER PIGEONS.

United States Consul Skinner, of Marsellia, writes, under date of April 6, 1898, that for

a period of five years the Federation Colonopole de Marsellia has been training homing pigeons for the purpose of securing information from ships at sea, and now furnishes reports of the complete success of its experiments. Birds released from Marsellia this port (the equivalent of about 312 in terms of distance) have been promptly returned to the port (the equivalent of about 312 in terms of distance) and it is not too much to expect that in the near future there will be an end to the uncertainties often felt as to the fate of belated messengers.

THEY ARE TOUGHEST HORSES.

Dun Colored Steeds Are Best for Long Arches.

From the Washington Star.

"Dun colored horses are not the prettiest by any means, but my experience has been," said Col. William F. Cody, when in Washington recently, "that they are the toughest of the horse kingdom. An ordinary dun horse will wear out three other horses. Put as much work on him as you may, he never looks as well or as tidy in appearance as a bay, chestnut, black, gray or white, but as far as service is concerned he will run the others to a standstill. This is my experience on the plains, in the cavalry service and in my experience in the show business, where I have nearly 500 horses."

"Dun horses are somewhat rare, but when they can be picked up I would advise that they be bought, especially when the question of wear and tear is considered. They are, as I said before, not strong as far as looks are involved, but for cavalrymen looks have to take a back seat alongside of wear. The cavalrymen, who are soon, I hope, to ride over Cuba, will find that my indorsement of dun horses is of some value."

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