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THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

HAMBURG one day in London City,
I saw a dog that raised my pity,
A wretched one all skin and bone,
That in the gutter crawled alone;
And in his mouth I smelt a cat,
He held an old and crowing cat,
With an old and decrepit eye,
He watched the bustling passers by,
Who in their haste, as on they fare,
Niz cast a glance at him over a rail,
Yet some, when they had passed, one peep,
Would hark with eyes upon their faces;
His story was so plain, indeed,
So clear, that he who ran might read:
A beggar's dog, his master dead,
The beast still can rise on the trade,
And tramps by diligence and care,
The public patronage to share.

I encountered one, but as I went,
My thoughts upon that dog were bent,
Behold, I said, in meditation,
The force of custom, education,
And though we laugh at him—his need—
Some human plans are quite as bad,
How many schemes in this our time,
Are merely hats with tails on the crown,
Ways to live, but not to compass,
Of losing money on the street.

—Chatterbox's Journal.

SHOW ANIMALS.

How They Sometimes Indulge in Dangerous Antics—An Enraged Elephant's Fury.

LAST evening an *Enquirer* reporter, while chatting with Uncle John Robinson, the world-renowned showman, asked if it were true that the lion is a cowardly beast. The lion has been called the king of the forest, but there are persons who profess to know that deny the allegation, and claim that the much-boasted bravery of the animal in question is all bosh. As Uncle John has had a great deal of experience with animals of all kinds the reporter was anxious to hear the testimony of the old gentleman. Said Uncle John:

"All of the information I have from men who have traveled in the countries where lions abound in their native habitation goes to show that a lion will not attack a man. A man named Ali, the first that ever brought a hippopotamus to this country, once had a talk with me on this subject, and he said that the lion would not court an attack from a human being. In fact, the beast would run, if possible. All was a celebrated beast tamer, and had hunted for many years in Africa, and no doubt he knew what he was talking about. The Bengal tiger, he said, would make one spring at a man, and if it missed him it would keep on going straight ahead after him. As for the lion, he said, but as to the lion being a coward I have my doubts. One day we were going into a little town called Washington, in Virginia, and it happened that the door of the cage of a big African lion we called 'Prince' came open, and Prince sprang out of the cage. The band-wagon was just ahead of the lions, and the band leader said: 'Let's get out and catch that lion.' Old Prince was waiting to be caught, though. He smelled the horses of the wagon behind him, and, tanking a spring, he embraced one of the horses around the neck with his fore legs, and sank his claws in the poor brute's shoulders. The horses began to rear and plunge, and the lion went to work in earnest. Quick as a flash he caught his hind claws in the horse's belly and literally ripped his entrails out of him. It was a terrible fight and the wildest excitement took possession of every body. The lion after he had killed the horse jumped on his feet and in a quarter of a minute you couldn't see a member of the band. Not one stopped to see what Prince would do next. Every fellow of them took to the field. Prince then knocked a wagon and team over into a ditch and raised a frightful rumpus before he was secured. And that lion was as tame as a kitten in his cage. I have seen men sleep in there with him and nobody thought of being afraid of him. But when he got out he wanted to tear every thing to pieces. It matters not how quiet and tame a cat animal is in confinement, it doesn't do to let them out. It's dangerous.

A LEOPARD'S LEAP.

"One day I lent a man named Hutchison a leopard to help out in an exhibition he was having over here at the Galt House corner. One day while the exhibition was in progress they came over to my house and told me that the leopard had got out. I went over, and when I got there I said, 'Why don't you catch that things?' It will do some damage among the other animals. Get him,' says I, 'and put him back in his cage. You onwards,' says I, 'go for him.' Just about that time the leopard made a spring at a man who had a board, and it seemed to me the beast went through the air sideways. It jumped twenty feet, and as it passed the man with the plank it fetched him a swipe with its paws, and tore the whole side of his face off. The leopard jumped into a stall and went under the manger. As quickly as possible the men got boards, and, after getting the horse out of the stall, they boarded it up. Then they cut a hole in the boards, and, by means of a shifting-box, they got the animal back into his cage."

A GRIZZLY WHIPS A LION.

"How is the grizzly bear on pluck?"
"I remember one time at the Vauxhall in Louisville, Ky., we put a grizzly in a cage with a lion. You ought to have seen that bear go for the lion. It just whipped the hair off it, and the

lion would certainly have been killed if the keepers hadn't got the grizzly out. You see, the audience got excited in the fight, and wanted to interfere to see fair play, and the people thought that we spoiled a nice lot of fun for them by parting the animals."

"Which animal do you regard as the worst to tackle, Uncle John?"

A HYENA'S EXPLOIT.

"The hyena has the strongest jaws of any animal in the world I suppose. We were in St. Louis a number of years ago, and were going down into Arkansas. As we desired to use as few wagons as possible, so as to lessen the number of horses required, we concluded to put as many animals as possible in a cage. It is not the heft of the animals that amounts to anything, but it is the room they take up. So we put a hyena, a tiger, a leopard and lion in one cage. Well, sir, that hyena went to work on the whole gang, and before the men could get at them he had whipped the crowd. He scalped the lion and used the tiger up, and had the leopard scared half to death. A hyena will eat out of any place you can put him. We have to keep them chained in their cages all the time. A hyena will work away until he gets a tooth into the bottom of a cage, and then something is bound to come. Heavy sheet iron is no more proof against one of these animals than tissue paper would be against a cannon ball. They are very troublesome on this account, and if they were not kept chained they would never stay in a cage."

ELEPHANTS.

"Is an elephant cowardly?"
"A male elephant, when he gets old, is always very cross. When he gets mad he is like a mad bull. His rage is beyond conception, and he wants to knock to pieces and break down every thing that comes in his way. George Bailey, Barnum's partner, had a big elephant showing with him in South Carolina one season. They were coming out of Camden one day, on their way to Columbia. They had got about five miles they came to a mill, near by which was a little bridge across a pond. Mr. Elephant wouldn't go over the bridge. George West was his keeper, and when the animal got stubborn, George tried to compel him with a spear to go across the bridge. The elephant turned around, and, spying a colored man on a horse, he made at him. He knocked them both into the pond and killed the horse. He then started out a road that led to Statesville, and George tried to turn him back. He then took after West, and, striking him with his tail, he broke the man right in two. The unfortunate man's heels hit his head. The elephant was so enraged now that he tore West all to pieces. He tossed him to the air, and scattered his entrails and brains and flesh along the road for a quarter of a mile. Wherever he could find a piece of the dead man he would throw it into the air as high as his tremendous strength would send it. Scarcely any thing could be found of West's remains after the elephant got through with him. You see he was so mad that he couldn't satisfy his vengeance on the man, and kept on destroying the remnants of his enemy as long as he could find them. There was no help for West, for nobody saw the killing but a negro, and he couldn't do any thing. From the way the black man described that scene it must have been the most horrible thing ever witnessed. As soon as word was received at the nearest town about a hundred men armed themselves with rifles, and they hurried to the mill and got inside. The elephant had come back and took possession of the mill-pond, and the riflemen began firing on him. Each man aimed at his eyes, so as to blind him. The elephant tried to get into the mill at the men, but he couldn't reach them, and they peppered him for hours. At length one of his eyes came out, and hang down by a thread. Reaching backward with his trunk the animal seized the eye, and stuffing it into his mouth he ate it. The firing was kept up until the elephant had been shot a thousand times. At last he was overcome, and the riflemen killed him."

"Did you ever have any trouble with any of your elephants?"

"I had one, while in Louisiana one season that was a bad fellow to handle. He ran his keeper on a raft several miles from New Orleans one day and tried to get at him on the raft. He killed a negro, threw a cart over a fence, and killed a mule. Another negro got under a mill and the elephant made the most frantic attempts to get at him you could imagine. He could reach within about a foot of the colored fellow, and it was laughable to see that big brute running and lunging at the darkey; and every time the elephant made a at him the negro would yell for dear life. Finding he couldn't reach his intended victim, the animal started through Algiers, breaking and smashing things at a fearful rate, and creating a regular stampede. It was some time before he was caught, but a little fellow we had with us followed him into the country with some feed and got a chain on him, so he could be handled."

"What kind of elephants are those you have with you now?"

"We have one that is a mighty wicked fellow, Old Chief. He is a murderous old rascal, and is dangerous. The other day out here at Columbia he didn't propose to go on his teetering-board, and his keeper tried to make him go. He began to get on his dignity, and just about stamped the audience. He was quieted down and coaxed on, but they couldn't force him. He is kept straight by Old Mary, a female elephant, who knocks him down every time he gets to cutting up. She rules the roost, and whenever there is any trouble brewing the keepers get behind her. She is the best elephant I ever saw. A child could perform her. You remember that elephant they used to have at the Zoo? He was a devil-may-care old fellow, and was always in mischief. When he was brought to us to be sold, he went in to whip all of the elephants we had. I was talking to the man who brought him, and suddenly I heard something drop. Looking around, I saw the new elephant on the ground, and Mary was standing over him, with one leg and her head on him. She mighty soon taught him his manners."

"What become of that old Zoo elephant?"

"Why the darned fool wanted to walk into the passenger car that was ahead of his car on a train one day to be with the passengers, and he stepped down between the cars while the train was going at full speed. His feet dragged along the road, and the train ran three miles before it was stopped. The elephant's feet were scaped off on the ties, and he died from the injuries."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

California Mountain Drivers.

THE California ranchmen have wonderful aptitude for driving, and one sees some pretty good stampees among the hills. The road down the mountain sides is entirely unguarded on the outer edge, and the descent in most places is precipitous. A balky horse, or a fractured wheel, or a slight carelessness in handling the reins, might easily send a carriage-bud of people to destruction—and an awful destruction, too. The path is wide enough for one pair of wheels only, but at intervals it broadens so that teams may pass each other. The huge lumberteams which carry wood from the millsite in the mountains to the yards in the valleys are especially hard to manage. Yet the drivers always seem easy and nonchalant. First there is a large four-wheeled oaken truck with a seat in front ten feet above the ground; behind it is another truck, somewhat shorter, but still enormously stout. These are fastened together and loaded with from ten to fifteen tons of freshly-sawn lumber—boards and joists. This mass is drawn by six or eight mules or horses, guided by reins and a prodigious long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the driver upon his seat. The driver is a man of nerve and courage. It will not do for him to take fright, even if in imminent danger, and he must know to a hair's breadth where he can go and where he cannot.

But a beholder—ignorant of the danger that constantly surrounds him—would say that his work was simple, and that he managed matters with ease. True, it seems so. With his sinewy hands holding the reins with carelessness, his legs outstretched, one foot feeling the all-important brake, he jogs onward with his monster charge without trouble or concern; the bells upon the horses' breasts jingle a little tune; the great wheels crush the stones in the path; the load creaks like a ship's hull in a sudden gust; wild birds sweep down into hazy, sunny depths below; yet the driver seems to take no heed. But let a "scare" take place; let a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then see what will happen. The day dreamer will become a giant of strength; he is up in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the reins, and feeling his wagon start up beneath him, places a foot of iron on the brake. The horses snort and rear and surge; the harnesses rattle, the dust arises, the load shrieks again, and the huge wheels turn fatally faster and faster. An instant may hurl the wagon down into the valley with its straggling train—a mad rush to the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. Muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly together that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the lay of the land, regards the teamster with profound respect thereafter.—*San Francisco Argus.*

AMONG the party who witnessed the execution of Hamlin at Hartford, Conn., was Kwong Ki Cheu, a member of the Chinese Educational Commission, who have their headquarters in Hartford. He was dressed in a long flowing robe of white material, white among the Chinese being the mourning color.

STRAUSS, the musical composer, who now lives in Paris and is seventy-four years old, has a passion for bric-a-brac.

HUMOROUS.

It is a poor butcher who can't make spring lamb out of an old sheep.

"PAY as you go" is a rule, the application of which is most general on horse railroads.

A PHILADELPHIA antiquarian who married a young widow says she is the most interesting relic he has ever found.

THE glazier who was cheated out of his pay complained that he got only his trouble for his pence.—*Boston Transcript.*

EVERY woman knows that beauty is not lasting; but a little more can be put on when the first coat fades.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"WILL the action lie?" inquires the anxious client. "Yes," replies the facetious attorney, "the action will lie if the witnesses will."

Yes, Melancthon, you are correct. Base-ball is the oldest recreation on record. It was in Adam's inning that we all went out.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A CASE of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea table. "Well, let us think the best of her that we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst—that's the fashion."

THE author of "Nancy Lee" made \$8,000 by the song, the owners of "My Grandfather's Clock" netted \$11,500, the "Baby Mine" man counted up nearly \$7,000, and yet honest and irreproachable citizens are tolling away for two dollars a day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WITHOUT wishing to encourage the world in gabble, we may state that the goldenness of silence is overestimated. The mute, inglorious oyster is always getting into broils, stews and hot water.

WOMEN ladies meet
They always greet
With kisses hand across the street,
But men, more mild,
Don't get so wild;
They meet and part when both have "smiled."

AN ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G, the two which contain nothing are M T; that four express great corpulence, O B C T; that we are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N C, and three excite our tears, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L E G.

"Now, look!" cried the gay auctioneer.
"This carpet—one dollar a yard—
An air—make it two—
Going—gone! man, to you—
Dirt cheap—and you settle right here."

Her name was called out rather loud;
She blushed there with a glow by the crowd;
Two dollars she bid
On the desk, quite afraid
And felt of her bargain so proud.

How soon was her sweet pleasure marred:
For the auctioneer gazed at her hard;
"Blinded," well, I'm blamed—
Fifty more," he exclaimed,
"You bid, ma'am, two dollars a yard."

—OH CUDY DERRICK.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

H. H. WILL summer in England. She must be careful or she will lose her h's.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARK TWAIN says that he can't write in a "fixed-up" room. When he needs inspiration he takes his paper and pens and retires to an unfurnished room in his stable.

OWEN MEREDITH, otherwise Robert, Lord Lytton, is now an Earl by the Queen's grace, his official titles being Lord Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. He is only forty-nine years of age, and has been in the diplomatic service ever since he was eighteen.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE, the popular author, is fifty-three years of age. He led the life of a farmer's boy until he was fifteen years old, and taught himself Latin, French and German without a master. He began to write at the age of sixteen for country papers. "Cudjo's Cave," which he wrote during the war, had a sale of over 37,000 copies. He has lived in a suburb of Boston for many years.

MISS KATE FIELD says George Eliot resembles a horse having high cheek bones. "Looking on her one is struck with the fact that her capacity for work is almost unlimited. She is about five feet three inches high. Her disposition is very lovable, and she is much liked. She is the most retiring and bashful woman I ever saw. She is generally abstracted; always thinking, and her voice is no louder than a whisper."

FRANCES E. BURNETT, nee Hodgson, author of "The Lass o' Lowrie" and "Louisiana," is described as a sweet, fascinating woman and a most delightful companion. She speaks of her books, of her stories, in a frank way, that is very refreshing. She enjoys her popularity, she laughs over the things that are said to her, she doesn't seem to have a bit of jealousy or envy in her nature, and is a large-hearted, large-natured, lovable woman, in every way entirely unconventional and original. She has large brown eyes, fair complexion, rich auburn-brown hair, and finely-cut features. In her beautiful hands one cannot see the slightest trace of pen-and-ink labors.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

PLUG mice holes with soap. The mice will not go through.
DRY salt sprinkled upon the shelves will drive away red ants.

SCOTCH snuff put on holes where crickets come out, will destroy them.

COLD rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

SALTED soapuds that has been allowed to stand until sour, is recommended as a means to kill cabbage worms.

WASHING FLUID.—Sal soda one pound; stone lime one-half pound; water five quarts. Boil a short time, stirring occasionally; then let it settle and pour off the clear fluid into a jug and cork for use.

STEAMED INDIAN CAKE.—Three cups of buttermilk, three cups of sweet milk, three cups of meal, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda; put in a greased pan and steam three hours.

TO SWEETEN RANCID BUTTER.—Put fifteen drops of chloride of lime to a pint of cold water, and work the butter in it until every particle has come in contact with the water; then work it over in pure cold water.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon; one cup sugar; the yolks of three eggs; a small piece of butter; three tablespoonfuls milk; one teaspoonful corn starch. Beat well together and bake in rich crust. Beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, place on the pie when done, and brown in the oven.

COUNTRY CAPTAIN.—Cut up a chicken into small pieces, melt some butter in a sauce-pan, and put into it an onion shred very fine, fry until quite crisp, sprinkle the fowl well with curry powder, add some salt, and fry until thoroughly cooked, turning the pieces frequently. Serve very hot, with the fried onions on the top.

GREEN crops for manuring should not be plowed deeper than four inches; if they are turned under more than this they will not receive enough of solar heat and atmospheric air to insure rapid decay, and when covered too deep their beneficial effect cannot be realized till the next plowing, when they are brought nearer the surface.

ROOT CUTTINGS.—It is not generally known how easy it is to propagate most shrubs by root cuttings. Roots about the size of a penholder are the best. Cut these into pieces an inch long, and plant them an inch deep in a cold frame, and they will be six inches high and ready to plant by the time the garden plant is ready.

A FEW sweet herbs should have a place in every garden. Every cook and housekeeper knows the value of the little patch of herbs upon which she makes such daily drafts in summer, and which furnishes her with a nice collection for winter seasoning, without which the Thanksgiving turkey would lose all flavor, while strong kinds are excellent as medicine.

SALTING STOCK.—This is a very important matter, and one that is too often neglected. Cattle will never eat enough salt to injure them if they have free access to it. Place some salt in a trough in a spot where it will be sheltered from the rain, and let the animals be their own judge as to how much they need. Keep a large lump of rock salt in the feed box of each horse.

FARMERS who practice soiling would do well to remember that a field of clover furnishes a very large amount of green food, since two to three crops can be cut during the season. The scarlet clover is an excellent sort. Sown in July it does well on almost any soil moderately fertile. The Bokhara clover affords excellent food for bees, and is grown quite extensively by large apiarists.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One small cup of butter; two small cups of sugar; one cup milk; the yolks of five eggs and whites of two; three and a half cups of flour, or enough to make of the proper consistency; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in three layers in deep jelly-cake tins. Icing: The whites of two eggs, one and a half cup powdered sugar; six teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate (German is the best); vanilla to suit the taste.

TO MILK a kicking cow, provide yourself with a small rope or strap—that being put together at the ends forms a circle eight inches in diameter. Catch your cow, take up the fore-foot, slip this strap over the knee, and put through a stick the size of a broom-handle. She must then stand on one fore foot, and cannot raise either hind-foot to kick. With gentle usage she will soon learn to give up, the fore-foot and have the strap slipped over the knee. I have done this for ten years with one cow—wonderfully good milk-er and worth the trouble—but after a little she would herself give up one fore-foot at my approach, and without touching the leg the strap could be put on, and there was not the least trouble; but leave this off once, and the milk-er was in danger of a smash-up.