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1899			JULY.			1899
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
4:15 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:52 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
4:45 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:22 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

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Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Deputy, George A Deakyne; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Stevens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

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Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No. 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A.—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; Vice Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m, in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.—Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

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Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

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Old papers for sale at this office at your own price.

When the Shaft Strikes Home.

"Put off your woe," I said;
"Grieve not against God's will;
The sun is shining overhead,
The streams are flowing still.

"You have been stricken! Yet
There's many another who
Has less to love, more to forget,
O, foolish man, than you!"

One day he came to me:
"Put off your grief," he said;
"The birds are singing merrily,
The sun shines overhead."

Compel the rain to cease,
Stand earth and sea apart,
And then with words you may put peace
Into a breaking heart.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Pause and Think.

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!—Young.

Life's trials we could soften
If we'd only pause and think;
Tears would not flow so often
If we'd only pause and think.
Our skies would all be brighter,
Our burdens would be lighter,
Our deeds would all be whiter
If we'd only pause and think.

We would not walk so blindly,
If we'd only pause and think;
We would not speak unkindly
If we'd only pause and think.
Unrest we would not borrow
Darkly clouding each to-morrow;
We could banish worlds of sorrow
If we'd only pause and think.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Mysterious Guest

ONE carnival night in 186-, Cantal and I, pursued by ennui, found ourselves by chance side by side in a proscenium-box at the opera ball. Our eyes were idly studying the motley mosaic formed by the maskers dancing to the witching music of Strass' bow, when the door of the box was flung open and, with a silken frou-frou, three masks entered and greeted us by name. Clio the Fair, Antonie Chantilly and Susannah Jackson were as well known in the world of artists for their beauty as for their wit. Cantal gave them chairs, asking with a smile: "You are playing truants to the ball?"

"Suddenly we caught sight of you!" cried Antonie; "we will have supper together, if you've nothing better on foot."

"Well and good!" said Cantal, turning to me; "I will engage the red dining-room at once, if you are all agreed."

In the midst of his last words my eye was caught by the face of a man of 35 in the box opposite; he had an oriental pallor. Lowering his opera glass he bowed to me. After a moment's thought I remembered he had rendered me a trifling service, such as custom permits between fellow-travelers—information about a certain brand of cigars, if I remember rightly—I returned his bow. I had hardly reached the foyer when the stranger approached me. Recalling his courtesy in Germany, I could do no less than invite him to join us, if he was quite alone, in the gay hubbub.

"And whom shall I have the honor of presenting to our merry party?" I asked, smiling, when he had accepted.

"Baron von H——," he said. "But, in view of the indulgence of the ladies, the difficulties of pronunciation, and the carnival season, let me assume, for an hour, another name, no matter what"—with a laugh—"Baron Saturn, if you like."

This caprice surprised me slightly, but I fell in with his fancy, and announced him formally under the mythological title he had hit upon. His fantastic appellation was received with favor; Clio insisted he was a king from the "Thousand and One Nights," traveling incog.

After the preliminary compliments, Susannah Jackson, between two irresistible yawns, asked: "Will the baron join us at supper, for the sake of symmetry?"

"I am very sorry to refuse," said the stranger. "Unfortunately a circumstance of capital importance will call me away in a few hours."

"A make-believe duel?" said Clio, with a pout.

"No, madame; a rencontre, since you have deigned to consult me."

"Bah; a mere trifle; not worth crossing swords over, you may be sure; words exchanged at an opera ball don't count; you are a stranger, that's plainly to be seen."

"Quote true, madame; I am somewhat of a stranger everywhere," the baron replied, with a bow.

"Allons! Do you get people to coax you?"

"Very seldom, I assure you!" the old fellow replied, both gallantly and equivocally. Cantal and I exchanged glances; what was he driving at? It might turn out amusing, in any case.

Like a child who insists on having what is refused to it, Antonie seized his arm, exclaiming: "You belong to us till dawn!"

He surrendered; we left the opera. So here we were with the prospect before us of several hours' relative intimacy with a man of whom we knew absolutely nothing, except that he had played at the Wiesbaden Casino and studied Havana cigars.

Leaning back in the carriage, Clio called to the footman: "To the Maison Doree!" The foreigner's heavy carriage was rolling after ours. Antonie, better known under her romantic nom de guerre, "Yseult," had accepted his mysterious escort.

Installed in the red dining-room, Joseph received strict orders not to let in a single living being, except the Ostend oysters—and our illustrious friend, the fantastic little Dr. Florian les Eglisottes, if by chance he should come for his proverbial ecrevisse.

A great log rolled in the fireplace. The air was heavy with the scent of furs and winter flowers. Wine stood chilling in silver coolers. Bunches of camellias trembled on their wire stems in crystal vases. Outside a dense snow mingled with rain fell, and we caught a muffled sound of carriages.

During the sparkling sallies of the supper, I gave myself up to my innocent mania of observation; I was not long in discovering that the Saxon baron was worthy of study. Our chance guest was not wildly hilarious, that was certain. His features and his bearing were not lacking in the conventional distinction that is a passport to society; his accent was not disagreeable as with most foreigners. Strangely enough it was his pallor that was against him; from time to time he turned a chalky, a ghastly white. His lips were as thin as a line drawn by a paint brush; his eyebrows met in a perpetual frown.

An hour winged by, freighted with jesting, confessions, and laughing words; smiles and diamonds flashed; the magic of the deep mirrors reflected in an infinitude of blue distance every gesture, every candle flame. Cantal and I sunk into a reverie. The coffee was smoking in its transparent cups; Cantal, with a Havana between his lips, was wrapping himself in blue rings, like a demi-god in a cloud. Baron von H——, with half-closed eyes, a glass of champagne in his pale hand, leaned back on a divan; he seemed to be following closely the magical modulations of the nocturnal duet in "Tristan and Isolde," played with much feeling by Susannah. Antonie and Clio the Fair with locked hands listened, radiant, to the music.

I listened, too, looking the while at our three graces. All wore velvet that night. Antonie, of the violet eyes, was in black; against the severe line of the decolletage her throat and shoulders rose like veritable Carrara. She had a narrow gold ring on her little finger and three sapphire cornflowers shone in her chestnut hair that fell in two soft braids far below her waist. Clio the Fair, an exquisite blond, with brown eyes—the goddess of impertinence!—a disenchanted young person whom Prince Soltikoff had baptized a la russe by pouring champagne foam on her hair—wore a well-molded green velvet gown and a ruby necklace. This young creole of 20 was quoted as the model of all the reprehensible virtues. She would have bewitched the profoundest philosopher of Greece or the austerest metaphysician of Germany. She had just returned from Baden-Baden, laughing as merrily as a child, and leaving 5,000 louis on the green cloth. Susannah Jackson, the Scottish Circe with night-black hair, in red velvet, looked like a dark lily—the meaning of her name, by the way, in Hebrew, she told me. A red, green, or black mask hung from each belt.

When Susannah left the piano I took a bouquet from the table and offered it to her with a jest: "You are diva! Wear one of these flowers for the sake of unknown admirers." She graciously fastened a spray of hortensia in her bodice. "I don't read anonymous letters!" she said, laying the rest of my "salaam" on the piano.

"Ah, cold Susannah!" cried Cantal, laughing, "you have come into the world merely to show us that snow burns."

At this moment Joseph entered carrying a bowl of iced punch, for we had resolved to drink like lords. Baron Saturn seemed restless; I saw him pull out his watch, draw a ring off his finger and give it to Antonie, and rise from his seat.

"Lord of distant regions!" I called out to him, between two puffs of a cigar, "you mustn't think of leaving us for an hour yet. You'll pass for mysterious, and that's the worst of taste."

"Accept my apologies," he replied, "but a duty that I cannot ignore and that brooks no delay calls me away. Pray believe that I am hopelessly in your debt for the charmed hours spent here."

"Is it really a duel, then?" asked Antonie, nervously.

"Stay with us and save a cold. Look at us; listen and decide!" said Cantal.

"Gentlemen," said Baron Saturn, "I will confess that I am blind and deaf as often as God permits."

This incomprehensible speech plunged us into the most absurd conjectures. We looked at each other with an awkward smile, not knowing what to think of this jest, when suddenly it flashed across me where I had first seen the man. For the space of a second everything about me seemed bathed in a red light—a light that came from our guest. Approaching the foreigner, I whispered in his ear:

"Monsieur, pardon me if I am wrong, but I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you five or six years ago at Lyons, at four o'clock one morning, in a public square."

Saturn raised his head and looked at me intently. "Ah!" he said, "it is possible."

"Yes!" I went on, looking at him intently. "Wait a bit—in that square there stood a melancholy object that I was dragged to see by two student friends, and that I've sworn never to look on again."

"Indeed!" observed Saturn; "and what was that object, if I am not indiscreet in asking?"

"A scaffold; a guillotine, monsieur, if my memory serves me. Yes! it was the guillotine. Now I'm sure of it!"

These words had passed in a very low tone between us. Cantal and the ladies stood talking near the piano.

"That's it! I remember," I added, raising my voice. "What do you say to my memory? Although you drove by very quickly, your carriage, delayed a moment by mine, let me catch a glimpse of you in the torchlight. The circumstance stamped your face on my mind. You had absolutely the same expression then as now."

"Ah, ah!" he replied; "it is true; you speak with great accuracy, I admit!" And his strident laugh gave me the feeling of a pair of blunt scissors sawing a lock of hair.

"One detail among others impressed me," I went on. "From a distance, I saw you get out near where the scaffold was standing, and—unless I have been deceived by a resemblance—"

"You have not been deceived, my dear sir," he returned; "it was I."

At this word I felt that the conversation had grown icy. I was hunting for a commonplace with which to change the current of thoughts, when suddenly Antonie turned from the piano and said, somewhat sadly:

"By the way, you know there is an execution this morning. It is poor Dr. de la Poise; he attended me once."

"What? Is it really to-day?" I asked, trying to assume an indifferent voice.

"At six o'clock, the fatal hour," said Antonie. "I had forgotten all about it. It seems they have even had a foreigner come to assist M. de Paris, in view of the solemnity of the occasion and the distinction of the criminal."

Not noticing the absurdity of her last words, I turned toward M. Saturn. He was standing near the door, wrapped in a great black cloak, with his hat in his hand, and bearing in all his person an official air.

"M. le Baron," I said to him, smiling, "after your singular hints we have almost the right to ask you if it is as the law, 'that you are blind and deaf as often as God permits?'"

He approached me, leaned toward me jestingly, and answered in a low tone; "Hold your tongue, there are ladies present!" He made a circular bow and went out, leaving me dumb, shivering, and unable to believe my ears.

Cantal, who had joined us during the last speech, clapped me on the shoulder. "Have you lost your wits?" he asked.

"He has come into a big property, and is only continuing to practice while waiting for a successor," I murmured, enervated by the fumes of the punch.

"Bah!" exclaimed Cantal; "do you actually suppose him to be attached to the ceremony in question?"

"So you caught the drift of our short talk, old fellow, did you? Short, but instructive. The man is a mere executioner! A Belgian, probably. He is the foreigner Antonie referred to a few moments ago. Save for his presence of mind I would have made a break that would have alarmed the ladies."

"Come, come!" cried Cantal. "An executioner in a 30,000 franc carriage, who gives diamonds to his dinner neighbor, who sups at the Maison Doree the day before he devotes himself to a patient! Since your cafe de choiseul, you see hangmen everywhere! Drink some punch. Your M. Saturn is a poor jester, do you know?"

At these words it seemed to me that cold reason was on Cantal's side. Greatly annoyed, I hastily picked up my hat and gloves and turned toward the door. "This stupid hoax has lasted far too long," I added, opening the door. "If I find that funereal mystifier, I swear that—"

"Don't swear!" cried a gay, well-known voice from behind the portiere. "Step back, my dear friend," and our famous little doctor, Les Eglisottes, entered springily, his great coat sprinkled with snow.

"My dear doctor," I said, "I will come back shortly, but—" He took my arm.

"When I have told you the history of the man who was going away as I arrived, I warrant you that you'll not care to ask him an account of his sallies. Besides, it's too late; his carriage has carried him half a mile by this time."

These words were pronounced in so strange a tone that I paused on the threshold. "Give us the story, doctor," I said, sitting down. "But remember, you'll have to answer for my inaction!"

The prince of science set his gold-headed cane in a corner, pressed his lips on the finger tips of our three graces, poured out a glass of Madeira, and in the fantastic silence due to the incident—and to his own entrance—commenced in these terms:

"I thoroughly understand this evening's adventure, as well as if I had been among you. What has happened to you, without being precisely alarming, might have become so. The gentleman is, rightly enough, Baron von H——, of an aristocratic German family; his fortune is in the millions; but"—the doctor looked at us—"his insanity having been diagnosed by the medical faculties of Munich and Berlin presents the most extraordinary and incurable of monomanias cited up to to-day."

"A madman! What are we to understand, Florian?" asked Cantal, pushing the slim bolt of the door. At this revelation, the ladies' smiles had changed. I began to think I was dreaming.

"I thought I had informed you that our gentleman was a millionaire half a dozen times over," Florian replied, gravely. "He is more likely to put others under lock and key than to be so treated."

"And what is his mania?" asked Susannah. "I give you warning that I find him fascinating."

"Perhaps you'll change your views of him in a moment or two," continued the doctor, lighting a cigarette. "It seems that the taciturn youth embarked in his teens for the East Indies; he traveled for several years in Asia. Here begins the dense mystery that conceals the origin of his malady. During certain revolts in the far east he witnessed—attracted, no doubt, at first by a mere traveler's curiosity—the cruel tortures that oriental laws inflict upon rebels and criminals. But it seems that soon the instincts of a cruelty that goes beyond belief awoke in him, troubled his brain, poisoned his blood, and finally made him the singular being that he has become.

"By one of the clauses of his father's will, the family is forced to avoid the baron's civil death, unless they wish to suffer serious pecuniary losses. So he is at large. He is on the best of terms with the gentlemen of capital justice. The first visit he pays in every town is to them. He has often offered them large sums for the privilege of operating in their stead, and between ourselves, I should not wonder if even in Europe he has bribed one or two. One can say that his madness is inoffensive, since it wreaks itself only on persons condemned by the law. So this is the gentleman with whom you have had the honor of spending the night. Let me add that when out of his dementia he is an irreproachable man of the world—a fascinating, playful conversationalist."

The silence that followed the doctor's words was as solemn as if death had slipped his grinning skull between the tapers.

"I feel rather indisposed," said Clio the Fair, in a voice broken by nervousness and the chill dawn. "Don't leave me alone."

"A strange night!" said Susannah.

"Joseph," said Antonie, "take this ring; the ruby is too dark for me, isn't it, Suzanne? The brilliants look as though they were weeping around a drop of blood. Have it sold to-day and give whatever it brings to the beggars who pass in front of the house."

Joseph took the ring; made the somnambulistic bow of which he alone has the secret, and went out to order the carriages, while the ladies put on their long black satin dominoes and their masks.—Adapted for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French of Victor de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam.

Repartee.

The Lawyer—Take your case to somebody else. You are too thin-skinned!

The Client—Hardly pay you to skin me, eh?—Detroit Journal.

Tropical Diseases in French Army.

Nature states that in the French expedition to Madagascar in 1896 only seven men were killed by the Hovas and 94 wounded, while the deaths due to micro-organisms numbered 6,000, and the sick list from the same cause 15,000. From these facts it infers that to acclimate Europeans all that is necessary is to exterminate these micro-organisms, which are the cause of so-called tropical disease, and that when they are subjugated the inhabitants of the temperate zone can live in the tropics like natives.

HOSPITAL FOR DOGS.

New Business Established in Chicago by an Englishman.

All Sorts of Canine and Feline Ailments Treated Scientifically—Amputations and Bone Settings His Specialties.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

THIRTY-NINE thousand five hundred and seventy nine dogs in Chicago are entitled to live—that is what the official records at the city hall show. As to the canine outlaws—curs that have no official existence—all one can do is to guess at the number. Good authorities say there must be at least 100,000 in and about the city and the suburbs. Of course the dog-catchers get a good many, and the



AND THEREBY HANGS A CAN.

grips on the cable cars get a good many more, but notwithstanding these diminutions in the ranks the supply somehow or other always seems equal to the demand.

Somebody has said that the poorer a man is the more dogs he has. On this basis there must be a great many poverty-stricken people in Chicago. But it isn't the poor folk alone who care for dogs. It has become quite a fad of late years among the wealthy, and Chicago can to-day boast of some of the finest specimens of the canine family in the world. The dog shows have fully demonstrated that fact.

Now, of course dogs are liable to get sick just the same as people, and when pet dogs are taken sick they have to have a doctor just like folks. It is for this reason that a hospital for dogs, cats and other animals—they are all included—has been established on Twenty-sixth street and is doing a flourishing business. The place is conducted by a veterinary surgeon who recently came here from Edinburgh and London and has found to his profit that Chicago cares well for its dogs and cats. On an average there are from 30 to 40 dogs and from five to ten cats in the hospital all the time, besides many other kinds of animals, not counting the horses and a few cows. The institution has brought out a peculiar phase of human nature, and that is that mankind is capable of very warm attachments for the lower animals. This attachment is not confined to the animals of high pedigrees. A man or a woman will bring in just as tenderly some mangy, cast-down whelp as if the beast had been one of the thoroughbreds that took first prize at the dog show. They will cheerfully pay the dollar a day for its treatment, and be as solicitous of its welfare as if it were a child. As a matter of fact, if all the children in Chicago had half the care that some of these little mongrel dogs receive they would be lucky.

Women frequently go to the hospital in carriages, carrying gently in their arms little frowzy poodle dogs. Saint Charles' and black-and-tans, and sometimes the coachman drives down there carefully as if he were going to a funeral, because a big mastiff is stretched out on the cushions of the carriage slightly indisposed. Not long ago a young lady went to the hospital with a sick dog in her arms. Her face was covered with tears and she appeared to be in the greatest distress over the illness of her pet. It was ten o'clock in the morning when she went there, and she remained by the side of the invalid till ten o'clock at night, when she was induced to go home, as the animal showed signs of improvement.

One day an old man entered the hospital carrying in his arm a black-and-tan which seemed to be suffering from old age more than anything else, as it was 14 years old. The man's wife had been dead for several years and he had made a pet of the dog and become very fond of it. Every day while the dog was in the hospital, and sometimes two or three times a day, the man would call and spend an hour or more with his favorite and even then he would only tear himself away at the urgent calls of business. Women have cried for hours over dogs; and not long ago a woman on the South side whose dog died of the distemper did not get over her grief for weeks and would actually have dressed in mourning had she not been entreated to abstain from so doing at the earnest request of her friends who insisted that she should not make herself ridiculous.

There are many diseases for which dogs are treated, very few of them being contagious. The principal disease is indigestion and stomach trouble. There are several varieties of mange among dogs, but only one species, which is due to a vegetable parasite, can be communicated to the human family. There is one dog from Cuba at the hospital that has this form of mange and he has been isolated from all the other animals. The average time required for a cure in this disease is about two weeks. A common ailment among the canines is nervous trouble. Dogs are probably the most nervous animals in the world. Among the smaller dogs Saint Vitus dance is frequently met with, and many of those now confined at the hospital are being treated for this malady. The disease originally comes from distemper in the form of a fever. One little fellow not weighing over a pound and a half is now at the hospital being cured of his nervous afflictions. The fever that he has somewhat resembles typhoid, and if neglected would go to the lungs and produce pneumonia.

But the hospital does not confine its treatment to the constitution. Surgery is also practiced there. Broken bones



"I'LL BE OUT IN A WEEK."

are adjusted and as nicely set for animals as they are for people. Sometimes it is necessary to amputate a dog's leg, and within ten blocks of the hospital there are three dogs hopping about on three legs apparently as busy and as happy as ever they were in their lives. But a dog never gets about as gracefully after he has lost a leg as he did before, and for this reason a West side man tried to experiment with a terrier that had been so unfortunate as to suffer amputation. The West side man accordingly had a nicely-adjusted wooden leg made for his dog, but it didn't work very well. The poor brute was handicapped in every fight that he got in, as his antagonist grabbed him by the peg-leg and invariably tripped him up. When it is simply a case of broken bones—that's easy. The broken part is



WHY PUSS WENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

set and then placed in a plaster cast, the bone knitting in two weeks. It is not as difficult a matter as one would imagine to keep the broken bone in place. If the dog is allowed to run about his cage he holds the leg up and doesn't interfere with the healing, but on the other hand if tied down he chafes under the restraint and the result is that he chews the plaster off and the binding becomes loose.

While the greater part of the patients in this remarkable hospital are dogs, nearly every domesticated animal has been represented here at one time or another. Within the last five or six years' cats have become very popular as pets and their owners have evinced the same solicitude for their good health as is manifested in the case of dogs. Diseases of cats have been but little understood until very recently, probably for the reason that heretofore no one had bothered his head about them except during the lonely hours of the night when bootjack exercise became imperative. It might here be remarked that the decadence of the bootjack and the rise in favor of the feline date from about same period.

Well, anyway, cats have several kinds of diseases. One of the most marked is a distemper peculiar to themselves. Then they have eczema and a few other mild complaints, such as fits and nervous prostration. But take it all in all a cat is pretty healthy. It usually is sent to the hospital on account of some injury received and not often for disease. The other day a beautiful Angora cat was being treated for two shots that it had received in the head. One shot was in the jaw in the left side and another one imbedded in the right jaw. Both were withdrawn and the cat will probably recover.

Surgery has become a popular mode of treatment with the animal doctors. A few years ago, if a pet suffered with a broken bone it was simply killed so as to put it out of its misery, but now it is different. With skill and nursing the animal is restored to its former perfection or at least operated upon so as to get through life without much inconvenience. Nearly everything is attempted in animal surgery the same as in the surgery for man. A short time ago the teeth of a squirrel that were growing in were cut off half an inch and gave immediate relief to the little animal. Thus guinea pigs and birds and chickens are operated on and some really wonderful cures are recorded.

It may be a fad, it may be foolish to waste time, money and sympathy on sick animals, but many a poor, dumb brute has been relieved of its sufferings. Many a tongue has gratefully licked the hands that have tenderly dressed the wounds and bruises.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

POINTS ON RAILWAY LAW.

Mere standing place on the inside of a car is held, in Graham vs. McNeill (Wash.), 43 L. R. A. 300, to be insufficient accommodation to charge a passenger with negligence in standing on the car platform.

A state statute forbidding all but duly appointed agents of transportation companies to engage in the business of a ticket broker is held, in people ex rel. Tyroler vs. warden of New York city prison (N. Y.), 43 L. R. A. 264, to be in violation of the constitutional guarantee of liberty and not justified as an exercise of police power.

The jurisdiction of a court to enjoin a foreign insurance company against collecting excessive assessments from a resident of the local jurisdiction, or forfeiting his policy for nonpayment, is denied in Clark vs. Mutual Reserve fund Life association (D. C.), 43 L. R. A. 390, on the ground that the relief sought would interfere with the internal affairs of the corporation.

A mistake in a bill of lading by stating rates less than those scheduled for interstate transportation is held, in Southern Railway company vs. Harrison (Ala.), 43 L. R. A. 385 (overruling a prior decision and following a decision of the United States supreme court), to be ineffectual to prevent the carrier from recovering the full schedule rates as a condition of delivering the goods.

A penalty for failure of a railroad company to furnish cars to a shipper is enforced in Houston. E. & W. T. R. Co. vs. Campbell (Tex.), 43 L. R. A. 225, and it is held that there was no necessity of a contract for the cars to make the carrier liable for refusal to furnish them. A note to this case reviews the authorities on the duty to furnish cars to shippers.

The legal duty of an employer with respect to rules for the safety of employes is held, in Nolan vs. New York, N. H. & H. R. Co. (Conn.), 43 L. R. A. 305, not to be violated by the failure of a railway company operating a single-track road to provide in its rules for giving those in charge of trains telegraphic information of the relative position of other trains going in the same direction.

A state statute requiring 1,000-mile tickets to be sold by railroad companies for less than ordinary rates of fare, good for use by the purchaser and his wife and children, if named on the ticket, and valid for two years after date of purchase, is held in Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway company vs. Smith, United States Advance Sheets 600, to be unconstitutional as a denial to the railroad companies of due process of law and equal protection of the laws.

RURAL JOKELETS.

The farmer gets along all right if things don't go against the grain.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I always aim t' tell th' truth," remarked an old farmer. "So do I, Silas," replied a neighbor, "but then a feller will trade hosses once'n awhile, you know."—Ohio State Journal.

Farmer Medders—"What's yer son Hiram goin' ter do when he gits through college?" Farmer Corntossel—"He's goin' ter stay right here on the farm till he sorter begins ter realize that they's one or two things he don't know." — San Francisco Examiner.

"Doesn't it annoy you to see yourself ridiculed so frequently in the papers?" "Not a bit," answered Farmer Corntossel. "The more they picter me as a guileless hayseed that anybody kin gold-brick, the better I like it. It makes summer boarders more onsuspicious."—Washington Star.

Fuddy—"Joggles has moved out to the suburbs. He says he does it for the exercise that working about the place will give him. He bought Shandy's place. Shandy has moved into town." Duddy—"What induced him to sell?" Fuddy—"To get rid of the work about the place."—Boston Transcript.

NOTED WAGERS.

One man afflicted with the gambling spirit was Sir Mark Sykes. He offered to pay anyone a guinea a day for each day Napoleon lived, provided the taker would pay 100 guineas down. A clergyman accepted the offer and made a fine profit, as Napoleon lived three years.

A nobleman of England made a wager of $7,500 100 years ago that a man could live 12 hours under water. A man who was reckless of life offered to go down and was sunk in an old ship. Neither the man nor the ship was recovered.

Sir John Slade, a very small man, bet $5,000 that he could carry a friend who weighed about five times as much as himself a distance of 200 yards. The day came and a large assembly of men and women gathered to witness the remarkable deed. Sir John told his friend to remove his clothes—that he had agreed to carry the man, not the garments. Of course the friend refused and lost the money.

THE PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST

Everybody fusses at somebody else's idea of a joke.—Atchison Globe.

The moralist is a grave humorist. The humorist is a laughing moralist.—Boston Transcript.

She—"Isn't the joke business rather a poor living?" He—"Yes; but so are the jokes."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Chicago man who has invented a new elixir of life made from the glands of young goats has at least set all of the jokers to capering.—Danville News.

Softleigh—"There's one thing I can boast of. I've never forgotten a joke, no matter how long ago I heard it." Cynicus—"No; but you seem to think other people have."—Philadelphia Record.

THE FILIPINO MILKMAN.

His Outfit Is Rather Primitive—An Enterprising Australian and His Lucrative Business.

The water buffalo or caribou cow supplies the milk used in the Philippine islands. An Australian has recently taken 50 head of cows from his own country to Manila and started a dairy. He has demand for more milk than he can supply at 50 cents Mexican a quart. The First Reserve United States hospital pays him a milk bill of $2,000 gold a month. These were the first cattle, except the water buffalo, ever brought to the Philippines, and the cost of the freight from Australia amounted to twice the value of the animals in the British colony.

The water buffalo, besides supplying the natives with milk is slaughtered for the meat, but very little is used in the Philippines. They are also the beast of burden and the family pet. The children will climb all over the animal and it is as gentle as a kitten, except when it is very warm and the flies are troublesome, when it will take a very sudden notion to run for the nearest river or mud pond, burying itself completely and wallowing until covered with a coat of black sticky mud, which serves to keep the flies from torturing it so effectively.

Bound to Kick.

"There," said the landlady, as she handed the kicking boarder a rather slender piece of real porterhouse, "I guess you can't say anything about that steak being fit to sole shoes with."

"No," said the boarder, wrapping the meat around his fork, "I should guess it was more fit for shoestrings."—Indianapolis Journal.

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