THE PAINTED BABY ELEPHANT

A MORAL TALE OF THE UNFETTREED CIRCUS PRESS AGENT AND A NEW LAW.

"Toby" Hamilton Says Circus Posters Are Not Meant to be Taken Literary—Persiflage is Natural.

Tody Hamilton, the greatest of all circus press agents, is perturbed over the new Virginia law which makes it an offense punishable by a fine of $100 for any circus to display posters of any feature which it does not actually exhibit. Mr. Hamilton is aging rapidly over the thought of what might happen if this law should spread to other states.

"I hope it doesn't spread, I do, for a fact," he said recently, in an alarmed tone. "As it is, the greatest of all shows will have to duck Virginia.

"The man who introduced that bill and saw it through must have wanted a powerful big 50 cents' worth! Great Caesar! If they'd fine us only 2 cents, instead of $100 for each thing we advertise and then don't show up with, it would cost us about $4,567,864,198 75 to put up the tents in every town we struck.

"Circus posters are not meant to be taken literally. There's bound to be a certain amount of airy persiflage about them, of course. But they do take the posters literally in the way-back regions.

"Most of the 'Hey, Rube' battles between the merry villagers and the circusmen have been caused by the circus' failure to exhibit features that were advertised merely in a Pickwickian or if-such-things-could-only-be sense. Before I had the honor to represent the greatest aggregation of curiosities on the habitable globe, comprising, etc., etc., I did the advance work and the superintending of the billboards, for a considerable smaller circus. Well, the big show was then exhibiting the white baby elephant, and of course it was up to us to fix up a white baby elephant, too.

"We did. It went with a rush for a while, that white baby elephant, but after a couple of months the many thicknesses of white lead applied to the baby elephant's hide began to poison the poor little pachyderm pup up some, and he looked so sad and done up over the closing up of his pores with the paint that we decided we'd have to let up on him for a while.

"We were in the middle of Georgia when we reached this decision. On the day we failed to exhibit the marvelous white baby elephant, the pet of his imperial majesty, the Shah of Persia, the plaything of princesses, and sacred to the high priests of the great temple of Lalloop, the Fire King—why, there was an immediate grouch on the part of the populace of the little Georgia town that had dug up their two bits to see the show. They demanded the white baby elephant in loud, raucous tones, and when the situation looked serious, the ringmaster had to appear in the menagerie and attempt to quiet the crowd with an explanation.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' the ringmaster sang out when he had obtained silence in the menagerie, 'I grieve to be compelled to state that the marvelous white baby elephant—obtained at enormous expense and after immense negotiation with the Grand Vizier of his imperial majesty, the Shah of Persia—I grieve to state that the tender and sacred animal is suffering from an illness today which will preclude the possibility of his being publicly exhibited.

"The ringmaster's announcement was received with hoots and jeers, and it was plain that the situation hadn't yet been cleared. There were loud demands for details as to the nature of the marvelous white baby elephant's illness. The ringmaster, a quick thinker, thought he saw a chance to get in one on the crowd.

"'Ladies and gentleman,' he sang out, again taking his stand on top of a barrel, 'the illness of the cherished pet of his imperial majesty the Shah of Persia is due to the fact that last evening, in an ungarded moment, while being loaded on the cars, the tender animal, espying an open barrel of tar, partook of the same in such large quantities that his system has been thoroughly impregnated and soiled with the foreign substance, to which I need not say, he was wholly unused as an article of diet.

"'Nay, not only did the unwonted meal of common paving tar suffuse disastrously the internal economy of the petted plaything of Oriental princesses, but it percolated throughout his entire system to such an extent that at this very moment the young and pampered animal's epidermis is as dark as that of any of the other elephants connected with the menagerie, and the veterinaries in attendance state that it will be some weeks, or until the tar has been completely eliminated from the pachyderm's system, before his coat will resume its usual milky whiteness.'

"It was a bold play, that of the ringmaster, but the crowd still exhibited skepticism. They demanded to see the animal, anyhow, with its tar-turned white coat. They didn't care if the Shah's pet had turned as black as a stovepipe, they declared—they wanted a glimpse of him.

"The baby elephant's keeper hadn't quite finished washing the white paint off the marvelous pachyderm with a diluted solution of turpentine, but the crowd was impatiently demanding a sight of the tar-transformed animal. So the elephant man led the dopy and drooping little chap out into the menagerie. The crowd pressed forward to see him, and several of them caught sight of some remnants of white lead still clinging to the pup's long, African ears.

"'Fake! It's nothin' but paint!' they bawled, and then the 'fake' cry was taken up all over the tent.

"Then the circusmen gave the 'Hey, Rube' yelp, grabbed tent stakes and wagon tongues and everything else handy, and stood by to await the onslaught of the merry villagers. For 20 minutes it was about as lively a head-breaking melee as I had seen in all of four days—for that show was a sure enough noted one for the number of fighters it carried and the frequency of its 'Hey, Rube' mix-ups.

"I hope all the states don't get to demanding 'everything on the bill.' Circus press agents have got to have some method of expressing their superfluous soulfulness and of employing apt alliteration's artful aid."—New York Sun.

CAN WALK AROUND AND DO HIS WORK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cures W. J. Dixon's Rheumatism.

He Was So Bad He Had to Use a Stick to Walk and Could Not Lace His Shoes.

Barwick, Ont., Nov. 4.—(Special).—These cold, wet fall days are full of Rheumatism and nothing can be more timely than news of an effectual cure of that curse of the Canadian climate. Such a cure William John Dixon, of this place, is certain he has discovered in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had an attack of typhoid fever," says Mr. Dixon, "and after I got over it Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad I had to use a stick to walk and had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress or undress myself for nearly two months and for three weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee.

"Acting on my brother's advice, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking three boxes I was able to walk around and do my work. Now I am well and I recommend anyone who has Rheumatism to try Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Keeps Well and Happy.

Now you want to know how an old fellow like me keeps himself well and happy.

I should be inclined, therefore, to answer the question that led to the writing of this letter by saying that "a man advancing in years," who wishes to exercise without being bored, should by all means provide himself with some children—the more the better!

To teach your son to shoot, to pass a baseball with him, to play tennis or golf with him, or spar with him; to ride with the little daughter, and teach the big one to drive her ponies tandem; or to receive the open-eyed admiration of the small daughter, who still finds skating a sedentary occupation, at your mediocre ability to do the dutch-roll and the outside edge backward — these are really the most refreshing exercises an old chap of "advancing years" can take. There is no question of being bored at such times.

Next to playing with your children, a good form of exercise is walking. They say Sayers, one of the best old-time pugilists in England, did all his training for his fights by walking. Take a long breath and walk gently as far as you can before exhaling. Do this again and again, and thus improve your wind, broaden your chest, and, best of all, provide yourself with oxygen to keep the vital fires going.

In summer, by all means swim. It is probably the best all-around exercise there is. It is good for legs, arms, chest, lungs and heart: and the ocean, once you get to it, is free. If you can go where you can plunge in the "buff" just so much—say fifty per cent at the least—the better.

By all means play golf. It is the best game there is. It has but one rival, and that is court tennis; but it beats court tennis in one essential particular, you can play it out of doors. You can play golf alone: you can play it by an easy method of handicapping, with a poor player or a good player. Your real antagonist is a guttapercha ball, which at times is possessed of seven devils, and you not only get a long walk, and exercise for your arms and shoulders, and capital training for your eyes, but you get a schooling in self-control which no other substitute, domestic or otherwise, can provide. I have been a fourth-rate golf player now for ten years, and yet I never play a round of the game without being stimulated to hope that I may play better. It is like the mirage in the desert. No man ever played his best game, just as no man ever lived his best life; and we play on and live on, always in the hope that some day we may play or live our dream. Now that there are so many golf-courses, some of them public courses, any man, even of moderate income, may play golf.—Collier's Weekly.

Just Fruit.

There's no "medicine" in "Fruit-a-tives,"—no drugs—no poisons "Fruit-a-tives" are the curative principles of fruit juices, compressed into tablets. It's the secret process of preparing them, that makes "Fruit-a-tives" so much more effective than the fresh fruit.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Bilious Headaches, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, just as nature intended them to be cured—with fruit. Cure yourself with Nature's cure that never fails.

At your druggist's. 50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

A "Dye" Soap!

MAYPOLE is a cake of soap that dyes to any desired color or shade. Famous the world over for brilliant, fast, clean, economical, easy, safe dyeing at home. As superior to the old fashioned "powder" dyes as gold is to brass.

Maypole Soap

Made in England, but sold everywhere 10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

The Real Yellow Peril.

Last winter, when, among those of the Russians who were not hoping for war and the defeat of their own country, I inquired the grounds for their contemptuous underestimate of the Japanese, I scarcely ever got for reply more than the citation of Russia's 130,000,000 of population her possession of one-seventh of the dry land of the earth, and the Cossacks. The discussion usually closed with the assertion: "One Cossack can whip ten of these little yellow monkeys."

This faith is based partly on the impression which the Cossacks made upon Western Europe as long ago as the Seven Years' war, and which was heightened by their disorganization of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Napoleon himself pronounced them perfect masters of partisan warfare, furious in attack and impossible to reach, and said that he did not remember having made a prisoner of a single one of them. Finally, he had the Cossacks in mind when he warned Europe that, unless crecked by such a powerful unit as he had sought to construct, Russia would enslave the world. That Napoleon's prediction has not been forgotten may be inferred from the recent assertion in various quarters that the real "yellow peril" is the possibility of the organization of the Mongolian races by Russia, and that a Slavic Jenghiz Khan may direct a new Golden Horde against the west.—The Century.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OLD CAIRO

FOR CENTURIES ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS INSTITUTIONS IN THE WORLD.

Only College of Higher Education Under the Care of Islam Has Over 10,000 Students.

The University of Cairo, El Azhar, as it is called, for centuries has been one of the most famous in the world, and wherever you go in Mohammedan countries you will hear it spoken of as a great institution, one of the greatest, oldest and most influential in all the universe, with a faculty of wise, learned and progressive men. It is the only institution for higher education under the care of Islam, and young Mohammedans of wealth and future responsibilities are sent there from every land in which faith in the prophet is proclaimed. It is perhaps the oldest of all universities, being the outgrowth of the Serapeum, which was established at Alexandria by Ptolemy Sotel 300 B. C., as I wrote you a few days ago, in connection with the great library. Saladin, however, was the actual founder of the present institution, about 1170. He gave it its present home, which it has occupied ever since, and there is not the slightest doubt that at one time it did exercise a powerful influence throughout the civilized portion of the world.

It is not what we would consider a university. At least, it is not arranged or conducted upon the plan we are accustomed to; but it has from 10,000 to 12,000 students from all parts of Turkey, Syria, Algiers, India, Bokhara, Turkestan, Afghanistan and the other Mohammedan countries. Most of them, however, are from Egypt, and the countries immediately surrounding it.

The faculty numbers about 350 moulahs, or priests, many of whom are absolutely ignorant of every branch of learning except the theology of the Koran, which they teach after the interpretation of the sect to which they belong. Several of the professors have a wide reputation for scholarship, and perhaps there is more profound knowledge of the Oriental languages and literature among them than elsewhere.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

There is no regular reorganization of the university. All a student has to do is to sign his name and address in a book at headquarters in the mosque of El Azhar, select the professor whose instruction he desires, and learn what hours that particular professor lectures. Then he will go to the great building, covering several acres of ground. There are no chairs or desks or rooms—only a roof supported by nearly a thousand pillars opening upon the court on four sides. His professor will be squatting on the floor at the base of a particular pillar, where he goes every day, and will be surrounded by his students, to whom he will talk in a familiar way for an hour or two every morning or every afternoon, as the case may be, with or without notes.

A student may make memoranda of the words of the professor, but it is not customary. All the eastern races have extraordinary memories. The professor sometimes furnishes those who require a list of books pertaining to the subject he has under discussion but that is not usual or important. Nor does he ever make any record of the number of pupils who attend his lecture. It is not necessary for him to do so. They pay him no fees; there are no examinations, no marks of merit or demerit. A pupil stays as long as he pleases, and there is no record of his departure. It is a go-as-you-please institution all around.

The professors expect no fixed pay. They have no salaries whatever, and the students are not required to give them anything; but most of them receive a certain number of loaves of bread twice a week, which they can eat or sell or dispose of in any way they like, and that covers their compensation. This bread is purchased from a fund acquired by gifts of land, houses and money and other valuables.

In past years several of the khedives have endowed the institution generously, and rich men in Egypt and other Mohammedan countries have bequeathed considerable sums from time to time, but there is no arrangement for the founding of chairs of the endowment of departments, as we are accustomed to. Professors who win friends for themselves and fame for the university are often recipients of large gifts also. Some of them are very well off and can afford to teach for nothing; others act as tutors for the sons of rich men who do not care to mingle with the crowd at the university, and are well paid while still more practical law or hold clerkships, or are attached to different mosques throughout the city, where they draw salaries.

ANYBODY MAY TEACH.

The professors are not elected or chosen or appointed by any authority. Anybody can teach in the university provided he does not make himself offensive to the other professors and can attract students. As one gentleman explained:

"Any crank with ideas can go there, any day, find an unoccupied place and discourse according to his own pleasure on any subject that may occur to him. He needs no license, and it is not necessary for him to ask permission of anybody. Half the men who are teaching there now were originally volunteers, and this freedom of discussion has been the cause of many heretical factions in the Mohammedan Church. A priest who thinks he has discovered a new interpretation of some passage in the Koran or some new theological doctrine can go to El Azhar, and if he is fortunate enough to find a vacant place on the matting under the pillars he can explain his ideas day after day as long as anybody will listen to him."

Three-fourths of the students are studying theology, but there also are professors of philosophy, astronomy, geography and all the ologies; but very little practical science. Some of the teachers have classes in reading and writing. When we went out there the other day half a dozen had groups of twenty or thirty youngsters under ten years of age circled around them, whom they were teaching to read and write. Several classes, a little older, were studying geography and arithmetic, and I noticed that all of them were using for slates tin from the cans of the Standard Oil Company. They would write their lessons or their exercises with a pen whittled down from a reed and ordinary India ink, and at the close of the class would wash their tin slates clean again. These were volunteer classes, just like the rest, and the men who taught them saved the rent of a schoolroom by coming to the university building to do their teaching.

I also noticed several classes of comparatively old men, who turned out to be priests and other ecclesiastics of the Mohammedan Church, who were having the Koran expounded to them by eminent theologians. But the larger number of the students were young men with earnest and intelligent faces.

THE UNIVERSITY HALL.

Imagine an enormous hall of several acres without partitions, and with a low ceiling not more than eighteen or twenty feet above the floor, supported by innumerable pillars. The floor is covered with palm matting, and sitting cross-legged like tailors in all the costumes of the east were several thousand men and boys varying in age from eight or nine years to seventy years or older. Some of the lecturers talked so loudly that they must have disturbed those around them; others spoke in low, dignified, serious tones. As a rule, the professors were men of intellectual appearance and dignified demeanor. Many of the students were reading from books, and, as they did so, they swayed their bodies back and forth as if they had a very loose hinge at the end of their spines. Some who were listening to lectures did the same, and we were told that this gymnastic performance was introduced at Oriental schools ages ago to keep the students from going to sleep. We noticed also that everybody was studying out loud. This is the practice in all eastern countries. No Turk or Chinaman or Jew or Arab ever reads to himself, and he will tell you that it is necessary for him to hear what he is reading because he cannot understand its meaning by simply looking at the text. When he reads a sentence so that he can hear it, he can remember it, but it is difficult to learn anything through the eyes alone. Hence every school you come to in Japan, China or Egypt, or any of the other eastern countries, can be heard almost as far as it can be seen, and you wonder how a teacher can do anything as long as the murmur of voices continues.

SEVERAL MODERN SCHOOLS.

There are several schools in Cairo of much higher professional standard than El Azhar, and they are conducted upon modern methods. In the city are eight professional schools and technical colleges of a very high grade, teaching law, medicine, engineering, electricity and other sciences. The educational privileges for the common people here and in Alexandria and in some of the other towns are very good; but thus far it has been impossible to extend them rapidly through the smaller towns and villages, because of a lack of teachers. The department of public instruction is well supported by the Government, and is doing as much as possible under the circumstances, but the development of the school system is very slow.

In a recent report the director of education informs us that the number of teachers in the public schools have increased from 499 in 18'8 to 1,344 in 1903, and the number of pupils from 2,534 to 26,321, which, of course, is very encouraging, especially as the number of girl pupils have increased from 338 to 2,140, which shows that light is breaking in upon the Egyptian people, and that the restriction of women is gradually breaking down. In addition to the public schools mentioned, the number of "kuttabs," or Mohammedan parish schools, taught by teachers whose salaries are paid by the Government, have increased from 301 to 722, and the number of pupils from 2,213 to 7,049. Children attending the "kuttabs" are taught in the Koran and the principles of Islam, in addition to a good primary education, and the Government has found it necessary to encourage them, because so many strict Mohammedans prefer their children to go ignorant rather than permit them to attend any but a church school.

COLLEGES FOR TEACHERS.

Three training colleges for teachers established within the last ten years are beginning to be felt in the number of candidates who present themselves for examination. The Government will not allow incompetent teachers to take charge and schools are established as rapidly as competent teachers can be found for them. In 1899 1,560 certificates were granted, the next year 1,753, the next 1,915, and in 1902 2,111. Every successful candidate who presented himself or herself was assigned to a school, but many young Egyptians take advantage of the normal schools to prepare themselves for positions under the Government, instead of becoming teachers. No distinction is made in the appointment of teachers on account of race or religion, and last year of the new teachers appointed 485 were Moslems, 269 were Christians, 231 were Copts and the remainder Jews. In comparison with their numbers the Copts furnish more teachers and more pupils than any other race. The majority of Mohammedans do not take much interest in education, either for themselves or their children.

In addition to these Government schools the superintendent of education schools reports at least 30,000 kuttabs, or parish schools, scattered over the country, attended by about 200,000 children, but they are of little educational value, because their teachers are illiterate, many of them are blind, others are members of the priesthood, and in most of them the teaching is without books, being limited to committing to memory extracts from the Koran. When the Government offers competent teachers for these kuttabs, without cost to the patrons, and provides instruction daily for nine months of the year in reading, writing, arithmetic and other rudimentary branches, the people are generally willing to accept the aid, and thus the kuttabs are being gradually brought under Government control and inspection.

The schools of law, medicine, engineering, agriculture and other branches of science are well located, have competent faculties and are largely attended. Speaking generally, the British "occupation" has been as beneficial to the Egyptian people from an educational as from a financial standpoint.—William E. Curtis, in Washington Star.

IT HEALS THE LUNGS

When Catarrhozone is inhaled it spreads through all the breathing organs, carrying healing to the sore spots. An irritable throat is cured in five minutes, bronchitis it soothes from the first breath. Nothing so certain for Catarrh and colds. Use Catarrhozone, it brings new health to your throat, nose and lungs. Very pleasant and harmless. Try Catarrhozone—the sure cure.

"Whoa" the World Round.

"When I started on my trip around the world I intended," said a horseman, "to find out what was the word for 'whoa' in every language. I had a little book, and in it I intended to make a long list of the various words for 'whoa.'

"Do you know what I discovered? I discovered that 'whoa' is the same in all the languages. The Russian stops his horse with 'whoa,' the Persian stops his with 'whoa,' the Chinaman his with 'whoa,' and the Dutchman his with 'whoa.'

"And 'whoa,' I discovered, has been from the dawn of time the word to stop horses with. The Greeks and Romans used it in a slightly different form—'ohe.' The old English "whoa" was 'ho.'

"A philologist told me the other day that many of our 'animal words'—the words we order our animals about with—for instance, 'co-boss,' the soothing call to the cow, 'Co-boss' comes from the Sanscrit 'gu,' meaning 'to low.' Another cow word, 'soh, soh,' which might be translated 'Please keep still,' come from the Sanscrit 'sough,' meaning 'to stay motionless.' And you know our chicken word—'chick, chick, chick,'—the word spoken in a high key, wherewith we summon our chickens to their meals? Well, that comes directly down to us from the Sanscrit 'kuk,' a domestic fowl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Do you pin your hat to your own hair?

Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor. Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you will never be gray.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Dooley on the Pusuit of Riches

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

"Dear me, I wisht I had money," said Mr. Hennessy.

"So do I," said Dooley. "I need it."

"Ye wudden't get it fr-m me," said Hennessy.

"If I didn't," said Mr. Dooley, "'twud be because I was poor or tired. But what d'ye want money f'r? Supposin' I lost me head an' handed over all me accumulated wealth? What wud ye do with that gr-reat fortune? Befure ye had spint half iv it, ye'd be so sick ye'd come to me an' hand back th' remainin' eighteen dollars.

"A man has more fun wishin' f'r th' things he hasn't got thin injyin' th' things he has got. Life, Hinnissy, is like a Pullman dinin' car; a fine bill iv fare but nawthin' to eat. Ye go in fresh an' hungry, tuck ye'er napkin in ye'er collar, an' square a'way at th' list iv groceries that th' black man hands ye. What'll ye have first? Ye think ye'd like to be famous an ye ordher a dish iv fame an' bid the waither make it good an' hot. He's gone an age an' whin he comes back ye'er appytite is departed. Ye taste th' ordher an' says ye: 'Why, it's cold an' full iv broken glass.' 'That's th' way we always sarve fame on this car,' says th' coon. 'Don't ye think ye'd like money f'r th' sicond coorse?' Misther Rockyfellar over thar has had forty-two helpin's,' says he. 'It don't seem to agree with him,' says ye, 'but ye may bring me some,' ye say. Away he goes an' stays till ye're bald an' ye're teeth fall out an' ye set dhrummin' on th' table an' lookin' out at th' scenery. By an' by he comes back with ye'er ordher but jus' as he's going to hand it to ye, Rockyfellar grabs th' plate. 'What kind iv a car is this,' says ye. 'Don't I get annything to eat? Can't ye give me a little happiness?' 'I wudden't recommend th' happiness,' says th' waither. 'It's canned an' it kilt th' las' man that thried it.' 'Well gracious,' says ye. 'I've got to have something. Give me a little good health an' I'll thry to make a meal out iv that.' 'Sorry, Sir,' says th' black man, 'but we're all out iv good health. Besides,' he says, takin' ye gintly be th' ar-rm, 'we're comin' into th' deepo an' ye'll have to get out,' he says.

"An' there we ar-re. Ye'll niver get money onless ye fix th' waither an' grab th' dishes fr'm th' other passengers. An' ye won't do that. So ye'll niver be rich. No poor man niver will be. Wan iv th' strangest things about life is that th' poor who need th' money th' most ar-re th' very wans that niver have it. A poor man is a poor man an' a rich man is a rich man. Ye're ayether born poor or rich. It don't make anny diff'rence whether or not ye have money to begin with. If ye're born to be poor, ye'll be poor. Th' buttons on ye'er vest tell th' story. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, rich man, or wurruds to that effect. I always find that I have ayether two buttons or six.

"A poor man is a man that rayfuses to cash in. Ye don't get annything f'r nawthin' an' to gather in a millyon iv thim beautiful lithographs iv Salmon P. Chase, ye have to go down ivery day with something undher ye'er arm to th' great pawn shop. Whin Hogan wants four dollars, he takes th' clock down to Moses. Whin Rockyfellar wants tin millyon, he puts up his peace iv mind or his health or something akelly valyable. If Morgan wud hock his priceless habit iv sleepin' late in th' mornin', he wud be able to tell th' time iv day whin he got up without goin' to th' corner dhrug store.

"Look at McMullin. He's rowlin' in it. It bulges his pocket an' inflates his convarsation. Whin he looks at me, I always feel that he's wondhrin' how much I'd bring at a forced sale. Well, McMullin an' I had th' same start, about forty yards behind scratch an' Vanderbilt to beat. They always put th' best man in anny race behind th' line. Befure McMullin gets through he'll pass Vanderbilt, carry away th' tape on his shoulders, an' run two or three times around th' thrack. But me an' him started th' same way. Th' on'y diff'rence was that he wud cash in an' I wudden't. Th' on'y thing I iver ixpicted to get money on was me dhream iv avarice. I always had that. I cud dhream iv money as hard as anny man ye iver see n' can still. But I niver thought iv wurrukin' f'r it. I've always looked on it as dishon'rable to wurruk f'r money. I wurruk f'r exercise an' I get what th' lawyers call an honorary ium be dilutin' th' spirits. Th' on'y way I iver ixpict to make a cint is to have it left to me be a rich ralation an' I'm th' pluthycrat iv me fam'ly, or to stub me toe on a gambler's roll or stop a runnin' horse f'r Pierpont Morgan. An' th' horse mustn't be runnin' too fast. He must be jus' goin' to stop on'y Morgan don't know it, havin' fainted. Whin he comes to, he finds me at th' bridle, modestly waitin' f'r him to weep on me bosom. But as f'r scramblin' down arly in the mornin' an' buyin' chattel mortgedges, I nivir thought iv it. I get up at slvin o'clock. I wudden't get up at a quarter to sivin f'r all th' money I dhream about. I have a lot iv things, ar-round here I cud cash in if I cared f'r money. I have th' priceless gift iv laziness. It's made me what I am, an' that's th' very first thing ivry rich man cashes in. Th' millyonaires ye r-read about thryin' to give th' rest iv th' wurruld a good time be runnin' over thim in autymobills, all started with a large stock iv indolence which they cashed in. Now, whin they cud enjoy it, they can't buy it back. Thin I have me good health. Ye can always get money on that. An' I have me frinds; I rayfuse to cash thim in. I don't know that I cud get much on thim, but if I wanted to be a millyonaire I'd tuck you an' Hogan an' Donahue undher me ar-rm an' carry ye down to Moses.

"McMullin did cash. He had no more laziness thin me, but he cashed it in befure he was twinty-wan. He cashed in his good health, a large stock iv fam'ly ties, th' affection iv his wife, th' comforts iv home, an' wan frind afther awhile. Wanst in a while, late in life, he'd thry to redeem a pledge, but that McMullin wudden't change f'r th' roly-poly. He cashed in his vote, his anthreetism, his rellijon, his rillitives an' finally his hair. Ye heerd about him, didn't ye? He lost ivry hair on his head. They ain't a spear iv vigitation left on him. He's as arid as th' desert iv Sahara. His head looks like an iceberg in th' moonlight. He was in heer th' other day, bewailin' his fate. 'It's a gr-reat misfortune,' says he. 'What did ye get f'r it?' says I. 'That's th' throuble,' says he. 'Well, don't complain,' says I. 'Think what ye save in barbers' bills.' I says, an he wint away lookin' much cheered up.'

"No, Hinnissy, you an' I, me frind, was not cut out be Provydence to be millyonaires. If ye had wawthin' but money ye'd have nawthin' but money. Ye can't ate it, sleep it, dhrink it, or carry it away with ye. Ye've got a lot iv things that McMullin hasn't got. Anybody that goes down to Moses', won't see ye'er peace iv mind hangin' in th' window as an unredeemed pledge. An' annyhow, if ye're reely in search iv a fortune, perhaps I cud help ye. Wud a dollar an' a half be anny use to ye?"

"Life is full iv disappointments," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It is," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye feel that way. It's thrue that a good manny have thried it an' none have come back f'r a post-gradyate coorse. But still it ain't so bad as a career f'r a young man. Ye niver get what ye ordher, but it's pretty good if ye're appytite ain't keen an' ye care f'r th' scanery."

PASSING OF THE OLD NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

FAMOUS AND FAVORITE BREED IS BECOMING SCARCE.

The demand for Newfoundland dogs has been so great of recent months that a dealer in this city declares the supply has been exhausted; that he is unable to obtain a single thoroughbred specimen. A short time ago he wrote to the American consul at St. Johns, Nfld., asking him at what price he could obtain thoroughbred dogs there. The consul replied, stating that he had made an investigation, and that Newfoundland pups could be purchased at $10 apiece, upon which the dealer prepared to give an order for ten young dogs. Before sending for them, however, he received information from the consul that further investigation elicited the fact that there was not, so far as could be ascertained, a thoroughbred Newfoundland dog in the whole island, all of them being crossed with hounds and other dogs.

The consul stated that he learned that the only person known to possess a pure breed of Newfoundland dogs, was a man in Pennsylvania. The dealer accordingly wrote to the latter, only to be told that the demand for his dogs was then much greater than he could supply, and that orders had been placed which precluded any further ones for some years.

"It is well known," said the dealer, "that the smooth breed of Newfoundlands is extinct, but that the other varieties are so nearly so as to render the obtaining one practically an impossibility has come upon me rather in the nature of a surprise. The smooth Newfoundland had a rather small head, and was white in color, with black spots. The breed desired now, and which I have been endeavoring to obtain, is the very large sort, with broad muzzle, head raised, noble expression, wavved or curly hair, and bushy curled tail; black and white in color. A smaller, almost black breed, is also desired, though to a less extent, and is just about as difficult to obtain.

"The popularity of the Newfoundland is due, apart from its handsome appearance, to its remarkable intelligence—its memory is quite wonderful—and its patience and forbearance of temper. It is, however, apt to become irascible under certain conditions, for instance, if kept in confinement—and will then bite even its master. I remember a case in this city of a Newfoundland dog—a magnificent animal—biting a daughter of the household in which it had been reared from a puppy. The dog had always exhibited the gentlest disposition, but gave vent to a sudden outburst of fury, induced, perhaps, by the sight of a picnic basket, which the young lady was packing at the time. The bite did not result in any symptoms of hydrophobia, and there was no reason to suppose that the dog was a victim of rabies. It was shot, however.

"Everyone has probably read of instances where Newfoundlands have rescued children from drowning, and, indeed, these dogs seem to possess the same life-saving instincts as the St. Bernards especially in water. The Newfoundland excels all others as a water dog its paws being half-webbed and its power of endurance in swimming marvelous."

Snail's Sense of Smell.

According to the researches of M. Emile Yung, the sense of smell in the snail seems to be located not only in the feeling organs, but all over the body, as experiment proves that the snail can perceive odors by means of sensory cells which are placed in different parts of the body, quite apart from the special organs which might be supposed to be his only means of sensation. The idea of sensory cells of this kind distributed over the body of an animal is an interesting one, and is clearly brought out in M. Yung's experiments, which form the subject of a paper presented before the Academie des Sciences. He observes the large snail (Helix Pomatia), which is common in France. It has been generally admitted since the observations of Moquin-Tandon that the snail has a good sense of smell, and the organ is seated in the terminal button at the end of the large feelers. Hence the term of nasal organ which he gives to the latter, and the expressions olfactory ganglia or phinophoric, etc., which a number of scientists now use for designating these nerves and ganglia.

The writer explored the body of the Helix with a camel's hair brush dipped in a non-corrosive adorant, such as essence of camomile. He finds that if the olfactory sensibility existed in the large feelers, it is not located there exclusively. The small feelers, the under part, the skin of the back, and, in fact, the entire surface not covered by the shell, is affected by the odor. The numerous experiments which he made show that the snail is still in the state of diffusion of the olfactory sense, and can, in fact, smell odors at all parts of his skin, as Cuvier already supposed. The feelers are more sensitive to odors than on the back, etc., but, contrary to the opinion of Moquin-Tandon, a snail which had its four feelers amputated, did not change its manner of living, and was able to find its food; it also fled from disagreeable or harmful odors. A microscopical examination of the different nerve cells did not show any reason for giving a special sense to one part of the body to the exclusion of the other. The cells differ from each other by their number only. He considers that the cells are capable of receiving different sensations, such as shocks, heat, odors, etc. As to the distance at which the snail can smell odors: He places a dozen or more snails (which have been deprived of food) in a circle, and puts different kinds of food in the center. When the snail perceives the odor he is attracted toward the middle. In most cases the attraction took place at a small distance, an inch or more. Distances higher than this were obtained only by foods giving a very strong odor—very ripe melon. No substance attracted further than sixteen inches.—Scientific American.

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