

Animal Curiosities

A Knowing Canadian Cow—Catching Trout With the Hand—Bloodhounds Run a Printing Press—A Horse Who Herded Sheep—Dogs Go Messages on the Battlefield—Bird Imprisoned in a Flower.

MAGPIE AND CATS.

The pets of the house were three very large black cats, great favorites, immensely spoiled, and very dignified and lazy. As we regarded the Australian magpie somewhat scornfully dallying with his dinner, we saw one of these solemn black felines advancing at its usual dignified pace towards him. A cry rose from the assembled family, "Oh, Tigris will kill the magpie!" The head of the family desired to await developments. There was a painful suspense of breath, as we watched the shaggy black Persian advancing on the plate and the magpie with a steady, unhurried step. The magpie stood aside from the plate, and with head well on one side, watched the oncoming robber. There was a world of meaning in the glance of that wicked gray eye, but it was all lost on the dignified composure of the Persian, who, without deigning to look at the magpie, proceeded to sniff at the contents of the plate. The bird, motionless as a statue, waited till the black whiskers came inquiringly over the edge of the plate; then he made one sudden hop, lunged once, with a lightning stroke of his beak, at the beautiful glossy black muzzle, and was back again in his usual attitude so quickly that one almost felt disposed to doubt if he had ever left it. There was no doubt in the mind of the cat. That lightning stroke of the beak had had much the same effect on the Persian as if a bomb had burst somewhere in its middle. It leaped with a yell five paces backward, its legs extended, every separate hair of its long fur standing off it at full length. When it reached the ground it hesitated not for one moment; no fleeting notion of vengeance crossed its mind; with head and tail pressed, in manner in such a possible to its dignified approach, it retreated at a good round trot to the shrubbery whence it had come.—The National Review.

DOG'S RESPONSE TO A TAUNT.

A dog story has come to the writer's ears which, though not within his personal knowledge, is vouched for to him in an entirely trustworthy way. A certain dog, which was growing old, was in a barn one day with his master. The two were up on a hay mow from which a sloping ladder led down to the barn floor. The master walked down the ladder, but the dog went around by another way. When the dog reached the barn floor his master began to say to him somewhat tauntingly: "Poor fellow! Daren't walk down the ladder any more! Daren't walk down the ladder!" Whereupon the dog, with a quick glance at his master, walked clear up the ladder to the top and then turned around and walked down it. The proceeding looked very much like a deliberate demonstration on the dog's part to his master, that he was still capable of walking up and down a slanting ladder. Did the master understand the taunt, or did he merely catch the words "down the ladder," and take the utterance for a command, which he dutifully proceeded to obey? No one will ever know, probably, since the dog himself can give no account of the matter.

A KNOWING COW.

Wm. Douglas, Q.C., of Chatham, recently purchased in Woodstock a very handsome Jersey heifer, and had it transported home in a G. T. R. box car. This interesting bovine, not finding the narrow passages of the Woodstock yard as the green hills and dales of its Oxford home, finding the gate open the other day, quietly walked down to the G. T. R. freight yards and ensconced herself in an empty box car. The transmission to the place of her birth, when Mr. Douglas appeared on the scene and compelled her to accompany him home.

A WESTERN SCOT'S STORY.

A Scotsman, writing home to Scotland from a Western American city recently, says: "I saw a very funny, but still very interesting, thing the other day. There is a man in the outskirts of the town (Duluth) who has a small printing office which is run by a treadmill. He has two bloodhounds which run the treadmill. It is very amusing to see the two hounds do the work. They are very useful to him. Whenever he wants to go into town he just hitchest the two hounds to a small cart and rides in. They are very fast—I think much faster than a horse."

TROUT TICKLING.

A Milford, Conn., letter says: Old Capt. Lew Nettleton, who lives not far from the junction of the Race Brook with the Wepawang River, has been a customer for years for catfish. All the trout he catches with no other implements than his bare hands. Trout are very plenty in the race, and the shallowness of the stream, combined with its overhanging banks, makes it an ideal place for trout tickling. To those who have angled with fly and bait for this cunning fish, talk about catching them in the hand may seem romance. Nevertheless it is an established fact. Capt. Nettleton fishes only on cloudy or overcast days, when his shadow will not fall sharply upon the stream. Nor can he hope to tickle with any success when the stream is high. Low water is in his favor, for then the trout are hiding in pools and small basins under the banks. He does not first spy out his game, but simply tries at random the favorite lairs. Lying flat on the bank a yard or so back from the edge, he slowly works his way to the edge. Then he lowers one arm cautiously to the water and begins to grope under the bank among the roots and rocks. Very gently his fingers have gently rubbed its velvety sides a second or third time it grows calm and seems to enjoy the sensation. Continuing a steady, soft tickling, the captain slips his hand further and further towards the head of the foolish trout. In cases where the whole operation has been watched from the opposite bank it has been noticed that the fish seems to surrender to the soothing touch as if under the influence of a spell, so that it will lean over upon the bank. When his hand is just back of the gills and the pectoral fins the captain closes on the fish with the suddenness and power of a rat trap. With one quick flit he sends his victim flying over on the opposite bank. So stealthy are the old man's movements that he has been known to tickle four trout, one at a time, from a single pool.

In Scotland, the old man's native country, he says this trick is a very common one, and is called "riddling." The method pursued there is to wade barefooted up to a shallow stream in the hot

season, when the water is very low. The trout will flee before the water and take refuge in secluded nooks under rocks and stumps. Then the riddler proceeds to slip his hand under the rock or root and feel for the trout, which, once under his magic touch, he quickly flings out on dry land or into a basket. Scientists who admit the possibility of trout tickling, says that it is only during spawning season that trout are susceptible to such manipulation. But as the New England brook trout do not spawn until late in July and August, and the captain catches them only in the open season, that is from April 1 to July 1, the practice in his case does not seem to support the theory.

INTELLIGENT ANIMALS.

I do not believe you ever heard of a shepherd horse. A traveler in Switzerland tells us that last summer, in the mountains of Switzerland, he found a shepherd with his flock, who had as his assistant a horse instead of a dog. When the sheep wandered in the direction in which he did not wish them to go, he would speak to the horse, who galloped off and soon brought in the stray sheep, or turned the heads of the leaders in the direction in which the shepherd wished them to go.

Speaking of animals, you will be interested to learn of intelligent service to which these splendid animals, dogs, have been trained. A man in Germany has found that they can be taught to help in the work of aiding the wounded in time of battle. One set of them is society having members all over the world called the Red Cross Society, which does this: a red cross worked on their sleeves lets them go about their work under the protection of both sides engaged in fighting. These dogs have been put under the same protection and are called Red Cross dogs. Colliers are the best for the purpose, that rice being especially hardy, faithful and intelligent. One set of them is trained to follow the surgeon about the field as he hunts for the wounded, carrying across their backs in leather saddle-bags made for the purpose, and marked with the power of red crosses, the bandages, lint, plasters and brandy flask that are first needed when a wounded soldier is found. And if a surgeon uses up the supply of a dog before his work is done, he sends the clever animal in to the hospital headquarters for more, the dog perfectly understanding what is expected of him. Another set of these smart dogs is trained to ambulance service, a long, light dog wagon being built for them to draw the wounded man off from the field to the hospital, where he may be cared for.

A KING SNAKE SAVES A CHILD.

Charley, the 4-year-old son of L. P. Dean, a planter in Natchitoches parish, Louisiana, had a marvelous escape from death recently, and he owes his life to the kindly intervention of a king snake. Dean says he has often heard of the usefulness of the king snake in destroying other snakes, while it is itself perfectly harmless, but he never quite believed this until the other day, when his own child's life was saved so miraculously. Dean himself was away, but Mrs. Dean relates the story in substance as it is given below.

She was upstairs, busy with her sewing, having let little Charley go out into the yard to play. Every now and then she would get up from her work and go to the window to see if he was all right, and to call down a pleasant word to keep him from getting too wild. Presently she became interested in her work, and allowed a longer time than usual to elapse without speaking to him. When she did think of him and go to the window the little fellow was not there. The tree where she had left him, but seemed to have grown tired and wandered off to the edge of a large vine-clad summer house, where he was sitting very still, gazing intently at something which his mother could not see.

After watching him for a while in silence, Mrs. Dean became convinced that something unusual was the matter with Charley, as he was a bright, active child, and never accustomed to sitting so long, even for a moment at a time. By and by she grew alarmed at his stillness, and called to him, but he did not answer. Then following her child's intent gaze the mother was almost paralyzed with fear when she beheld the head of a large rattlesnake protruding through the vines just above Charley's face. The child was gliding quickly between Charley and the rattlesnake, his head raised, arching its back and raising its head. For a moment or two they gazed at each other, then the rattlesnake's fiery eyes wavered and his head drooped, and the king snake was master of the situation. One, two, three sharp strikes from his enemy, and the rattlesnake writhed and squirmed and at last lay dead in his tracks, while the king snake glided gracefully away through the grass, leaving Charley safe and sound.

A BIRD IMPRISONED IN A FLOWER.

A lady of New Orleans relates that some days since the first humming bird of the season made its appearance in her garden, sipping indiscriminately from the wealth of sweets. Late in the afternoon she observed the little fellow hovering around a spike of annunciation lilies, which had shot up perfectly laden with bells. The next morning early when she went out for a stroll through the garden she heard a fluttering and faint cheeping from the neighborhood of the lily bed. For some time she could see nothing to account for the faint sound, but at last was astonished to discover that one of the lily bells had closed its petals, imprisoning the humming bird within. It is probable that the bird had buried its beak to far in and extracted so much honey as to cause the already fading flower to collapse suddenly, thus holding the little fellow close bound all night long.

THE DOG AND THE MONKEY.

A New Iberia, La., letter says: Mrs. B. J. Mayer, living in this parish, has a monkey named Simon, which her brother brought from Central America last summer. While he seems to be very fond of the family, he has an abiding antipathy to strangers, and was never known to permit a visitor to enter the house except under protest. Another of Simon's peculiarities is the intense hatred which he seems to bear Bruno, a big shepherd dog belonging to Mrs. May-

er. Of course Simon's sly nature gives him usually the advantage of the more honest Bruno, but not long since an amusing incident occurred showing that the dog sometimes appreciates the efficiency of a bit of strategy. Simon was taking a quiet siesta sitting up in a big chair with his head hanging over a sill of an open window, when Bruno came into the room and at once took in the situation. Without a bark or a whine to startle the sleeping Simon, Bruno wagged his head gently in a meditative way; then, going up to the window, he mounted upon his hind feet, grasped the sash in his mouth, and with a sharp stroke pulled it down, fastening the monkey by the neck. Simon awakened with a shriek and kept up the liveliest and most persistent screams, but Bruno was implacable, and the monkey was set at liberty by his mistress, much to the dog's disgust.

Boys and Girls.

Aunt Prudence and her weather never agree very well together, so the editor has been giving her a little holiday, and occasionally her department for boys and girls has not appeared every week. Since a first notice several weeks ago, but in future there will usually be found in Saturday's paper this column for young people and their friends. Aunt Prudence hopes there will be many of her girls and boys who will wish to write to her who will try to gain the prizes which are to be given for the best letters on various subjects. The last one, for instance, was to describe the bravest act you ever saw or read about. Several letters reached Aunt Prudence on this subject, but the one which pleased her most was the story of Sir Richard Grenville, the English sea captain, and his plucky little vessel, the Revenge, told in his own words by a bright little boy. If the young writer will send in his address again (which has been mislaid), he will receive his prize of a penknife very shortly. For next week the prize will be a pretty silver buckle for a belt for the best letter on "How you would like to have your own room furnished." Do not exceed a hundred words if you can help it, and let no one be afraid to try. You can never tell what is going to please AUNT PRUDENCE.

Novelties in Houses.

The Monotony of Duplication—Italian Illustrated.

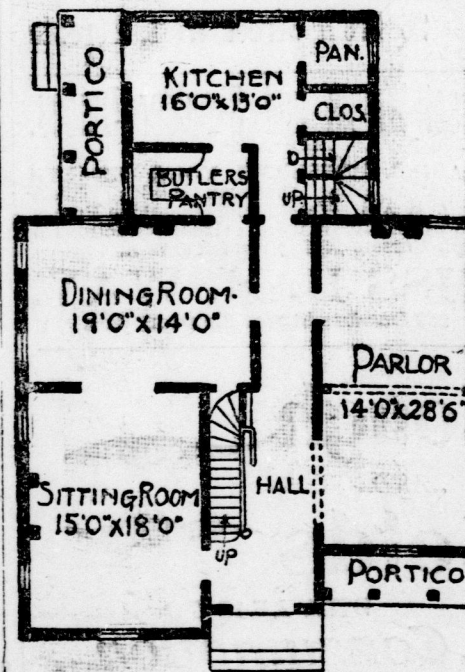
(Copyright, 1895.)

Diversified as are the features of this country in climate, soil, surface and exposure, the style of architecture can be adapted to suit all conditions. A discussion of the subject in detail would embrace a range far too wide for short articles like the present series, and a few general hints are all that can be given. It has been shown in the various styles that have been treated that the Swiss chalet was best suited for the mountain passes, the Swiss cottage for the valley, the gothic structure for the rugged hillside, and the colonial mansion for the city, and to these must be added the Italian villa for the woody slope.



The villa of modern Italy is characterized when on a moderate scale by scattered irregular masses, great contrasts of light and shade, broken and plane surfaces, and a large variety of outlines against the sky, the blank wall in which the eye sometimes reposes, the towering campanile boldly contrasted against the horizontal line of roof, broken only by a few straggling chimney pots, the row of equal sized, closely placed windows. Contrasting with the plane space and side window of the projecting balcony, the prominent portico, the continued arcade, the terraces and the variously formed and disposed outbuildings all combine to form that picturesque whole which distinguishes the modern Italian from every other style of architecture.

A leading advantage of the Italian style is that an addition can readily be made at any time, and often with great improvement on the original structure. This is a strong point considered with reference to the American building. Hundreds of persons of moderate fortune desire to improve their residences at a future period, and by adopting a design of this style a little foresight leaves everything in a favorable state for additions, yet giving at the same



FIRST FLOOR

time an appearance of present completeness. While there are natural conditions that point to the adoption of some particular style in a neighborhood, it is not a good policy to have a number of houses of the same design adjoining, or indeed to repeat a design at all in the same place. The outward arrangement is but a part of what should constitute the general effect, and component parts of this are the landscape at large and adjoining houses in particular. If

it is all important to show good taste and judgment in selecting a design, it is quite as important that taste should reign in all other details. Many of the most beautiful sites in the suburbs have been ruined by speculative builders, who have bought large plots, cut them into building lots, obtained a single design from an architect, and to save small expense built a row of houses all alike. The group of houses always bears the builder's name, no matter who may live in the separate dwellings, and this should be a crying reproach, for no beauty of location or of structure can make good this breach of taste.

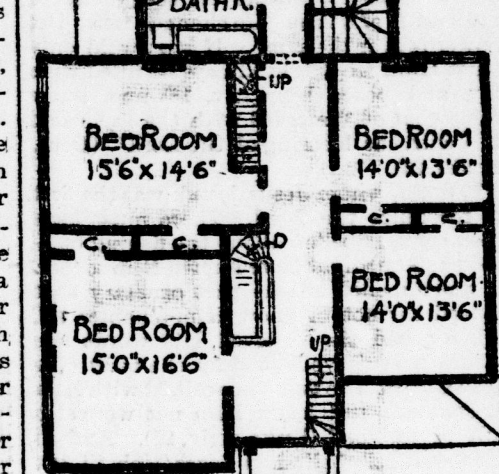
But to return to the description of Italian architecture as developed in this country. A general description of the design illustrating this article might be given.

Dimensions: Width, 40 feet; depth, 54 feet.

Heights of stories: Cellar, 7 feet 6 inches; first story, 10 feet; second story, 9 feet 6 inches.

Exterior materials: Foundation, brick; first and second stories, clapboards; roof, tin.

Interior finish: Three coats plaster, sand finished; tinted colors to suit owner in halls, dining and sitting rooms; where the hall and white finish. Plaster centers and cornices in hall, parlor, dining



SECOND FLOOR

and sitting rooms and large front bedroom. Main staircase, oak. Dining room and hall floor, also trim, oak; elsewhere flooring and trim is of soft wood. Bathroom and kitchen wainscoted. Panel backs and picture molding in principal rooms of first story; chair rail in dining room. All interior woodwork with exception of parlor, grain filled and finished natural with hard oil varnish. Parlor trim, white and gold paint.

Colors: Trim, including cornices, ceilings, etc., cream white; clappboards, paneling, etc., red; sashes, dark green; outside doors and brickwork, oiled.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar, under whole of house, with inside and outside entrances and concrete floor. Wide portiere openings connect dining room and parlor and hall; plaster arch in parlor; open fireplace in parlor, dining room, sitting room and bedroom over sitting room. Portable range, sink and boiler in kitchen. Laundry, with two sets of tubs in cellar. Bathroom, with full plumbing in second story. Attic unfinished, but floored for storing purposes. Separate stairway to campanile. Inside sliding blinds to all windows of first and second stories.

In the vicinity of New York, this design as described, not including mantels, range or heater, would cost little short of \$7,500, though in many sections of the country where labor is cheaper it could be built for 10, 15 or perhaps 20 per cent less.

The design, however, is subject to many feasible modifications, according to the wishes of the builder, who should, however, always consult with the architect, that he may not destroy the artistic appearance of the house, and who may advise him as to the feasibility of his suggestions.

General dimensions, materials and colors may be changed, cellar may be reduced in size; portico may extend around parlor side. Any or all fireplaces and part or all of the plumbing may be omitted. Parlor may be divided in two, making the rear portion a library. Double sliding doors may be substituted for portiere openings; dining room may be enlarged about four feet by dispensing with passageway from kitchen to hall.

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Marking the Lambs.

In a Sunday school, when the lesson of the Good Shepherd was being explained, the question was asked, "How does the Good Shepherd know his sheep?" Young Washington, who had been visiting his uncle's sheep farm, thought he knew. "Tell the class my dear," said the teacher. "Some he sits their ears and some he marks red chalk," said the boy. These would be distinguishing marks indeed, but not more so than are the marks of health on the countenances of those who use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For all blood taints, from whatever cause arising, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections, its equal does not exist.



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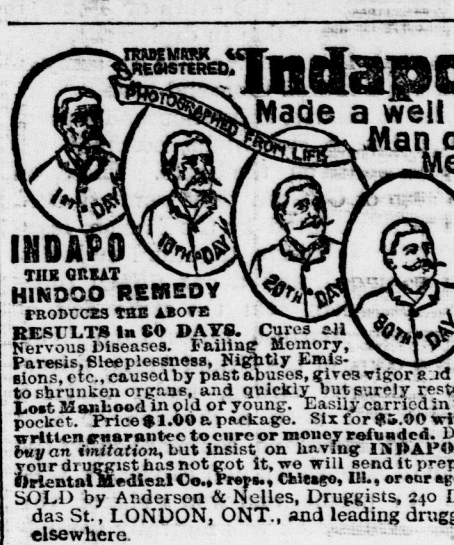
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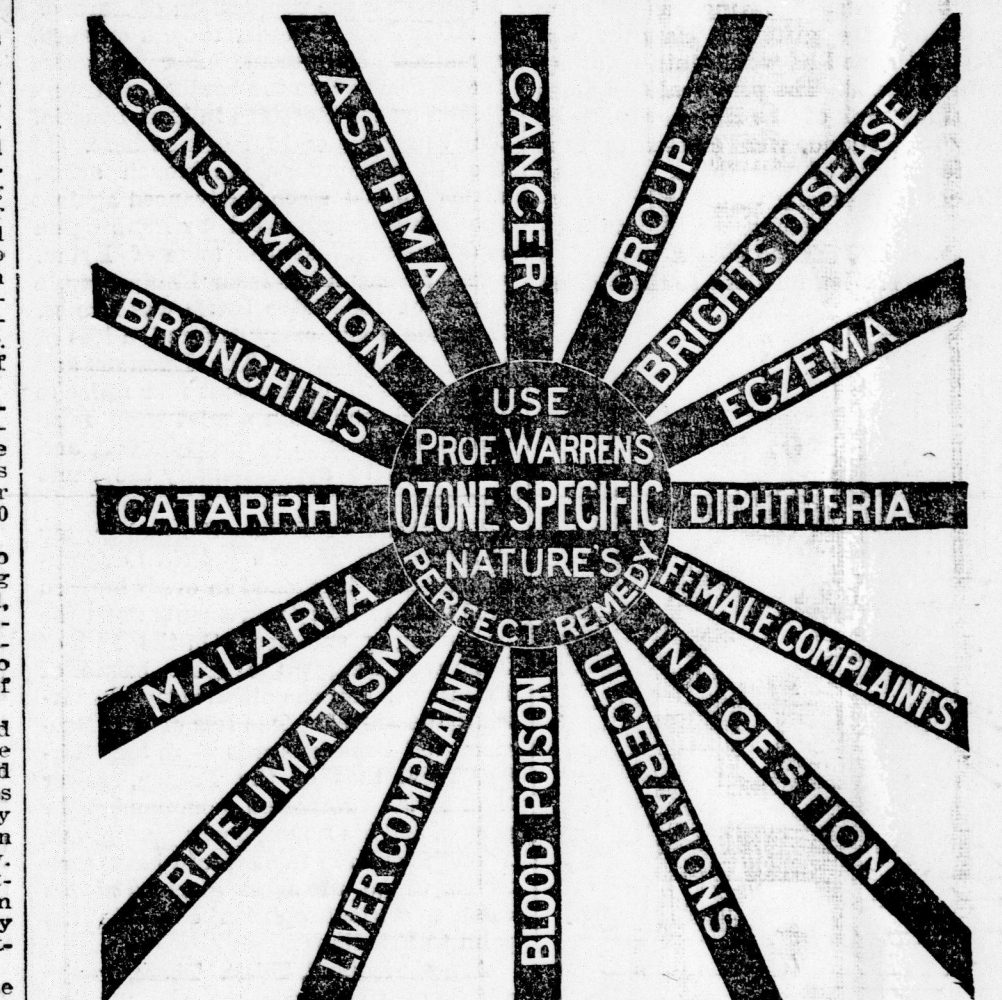
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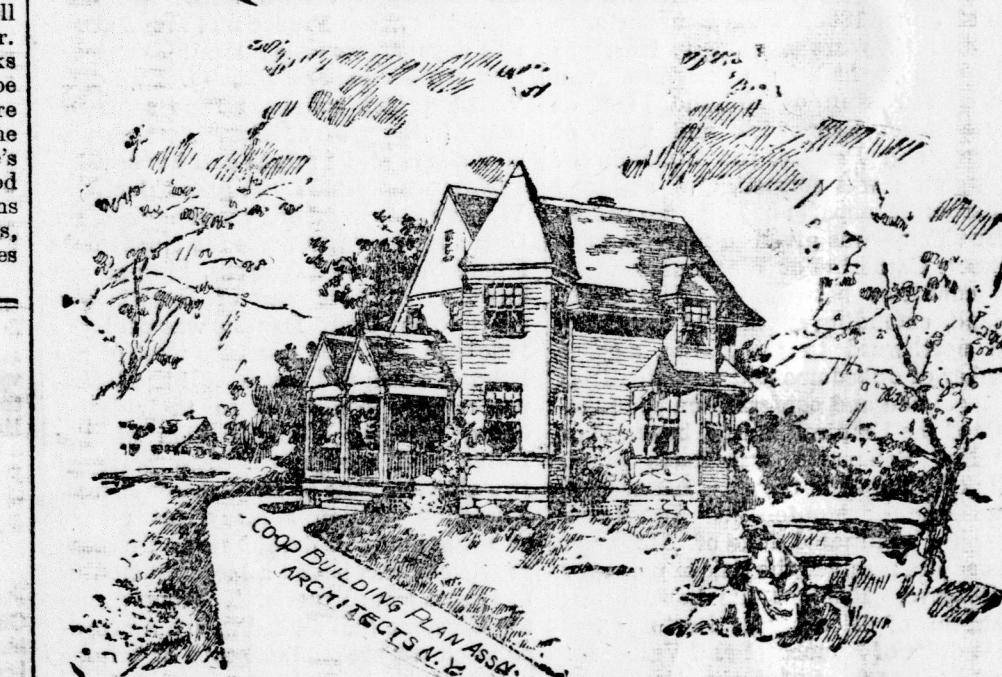
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