

A Robber Horse—Parrots Which Sang Psalms—
A Cat Nurses a Baby Rat—Vest Pocket Edition
of a Horse—Some Dog Stories—Horses Fight a
Band of Wild Animals.

TO DO WISE DOGS.

The dog I am about to speak of discounts all intellectual dogs known to the business, and even the "educated dog." This dog is of the water spaniel variety, and he lives in the East End. The funny thing about this dog is that he won't walk any more than that he absolutely won't. He doesn't have to walk down town either, for he has to wait until a car comes along and "dead-ends" his way.

He makes a call or two on Lower West, and then rides home at 5 o'clock in the evening this dog has been known to go out on the street and pick out a Cedar avenue car from all the different lines and varieties of automobiles along that street. He is crowded thoroughfare at that hour.

When he gets home this dog gives a yelp, and the motorman stops to let the passenger off.

Speaking of cars reminds me of another briciny variety. This one was an Irish setter, and was raised up in an army post in the northern part of Montana, and freedom, of ever, saw a pair of his William cloth shoes. Everything was brass buttons and Indians with the Montana dog.

When his master was ordered to the front along with the army, the dog was unused to city life and missed the brass buttons.

The dog was not vicious, but he eyed every man in the attitude of a cowed and suspicious. But the dog found a few friends. The postman and policeman on the beat immediately fell in

light had come, and the sentinels the night were coming into camp, on the wild horses rushed into view below us. On the instant we observed their gallop, and while four-fifths of the men were on their feet, the captain's horse uttered a snort, and the captain must have been taken for a single moment. He reared up, shook his head and snatched an angry look, and freed himself from his high seat. In the same instant he was on every other horse. In the command secured his liberty. Some pulled up, some worked their heads clear of the straps, and away went the whole bunch down the valley. It was not a moment before we naturally feared, Even if we could not naturally capture our animals, we desired to free the backs of the free they would have been snuffed. Our horses were bunched, and in a solid bunch they drove right through the lines of the wild horses and were not a moment in being applied on the grass as they passed. The

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for
Busy Readers.

NE of the British papers tells an amusing story apropos of a recently published novel, in which the heroine is a flock of tame pigeons, the birds' spokesman named "Saturday Review," "Speaker." The late Robert Browning had two tame geese, to whom he gave the names "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly." "These names for my

at their tiresome boys of 14, now Eton or Harrow, and wondering if they will wear well and be able to resist the stress and strain of circumstances till the new century dawns, when they can lay what is left of them at the feet of Lady Mary Douglas and assure her that they love her just two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year better than any girl they have

tion of Dr. Giles de la Tourette and others to be searchingly directed upon the immoderate use of coffee. They are not long in coming to the conclusion that coffee was responsible for a great deal of disease that had been commonly attributed to the abuse of alcohol. For instance, a form of dyspepsia arising from excessive coffee-drinking or tea-drinking produces phenomena which are not infrequently

years. In farming or the seafaring, or some other vocation in which the energy is more equally distributed over the entire body, the mind does not lose its cunning so early. Sometimes it retains its skill until the duties generally commence to give way. It is the sedentary occupation that is the enemy of the mind, and, and the only remedy for it is such