

A Squirrel Kills a Rattlesnake.

A story so strange that it seems almost incredible comes from the Zoological Garden. Yesterday afternoon a little squirrel killed a rattlesnake about to devour it, and the aggressor became the victim. It is customary to place live animals, such as the rabbit, the rodent, or the squirrel, in the dens of the reptiles. The snakes, when they are hungry, with fearful deliberation approach their terrified prey, and relentlessly devour it. The squirrel crouched tremblingly in a corner of the snake's abode, and seemed to understand that it would soon be food for the disgusting creature. Slowly but surely the rattlesnake crawled toward the squirrel, but the bunnie quickly jumped on a perch above the deadly reptile's head. The long flat head was raised upon the perch, and the forked tongue spit forth its venom. But the squirrel, with a sudden spring, alighted on the back of the snake and bit off one of his rattles. The wounded reptile wheeled quickly round and struck the little hero a fearful blow, breaking the right hind leg. Brave little fellow, once more he leaps beyond the reach of his maddened foe. Another spring and the squirrel was triumphant. He caught the snake behind the head, and with one firm thrust of his sharp white teeth decapitated the slimy monster and fell exhausted by the wiggling mass; but the battle had been won and the snake was dead.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, Dec. 4.*

A HEN THAT SANG.—A novel case was heard before Squire Wilson, of East Nottingham township, Chester County, Pa., recently. Last spring a farmer of East Nottingham had thirty chickens stolen. Summer wore away, but no traces of the lost fowls. A few days ago the chicken owner visited a farmer in the same township, and while looking at the fowls on the premises saw a hen which he thought resembled one of the number stolen from him. He enquired how the farmer obtained it, when a conversation followed, and concluded by the poultry owner saying, "If that chicken comes to me when I call her by name she is mine." This was agreed to. "Annie, Annie," called the owner, and sure enough the hen came to him. "Jump upon my hand." Up jumped Annie. "Now sing for a grain of corn, Annie," called the owner. The pretty little hen immediately began to sing in her fowlish style a solo which fully convinced the two men to whom she rightfully belonged. The thief and pet chicken were brought before the Squire, who heard the story and Annie's solo, and sentenced the thief.—*Reading News.*

A Recommendation.

The Greenbush, N. Y., *Gazette* has devised this original and ingenious triple acrostic: Read the capitals of the first nine lines down in their order, then read the capitals in the two succeeding lines in their order, then read the capitals in the two succeeding lines as they come; then heed what you read.

All you merchants who	Industriously	Toil.
Dealers in varnish, in	Fishes, or	Oil,
Velvets, music or furs,	Yankee notions or	Shoes,
Eggs, butter or cheese,	Or whatever we	Use;
Robe, wagon or harness,	Umbrellas or	Crash,
Trying in all	Ways to rake in the	Cash,
In vain are your efforts,	In vain riches	Expect,
Save you show up your	Stock with glowing	Effect.
Each day in the paper a	Half column will	Do.
Despise Our Injunction,	Then Obstinacy Rue,	
Bring Unsuccessfulness,	Sheriff To.	

MORE CARVING.—Here is a little story with a very piquant flavor of French sauce, though prepared by American hands. A splendidly gilt dining-room, with almost nothing on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dinner, on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste."

"And pray what change would you make?" asked the host.

"Well," he answered, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding;" and here he glanced furtively at the dining-table, "and more carving."

How Savages Swim.

Nature, in an article in regard to the swimming of savage people, says: "The Indians on the Missouri river, when they have occasion to traverse that impetuous stream, invariably tread water just as the dog treads it. The natives of Joanna—an island on the coast of Madagascar—young persons of both sexes, walk the water, carrying fruit and vegetables to ships becalmed, or it may be lying-to in the offing miles away. Some Croomen, whose canoe upset before my eyes in the seaway on the coast of Africa, walked the water to the safe-keeping of their lives with the utmost facility, and I witnessed negro children on other occasions doing so at a very tender age. At Madras, watching their opportunity, messengers with letters secured in an oilskin cap plunge in the boiling surf and make their way, treading the water, to the vessels outside, through a sea in which an ordinary European boat will not live.

A Dog's Fidelity.

A curious and interesting exhibition of canine fidelity came under our observation on the day after Thanksgiving. On Curtis Street, between Washington and Madison, at six o'clock on the morning above mentioned, there was to be seen a dog of not over-refined breed, watching by the dead body of another dog, with all the appearances of mystified grief and undespising affection. The survivor would lie on his dead friend, with the evident hope of warming him back to consciousness; would snuggle alternately at either side of the carcass, and, failing to get a response to his caresses, would lick the frozen body with the tenderness of a cow to her new-born calf. Passers-by were threatened by the faithful sentinel, and other dogs were especially under ban of his displeasure. At times he would sit or crouch at a little distance from his dead, watching the rigid, motionless remains with every attitude and gesture of silent, woe-begone solicitude.

It was in vain that the residents of the neighborhood endeavored to draw him away with the offer of food and warmth. Coaxing and threatening were equally useless. At length two boys, whom the watcher evidently knew, succeeded in trying a rope around his neck and drawing him away, the picture of reluctant acquiescence. Until the corner was turned, and he disappeared from our sight, he would, at intervals or a few steps, tug at the rope and look back in the subdued but persistent concern. There are many instances related in the books of such fidelity to a human friend or master after death, but we do not remember reading of any such exhibition over the body of a canine companion.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Rev. John Jasper's Philosophy.

On the Washington train I met Rev. John Jasper, the "Sun-do-move" philosopher from Richmond. Mr. Jasper maintains that this theory—that the world stands still, and that the sun moves around it—is true.

"Ef de sun don't move," said Mr. Jasper in the most solemn manner, "den why did Joshua command it to stan' still? No, sir, de minesters who tell you dat de sun stands still and dat de world moves round her—why, dey is mistaken. Dey is lying to de people, and ef dey don't change dere b'leef, dey will die in dere sins."

When I asked Mr. Jasper what his theory of the telegraph was, he said:

"Well, de telegraf stan's to reason. I see de principles of de telegraf 'lustrated every day."

"How, Mr. Jasper?" I asked.

"Well, de oder mornin' my dog stood in de doorway. His tail was in de kitchen, while his head was in de dinin' room. When he was standin' dere my wife she trod on de dog's tail and bark, bark! bark! went de dog in de oder room. Now dat was de principles of de telegraf 'lustrated. De tail was one end of de telegraf and de mouf was de oder. De bark was de 'click,' 'click' of de machine. Now, ef dat dog had been big 'nuff to reach from Richmond to Washington, den I could have trod on his tail down dere and de bark could have been heard all over de Capital. Yes, sah, de telegraf is plain 'nuff, and de movement of de sun is plain 'nuff, too, ef de people wouldn't pervert de Scriptures." *Ed Perkins.*