Story of the Week:

### Mr. Milldue's Reappearance.

Peter Milldue so conscientiously followed the example of the lilies of the field, the lotus eaters and other Bohemians, in taking no care for anything, that he greatly resembled a

Mr. Milldue lived alone. When he told the elderly, garrulous woman who cooked his meals that she might take a holiday, as he was going away for a week, he surprised her to speechless-

"Come in on Wednesday morning," were his last words.

The Wednesday arrived. Mrs. Murphy was later than usual. The wheezy old clock in the kitchen struck 10 as she dished the eggs and bacon. But as Mr. Milldue never rose until his breakfast was ready, she carried the meal upstairs and knocked at the chamber door. "Come in," said a voice.

Mr. Milldue's chamber was occupied by a clean-shaven dapper gentleman, emartly dressed, and not in the least like the Shingleton "character." "I beg pardon, sir, I thought as Mr.

Milldue was here." "So he is," coolly replied the un-known, "I am Mr. Milldue."

The trayful of crocks struck the floor heavily. Mrs. Murphy did not stay to pick up the fragments. She tumbled down the stairs, banged the front door behind her and rushed bareheaded to

the police station. 'What's the matter?" asked Inspector Bolter, who chanced to be on duty. The inspector went back with her himself. It was necessary to knock; Mrs. Murphy had left her latchkey in the kitchen; the door was opened by the dapper gentleman who had caused so much alarm.

'That's him," said the Irish woman in a loud whisper. "Hold your tongue. I want to see Mr. Milldue," the inspector added. The unknown reddened. "I-I'm Mr.

Milldue." he stammered. "So you're Mr. Milldue, are you?" the inspector continued. have believed it if you hadn't told me." He produced a notebook. "Think I'd better take your answer down. What

do you say your name is?"
"Peter Milldue. Surely you know me, Mr. Bolter.' "No, I don't; I never saw you before that I am aware of. Where do you

"Here. I have lived here nearly ten "That'll do, young man. You're in You can pitch that tale to custody. somebody else."

"What are you going to charge me "Being on Mr. Milldue's premises for an unawful purpose." 'It's absurd! Look here. Now that

silly woman, who couldn't keep a secret to save her life, is gone. I'll-The man in custody stopped as if he had suddenly changed his mind. Thrusting his hand into his breast pocket he produced a sheaf of letters "These will nd a banker's passbook. satisfy you," he said.

Inspector Bolter examined them. All the envelopes were addressed to "Feter He opened tic Milldue, Esq.' "Peter Milldue" stared him in

"They're good evidence that you have robbed Mr. Milldue, and they'll be produced in court." "In court!" cried the prisoner in alarm. "Give me my letterts!"

"They are not yours." The inspector but them in his pocket. The return of Mrs. Murphy with a

constable put an end to the conversation. The inspector ordered :-- cificer to take the prisoner to the police sta-"It's a queer case," muttered the

inspector; "see if there is anything missing." They sought him high and low-in the attic, the cellar, the water

in every conceivable place. Acting on Mrs. Murphy's suggestion, the intor examined the back garden for traces of a newly made grave. "It's as plain as the nose on my face

that he's been murdered and done away with," she said, and scrutinized the washhouse copper and stock of

When convinced that Lombard Villa did not contain Mr. Milldue, dead or alive, the inspector locked the doors put the keys in his pockets and called on the neighbor. He learned nothing except that the missing man would not be missed if he never returned, which was scarcely news. Inspector Bolter returned to the po-

lice station. 'Rum go this, sir," said the sergeant "What's that?"

"This chap as says he is old Milldue, When he isn't crying in the cell like a baby, he's vowing awful vengeance on us all.' Shingleton Police Court was

crowded. Mrs. Murphy had told every-body she knew that Mr. Milldue had been murdered. Mr. Bompas, J.P., had heard the news and was almost punc-"Call the man who says he's Mill-

due," said the Magistrate's clerk. The next moment the prisoner stood in the dock. He did not look the worse for the brief confinement. His black hair was smooth, his attire unwrinkled. Asked his name, he replied as before:

"Peter Millaue." "Ridiculous!" cried the Magistrate. "The height of absurdity. Don't ask him any more questions. Inspector, him any more questions. what do you know about him?'

Mr. Bolter told the story of the arrest, adding: "I apply for a remand, your Worship. the prisoner addressed to Mr. Milldue by a lady. I have not yet communicated with her. I propose to do so to-

"I forbid you!" shouted the prisoner, shaking his fist at the inspector in great excitement. "I won't allow you to communicate with Miss Tapley in any way.'

Here, in the newspaper reports of the case, the word "sensation" was inter-"The Inspector will do his duty." said

the magistrate. "You are remanded for Now, only a few years back Shingleton had consisted of three fishermen's huts and a coast guard station. It was

a brand new town, and the disappearance of Mr. Milldue was its first mystery. Naturally it reveled in it.

Meanwhile Inspector Bolter took the first train to Bamford-super-Mare, with

Mr. Millaue's correspondence in pecket. He found the writer of the letters without difficulty. Miss Tapley proved to be good looking, dignified lady of 30 or thereabouts. She admitted correspondence at once "Mr. Milldue is missing," said the in-

"He has probably gone to London He told me he would go yesterday,' she said.

letter from his pocket-book. "Do you recognize this?" 'Yes: it is an authority I gave Mr. Milldue to receive the money and securities mentioned therein on my be-

"Humph." Inspector Bolter took a

"This letter-this authority," continued the police officer, impressively, "was taken from a man, a stranger in Shingleton, whom I arrested in Milldue's house. He declared he was Milldue himself. There is no doubt in my mind that he was aware Milldue was going to receive this money, and that accounts for Milldue's mysterious disappearance. He wouldn't go to London without this paper."

"No. He was going entirely on my account—to obtain the money. Do you suspect that he has been-that something has happened to him?" Miss

Tapley seemed in great distress.
"I knew Mr. Milldue very well when I was a child, 20 years ago. I have lost sight of him until about a week since. He had learned that I am entitled to a large sum of money, and that I was being advertised for, and he came over to seek me. He stayed here a week. He returned to Shingleton the day before yesterday."

Two hours later Inspector Bolter conducted Miss Tapley to the prisoner's cell door and removed the cover of the spying hole.

'Gracious! what an escape!" she whispered. The police officer took her aside.

"I thought you would know him," he said. "In fact, I was sure of it. Now we have a clue to Mr. Milldue's disappearance. Who is he? "Mr. Milldue himself!"

"Oh, nonsense!" "Well, he is the man who came to Bamford as Mr. Milldue. As I said, I had not seen him for 20 years. If he is not my uncle's old friend, my escape is most fortunate.'

"What do you mean?" "He-he asked me to marry him, undertaking to get this money if I would do so. I understand there are difficulties and expenses. I felt very grateful, and—and I consented." Inspector Bolter looked the picture of

puzzled police officer. Recovering, however, he dispatched Miss Tapley to London to the solicitors who were supposed to have advertised for her. It was necessary to know whether the story told by the mysterious prisoner were true or a fabrication. Then he wired to the county town for the assistance of a couple or detectives.

They came. They searched Lombard villa by way of a start, but discovered nothing of importance.

The almost fruitless search ended, Inspector Bolter took his assistants to the prisoner's cell, in the hope that they would recognize him

"Thought you said that he was a young fellow?" said the first to look through the spying hole.
"So he is," whispered the inspector, applying his eye. He started back instantly as pale as a corpse. "I am a ruined man," he gasped. The next moment he had the door un-

locked and stood within the cell. The prisoner had changed to an old man almost bald. The few hairs remaining were white. He was asleep, with his head bowed over the table. On the floor lay a wig. "What do you mean by this. Mr

Milldue?" he cried furiously.
"What do you mean by it?" was the ejoinder after an astonished pause. 'Didn't I get black in the face telling you I was myself and nobody else D'ye think I was going to let all Shirr-gleton know why I chose to make myself look young and smart again? Thanks to your stupidity, the folks will know, I suppose; but if you've done me out of a wife and \$50,000 into

e bargain you'll be sorry for it as ag as ever you live!" No time was lost in getting the Shingleton "character" outside the police court. As he left the building a telegram was handed to the downcast prime mover. He tore open the envel-

From Tapley, London, to Bolter, police station, Shingleton. Money all right."

"That settles it!" exclaimed the un-fortunate inspector. "I'll have to clear out of Shingleton."

And he did. The marriage of Mr. Milldue to Miss Tapley was announced shortly afterward.-London Answers.

### Dreams and Visions.

Strange Foreshadowing of Events-Do We Always Dream While Asleep? Dreams have always been looked

upon as having something of a pro-

phetic significance, although in our

own day that notion is gradually dis-

appearing, The idea, no doubt, had its origin in the circumstance of dreams having been so much employed in Scripture as a means of warning and instructing the leaders of God's chosen people. In secular history, of course, we have many authentic fulfillments of dreams. There is, for example, the case of Lord Lyttleton. This nobleman died three days after a singular dream, in which he was warned of his approaching dissolution. It may be, however, that the dream had the effect of actually causing the death through the mental shock of the supposed warning acting prejudically on the system. Indeed, it has been suggested that Lyttleton committed suicide as a result of the dream. The two following instances, for the truth of which he vouches, are recorded by Dr. Abercrombie in his "Intel-lectual Powers." A Scottish clergyman who lived near Edinburgh, dreamt one night when on a visit to that town that he saw a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. On awaking he instantly got up and returned home with the greatest speed. He found his house on fire, and was just in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm, had been left in a place of danger. Again two sisters had been for some time attending a sick brother, and one of them had bor-

rowed a watch from a friend. They were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder awoke in great agita-tion to tell her sister that she had had frightful dream. "I dreamt," said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you, you replied that worse than that had happened, for our sick brother's breath had stopped also." The watch, however, was found to be going correctly, and the brother sleeping quietly. The dream recurred the next night, and on the following morning one of the sisters having occasion to seal a note, went to get the watch from a writing desk in which she had deposited it, when she found that it had stopped. She rushed into her brother's room in alarm, remem-

been suddenly seized with a fit of suffocation and had expired. It has been seriously contended that in sleep we are always dreaming. The notion was a favorite one with Lord Erougham, and it is supported by the experience of Sir William Hamilton, who defied his friend to wake him at any hour without finding him busy with a vision. The idea is supposed however, to have received a physiological coup de grace from the well-

bering the dream, and found that he

known case of the lady at Montpel-lier. This lady's brain, owing to an accident, was visible during sleep, and it exhibited for long hours the physical signs of profound repose. But even in this case there is nothing to prove a complete suspension of mental activity as distinguished from consciousness, and many have argued that the very existence of the brain implies movement of a kind. What kind of movement is the question. Some suppose a mass of rushing images blurring each other—a sort of mad gallop of the faculties without the guid-ing hand of the will; and act of registering nothing in consciousness; a set of poor beginnings of thought that never come to a shapely end.—Ladies' Treasury.

#### A Hudson's Bay Ruin.

At the mouth of the Churchill River, Hudson's Bay, are the remains of the old fort, Prince of Wales, that was taken by the French 103 years ago. The fort had been erected about twen ty years before it was captured, and was constructed of heavy blocks of dressed granite, prepared by workmen who were brought out from England. It took several years to build the fort; the walls on either side were each 200 feet in length, 20 feet high, and Within were commodious | Sentinel.

stone buildings, usually containing large supplies of goods and stores of every description, and immense quantities of valuable furs, gathered from every portion of the Northwest, even from the shores of the Polar Sea. Forty-two heavy cannon defended the fortress from an attack of an ordinary kind, but on the 8th of August, 1782, there appeared advancing to-wards the fort three French ships of war that had come through the straits, which many still pretend to think are not navigable. Two of the ships carried each 42 cannon, and the third ship carried 74 guns. As there were only 39 men in the fort, against 400 French, the fortress was given up without any fighting. All the rich furs were taken to France, the goods were either removed or destroyed, and an effort was made to demolish the fort, but owing to the strength of the masonry the work of destruction was not completed. Much of the ruin, which is the largest in North America, still remains. The old cannons are fartly or wholly covered by the great stones that have fallen or that were thrown from the walls. The ancient wells still contain water, and the great guns and large iron balls that lie around are objects of interest to the skin-clad Indians who sometimes visit the forsaken fortress. England nade France pay well for the furs and the damage done, but the old strong-20 feet wide at the top and 30 feet at | hold has not been rebuilt .- Pilot Mound

# Missing Links

Gossip from Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers,

A NEW book by the Duke of Argyll, one he had when he first entered the ntitled "Law in Christian Theology," Austrian army. Five years ago Mr. Ccok, of the tourist agency, bought the entitled "Law in Christian Theology," will soon be published by Murray, and wil complete the argument begun in his "Unity in Nature," and continued in "The Reign of Law."

MUSTAPHA KAMEL, a lawyer of Cairo, representing the "Egyptian Patriotic League," whose object is to drive the English out of Egypt, is in Vienna, trying to interest European politicians in his society.

A DIAMOND from the De Beers Mines in South Africa, naturally shapsome resemblance to Lord Salisbury, is to be seen in a jeweller's window in New Bond street, London.

AT St. Mary-at-Hill Church in Eastcheap, London, the ladies' choir is robed in "plain white tunic and black velvet cap, that has the full approval of one of the leading English bishops, but the white tunic is not a surplice.

MANUFACTURERS of patent medicines can find an excellent market for their goods in China. According to the report of a British consul the Chinese are down in health and in need of a nos-trum. Extract of beef they consider sovereign panacea. DURING a terrible thunder storm at

Albois, France, a 72-year-old farmer killed his wife and threw her body into a well; next he locked his little grandson into a room and set fire to the house, and then went to the barn and hanged himself. NOT long ago the 2-year-old child of

a Berlin day laborer died of starvation. The frenzied father, to save his darling from the potter's field, took the body in his arms and went begging wherewith to give it decent burial. He was arrested as a mendicant A FAMOUS reliquary in Limoges

enamel, that once held the bones of St. Valeria, has been recently acquired by the Cluny Museum in Paris. It is 11 1-2 inches by 4, and is adorned by a figure of the virgin mantyr, seated on a throne, with the head in high

IN THE River Tay, opposite Errol an ancient Caledonian canoe was recently discovered and is now in the Dundee Museum. It is formed from a single oak trunk, hollowed out, probably by fire, is 29 feet long and 4 feet wide at the stern, narrowing to 2 feet

at the bow. A WOMAN named Butler is the first of her sex to vote at a general election in England. Her name was put by mistake on the voting list at Barrow, and the presiding officer at the polls held that he had no authority to inquire into her sex when her name was

once on the list. KING MENELIK of Abyssinia, according to Mr. Flad, a German missionary, is surrounded by French and Russian agents. He asserts that he will whip the Italians, and then, crossing the Red Sea, will free Jerusalem, as the direct descendant of David and

JOHN DUNN is dead again. He was the white man who had lived for twenty years among the Zulus when the Tritish attacked Cetewayo, and who was made Governor of Zululand by Sir Garnet Wolseley after the war was over. His death has been reported a number of times.

WHEN the Empress of Austria takes her daily walk of four of five miles she wears a short black dress that does not on wherever she wishes and her Greek teacher follows close behind, talking Greek or reading to her. She has to get a new teacher every year.

PICCADILLY, London, at night now presents the same sights that used to be seen in Trafalgar Square. Hundreds of people are stretched out asleep until 5 in the morning on the pavement bordering on the Green Park. Some spread newspapers under them, but the greater part lie down on the bare ground.

WHEN the Mahdi died, reports Slatin Pasha, he appointed three Khalifus who were to succeed him in turn. The present Khalifa was the first to inherit the power, and though the other two are still living, he is intriguing to pass it on to his son. He has 500 wives. Among his female slaves many are nearly white.

KOCH'S tuberculine, which has been cast in the shade of late by Dr. Roux's antitoxine, now turns up again as a remedy for insanity. Prof. Wagner von Jauregg, of Vienna, has experimented with it for four years, curing many patients and improving the mental and physical condition of all on whom it was tried.

COWS held up a railroad train in Estremdura, Spain, a few days ago. The engine ran a bull down, cutting him in two, and then could not be started. While the trainmen and passengers were trying to help the engineer the rest of the herd attacked them; they had to take shelter in the cars and were kept there till night, when the herd went off.

SLATIN PASHA has just recovered the sword that was taken from him when he was captured. It was the of months hence,

sword of an Arab at Luxor, and when Slatin attended the Geographical Congress in London he restored it to him.

RUSSIA proposes to celebrate Jenner's discovery of vaccination, the 100th anniversary of which occurs next year, by publishing histories of the practice of vaccination and Russia and in West ern Europe, and by a commemorative meeting and exhibition of objects connected with vaccination.

Over a hundred negro students live ed like a human profile, which bears in the Paris Quarter Latin. They come chiefly from Hayti and the French colonies of Guadeloupe and Guyane. The Haytians are well off, and dress well, as their Government pays them \$90 a month while abroad. They have a newspaper of their own, La Frater-

THE Marquis of Devonsnire allows himself the luxury of a railroad ten miles long for his private pleasure. The railroad encircles his own domain. Whenever he takes a ride he acts as fireman and engineer, while he compels the members of his family, the ladies not excepted, to act as watchmen and watchwomen at the crossings.

AS PEOPLE occasionally can get the door of an English railway carriage open, an ingenious arangement has been recently invented which locks all the doctors by application of pressure to a vacuum pipe extending from end to end of the train, like an air brake. This bolts the door so that they can only be opened by some official on the train.

BUSTON WARD, the celebrated English physician, says: "There is one infallible symptom indicating whether a person is sane or not. Let a person speak ever so rationally, and act ever so sedately, if his or her thumbs remain inactive there is no doubt of his or her insanity. Lunatics seldom make use of their thumbs when writing, drawing, saluting, etc."

MR. LABOUCHERE has a paragraph in Truth poking fun at the relics of Carlyle gathered together in the house in Cheyne Row. There are very flew, and among them a hat kept in a glass case, and a tin bath tub, not in a glass case. I can see nothing absurd in pre-serving Carlyle's house, but I must say that I don't think that I would keep the tub among the relics.

THE London West End Shoemaker lately mentioned that almost incredible sums are sometimes expended on slippers. Thus, not long ago a countess had a pair made, ornamented with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, costing \$22,500 But at a mask ball given by the Duke of Manchester some years ago a lady impersonating Cinderella wore a pair of slippers adorned with jewelry valued at over \$60,000.

AUTHORITIES differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds 12 or 14 inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to 70 or 75 inches, though the average does not exceed 25 or 30 inches.

RICH young women in search of a title will be edified to know that in Warsaw alone, with a population of half a million, there are 30,726 persons belonging to the hereditary nobility and 9,257 "personal nobles." There are as many princes in Poland as in Russia, according to late census returns, and reach the ankles. She walks straight as for the numerousness of the Russian princes it may be said that there are now living nearly a thousand Princes and Princesses Galitzin.

THE smallest republic is probably that of Cavolara, an island one mile wide, situated six miles from the Sardinian coast. The population at present number fifty-five. Until May 30, 1882. King Paul I. ruled but at his death the republic was proclaimed. The constitution extends to the females the right to vote. The President is elected for a term of six years. The Italian Government acknowledged the autonomy of this minute republic in 1886.

A REMARKABLE revenge was wreaked on a rival by a young man in Waldron, Mich., last week. The successful suitor was out walking in the street with the young woman whose love was the cause of the heart-burning, when someone in an upper story of a building skilfully threw a lasso over his head, drew the noose tight, and hauled him up several feet from the sidewalk. The young man would have been hanged but for the quick help of passers-by. His assailant got away-temporarily, the other man says. AT THE Berlin zoological garden three big orang-outangs are the sen-

sation just now. One of them is 50 years old, stands 5 feet 7 when erect and is about the homeliest "man-ape" ever taken out of Borneo. Of course his name is Jumbo, and his temper is as ugly as his face. When the attendant teases him to stand up and show himself—for usually Jumbo prefers a sedate and contemplative mode of lifethe beast is fairly horrible in his rage, that shows a satanic grin and a set of awe-inspiring molars. Experts say Jumbo won't live longer than a couple

## Animal Curiosities

Wise Dogs, and Mules, Too-A Mastiff that Could Count and Also Distinguisa Colors-One Dog with a Memory for Friends and Foes, and Another with a Sense of Humor,

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HE BEASTS which perish are a | fatal fever on to the plantation. Therethe observer looks at them through sympathetic eyes. Such an observer can no more doubt their possession of what are called the higher faculties than he can doubt the sun's shining or the growth of grass. In proof, take a few stories here set For the most part they came within the writer's knowledge. In the

few cases given at second hand the

source was trustworthy.

Take first the story of Dash, a big, white, shaggy, mongrel mastiff, who stood almost four feet at the shoulder, and could pull down an ox. Yet he was the gentlest of four-footed things; likewise, the most faithful. His master ran a big farm, had pastures 200 acres in extent, and kept sheep, hogs, and cattle, by the hundred, not to mention some 25 head of horses and mules. He could take Dash into the clover field, where all were grazing, show him the track of one particular beast-sheep, hog, or cow, it made no difference-say to the dog "Fetch," and then go about his business, and be cer-tain Dash would separate and bring out that particular animal if he had to follow it all day, and, further, if the track was crossed by a hundred different hoofs. But that was less wonderful than Dash's ability to count and distinguish colors. If the order was 'Fetch two," or three, or five, he obeyed it accurately. He would drive up the mules. If told to do it, paying no attention to the horses grazing beside them; conversely, if horses were ordered, he took no heed of the long ears. He would fetch the gray mare, or the bay, according to direction, and knew the riding horses-Sonny, Silver Tail, and Blazes—by name as well as all the men on the place. The time he was about the house he was the most vigilant and discriminating of watch dogs, Familiar friends and neighbors he met at the gate, barking, frolicking, and capering about. Strangers of good appearance he escorted sedately to the front door, keeping a little way behind and never taking his eyes from them till they had been spoken to by some of the family. But to the shambling, seedy, or ill-looking he was a terror on four feet, barking, growling, leaping violently upright against the gate, and showing his teeth savagely if they

made to pass.

Dash died full of years and honors, leaving Watch, his son, to reign in his stead. Outwardly Watch was his counterpart, but through his mother owned a brindle bull cross which cropped out in the fiercest savagery. His master had by this time removed into the county town, but lived in the outskirts, and had garden, orchard, and paddock, besides his house plot. Though tramps and light fingered darkies abounded, everything within his enclosures went untouched so long as Watch was out of his kennel, though he was never freed of block and chain.

the street, the dog growled and frightened her to the point of screaming. His master rapped him lightly across the nose, and bade him be gone, telling him it was disgraceful thus to annoy a lady, Watch slunk away, still growling. Two days later he espied the weman about whom he had been scolded passing along the pavement outside his owner's gate. At once he leaped the fence with a force that broke his chain, sprang upon her, threw her down, and would have mangled her had not his master run to her rescue. Always afterward the sight of her sent him into a crazy rage.

Watch had a good memory for kindness as well as for hurts. Another visitor to the house saw him thirsty and panting beside his kennel and ran out to him with a big basin of water. He lapped languidly, with no sign of satisfaction, but always thereafter the water-bearer could come into the house in the absence of all the family and be greeted with a silent, friendly wag of the tail. This was the more remarkable because no other person could lift the gate latch without finding Watch dashing down the front walk, ready to attack him. Yet even to this favored one he permitted no approach to familiarity. If she had ventured upon a caressing pat he would have flown at her throat.

Jack was a dog of another temper, the dearest, wiry, black-and-tan terrier that ever chased butterflies or burrowed after moles. The velvet-coated gentry were his chosen prey. No matter where he found a run, at once he fell to furious digging. One day, in the course of it, he found himself stopped by a biggish shallow-growing root directly across the molehill. He tried first to dig beyond it, but it impeded his flying paws, He stopped short and dropped his head, as one in deep thought, then caught the offending root between his teeth and gnawed it in two. After that he began digging afresh, but the projecting root-ends were nearly as troublesome as before they were severed. Crouching a little at one side, he seized an end fast in his mouth and gave a backward spring or two, which pulled the root out of the earth for a space of perhaps a foot. Then he caught the other end and jerked it out a like distance, the while looking reproachfully up at his young mistress. Her father, Jack's usual comrade, had a habit of cutting roots in two and pulling them out thus for him. Possibly it of their own motion. Jack had recognized and resented the indubitable fact that womenkind rarely carry pocket knives.

Jack and Tipsy, the tortoise-shell kitten, were great friends. Neither had the least good will toward other cats But they ate often from the same platter, and always, when Jack lay curled in front of the big open fireplace, Tipsy's chosen resting place was the round of his side. One chilly evening, when a roaring fire made a fierce draft over the rug, Jack lay down at | ing with a gay red roester, leaving full length, prone and straight, as though he were dead. Tipsy came tiptceing in alittle later, and tried to establish herself comfortably on the side of him next the fire. For perhaps three minutes she twirled and turned, curled herself now this way, now that, but could not adapt herself to his altered Presently she got up, walked pose. around to his head, and began to give him dainty fillips on the nose with a Sun soft forepaw. Twice, thrice she struck, and he did not stir. Then the watchers saw her claws unsheathe, and a smart planted upon Master Jack's scratch nose. It brought him to terms. He sat up, blinked a minute at Tipsy, then laid himself down in his usual concave, while she made herself snug in the hol-

low of his forearm. A gentleman living some twelve miles out of Memphis, Tenn., owned a bird dog whose intelligence was a neighborhood marvel. This was some fifty years back, but even then there were such things as yellow fever epidemics. A peculiarly virulent one was raging in the town, and the gentleman found himself under the strenuous necessity of communicating with his son John, who was a commission merchant there. His family, white and black, numbered formation can have it by a return more than a hundred, and naturally he did not wish to risk bringing the mail

mighty interesting lot if only fore he determined to test Birdo as a messenger. He wrote a rotter, fastened it securely to the dog's collar, took him to the plantation's outer verge, and said:

"Birdo, go and give John this letter. Understand me, John! Nobody else, Then come home, but not until you have seen him."

Birdo trotted off. It was a little after sunrise when he started. At sundown he was back with a letter from John, saying that the dog had gone first to his house and found him absent, then had trotted to the store and sat, growling whenever his partner tried to take the letter, until John himself came in. To him he darted, barking and capering, and though he sat quiet throughout the writing of a return letter, it was no sooner fast to his collar than he ran to the door, whining to be off.

In the flush days of steamboating, before the war, the captain of a Mississippi boat had a dog that could distinguish between the passengers if once he had heard their names. The matter was mentioned one night in the saloon, and a passenger sneered at the idea.

"Bet you \$500 the dog can't do it once in three times," he said.

"Done," rejoined the captain. "Write a note to your wife and I will write one to mine. Both are in the ladies' capin. We will give the notes to Snip at the same time, and if he fails to deliver them properly the money is yours.' The passenger wrote merely his

wife's pet name inside a slip of paper, which he folded and addressed. The captain's missive ran: "Dear Wife-Send me word at once

what Snip does when he comes into the Then he delivered both slips to the

dog, saying as he handed over the passenger's note: "Snip, this is for Mrs. M-, wno sat beside me at supper. Give it to her, then take this other note to your Miss

Catherine.' Snip ran away. The men sat smoking and chatting Very shortly a waiter brought in a scrap of paper to the passenger. His wife had written, 'What does it mean, your sending me a note by this little dog?" At almost the same minute the captain's wife wrote: "Snip came in and ran about sniffing at all of us, then jumped in Mrs. M—'s lap, dropped a bit of paper there and came on to me with the other one." The passenger owned himself beaten and offered \$1,000 for Snip, saying luck could not go against him if he owned so wise a beast. But

the captain would not part with Snip,

who lived and died a river dog. So much for the dogs. They by no means monopolize the reasoning faculty in what are styled the lower animals. Many men are not so wise as many very wise mules. Jet was one of them, a big, black fellow, standing nearly sixteen hands, and so tough and supple that he might have been made of whalebone and India rubber. At work he was a jewel of the first water. A playful spell made him a torment. He could open gates and draw bars as though his feet were hands, and the fence was not built that he could not jump if the humor took him. Consequently most of his summer leisure was passed in a stall, though the rest of the work stock ranged and rollicked over acres knee deep in luscious clover. Jet, if turned to grass, would crop it ravenously, but move swiftly as he cropped toward the outer fence, where it was nearest a neighboring plantation for which he had developed an inordinate fondness. He was over the fence and galloping to the neighbor's always inside half an hour after he was out

of the stable. The neighbor usually stabled him or sent him home outright, but that made no difference, Jet ran there all the same. One day his owner, vexed beyond endurance by his continual outbreaks, begged the neighbor to set the mule hard at work the next time he broke in. The neighbor agreed and set Jet to the fallowing plough, beside two of his own beasts. A half day they strained and tugged through matted clover and weedy tangle. When Jet came for the noon feed he was turned loose to wallow, but in place of that he leaped the fence, set his head on one side and his tail up and went whinnying home at a gallop. What is more to the point, he stayed there faithfully, evidently reasoning that it was better to take pleasure in leisure than to go visiting and be set at weary.

Big Pete, anomer mule, knew the meaning of the dinner horn, and always answered it with a loud, joyous bray. After he had heard it he would plow a furrow toward the house, but refuse utterly to draw if he were headed away from it. Beck and Lady, a team of mare mules, grew so accustomed to the drill in the course of many wheat seedings that it was almost impossible for an awkward driver to make them skip ground. They understood that to do good work the outer spout must run in the track made by the wheel in the previous round, and there they held it unless there was a mighty tug upon their mouths. Similarly in harvest time they would turn and half back at the corners before the driver had time to speak. The had learned what was needed, and did

A chicken story may fitly close this record. It has to do with a flirty hen who undertook to raise four broods in the year. She brought off the first in January, mothered them beautifully, but got a firesh nest of eggs and was sitting while yet her chicks peeper about her. When the young came she did not disown the older one, but cared for her mixed family in a way to win your heart. Yet in a very little while she went away flirtgreat chicks and small to cry their hearts out for her. Then two pullets of the early brood, themselves not half grown, played mother to the little peeping three-weeks-old fellows, scratched for them, covered them at night, and. when they grew sleepy by day, clucked to them as best they could, and in the end brought the dozen of them to robust and handsome maturity,-New York

## ASK FOR INFORMATION.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont. stating their desire to get this in-