

### GAMCOCK AND HOG.

Killed Two Mammals Wildcats on Farms in Connecticut.

The severity of the winter has driven the wildcats and foxes from Turkey Hill and Redhead Hills, Conn., into the surrounding farming districts in search of food. The wildcats have been particularly troublesome. Not a week passes that some poultry yard or stable is not raided. If all the farmers kept a plucky breed of game fowls as Laurus Dugworth, there would be less loss.

Dugworth lives down on the Housatonic River turnpike. His farm is surrounded by thick timber and wild lands. His nearest neighbor, the Widow Todd, had her chicken house cleaned out by the wildcats last week, and so when he heard a tremendous racket in his yard last Tuesday he guessed what the trouble was. Grabbing a shotgun he hurried to the rescue. His boy Sim held the light while he tried to make out the trouble.

He could see dimly a large creature flopping and rolling about in the house, and its screams and hisses drowned the cackling of the hens. Holding the lantern lower, Sim managed to get more light on the scene, and then three of the small gamecocks could be seen sailing into a wildcat. The largest of the original four, a splendid white cock, was shot, and one of the two reds was bleeding badly about the head. The little and black was evidently in the fight to stay, for he did nothing but dodge the claws of his foe and strike for her eyes with feet and beak.

It was a curious battle, and much as Dugworth wanted to take a hand and help his brave gamecocks, he did not dare shoot for fear of killing the birds. The frightened hens were huddled in a far corner of the coop cackling. After watching his chance he saw an opening, and the three cocks retreated all together in a bunch from a stroke of the vicious paws, he shoved the muzzle of the gun in and fired. When the smoke cleared away he saw that the buckshot had done their work, for the ugly beast lay still. As he dragged her out the three little roosters crowed loudly and continued their triumphant trumpeting till morning. The wildcat was found to have been totally blinded in both eyes, one of which had been torn from its socket. This was done by the birds and not by the gun charge.

Hopkins' Plait's barnyard is also well guarded against such intruders. He and his farm hands were routed out of bed the other day by prolonged squealing and caterwauling. While they were hunting up a weapon the noise suddenly abated, and all they heard were doleful howls and hoarse grunts. They found the pig pen the scene of the disturbance. One young porker lay dead, and the old sow was badly scratched and torn about the head and shoulders. The partition between this pen and that which holds Peter Jackson, the ugly old black hog, had been smashed and the hog was giving passionate grunts as he stamped with his sharp hoofs and tore with his tusks a dying wildcat. With difficulty he was driven back. The wildcat was despatched with a club. In the evening out the men found the body of another wildcat trampled and pounded to a pulpy mass. The wildcat whole enough to be picked up weighed a little more than thirty-nine pounds.

### The Colonel's Partner.

During one of the big house parties so recently held at the palatial Hungarian residence of Baron Hirsch, the well-known millionaire, the host promised his friends a treat in the form of a dance of peasants from some neighboring villages. After the dancing, the peasants drew up on each side of the hall in which the performance had taken place, and it was announced that the village beauty was about to be borne in. She made her appearance, carried shoulder high on a chair, but so thickly veiled that none could catch a glimpse of her face. With a coquettish obeisance she offered a bouquet to Colonel Oliver Montagu, of the "Blues," and the colonel, of course, asserted his claim to the honor of a dance with the belle who had so marked him for distinction. Colonel Montagu is six feet high, and his rustic partner was not much shorter, and the two whirled about in splendid fashion. Suddenly a great shout of laughter went up as the peasant beauty lifted her veil and disclosed her fair features. She was no Hungarian damsel at all, but a popular British officer—Captain Monticelli, brother of the Dowager Countess of Dudley!

### A Tribute to Rufus Choate.

At a trial in the United States court where a case at bar was being tried for criminally casting away a ship somewhere near the coast of Sumatra, Mr. Choate pressed the captain of the ship as to what another captain said about the place of casting her away. The witness hesitated, but not being more severely pressed, answered: "The captain said we should never be found out, and it we were, there was a lawyer in Boston, named Choate, who would get us off if we had the money in our boots."

### "Just Two Occasions."

In a certain little Scottish town, some time ago, they held a temperance meeting. During the proceedings an old man, who was not exactly celebrated for sobriety, got up to address the audience. He said, after a few remarks upon the beauty and advantages of moderation:

"My friends, there's just two occasions when I tak' whisky—undimmed by the 'hums' and 'has' which ensued, he continued: "Ay, I just tak' whiskey when I hae haggis for dinner, and I tak' whiskey when I hae nae haggis."

The rest of the speech was lost in the storm of applause that broke forth.

### THINGS TO REMEMBER.

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| 16—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.....  | 25 |
| 17—Whooping Cough.....                        | 25 |
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### AN ALUT AND HIS BARKA

A Storyteller in the Water as Performed by a Native of Alaska.

The Alut and his barkas are among the sights of the Behring Sea regions. The barkas is made of skin of the sea lion sewed over a light wooden frame. It is shaped like a very like a racing shell. It is much the same as the Greenland kayak. It has, according to its size, one, two, or three holes in the top, each just large enough for a man to sit into and sit, with his rim close around his waist. No water can get into the boat except through these holes. The Alut is propelled by double-bladed paddles. It looks as frail as an eggshell and is easy to capsize, but in the hands of Aluts is a safe and speedy boat. The Aluts are great performers in their barkas.

"We saw a fellow in one of these boats come up to the Corwin one day when we were off the Alaska Fur Seal Company's trading post at Atka," said Capt. C. A. Abbey. "Mr. Dirck, the agent, addressed to him a few words in his own tongue and the Alut grinned and nodded. He backed clear from the ship and began his feat. With his paddle he would turn the boat completely round with a sweep of two, and turn her back in the same way. He would send her ahead at top speed, then instantly send her back almost as fast. He was remarkably skillful in these performances, and it was easy to see that his boat was not only safe but marvellously handy in the hands of an expert."

"He's not doing all he can," said Douglas, the pilot. "I've seen them turn the barkas completely over, the man going under water on one side and coming up on the other."

"I'll ask him if he can do that," said the agent. At his question the Alut shook his head, making some muttered reply. Dirck urged him but he was still reluctant.

"He says the water is cold, and he don't like to risk it," said Dirck.

"Wouldn't a silver dollar warm it for him?" asked Capt. Abbey.

"The Alut's eyes glistened when he saw the silver, and he at once prepared to attempt the feat. He evidently understood his business and the risk he was about to take. He first loosed his camlins or skin coat from the hoop around the barkas hole, so he might free himself in case the boat stopped when bottom up. Then, playing his paddle with a peculiar stroke, he caused the boat to swerve and go suddenly over the man, still in his seat, disappeared under water, and the bottom of the boat raked on the surface. As well as could be seen in the agitated water he still pined the paddle beneath. Though under a few seconds, it seemed a long time, and it was a relief to the lookers-on when he emerged on the other side. The boat instantly righted, sitting the Alut upright in his place, dripping, but wholly composed.

"He came grinning alongside and received his stipulated price. Other gifts, including quarters and half-dollars, were passed to him until he had a handful of coin, with a store of provisions in well, and with these he paddled, well pleased, to the shore."

When the British Army was Disbanded.

The British Army was disbanded under dramatic circumstances on Valentine's Day, 1861. The Republican army had been almost swept away by the returning tide of loyalty to Charles, and the sole surviving remnant numbered only 170 troopers, and between 600 and 1,000 infantry. The Coldstreamers, as they were called from their last halting-place on the border previous to the southward march under General Monk, were chiefly instrumental in restoring Charles II. to the throne. On the day named they were assembled on Tower Hill surrounded by an interested London crowd. Presently, on the arrival of four Royal Commissioners, the soldiers were publicly congratulated upon the part they had played in the Restoration. This was followed by waving of flags, beating of drums, volleys of musketry, and shouts of "God save King Charles II." The commissioners took the muster, and the troops were disbanded, each man laying down his arms. By this step the last contingent of the Protector's famous troopers was nominally dispersed, and the British Army was, for a few moments, formally disbanded. It was, however, but a formal proceeding, for, immediately afterwards, they were re-enlisted in the King's service, and, resuming their arms, became the root of the British Army of today.

It Was Quelled.

While there are some governors of prisons who are never happy unless they are signing their names to official documents they obtain, there are others who look upon signing official documents as altogether outside what their duty ought to be.

One of the latter class, at the reception of number of prisoners to the prison, said to a man, who happened to be a forger, and who, on a former conviction, had learned the governor's objection to signing papers—

"Now, we'll set you to work tomorrow. What can you do best?"

"Well," replied the convict with a grin, "if you'll give me a week's practice of signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."

I Was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MIN. ARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL, Bay of Islands.

A Good Duchess.

The Duchess of Devonshire like to go amongst the Duke's people as "my lady bountiful." One day the Duchess met a tenant on one of the ducal estates, and the man, questioned by her Grace, said that "the water came in here, and got in there, and this afterwards, they were re-enlisted in the King's service, and, resuming their arms, became the root of the British Army of today."

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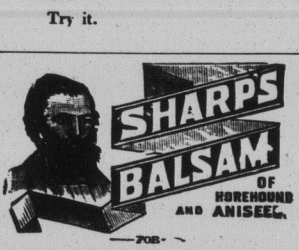
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### HIS HONOR'S PLUS H.T.

An Incident of California Justice in "Forty-Nine."

"Justice was administered in pretty crude shape in California in the year of our Lord 1849," said Col. T. L. Colburn of that State, to a group of friends. "I shall never forget one scene at Stockton. We had then what were styled 'Courts of First Instance.' A judge named Reynolds presided. He wore a high silk hat, about the only one, I think, in the whole state at that time. He was utterly destitute of moral principle. One Williams was prosecuting attorney and a bigger thief never lived. The sheriff was Dick Winn, equal in knavery to the other two. They held court in one corner of the big tent, the rest of which was devoted to gambling, monte being the prevailing sport. The play was of an sort for pretty high stakes, and the swell gamblers 'tapped the bank' regularly."

"On the occasion I have in mind a Mexican dropped in and began to play with phenomenal success. He won \$2,000 in less than an hour, and was preparing to leave with his gains when the sheriff arrested him on a charge of horse theft. He was taken to the other end of the tent, where Reynolds sat behind a big dry goods box, looking very solemn and dignified."

"Williams, as prosecutor, made a very brief speech, in which he proved to the satisfaction of the court that the poor greaser had committed the crime of horse stealing. His money had previously been taken away from him. It consisted mainly of coins and was heaped up on the judge's desk. The verdict of the court was confiscation of the money and two hours to leave the town. The Mexican cast a wistful eye on his wealth, but slunk off as if glad to escape with his life. Meanwhile Williams and Winn had advanced to the desk and were filling their pockets with specie."

"Well, I guess the court will have to look out for its own interests," remarked Reynolds, and hastily coming forward, he swept the remainder of the gold and silver coin into his lofty plug hat and declared the court adjourned."

BAITHRAE KIRKALDY.

The Knack Scotchman Hare of Making Their Way Anywhere.

The character which Scotsmen have acquired beyond almost any other people, for the art of becoming their fortunes abroad was never, perhaps, more singularly illustrated than by the following anecdote, which is related on the authority of an eminent scientific b'pnet.

The Russians and Turks, in their war of the eighteenth century, having diverted themselves long enough in the contest, agreed to treat for peace. The commissioners for this were Marshal-General Keith, on the part of the Russians, and the Grand Vizier on that part of the Turks.

These two personages met, and carried on negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded and they rose to separate, the Marshal made his bow with his hat in his hand, and the Vizier his salam with his turban on his head.

But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the Vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to Marshal Keith took him cordially by the hand, and, in the broadest Scottish accent, declared warmly that it made him "verra happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station."

Keith stared with astonishment, eager for an explanation of this mystery, when the Vizier adled—

"Dinna be surprised, mon; I'm jo' the same country wi' yourself. I mind weel seen' you and your brother, when boys, passin' by to the school at Kirkcaldy. My father, sir, was ballman o' Kirkcaldy."

What more extraordinary can be imagined than to behold, in the plenipotentiaries of two mighty nations, two foreign adventurers, natives of the same country—nay, of the very same place!

The Bishop was Catalogued.

A well-known London photographer was amusingly caught by one of his eminent customers. This was a bishop, who dropped in one day to look up an old negative. The huge bundles of negatives in the studio had been carefully classified, and search was made in a section labelled:

"Nobility, gentry, and distinguished personages." The bishop was not there. He turned to another set with the contents labelled: "Small fry."

"Oh, your lordship will not b in that lot," said the photographer anxiously. But his visitor was already examining the pile, and soon came upon the picture of his own face. Labored explanations only made the comedy of discomfiture more complete.

Worse Than Atheism.

An English rector asked one of his flock why a rich parishioner had stopped coming to church, and whether the trouble was Latitudinarianism. He answered:

"No, sir! It's wusser nor that."

"Then it must be Unitarianism?"

"No, sir! wusser nor that."